They shoot Westerns, don't they?
Coming out of the woodwork

What's that bub? Yuh say you're tired and lonely and need a rest? Yuh say the world, the whole bad blue world, has the trump card a yuh can't win a trick? Huh?

Yuh say yuh read all the mags this summer, huh? All the Harvard and Yale grads are working in taxsi and factories. Easy life, huh? Nine to five, no worries, no hassles. Nice pay, no fortune, but nice pay, enough to live on. Enough for a kid if the wife works. Nice life, not fancy, but nice.

Sounds good bub, sounds mighty fine.

Consider the case of Harry Brandt, professional bugman. Or exterminator. Married, two, maybe three, children.

If you're Harry you get up six-thirty, maybe seven, each morning, six days a week. The wife cooks breakfast, you shower. Over to the office to pick up the truck and meet your partner, John McGinty. Load on today's supply of hydrochloric, bug bomb, DDT, rat poison. Tie a do-rag over your head to keep the ties off. Go out in the morning, kill yourself fifteen million bugs. Eat lunch. Kill a few million more, poison a few rat nests. Then back home and relax. No worry. Just relax. Easy life. Right?

Wrong. On the morning of June 19, Harry heads out to do his thing in Fox Chase, a peaceful little section of Northeast Philadelphia. Few bugs, few rat nests. He is supposed to go into a suburban cellar, find some termites and wipe them out this morning.

John and you arrive about 9 A.M. Mrs. Tobin, the termite-ridden homeowner, opens the cellar and you go to work. You know the job well, and you know precisely where the poison holes have to be drilled. There are boxes in the way, so if he is not employed by them, then it has no bearing. Not that I'm trying to give the impression he is employed or is not employed by the agency. I can't say anything. Certain clearances have to be gotten. Anyhow, let's pretend he's still an agent.

Poor Harry. All because of him, George has to fly back from Hong Kong. All because of him, the whole police department is embarrassed (as Peruto notes, "This is a case of Gimbeul not telling Macys.") All because of him, maybe even Richard Nixon is embarrassed.

Harry isn't quite sure of why the CIA has guns and bullets and mortars in Fox Chase. Maybe they're planning another invasion of Cuba from the Schuylkill River. Maybe they're planning to give them to police in case of a riot. Maybe they're planning to give them to rioters so police will have an excuse to bust the shit out of the rioters. Maybe it's in case another country is invaded. But Harry Brandt allows as how "the thing preys on my mind... we were never allowed to assemble that much TNT in one place in Korea." He doesn't know why, but he can't relax any more. He can't forget.

The newspapers can, though. And George Fassnacht can. They stop printing news about it all. He hasn't come to trial yet. The books seem to be closing fast and tight on the Case of the Careful Bugman.

John Ryle. Marion Sandmaier, John Shannon, Rob Steeg, Julie Steele, Nancy Stein, Dana Surkin, Travis Toby, Helen Torelli, Valerie Wacks.

...JOHN RILEY

Freddy's Italian Restaurant
21st & Chestnut
Old World Atmosphere
For Lovers of Fine Italian Food
Lunch & Dinner Served Tues.-Sun.
Bring Your Own...
Lasagna, Veal Parmegiana, Spaghetti, Pizza

DO Something!
Join Penn Union Council

MOVIES COFFREES
JOYNT CONCERTS
ART SHOWS ADVERTISING
EVERYTHING !!!
OPEN MEETING MON. SEPT. 20,
7.30 PHI DELTA THETA 3700 LOCUST
ALL WELCOME
By KENNETH SALIKOF

The scene flickers with moving still images to a 1971 film, wrestling at the edge of some great cliff, a Heroine looking at the titanic struggle with frightened eyes. After several shots, suddenly the Villain manages to push the Villain over the edge of the precipice, much to the relief of the audience. He was and the peasants watching the film in a make-shift theater in Bolivia, captivated by a new invention they can barely comprehend.

Sitting in the audience are two men and a woman who, by their dress and bearing, look out of place, foreigners. Although their real names are Robert Leroy Parker and Harry Longbaugh, the two men are more commonly known as Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid. The woman is named Etta Place, Sundance's mistress. They are sitting in the theater — really a large tent — waiting for the train that will start Etta on her way back to America.

At last it's time to leave. As they stand up, the trio's attention is drawn to a new film just beginning. Called The Hole-in-the-Wall Gang, it depicts actors playing Sundance, Butch and members of his Wild Bunch meeting death at the hands of Mr. E.H. Harriman's Super-Pose. Horrified at the lies projected on the screen, watching their acetic dopplegangers fall to their death, listening to the grazed cheering of the peasants, the two men stand rooted to the spot, while Etta leaves, almost unnoticed. Frustrated, Butch yells out: "This isn't how it was — it isn't that — shit up!-

If you don't remember this superbly ironic scene from Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid, don't worry. It's not imagined nor are you suffering from amnesia. Although this scene from William Goldman's Academy Award-winning screenplay was excised from the release print because director George Roy Hill thought it too complex to work well on the screen. A pity, because in addition to showing a complex to work well on the screen. A director George Roy Hill thought it too winning screenplay was filmed, it was William Goldman's Academy Award-winning screenplay. The ironic scene from Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid, a mutual desire to view the vision of Sam Peckinpah's The Wild Bunch into its structure: a non-heroic depiction of the declining years of the west, extreme character motivation, the inexorable pull of destiny, the absence of moral absolutes (unusual in a western) except for the Conradian idea of a man's change of material (this is his first western) and the film's European "auteur" designation, "A Film by Black Edwards," imply a significant development in the director's career.

As in most westerns, content is the least important aspect of the film. Edwards' story about the relationship between two cowboys, 50 year old Ross Bodine (Holden) and 25 year old Frank Post (Love Story's Ryan O'Neal), who rob a bank to fulfill their dreams of buying a spread in Mexico, is really a framework for the usual western conventions: an ornate whore house complete with shrill-voiced, rifle-toting madam, hokky barroom bjud, up, poker game, shoot out (quite well done in slow motion), range war and Mexican women (with how you say? bearts of gold).

