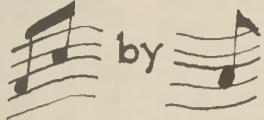


ENTERTAINMENT



W.i.t. & M. A.

Peace!



Peace. Rotary Connection. Albumnumber too. PEACE. Here comes de christmas. Bells, timbrelbellimbrel. Violin sounds, unharsh "Silent Night" - a gnu weigh. Old words. Knew wei. Instant religious catharsis. Gloria in excelcis Deo, Et in terra pax hominibus bonae voluntatis. "Christmas Love" iz a joysound. Almost protestant? No, not that baid. "Last call for Peace" - Dominus vobiscum. Et cum spiritus tuo. Best musucal retelling of baby Jesus story on record. Unconventional? Sure. Pais. "Shopping Bag Menagerie" is a sad tale of a year spent in hard work to make one day a happy one. It ends on a note of hope. The 'a' below high "c". More "Silent Night" cum sitar. Pace. Soft instrumental. Gently flows out of instruments and into harts. chimebells and rolldrum sEndit.

Side to. Shalom. "Christmas Child" tells why. Why? Pax universalis. Melodic maximum massage message. Does the number 11/25 mean anything 2 ewe? "Peace at Least" only gift worth asking 4 is peace on Gaeus. Fred paz hpinh. Santa hides in chimney. He can not bring peace. "Santa's Little Helpers" - elfsing. Happy Joy Fun -short. Sad "Sidewalk Santa" shares with sympathetic suburbanites his sincere sadness. "He's only Santa Claus because it's Christmas." noone calls his mysterious misclotie bluff. Snow sifts thru silver stockings. No place for him to hang his socks. "If Peace Was All We Had" - where did the spiritus veritus Christmas go. "IwonderwhatitwouldbelikeifPEACE..." "Silent Night Chant" almost like a drunken orgy when compared to the soft caress of the wrest of the round one. Psychodelidsound in december on dulcomer. The tonal quality of the piece lifts the listener into silence. 30 seconds of which has been recorded fro u 2 listen 2. lte, missa est.

Christmas Magic

When is a Christmas record not a Christmas record? When the selections are treated in a novel way, novel enough to make the record worth playing all year round. The Soulful Strings' THE MAGIC OF CHRISTMAS is just this sort of record. Packaged in a pretty red, green, blue, and white cadet jacket, this album is a Christmas gift worthy of any music-loving consumer.

Leonard Druss' flute solo in "The Little Drummer Boy" combines with the violins to bring back memories of all the



little drummer boys of the hidden past. And then the cascading chords of Dorothy Ashby's harmonious harp, punctuated with silver stringsounds, gives the illusion of a slow "Snowfall". The Strings treat "Dance of the Sugarplum Fairy" in a novel manner. The featured instrument is the sitar. "Deck the Halls", involves more than its usual jolly hardness in the magic version. The tune moves from thoughtfulness provided by Miss Ashby's soothing harp. Side one concludes with a little ditty entitled "Santa Claus Is Coming to Town." It's an old favorite with a rock beat. Even the purists can't complain; Cleveland Eaton's cello is a wonder to behold. The sound is magic.

Turn it over or listen to side one again? Try side two's "Sleigh Ride" and the fast-paced magic of the Strings and Druss' felial flute. "Merry Christmas, Baby" borders on the line of rock-blues. The melody is slow and leisurely, almost static. No Christmas album would be complete sans "Jingle Bells." So it, too, is here in all its traditional glory. Phil Upchurch's guitar gives the old tune some new life, but it is still the same old standard. The exciting vibes of Bobby Christian echo from the beginning of "The Christmas Song" to its cascading finish. The album closes out with "Parade of the Wooden Soldiers," and the sound isn't bad. It's all secular Christmas music in today's innovative spirit.

(Continued on page 7)



(Continued from Page 2)

lose." Che Guevara died.

"We must have an undying love for our people. If one is hurt, all are hurt. We must begin to counteract the hatred that has been inculcated in our hearts by whites for hundreds of years...and that hatred is deep!"

For Carmichael, Black Power was not just a question of community or geography, but of people; and the battle was international. The audience was still. The sermon over, questions began:

"Aren't you glad that so many of your followers are uneducated?"

"Yes...and I'm glad that Wallace has educated followers like you. I'm happy to have uneducated followers, because the educated people in this country scare me to death!"

"What are you going to do with the Whites after you take over—make them slaves?"

"Naw—too dumb!"

"How about pacifists?"

"I can't depend on pacifists—you can't change anything individually."

"Why can't we work together?"

"I agree with Leibniz, it is the best of all possible worlds, but I've been a Boy Scout and I'm always prepared. The people of Germany said, 'let's work together,' too...but I'm not going to be a Jew!" Carmichael said he was going to be prepared, but he never really said that he liked being that way. Some people see his militant cry as just that—a cry: I don't want to do things this way, but you're forcing me to it...Wake up!

"How can whites help your movement?"

"Give me money for guns. You asked ME. Now another Blackman might give you a different answer...but you asked me. Redistribute the wealth, get rid of inequalities..."

