

MUSIC PLAYING IN MY HEAD

"Believe in the magic of a young girl's soul/believe in the magic of rock and roll, believe in the magic that will set you free" - "Do You Believe in Magic"/John Sebastian

Music, rock in particular, effects me in peculiar ways. I often find myself in "different" musical moods simply because of (physical or head) location and environment or past associations with the music. Blind Faith's LP sounds much better now than it did in Philadelphia last summer. James Taylor's first was of greater import once I was removed from Carolina. Guess Who's current Top Forty Hit, *No Time Left For You*, sure sounds good on the car radio. It's crazy, but that's how it works.

I'll always associate Simon & Garfunkel's new LP, *Bridge Over Troubled Water*, with this month, this town, and the people who are sharing it with me. I tend to use music as a means for getting to know people better. This record is one of the most pleasant ways I can imagine to get closer to someone.

Bridge Over Troubled Water is the kind of experience that is best when shared. The music evokes a

"WHAT BUFFALO"

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audience a true and meaningful exchange. The challenge was more than met.

After about three nights exploring different ideas through improvisation and theatre games, the troop gave birth to "Huh?, What?, What Buffalo!?" "Buffalo" was a three step experiment in communication and/or non-communication. The experience is one of total group relation, both spontaneously and complete. The experience occurs within a structure free of set, dialogue, or movement.

In stage one, the actors attempt to communicate to an object, arbitrarily selected - a trash can. In the trash can lives one actor who is master of its domain. The other actors discover the object, which to them is any object with which they desire to communicate, and then proceed to stimulate reaction from the object. Often they do, yet often they don't.

In stage two we see two individuals trying to break through their own defenses and anxieties to reach each other. This dramatic experiment is a silent slow motion struggle of two actors to reach their objective of communicating with each other by fighting-off physically their obstructing walk characterized by the other actors.

warm and honest response that draws people out and allows friendships to grow. Rock can be an incredible catalyst (play *Hey Jude* loudly sometime for a group of friends and feel the vibrations). Something special happens when people hear this music together. It's an invitation for some magic to happen, something John Sebastian told us about a long time ago. And you really don't have to worry about why or how you're responding, you just do because it's the natural thing.

The album is a pristine collage of moods and feelings, all of which illicit something from the listener. The performances are even and compact, almost slick, but always tasteful and refined. Paul Simon and Art Garfunkel have two of the best voices in all of rock, Beach Boy angelic and Beatle grit.

Songs like *Cecilia*, *Why Don't You Write Me*, and the old Everley Bros. standard, *Bye Bye Love*, are pure examples of the joy of rock. You just have to move, skip along, when they play. They have the same infectious quality, especially *Cecilia*, that made Lennon & McCartney's *Ob-La-Di and Bungalow Bill* so good-timey.

El Condor Pasa is a mellow trip. A blissful Bolivian folk melody is lent to Simon's playful riddle-like lyrics: "I'd rather be a forest than a street/yes, I would/if I could/I surely would." A lovely song that glides up past the clouds.

Only Living Boy In New York is almost a period piece and it is Simon's most lyrically ambiguous work. But he has a tendency to be too consciously poetic at times and the fault is evident here.

The final stage is an attempt by the actors to make silent sensual communication with the audience seated around the stage area. In total blackout they try to relate trust and feeling and link the audience together as a part of the total experience.

The program has been performed at the School of the Arts in Winston-Salem, for a regional Liberal Religious Youth Seminar in Raleigh, and for a high school Thespian society in Greensboro. It was performed again in Greensboro last Sunday (3-1-70) for Page High School. It will be presented later in the spring for the Independent School in Chapel Hill, and for a convention of 160 social scientists meeting at the Robert E. Lee Hotel in Winston-Salem in late April.

FIVE PLAYS THEY'D LIKE TO SEE REVIVED

With revivals probing unusually popular this season, the *N. Y. Times* asked some prominent people to name plays they would like to see stage again:

Norman Mailer: *Awake and Sing*; *The Connection*; *The Autumn Garden*; *The Glass Menagerie*; *A Delicate Balance*

James Coco: *Sex*; *Once In A Lifetime*; *Amphitryon 38*; *Key Largo*; *Cabin In The Sky*

Jerry Orbach: *Room Service*; *A Tree Grows in Brooklyn*; *Light Up The Sky*; *Candide*; *The Entertainer*

Ruth Gordon: *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch*; *Peter Pan*; *The Pink Lady*; *Oh Boy*; *Ethan Frome*

Agnes De Mille: *Spread Eagle*; *Both Your Houses*; *The Late Christopher Bern*; *Tobacco Road*; *Salvation*

William Daniels: *Long Days Journey Into Night*; *Rosmersholm*; *The Autumn Garden*; *He Who Gets Slapped*; *Juno and the Peacock*

The music, however, is glorious and you can forget about the words. Like seeing New York from a cruising cloud (probably the one you latched onto during *El Condor Pasa*.)

Song For The Asking is the final song on the LP, gently bidding us a fond farewell and hello. Such a nice frame of mind to leave us all in.

These songs, when heard in the quiet of a candle lit room, are reasons for holding hands. And when you've heard the whole album, chances are you'll go back to hear track 1, side 1 again. It's a song that stays.

When you're weary, feeling small,
When tears are in your eyes, I
will dry them all;
I'm on your side. When times
get rough and friends just can't
be found,
Like a bridge over troubled water,
I will lay me down.
Like a bridge over troubled water,
I will lay me down.

When you're down and out,
When you're on the street.
When evening falls so hard
I will comfort you.
I'll take your part
When darkness comes
And pain is all around,
Like a bridge over troubled water,
I will lay me down.
Like a bridge over troubled water,
I will lay me down.

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