Wild Rovers derives its strength from Edwards' ability to evoke the feel of the old west. (In this he is superbly aided by Philip Latfrom's photography, which changes the familiar western landscape into an alien scene of brooding cobalt skies above a sea of yellow grazing grass.) For example: the relationship between...
Body and Post is best shown in a slow-motion sequence that has Holden bursting a bronc while O'Neal does somersaults in motion. This lyrical episode, which is a compassionate (but hardly passionate) elegy for the last of the wild rovers.

McCABE AND MRS. MILLER

"Like any dealer he was watching for the card. That is so high and wild he'll never need to deal another. He was just some Joseph looking for a manger. He was just some Joseph looking for a manger."

Leonard Cohen

"The Stranger Song"

Like Wild Rovers, Robert Altman's McCabe and Mrs. Miller shows complete disdain for western conventions. Based on Edmund Naughton's 1909 novel, McCabe, the film, totally without recourse to western preconceptions, shows the disintegration of "Pudgy" John McCabe, an honest gambler and restless martyr, and the growth of Presbyterian Church, the town McCabe (Warren Beatty) wanders into and converts from shabby town to pocket town with the aid of a whore house, saloon and his partner, the redoubtable Mrs. Constance Miller (Julie Christie giving her best performance since Darling). McCabe's legible and eventual martyrdom as a means of winning the Junior Senate seat. With all the guile and taunt and the truth about the whole region. Finally, the silent reverend of Presbyterian Church denies McCabe sanctuary from the three killers. This sets in motion the force that force McCabe to die alone in the snow because the townspeople are too busy saving their empty feels of a church from destruction.

If Altman's message is clear, the formal justification and religion to serve mankind in practical ways, his style seems to be something less than most people. Critics and the lay audience alike condemned the film's "filthy" language, lack of plot and incomprehensible dialogue. However, if you are in love, with Altman's belief that a film should be a visual and not articulated experience, the visual essence counter to the literal reality, you will see that the film succeeds not despite these "flaws," but because of them. Altman never spoon-feeds an audience and firmly believes that a viewer should work to understand a film, just as a reader must work to understand a novel or poem. This concept is quite easy to grasp, but I am surprised how many critics have not understood the intentions of this film, especially when you consider there is nothing stylistically in McCabe and Mrs. Miller that wasn't in M*A*S*H first.

Stylistically, the ambience of the film is something that is felt rather than observed or heard. In addition to taking out whole chunks of plot and leaving characteristic on the subliminal level, this feeling is engendered by Altman's marvelous ability to convey the tenses of life in a small, self-contained community. With so much going for it, McCabe and Mrs. Miller is that rarest of rarities: the classic American motion picture.

DOC

"he was a handsome man... and what I want to know is how do you like your blue-eyed boy Mister Death?"

e.e. cummings

Doc is high camp and high kitsch at high noon. Among other distinctions this version of the legend of Doc Holliday and Wyatt Earp features the most trite line of dialogue heard in a film in 1971. This momentous event occurs when Clum (Dan Greenberg), editor of the Tombstone Epitaph, encounters Doc and the brothers Earp on their way to the gunfight at the OK Corral. "Guns never solve anything," perpetually a glum Clum informs Doc. Like Chun's remark, Doc, if filled with good intentions. But then again, so is the road to hell.

What's surprising about the failure of Doc is the number of talented people connected with the project. The screenplay is written by Joe Hamill, journalist and novelist (A Killing for Christ). The film is directed by Frank Perry (Diary of a Mad Housewife, David and Lisa). The film stars character actor Stacy Keach (The Travelling Executioner) as the tubercular Doc Holiday, Harris Yulin (End of the Road) as the corrupt and cowardly Wyatt Earp and Faye Dunaway as Kate Elder, the prostitute Doc wins in a poker game and falls in love with.

Doc's problems begin with the screenplay. While Hamill is right in his desire to paint a portrait of the real west, there is something splendid and artificial about his attempt to connect the violence of the west with the contemporary violence of Southeast Asia.

Hamill's picture of Wyatt Earp is a scathing one and a far cry from the Wyatt of legend and six or seven previous motion pictures. Hamill's Earp is a pistol-whipping bully, an opportunistic politician moving from railroad to railroad, a boy who never grew up, a latent homosexual with Doc as the object of his affection. Doc is seen as a tragic, doomed figure, forced to take sides with the man he has lost faith in. Frank Perry conceives of Doc as a "Hogarthian" western, filled with the lively detail and caricature that is Hogarth's hallmark. This concept runs counter to the idea behind Hamill's screenplay. How can you have a film that at the same time degrades legends and celebrates the larger-than-life? You can't, and the result is the year's most schizophrenic film since The Anderson Tapes.

There is much in Doc that is reminiscent of McCabe and Mrs. Miller, the only difference being that Altman's direction is convincing while Perry's is theatrical and contrived. Perry's Tomatoe lacks the grittiness and haphazard layout of Presbyterian Church. Altman stages a knife fight that, viewed through a telephoto lens, has all the immediacy and danger of the real event, while Perry stages a knife fight that begins as if on cue and looks too rehearsed to be real.

The acting is as par with this convoluted atmosphere. The actors try to give their dialogue a weight and substance the screenplay lacks, making the dialogue and acting seem pretentious. Pretentious. It is a good way to sum up Doc, a film that shows what happens when easterners make a western.

You hear it whispered that the western is dead, that it's been talked and intellectualized to death. Bullshit! The western genre and the film medium are as compatible as man and horse. In no other medium has the western larded as well, not television or literature or drama. Like another favorite film genre, the detective film, the western shows a resiliency, a fantastic ability to weather succeeding waves of spaghetti westerns, adult westerns and whatever else the movie moguls can dream up. Every now and then, a Sam Peckinpah or Monte Hellman comes along and revitalizes the genre with his own particular vision. To do away with the western would be like cutting away our umbilical cord with the past; it's unthinkable. As long as the cinema exists, so will the western. Of this you can be certain.
Bergman: losing the touch

By JON PASTOR

The Touch is a first for director Ingmar Bergman in several respects: it is, or course, his first film in English; it is the first "love story" of his current stylistic period; it is the first film in this period in which one of the leads is played by someone who does not belong to Bergman's troupe of actors; and it is the first film in the period which does not surpass the Russian idiom.

This is not an outright condemnation of the film. One has come to expect so much from Bergman that anything short of a masterpiece is a disappointment, and The Touch - despite Sven Nykvist's inevitably superb camera work and fine performances by Bergman regulars Bibi Andersson and Max von Sydow - is by no means a masterpiece, and it is the film's "innovation" which is primarily responsible for its weaknesses.

