

# TWO GENTLEMEN FROM CHARLOTTEVILLE

## THE ARTFUL DODGER

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THE CAFETERIA DURING LUNCH HOUR.

## MUSIC PLAYING

(Cont. from page 3)

Will Wait, and "What Is It Like To Be Free?" are all better-than-average. But we learn more of the artist's potential rather than his true ability. And we've known that Eric Andersen has potential for some time.

The rest of the songs are crap. "Don't Leave Me Here For Dead" is filler. "Sign of A Desperate Man" stumbles over its own topicality. "I Was The Rebel (She Was The Cause)" could have been the theme for a 50's teen flick. "Secrets" is muzak. Disappointing, especially when two songs are of such high caliber.

Eric Andersen turns out to be one more LP we can afford to be indifferent about. One or two songs don't make a great artist and Andersen has never made a solid album. Folk needs a new voice, one as real and vital as Dylan's, but one distinctively different from his. Perhaps it is time to turn to a new breed, such as James Taylor, whose approach and material are both fresh and artistically conscious. The time has worn thin waiting for Eric Andersen and after five years, the results have not been amply rewarding.

"Sometimes I almost wonder what it would be like."

"Yes, Charles, I know just how you feel."

Edwin Porter and Charles Matthews were out for their customary mid-night stroll. The air was crisp with a slight taste of spring in it. Crocuses were just beginning to peer out from under brown leaves hard-packed by the winter's snow. It had been a lovely day - rich, blue sky, white clouds scudding like froth in the breeze - yes, altogether, a lovely day.

"Your wife is such a charming woman," Edwin remarked after a short pause.

"Yes, that she is, Ed. I remember the day I met her. I was about sixteen and she came into church and sat across from me with her mother. Ah, Helen, to think we spend so much time together!"

"Your young Mary is the spittin' image of her, Charles."

Charles ran his hand through his soft gray hair, a hand that played the piano well - that taught Mary how to play. "Yes, my dear, dear Mary," he mused. "She is so pretty now, going out with the young boys. She's dear to my heart, even as her mother...still is."

Charles continued, "Mr. Magruder always said what a beautiful family I had. I like him, too. I really did. He ran that office like a battleship. Worked for him for fifteen years, I did, Ed. Fifteen years, that's a long time and he was always good to me. Gave me loans when the money was low, always around. And Mary just loved him like we all did. He'd tell her stories and she'd climb upon his knee and call him Uncle Joe and make him

laugh. Yes, we all loved him, everybody did and still does."

"There's your house, Charles and isn't that Helen?"

"Yes, she's laughing. It's good that she can be happy."

"And Mary, she's probably a by now."

"No, no, Ed - she's out with beau or other."

"Helen, my love. I've always loved you. You're as precious as ever you were." They walked on by the house. The stars floated in their silent night sky. Charles was silent for a while himself,

"Charles, you're as good as gold." Edwin was trying to help

"I love my wife, Ed. I'll always love her, no matter what. I should have been more to her. I should have been home more instead of always at the office. Joe Magruder was my boss and my friend hadn't gotten to me first."

Lynne Hedrick

## JOHN AND MARY

(Cont. from page 3)

themselves to each other. All that can do is laugh at how dumb that sounds - John and Mary - and fall into bed again, ending the day as unsurprisingly as they started it. The mood of quiet understanding, misunderstanding set up by John Mortimer's screenplay has been worked through sensitively by Ho and Miss Farrow. Yates' film is awkward, lovely, and sometimes boring - nearly like life.