At first, Carmichael's position was "If you're not with us, you're against us," but as the afternoon progressed it slowly shifted to "If you're not against us, you're with us." That was a subtle but significant modification—I hope he remembers it.

Before the performance, and there's no other word to describe Carmichael's talk, the air was electric. Afterwards it was just empty. I had tried to sense the crowd's reaction to Carmichael but couldn't: there certainly wasn't the almost touchable hatred of a Klan or Wallace rally. A few people on both sides, (and some were forced to take a side they didn't want to be on...) lost their cool, but not too many.

There were some comic incidents: One black kept saying "Cool it, Cool it", even when things were cool. And when several students were asked to come forward as bodyguards, they couldn't find their seats when they returned. They had been taken. One or two whites had tried to be sarcastic with Carmichael and had had their sarcasm returned in kind. Usually, however, when somebody asked an intelligent or sensible question, they got an intelligent or sensible answer.

It was a new speech for Carmichael—but he had used many of the arguments and had heard many of the criticisms before. Yet I was told that he listened to the tape-recording afterwards—maybe he learned something new too.

Oh Yeah ? Yeah !

By R. T. Smith

I Was Christopher Robin

Roger Bacon, who (and many will testify to it) was a very wise man, once said, "Books will speak plain when counsellors blanch." And I do think that he was right. Books have always been one of the most important things to me, and there are several reasons for this. As a child, I was small and sickly. I spent a great deal of time indoors. My father's job kept the family on the move, so goodbye was a frequent follow up to "what's your name? Mine's ..." It hardly seemed worth the time to get to know the happy children behind the smiling faces that greeted me from inside the doorways of a dozen dusty cities. I withdrew before I was old enough to know the meaning of the word. I used toy soldiers and trucks to build longstanding neighborhoods of my own until I was five. Then I discovered books. First there was Tom and Spot and Jane. Then came another Tom. This one had a last name - Swift. This artificer of unequaled creative genius and defensive wit introduced me to the realm of fiction. Not a new world, but a new way of understanding the one that somebody's "god" (whatever that was) had created in the big black book. Naturally, that big, time-worn creature on mother's night table was the next victim of my childish curiosity. I thought that it was just a history book, so I read it as one. (Maybe Wordsworth was right. Perhaps I was wiser then than now.) Then, for two years, I thought I lived in the House at Pooh Corner with Pooh and Piglet and Eeyore and friends. I really thought I was Christopher Robin incarnate. A most unfortunate accompanying fact was that I had all the adults convinced that I was Christopher Robin. To this day I wonder if they really knew that I was just me. When problems came along, I could always hide behind a mirror with my magic rabbit. And do you remember all those orange, cloth-bound biographies of famous men and women? I read them all and decided that I was Robert E. Lee, instead of Christopher Robin but by this time I was too old to convince adults. History was my big thrill for a couple of years, because everything that I had ever imagined on rainy days was something that really happened in the past. I remember an old copy of "Little Red Riding Hood" that my father threw away when I was nine. He said that I was too old to cry over a fairytale. Still I couldn't stop the tears. He didn't understand. Milton did - "...he who destroys a good book, kills reason itself..."

Homer to Bacon

In the sixth grade I had a friend who knew "all about the Greeks." To keep us, I began to read the Homeric epics and a few of the many books about Greek and Roman mythology. A young boy overlooks the deepest and most satisfying passages of the classics. My mind was as yet unripe and ill-prepared to comprehend the masterpieces of many of the world's most skillful artists. Undaunted, however, by the volumes of lore as yet unread I challenged Dumas and Shakespeare and Dante. Longfellow and Byron were also favorites of my pre-high school days. I was still far from realizing the enormity of my task. The only way to learn to read IS to read. So I read. In high school I discovered the peculiar charm of technical books. Newton came along (accompanied by several commentaries), and Bacon followed. I lost myself in the maze that mathematics presents to the undisciplined mind. Then Herberg, Tillich, and Melville made their literary pitches.

Renaissance

For two years, my last in high school and first in college, I read little. The glow of a filled library card and the thumping shut of a completed novel lost their charm. I blame psychology texts and quadratic formulae. Then I remembered something that Roger Bacon had said to me from the pages of a dilapidated volume of antiquity - "I have rather studied books than men." So I looked for them once again, from the dog-eared, leather-bound copy of THE COMPLETE SHAKESPEARE to a shiny glossy-covered copy of THE SHAKING OF THE FOUNDATIONS. I began to go back to all the used-book-sales and to write books-I-need-to-read lists. I stalked through the Misty Mountains with Tolkien's Frodo, followed Steinbeck's Oakies to the vineyards, faced death with Camus' stranger, walked arm in arm with Leopold Bloom through the crowded streets of Dublin on a particular June sixteenth, hid behind the door with Yossarian as Nately's whore approached, and felt the boot of Baron Thunder-ten-tronckh on the backside of the naive and tragi-comic young candide. Ached with nausea along with Antoine Roquentin, experienced the anxiety of K. as he awaited THE TRIAL, chased the goatherds along side of DON QUIXOTE, jostled at Rabelasian lists, and empathized with Eliot's Lavinia after THE COCKTAIL PARTY.

(Continued on page 7)