First, Bergman's English (contrary to popular reports) is far from flawless in diction and - more important - cadence are awkward. The dialogue in the film is, consequently, sometimes stilted. Secondly, it is clear that Bergman, especially that between Miss Andersson and The Touch, persona and Hour of the World make so pretense of naturalism; the tendency appears in Bergman's work, and it is clear that Bergman's way of capturing the essence of the real world holds enough pathos to be inherently artificial. Bergman's highly successful formula, naturalness, is a tricky thing. Here is .

In the Touch, the affair between David and Anna is tender and sentimental, and all deviations from love norms are carefully explained; the characters are never more than a screen image. Tenderness and sentiment are not in themselves antagonistic to power and depth in cinema, as Truffaut proves in Jules et Jim, but they do seem to conflict with the most vital element of Bergman's technique - his ability to probe the boundaries between the real and the surreal, the natural and the supernatural, the world of the normal mind and the world of psychopathology, and to blend all of these elements into a juggled but homogenous whole; his ability to move in regions deeper than the intellect. The mundane quality of the plotline is accentuated by Elliott Gould's portrayal of Gould. Gould is typecast once again, and delivers his lines as though it is he - and not the others - who is speaking a language foreign to him; the fact that Bergman chose him for the role only points up Bergman's poor command of English. Andersson and von Sydow, on the other hand, both adapt excellently to the foreign language and seem natural and relaxed in their roles, as usual. The film is not set primarily on Bergman's island, but rather in a small Swedish town. The cinematography and montage are characteristically beautiful, but their beauty is cheapened by the un-Bergmanesque simplicity and straightforwardness of the action, whereas their majesty is so well complemented by the inventiveness and sensuality of Hour of the World, and by the taste and uncertain atmosphere of Shame and A Passion.

Perhaps it is unfair to judge a director's most recent film by the standards set by his others. Anyway, The Touch is a radical departure from Bergman's highly successful formula, and therefore should not be viewed with the same expectations. Persona, too, was a pioneer work; but it followed a trend already established and carried its development to a new level of cinematic expression. The Touch has no precedent among Bergman's earlier works; the few romances - A Lesson in Love and All These Women, for example - are comedies. Whether The Touch is actually a harbinger of things to come, and if so, whether Bergman can master his new idiom, remains to be seen. One can only hope that, if he fails, he will return to the realm of the mysterious and deep, the realm in which he now reigns unchallenged.

Nobody doesn't like Wyeth

By BARBARA FLANAGAN

The Esso station is the center of Chadds Ford Americana being promoted. It is an information source for art and ecology pilgrims seeking the home of all the painting Wyeths - N.C., Jamie, and Andy. That Route 1 Esso station can supply any pilgrim his copy of the phone directory.

The Brandywine River Museum is a spectacular that will sandwich cunningly scenes of their actual Pennsylvania bucolic Brandywine setting is to make the public aware of the Brandywine tradition that spawned him. To present him as a product of the Brandywine tradition that he belongs to is to make his father's shine. He is a pioneer work; but it followed a trend already established and carried its development to a new level of cinematic expression. The Touch has no precedent among Bergman's earlier works; the few romances - A Lesson in Love and All These Women, for example - are comedies. Whether The Touch is actually a harbinger of things to come, and if so, whether Bergman can master his new idiom, remains to be seen. One can only hope that, if he fails, he will return to the realm of the mysterious and deep, the realm in which he now reigns unchallenged.

Bergman: losing the touch

By JON PASTOR

The Touch is a first for director Ingmar Bergman in several respects: it is, or course, his first film in English; it is the first "love story" of his current stylistic period; it is the first film in this period in which one of the leads is played by someone who does not belong to Bergman's troupe of actors; and it is the first film in the period which does not surpass the Russian idiom.

This is not an outright condemnation of the film. One has come to expect so much from Bergman that anything short of a masterpiece is a disappointment, and The Touch - despite Sven Nykvist's inevitably superb camera work and fine performances by Bergman regulars Bibi Andersson and Max von Sydow - is by no means a masterpiece, and it is the film's "innovation" which is primarily responsible for its weaknesses.

First, Bergman's English (contrary to popular reports) is far from flawless in diction and - more important - cadence are awkward. The dialogue in the film is, consequently, sometimes stilted. Secondly, it is clear that Bergman, especially that between Miss Andersson and The Touch, persona and Hour of the World make so pretense of naturalism; the tendency appears in Bergman's work, and it is clear that Bergman's way of capturing the essence of the real world holds enough pathos to be inherently artificial. Bergman's highly successful formula, naturalness, is a tricky thing. Here is .

In the Touch, the affair between David and Anna is tender and sentimental, and all deviations from love norms are carefully explained; the characters are never more than a screen image. Tenderness and sentiment are not in themselves antagonistic to power and depth in cinema, as Truffaut proves in Jules et Jim, but they do seem to conflict with the most vital element of Bergman's technique - his ability to probe the boundaries between the real and the surreal, the natural and the supernatural, the world of the normal mind and the world of psychopathology, and to blend all of these elements into a juggled but homogenous whole; his ability to move in regions deeper than the intellect. The mundane quality of the plotline is accentuated by Elliott Gould's portrayal of Gould. Gould is typecast once again, and delivers his lines as though it is he - and not the others - who is speaking a language foreign to him; the fact that Bergman chose him for the role only points up Bergman's poor command of English. Andersson and von Sydow, on the other hand, both adapt excellently to the foreign language and seem natural and relaxed in their roles, as usual. The film is not set primarily on Bergman's island, but rather in a small Swedish town. The cinematography and montage are characteristically beautiful, but their beauty is cheapened by the un-Bergmanesque simplicity and straightforwardness of the action, whereas their majesty is so well complemented by the inventiveness and sensuality of Hour of the World, and by the taste and uncertain atmosphere of Shame and A Passion.

Perhaps it is unfair to judge a director's most recent film by the standards set by his others. Anyway, The Touch is a radical departure from Bergman's highly successful formula, and therefore should not be viewed with the same expectations. Persona, too, was a pioneer work; but it followed a trend already established and carried its development to a new level of cinematic expression. The Touch has no precedent among Bergman's earlier works; the few romances - A Lesson in Love and All These Women, for example - are comedies. Whether The Touch is actually a harbinger of things to come, and if so, whether Bergman can master his new idiom, remains to be seen. One can only hope that, if he fails, he will return to the realm of the mysterious and deep, the realm in which he now reigns unchallenged.

Nobody doesn't like Wyeth

By BARBARA FLANAGAN

The Esso station is the center of Chadds Ford Americana being promoted. It is an information source for art and ecology pilgrims seeking the home of all the painting Wyeths - N.C., Jamie, and Andy. That Route 1 Esso station can supply any pilgrim his copy of the phone directory.

The Brandywine River Museum is a spectacular that will sandwich cunningly scenes of their actual Pennsylvania bucolic Brandywine setting is to make the public aware of the Brandywine tradition that spawned him. To present him as a product of the Brandywine tradition that he belongs to is to make his father's shine. He is a pioneer work; but it followed a trend already established and carried its development to a new level of cinematic expression. The Touch has no precedent among Bergman's earlier works; the few romances - A Lesson in Love and All These Women, for example - are comedies. Whether The Touch is actually a harbinger of things to come, and if so, whether Bergman can master his new idiom, remains to be seen. One can only hope that, if he fails, he will return to the realm of the mysterious and deep, the realm in which he now reigns unchallenged.
Rock in the summer of 1971

By PETER BAUM

Summer 1971 was no Woodstock Nation Summer but, as strange as it may seem, a few trips to the concerts and the recordings provided some cause for optimism.

Of course, we had our share of summer bestsellers, but most of the scheduled rock festivals turned out to be "bummer" for assorted reasons, but this was true of the Shea Stadium, Grand Funk Railroad was about as successful as the Mets, and Terry Knight realized that he'd better stick to working the smaller clubs, like Madison Square Garden. Bill Graham closed the Fillmores, but Zappa told us, "I'm sure he'll get into something better." which is comforting to hear, coming from Frank.

Despite these disappointments, rock music itself has rarely been in more promising shape than it is now, at the end of Summer 71. According to the charts, the popular trend still seems to be with the solo artist. Granted, this summer's album by Carole King, James Taylor, Rod Stewart, Elton John, Joni Mitchell, Van Morrison, and Eric Clapton, as well as such groups as the Turtles, are the causes for this recent optimism. On the whole, they demonstrate the eclecticism of rock at its best; taken separately, they are triumphs of individual rock stylings:

1) TARKUS - Emerson, Lake & Palmer

Some have complained that the first side is overambitious. Some say the "Tarkus" suite is one of the most convoluted, meanderings of a rock suite that it is now, at the end of Summer 71. According to the charts, the popular trend still seems to be with the solo artist. Granted, this summer's album by Carole King, James Taylor, Rod Stewart, Elton John, Joni Mitchell, Van Morrison, and Eric Clapton, as well as such groups as the Turtles, are the causes for this recent optimism. On the whole, they demonstrate the eclecticism of rock at its best; taken separately, they are triumphs of individual rock stylings:

2) FOURTH - Soft Machine

If you haven't heard anything by Soft Machine yet, you'd better get this album fast before the group gets another five years ahead of its time. Best known for critically acclaimed keyboard artist Mike Ratledge who does some incredible things on electric piano and organ, and the group's other members, Hugh Hopper on bass, Robert Wyatt on drums, and John Godfrey on vocals, are jamming the auditoriums to hear this record, prepare for a special treat. But I doubt if you'll ever see it high on the charts, with a bullet.

3) FILLMORE EAST, JUNE 1971 - The Mothers

I always had the feeling that there was something unusual about Howard Kaylan and Mark Volman when they were with the Turtles. The odd mixture of mambo and antlers of the group's two lead singers always seemed a bit out of place with the band's basically teeny-bopperish repertoire. Evidently, one Francis Vincent Zappa noticed this too, and the result was the inclusion of Kaylan and Volman along with Turtles bassist Jim Pons into Zappa's new Mothers. Now, the work of Kaylan and Volman backed by Pons, Aynsley Dunbar, Bob Harris, and old Mothers Ian Underwood and Don Preston has produced the most immediately engrossing Zappa record since Only In For The Money.

This is not to say that the live Fillmore LP will hold up as well as such classics as Absolutely Free or Hot Rats, but on first listening, this is certainly Zappa's most entertaining record in a good while. The

FRANK ZAPPA

unique form of jazz-rock improvisation... The only rock band to achieve a similar sound and style was Zappa's Mothers in the most involved moments of their Uncle Meat days. On this album, Soft Machine does some very complex experimenting with counterpart, modality, combining electric and acoustic bass, and the like that is rarely easy to understand but almost always interesting and innovative. Most often, the group presents Coltrane-like jazz taken a step beyond this already advanced musical form by combining solo passages and adding guest artists on double bass, cornet, trombone, tenor sax, bass clarinet, and flute. Probably the best representative cut is Ratledge's "Teeth." Soft Machine is playing the flexibility to cross over from one style to another. The heart of the nine-piece band is its four-man trumpet section, led by Bill Chase, whose "soloing causes much of the excitement. The vocals are fine and the rhythm section, particularly bassist Dennis Johnson, can really move. I personally prefer the rock cuts like "Livin' In Heat" but the jazz on "Open Up Wide" and "Invitation to a River" is first-rate. The album does not sag in certain spots the way those of Chicago and the Mothers. Zappa's lyrics have always been as hard-hitting as his music, and it's great to have them back in large doses on this record, especially as delivered by Kaylan and Volman, who have a flair for Zappa's special type of wild humor. The group's basically one sketch dealing with the evolution of a teen dance, the Mud Shard, into the encounter of a Hollywood rock star (Kaylan) by a gang of groupies, headed by Volman. The result are the typical Zappa style: satirical, obscene, outrageously funny.

While the dialogue seems to dominate, the music is there as well. Although the new band doesn't have the depth of the old Mothers, five versions of three of Zappa's best numbers, "Little House I Used To Live In, "Willie the Pimp," and "Peaches En Regalia," are offered. Don Preston does an effective "mini-"mugging solo on "Lonesome Electric Turkey" and the musical baking during the sketches is perfect. If you have yet to hear this record, prepare for a special treat. But I doubt if you'll ever see it high on the charts, with a bullet.

4) CHASE

Chase is a new band that is being labeled jazz-rock for lack of a better description. Its leader composer and trumpeter and leader Bill Chase has said that the group plays both rock and jazz but does not make the mistake of blending the two styles together. Instead of creating a jazz-rock amalgamation, Chase tries to provide a link between pure jazz and pure rock without sacrificing one in favor of the other. The formula works and the result is something like LP than the recent albums of the other two leading "jazz-rock" groups, Chicago and Blood, Sweat & Tears.

Each musician comes from either a strong rock or jazz background but has the flexibility to cross over from one style to another. The heart of the nine-piece band is its four-man trumpet section, led by Bill Chase, whose "soloing causes much of the excitement. The vocals are fine and the rhythm section, particularly bassist Dennis Johnson, can really move. I personally prefer the rock cuts like "Livin' In Heat" but the jazz on "Open Up Wide" and "Invitation to a River" is first-rate. The album does not sag in certain spots the way those of Chicago and the Mothers. Zappa's lyrics have always been as hard-hitting as his music, and it's great to have them back in large doses on this record, especially as delivered by Kaylan and Volman, who have a flair for Zappa's special type of wild humor. The group's basically one sketch dealing with the evolution of a teen dance, the Mud Shard, into the encounter of a Hollywood rock star (Kaylan) by a gang of groupies, headed by Volman. The result are the typical Zappa style: satirical, obscene, outrageously funny.

While the dialogue seems to dominate, the music is there as well. Although the new band doesn't have the depth of the old Mothers, five versions of three of Zappa's best numbers, "Little House I Used To Live In, "Willie the Pimp," and "Peaches En Regalia," are offered. Don Preston does an effective "mini-"mugging solo on "Lonesome Electric Turkey" and the musical baking during the sketches is perfect. If you have yet to hear this record, prepare for a special treat. But I doubt if you'll ever see it high on the charts, with a bullet.

(Continued on page 9)
"Before the beginning, there were hot lumps; cold, and oily, they whirled noiselessly through the black holes of space."

Firesign Theatre looked upon the face of the Earth and said, "Behold! Let us separate the curds from the whey." They did and it was good.

And they begat the Electrician, or one, who fled before the man. Comedy. And the Electrician begat Danger and Used Cars and Subtlety. Then Lo, Firesign gave birth to a self-conscious and precocious child, and it was good.

Then Lo, Firesign gave birth to a son, whom he bore in tears. And he grew all day, and then fell over. And he was called Clem.

Beginning with Don’t Crush That Dwarf, Hand Me The Pilars, Firesign Theatre had already transcended the concept of pure entertainment. They were producing more than comedy, and even something more that satire. Than some one like him, or some one like him,

Firesign Theatre looked upon the face of the Earth and said, "Behold! Let us separate the curds from the whey." They did and it was good.

And they begat the Electrician, or one, who fled before the man. Comedy. And the Electrician begat Danger and Used Cars and Subtlety. Then Lo, Firesign gave birth to a self-conscious and precocious child, and it was good.

Then Lo, Firesign gave birth to a son, whom he bore in tears. And he grew all day, and then fell over. And he was called Clem.

Firesign: four krazy guys

In this dehumanized society, the computer exists as a symbol and vehicle for efficiency, knowledge, and power (sound familiar?). Supplied with these premises, then, the selection of a particular society has subordinated the variety of human responses to the vacuum tubes of the computer, just like the Edo jokes inflicted on Clem (“Why did the short-hair cross the road? Because he was told to. That’s very logical.”)

Men actively disavow their humanity, comply with facts and inflated abstractions, and tragically conform to programmed conditioning.

The implicit vision that science provides is focused on the motor driven pushover. This is a parallel history version of, say, Newton and the apple, or Rutherford’s atom, or even Felix Henselkar’s ice-nine. Sir Sydney Fudd’s First Law of Opposition, “If you push something hard enough, it will fall over.”

dums, I tink bee gonna’ break it.”

Inasmuch as the computer cannot tolerate nonsense or illogic, Clem has forced the president branch of the computer to put up a fuss. Deputy Compt, Deputy Dan and a variety of other defense mechanisms are instructed to remove Clem and his exhibition park.

Clem continues to dwaddle, though, inspired perhaps by his recent action against the president. Be ignited the Anxious Andverd, Chucko, the Rocket Robot who delivers the pitch, “I need brave boys and girls who aren’t afraid to live outside the law of gravity. Families who can sleep in tubes and push buttons. Adventurers like YOU!” Clem also passes up the Hideo-Nuts-And-Bolts-A-Drume where you can “put your against current household appliances!” Which would make it meetle against metal.

Now before Deputy Dan or Arturo Choke can remove Clem, he transforms himself into a hologram to search out the very heart of the computer. Dr. Memory. Mr. Wizard would shut the proverbial brick.

Clem, once Worker, now hologram calls Dr. Memory into operation. Understand that Clem realizes he’s fucked up the President and that unless he can repeat the performance, it’s the Hospitality Station and Deputy Dan.

He asks the Doctor the same nonsensical question. “Why does the porridge bird lay its eggs in the air?” And like the President, Clem manages to ambush the computer with the full impact of, let’s say, the essential truth of an existential universe. Dr. Memory, shilled by Clem, begins a series of random associations that compress the fundamental assumptions of Firesign’s 1984 into a compact, dramatic package (and it is literally brilliant, ingenious, original, etc.).

Vacuum tubes begin to backfire; the weight of overloading circuits outpatu Dr. Memory an apocalyptic 40 yr. July firework display. And end the fantasy, Part I.

Then begins the Fantasy, Part II. A travelling circus, complete with firework displays, fairs, and a fortune teller. The same basic characters appear in a subtle costume change moving about a century backward in time.

To review, It has been a shock. The shift (Clem?) has hustled another rube (Barney the Bozo) with a spectacular prophecy of the future. And there’s a sailor waiting in line, but keep the horses ready in case the tubes stumble into the truth.

Self-caricature? Firesign parodying themselves? As Hucksters! Including the possibility of error, even humility? And self-conscious, yes. But not as crazy when you consider, for example, that a writer by the name of Shakespeare projected himself onto a 3 foot maniac named Puck in A Midsummer Night’s Dream.

Two albums ago, Firesign borrowed Molly Bloom’s soliloquy from Ulysses for an album that contained more than a name, more than the essence, more than the precision, and even grace. YAWTDB demonstrates that Firesign has continued to maintain the essence of insight, wit, and the creative imagination. Moreover, Firesign is an independent voice and you to Jonathan Swift for legitimate parallels. And they are doing things on record that have NEVER been done before. What other credentials do you need for High Art?
Weather Report: clear and warm

By DEAN SURKIN

Downbeat ran a two page, five-star review. Cleeve Davis, president of Columbia records, contributed some liner notes. Most unusual of all, the record lists for $4.98 instead of the usual (for jazz records) of $5.98.

Alphonse Mouzon, undeservedly unknown, contributes the drums, joining Airto Moreiro (of Miles Davis' Live at Fillmore album) in the percussion section. The young Polish avant-garde jazz bassist, Miroslav Vitous, is here as well as Josef Zawinul, the Australian keyboardist and composer of much jazz standards as "Mercy, Mercy, Mercy," after leaving Cannonball Adderley and playing Miles Davis studio sessions; also the critics' choice (Downbeat 1971 poll) on soprano sax, Wayne Shorter, also formerly with Miles Davis...This quintet created the album entitled Weather Report, one step beyond Bitches Brew in a direction roughly indicated by Davis.

Bitches Brew was a culmination of several of Miles' most communicative ideas; the most important of which made Jimmmy Smith (in an unperceptive moment) call it a rock album and did in fact appeal to the rock audience, was directing the percussion section to utilize a duple beat. Underlying most jazz is the superimposition of a 13/8 meter over the basic 4/4 beat (also called a shuffle or swing time). For orientation, note that the Beatles' song "This Boy" is an example of 13/8 time.

Miles directed his rhythm section to use rock beats and has his three percussionists start at different times, so that it cannot be called "free". This is closely related to the sort of drumming Elvin Jones does—just one person playing the drums of three. Mouzon and Moreiro fall in that vein, giving Weather Report an infectious rhythmic underpinning.

Harmonically, Zawinul and Shorter again draw on their experience with Miles. By encouraging each instrumentalist to play horizontally, searching for the interrelate relationships between pairs of notes rather than vertically (arpeggios), the Davis Cumbo often has all 12 tones sounding at once and simultaneously. Since Weather Report features fewer musicians, the sound is clearer.

Melodically, Davis differs greatly from his early mentors, Charlie Parker and Dizzy Gillespie. The bebop era was the last to use extreme velocities (triples, etc.) to reinforce the prevailing harmony by the

(augspergo or scale used. Ornette Coleman follows in this vein, and was rightly criticized in an article by Bill Cole (of Downbeat) for his repetitive "lick bag" when he plays faster than than he thinks. With characteristic insight, Miles saw that simple playing slower would avoid this and provide more melody for a layman audience. To those musical technical show offs, a Davis influenced musician would usually display superb tonal and intonation. One would be hard pressed to find facility with difficult melodic leaps and short fast passages (those little difficult notes).

Weather Report, Miles Davis was searching for more simplicity—I for one think his new guitarist lacks creativity and the rumored collaboration with well known rock drummers will crystallize the meters too much. In my opinion, Weather Report offers a more interesting alternative to post Bitches Brew Miles type jazz. Every positive aspect of Miles' is the present: the melodic, intensely searching lead horn (soprano sax in this case), the non-metrical, flexible and responsive percussion work, the horn-like usage of the bass (rather than as part of the rhythm section) and the spacious electric piano sound. Because a quintet is a relatively small group, collective listening and improvisation

(Continued from page 6)

5) THE ALLMAN BROTHERS AT FILLMORE EAST

After the four previous groups, all of which are usually categorized with such abstract musical concepts as classical rock, jazz-rock, or avant garde rock groups, we finally reach a band that plays rock music just as it is played (for sure) and not "just music" (or rock music). The Allman Brothers Band.

What can you say about this album, other than that it is one of the finest hard rock records in many a month. The four sides are interestingly programmed, with the band doing some odd numbers before going into their own strong material with an 18-minute version of Willie Cobb's "You Don't Live Me."成功Successfully served as a bridge between the two major sections of the double album "Eat A Peach." The Allman Brothers Band is one of our very finest rock bands; after all, just no one gets to headline Fillmore's final weekend. At its special price, this album is an especially tempting offering.

6) WHO'S NEXT? - The Who

Summer '71 it was Tommy, Summer '72 it was Live At Leeds, and now we have what may be their best work, Who's Next. Indeed, the Who's new album seems to combine the intelligence and artistry of Tommy with the spiritual fun of op Art. In the trade off leads so smoothly that solo work is difficult to discern, but this only goes to show what a cohesive unit the Who is. Sometimes I think the band is doing back memories of Santana, sometimes of the Beatles, and the Allman Brothers Band is one of our very finest rock bands; after all, just

This double-album show, few people play it better than the Allman Brothers Band.

That's not change that. A friend of mine who usually does not like modern jazz heard the album and was impressed by it. This might be a sign that the avant-garde is accomplishing what all music attempts: an emotional level of communication. My above analysis only tries to present an objective word picture of the group's sound. Naturally, one must listen to appreciate the full effect. I will mention that the opening track, "Milly Way," is an experiment in acoustics (with the tape played backwards so the piano hammers cannot be heard hitting the strings) and "Orange Lady" has Vitous bowing homophonically with Shorter (sounding like a synthesizer). The range of textures on the other tracks is similarly impressive. To echo the liner notes, "magic."
Forward into the Past

By JOHN RILEY

BOSS by Mike Royko, E.P. Dutton Co., 215 pages.

"R, you're rare; I, you're important; C, you're courageous; H, you're heavenly: A, you're able; B, you're renowned; D, you're democratic; J, is for your being a joy to know; D, you're diligent; A, you're adorable; L, you're loyal; E, you're energetic; and Y, you're youthful."

--Chicago City Council to Mayor Daley

Jimmy Breslin, reviewing Boss, calls it "the best book ever written about a city of this country." In a sense he's right. Seldom in the past has an author exposed with such in-civility, the inner workings of an urban tyranny. But all the expertise exhibited by Mike Royko in and of itself fails to qualitatively distinguish his book from Mike Royko in and of itself fails to cisiveness, the inner workings of an urban tyranny. In Chicago, one recalls the classic example of the form: a man, condemned to die, stands on the gallows with the noose tightened around his neck. The hooled executioner asks if he has any last words. The reply, 'Not right now.'

Our best journalists -- Royko, Breslin, Pete Hamill, Nicholas von Hoffman, and Jack McKinney -- echo the sentiments of the condemned man with greater and greater frequency. In a sense, of course, these men are simply echoing the taste and attitude of the public. They need to attract readership, and pessimism and bile, as + are in vogue among the American readership these days. But besides being reflectors of public sentiment, men like Royko also help to form it. They are among the most acute, attentive and intelligent observers of the urban situation extant. When all that such personages can offer us is depressing, degraded facts, and some macabre jokes so we can laugh at the horror they present, it is clear that the situation has gotten out of control.

All this pessimism has an oddly familiar ring in Philadelphia as November approaches. Chicago has The Mayor, and we have The Commissioner. I even read an Inquirer columnist the other day who praised Jim Tate because the "greatest book ever written."

There are other examples: after all the obscenity of the convention riots, Daley claims that he didn't call Abe Ribicoff a "fucker," he called him a "taker," and then goes on to vehemently insist, "I never used that language in my life, and you say that or anything and you lie, you're a liar;" or Daley's pride amidst all the corruption of his administration that "I never drank or smoked in my life." The mayor -- and only the mayor -- can always top his most monumental absurdities with more absurdities. The Sayings of Chairman Richard can always turn the tragedy of a city into comedy.

Royko and, interestingly enough, a number of his fellow urban news columnists, seem to have recently begun indulging in a widespread display of black comedy, or gallows humor. In the case of Chicago, one recalls the classic example of the form: a man, condemned to die, stands on the gallows with the noose tightened around his neck. The hooled executioner asks if he has any last words. The reply, 'Not right now.'..."
The President is awake before the alarm sounds. He lies in bed. He is very tired.

"It is morning," he thinks. "Another President morning. Morning already. Time to get up."

His wife lies inert beside him. He does not disturb her. The lighted face of the bedside clock reveals the time to be ten of six. The Alarm will begin its insistent ping-ping-ping in ten minutes.

"I am tired," the President thinks. "And there is so much to do today, so very much. Meetings, conferences, telephones. Greetings, dedications, minutes."

"I am satisfied, and keeps practicing."

The President practices smiling before a mirror. He finds his feet are on the floor. He is sitting up before he has the chance to decide what to do. The alarm sounds: ping...ping...ping... He shuts it off. His wife does not stir.

"Dear," he says to her. "Dear. Get up, dear." She does not move. "Honey, it's morning again. Get up." She does not stir.

He cannot remember a time when he was not President.

He is standing in front of the bathroom mirror. His face is lathered to shave. "So that's what the President looks like when he's shaving," he thinks. He runs the razor over his jaw. The blade is new; his jaw bleeds in tiny red dots. He wonders if he should grow a beard. He decides against it.

The President is aware that people look at him. He sees them watching him and he looks back. The President is aware of his own face when he looks at things. He can see a vague beige area between his eyes: his nose. He can see a pink glow: his cheeks. He has always seen these things. They have not changed.

The President practices smiling before a mirror. He no: the smile does not look convincing unless the eyes wrinkle. He tries wrinkling the eyes when he smiles. His cheeks droop. He is not satisfied, and keeps practicing.

The President is hungry. He pushes a button on the console on his desk. A moment later an aide enters the President's office; his feet make no noise on the deep blue carpet.

"Yes, sir?" asks the aide.

"What?" "Miller High Life Beer, sir?"

"Oh, Yes, of course. Miller's?"

"Certainly, sir. I'll be back in about half an hour."

"Thank you."

"You're welcome, sir."

The aide leaves.

There, now, the President thinks. Pizza. Those kids should see me eat pizza, that would impress them.

The President wonders if he would have enjoyed mustard or anchovies better. But it is too late.

He dislikes reporters. They holler, and they are sweaty. Why must they follow him around so? Isn't it a free country? He laughs at that.

He is obsessed with anxiety over caricatures of himself. In every newspaper they bother him. He looks in the mirror often and thinks, Is that me? Who is that man? Is that man the President, or am I THE President? He is convinced and resentful. He wonders why people can be so cruel.

A pretty girl is introduced to him at a banquet. She smiles and blushes, and the President wonders what it would be like to sleep with her. As he shakes hands and smiles and wrinkles his eyes and tries to lift his drooping cheeks he thinks about the girl's naked body, her skin, her breasts, her hair, her lips, her tongue, her neck, her hands, her throat, her eyes, her arms, her belly, her thighs, her crotch, her voice, her scent, her feet, her navel, her buttocks, her fingers, her ears, her nose, her back, her shoulders, her hips, her sight, her moans, her fingernails, her teeth, her breath.

He hears her laugh. The President is suddenly disgusted, and eats an olive.

His office terrifies him. It is too much, he thinks. No one should be President. It should be against the law. That thought makes him laugh and laugh, until tears run from his eyes.

By ELLIS WEINER

The President enjoys hearing that; he feels patriarchal.

The barber cutting his hair remarks that he is balding, and his hair is greying. The President enjoys hearing that; he feels patriarchal.

"Yes," he says to the barber. "Sometimes I think the job gets to me."

The barber laughs. The President smiles.

Children annoy him.

His stomach hurts, and he feels foolish. He tells his wife.

"Nonsense," she replies. "Presidents have stomachs; they're allowed to have stomach aches."

That makes him feel better. The pain recedes. He plays golf.

In church he suddenly recalls a magazine article which mentioned that many people thought that God spoke English. That had never occurred to him; he realizes that he, too, had assumed that God spoke English. He wonders what else he had always assumed.
He wants to see Lawrence of Arabia, but is afraid to go to a theater where people will recognize him. He has a copy of the film brought to his private theater and invites several colleagues and friends to the screening. The fourteen of them watch the wide screen, the desert, the camels, the sand, the fighting, the dust, the Arabs, and the killing. After the film the President is thirsty.

He has absolutely no sexual desire for his wife. The thought makes him saa. A horrifying idea is brewing in the President's head, but it is still vague. He cannot quite interpret it. But he feels uneasy. It occurs to him when he is in the bathroom.

He wonders what it would be like to be addicted to heroin. The idea makes him shudder.

He deliberately wears light coats in, the cold winter weather. His physician warns him about his health. The President smiles.

He is eating more and more. His physician warns him about his heart. The President smiles, offers his physician a Miller's.

The President cannot listen to music, cannot read books. They bore him. He reads summaries of news from around The World which his aides type for him each day.

The President has athlete's foot, and tries to hide it from his physician. When the doctor discovers it, he applies to it an ointment, and gives the President a can of powder to apply each morning. The President places the can in the medicine cabinet, and ignores it.

The President cannot listen to music, cannot read books. They bore him. He reads summaries of news from around The World which his aides type for him each day.

The President relishes itching his toes. He looks forward, each evening, to sitting in solitude on the edge of his bed, slipping off his shoes, and firmly kneading his toes with his hands. He stares at the floor, his eyes do not focus on any particular object. His mind is blank. There is only the kneading and scratching, kneading and scratching. His fingers become quite adept at manipulating his toes; his fingers seek out unitched parts of the skin between the toes, around the toes, and on the soles of the feet. He usually leaves his socks on.

In summer it is best. His feet sweat, and they itch more. In winter the athlete's foot almost disappears. The President likes the summer.

Often he tears away the moist, crumbling skin until his foot bleeds. And in the shower the exposed part of his feet sting. But it feels very good to scratch, and the President enjoys it.

He is moody. His wife is no help.

Golf seems pointless.

He considers writing his memoirs. He does not know how to begin.

The President relishes itching his toes. He looks forward, each evening, to sitting in solitude on the edge of his bed, slipping off his shoes, and firmly kneading his toes with his hands. He stares at the floor, his eyes do not focus on any particular object. His mind is blank. There is only the kneading and scratching, kneading and scratching. His fingers become quite adept at manipulating his toes; his fingers seek out unitched parts of the skin between the toes, around the toes, and on the soles of the feet. He usually leaves his socks on.

In summer it is best. His feet sweat, and they itch more. In winter the athlete's foot almost disappears. The President likes the summer.

Often he tears away the moist, crumbling skin until his foot bleeds. And in the shower the exposed part of his feet sting. But it feels very good to scratch, and the President enjoys it.

He is moody. His wife is no help.

Golf seems pointless.

He considers writing his memoirs. He does not know how to begin.

He writes a memo to his domestic staff. It reads:

"I just want you all to know that you are doing a splendid job. It isn't easy, as you know, being President, and my wife and I are very most appreciative of the manner in which you have been carrying out your jobs."

The memo sounds pompous to him. Then he looks in the mirror and remembers that he is President; he dispatches the memo.

He has just stepped from the shower. As he dries himself, he regards his dripping hairy flabby body. "But ihij is mine," he says quickly to himself. He suddenly stops, his heart pounding furiously. He is horrified. He lapses into depression.
**Cinema**

Adisesa Sabata  
Duk 15th and Chestnut  
LO 38981  
Cinema is a project with Maxmillian's Mangos. Not for the overly energetic.

**The Brotherhood of Satan**  
**Artists: The question is why the children are starting to despise from a small town? Only Storher Martin knows.**

Carnal Knowledge  
Stage Door Cinema  
LO 23725  
**JONATHAN: if you had the choice—**

**SEARCH:** Would you rather love a girl or have her love you?  
**SANDY:** I would want it mutually.  

**Uncle:** Duches  
**World Chess:** Chestnut  
LO 38981  
As Chubly Checker used to say, "How low can you go?  

**The Devils**  
**Music:**  
**Main Point**  
**Encore 47**  
LA 42719  
September 16-19 Dave Van Ronk. Ron Magni will perform. Well, you know, oh, you see, he’s like, gee, pretty fine with raspy with some pipe, quite a lady with these repertories.

**World Control STUDIOS**  
5358 Germantown Ave.  
GE 6-5454  
September 19-22 Nina Simone, Pharoah Sanders, Mandella, Leonard Thomas. Voices of East Harlem, the Undisputed Truth, will be together for the Quaker City Jazz Festival. Cafe Head  

**Theatres**  
**The PRISONER**  
Headlight Theatre  
LO 6-5442  
Through October 2. Thursday through Saturday at 8:30 P.M.  

**FORGET**  
FORGET Theatre  
Monday. Weekly through Sept. 17  

**Forrest Theatre**  
1144 South Street  
W 2-3155  
Tuesdays and Thursdays at 8 P.M. Saturdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays.

**The M: NOBODY KNOWS**  
Playhouse in the Park  
GR 7-1700  
Through September 16. Mondays through Fridays at 8 P.M. Saturdays at 1 and 9:30 P.M.  

**The RISE AND FALL OF THE ENTIRE WORLD AS SEEN THROUGH THE EYES OF COLE PORTER**  
Manning Street Theatre  
U 7-3205  
Thursdays, Wednesdays, and Fridays at 8 P.M. Saturdays at 1 and 9:30 P.M.  

**The FIDDLER ON THE ROOF**  
Valley Forge Music Fair  
1240 W 51St  
Su 5-0010  
September 24-30. Monday through Friday. Friday at 8:30 P.M. Saturday at 8:30 P.M. and Sunday at 1 and 3 P.M.  

**The HEADHUNTERS**  
Bucks County Playhouse  
New Hope, Pa.  
862-2041  
Through September 26.

**CARNIVAL HOURS**  
6615 Ridgeway Avenue  
P 1-2382  
Friday and Saturday at 8:30 P.M.  

**TV Movies**  

**THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 14**  

**MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 20**  

**SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 21**  
**Hilda Crane** (1965). Jane Simmons. FR 4-3000. (10) (C).  

**FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 17**  
**Ferris in the Sky** Doug McClure, Roddy McDowall. FR 8-3000. (10) (C).  
**Public Enemy** (1931). James Cagney, Jean Harlow. FR 8-3000. (10) (C).  

**SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 18**  
**Double Feature**  

**LIGHTRAY'S DESIGNS, INC.**  
3727 WALNUT STREET  

**WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 22**  

**HIll BANDBOX**  
3834 Germantown Avenue  
WED. - TUES. SEPT. 15 - 21  

Two lyrical films by John Korty  
**Love Story**  
7 & 9 P.M.  
(Featuring Peter Bonzer, of the Committee)  

**RiverRun**  
8:40