

tions, but has achieved an avant garde mix; one that challenges, delights, frightens and stimulates.

To see his work, to talk with Jonas Santos, call his studio upstairs at 1734 Connecticut Avenue, NW, 332-1255. —CKW



WE have received a copy of your very interesting article on the "Art Now '74" (photocopy attached) and are concerned about the usage of our LEVI'S trademark which appears generically as "levis".

The LEVI'S word mark is our most priceless asset having been derived from the first name of our founder Mr. Levi Strauss who established the company back in 1850. Hundreds of millions of garments of all types have been shipped bearing the LEVI'S mark to virtually every country in the world, and many millions of dollars have been spent in advertising. LEVI'S refers only to products of our manufacture and to everything that we manufacture whether it be shirts, slacks, shorts, blouses, jackets, or blue jeans. We appreciate the fact that the LEVI'S trademark has become one of the half dozen best known in the world. In order to preserve this unique asset, it is necessary that we protect the mark from excessive usage where the trademark significance is not specifically noted.

Levi's is:

- Our ~~most~~ priceless asset
- a registered trademark in the U.S. Patent Office and over 100 countries
- derived from the first name of our founder who established our company in 1850
- our exclusive trademark which we apply to everything that we manufacture: jeans, slacks, jackets, shirts, skirts, etc.

Levi's should:

- always be spelled as it is registered with a capital "L" and an apostrophe " 's "
- never be used unless referring to garments manufactured by our company

We feel sure that it was not your intention to misuse our trademark and that you can appreciate our extreme caution in protecting it. Please help us to protect Levi's by always using and spelling it properly.

Thank you for your assistance.

Carol Yenne, Manager
Trademark Department

(We have xeroxed your letter and posted it by the coke machine — Ed.)

FILM

CLAUDINE

Reviewed by Paul Gewirtz

I SAW *Claudine* the day after Duke Ellington died. And as I watched this energetic but rather stiff movie about a Harlem mother of six, I remembered Ellington's famous description of his great piece, "Harlem Air Shaft:"

"So much goes on in a Harlem air shaft. You hear fights, you smell dinner, you hear people making love. You hear intimate gossip floating down. You hear the radio. An air shaft is one great big loudspeaker. You see your neighbors' laundry. You hear the janitor's dongs. The man upstairs' aerial falls down and breaks your window. You smell coffee. A wonderful thing, that smell. An air shaft has got every contrast. One guy is cooking dried fish and rice and another guy's got a great big turkey. You hear people praying, fighting, snoring. Jitterbugs are jumping up and down always over you, never below you. I tried to put all that in 'Harlem Air Shaft'."

The music evokes varied ingredients, but its vitality and feeling are seamless and new. In *Claudine*, plenty of ingredients are there — indeed, too many ingredients — but they haven't been transmuted into a movie with life, magic and unity of its own.

Claudine Price, played by Diahann Carroll, is a beautiful thirty-six year old black woman living in Harlem with her six children. She has had two husbands and another two "almost marriages," and she claims to be off men — until she runs into huge and irresistible Roop Marshall (James Earl Jones). The story of their "love project" is surrounded by the chaos of Claudine's brimming and cramped household, Roop's fear of the responsibilities of family life, and the degrading effects of the welfare system. With mostly good humor, the two knock themselves into some kind of hopeful situation.

Roop takes Claudine out of the house and gives some joy to her nights, but Claudine feels guilt in being away from her children so often. Roop reintroduces Claudine to the

anguish of loving a man who is afraid of assuming the responsibilities of family life. Roop has children in two cities, but never sees them. On his first date with Claudine, Roop announces the finiteness of his intentions. Months later, he has a change of heart. But just as Roop is prepared to announce that he will marry, he is hit with a court judgment requiring him to make large support payments for his own children. Like Claudine, he is hemmed in by the errors of his younger self.

Many elements of modern black urban life, including its humor, are present in this movie, but, unfortunately, they have not been crafted into a good film. *Claudine* tries to be too many things — and it touches too many things with a heavy hand. It has a desperate energy and beleaguered appearance that fit its characters' lives, but never quite falls into place. It is awkwardly composed, as if someone had followed a checklist. The themes are authentic, the issues are authentic, the characters' predicaments are authentic. But the movie isn't.

A narrative film must create the illusion that the characters have ongoing lives, of which the camera sees only glimpses. But the events in *Claudine*'s world all seem to be manufactured for the camera. I didn't get a sense of the ordinary parts of the characters' lives — what they do in the stretch of unclimactic events. The characters aren't richly drawn, and, with the exception of James Earl Jones' Roop, they usually don't sound very natural. (The children in particular are saddled with many horrible lines.)

In fact every person in this movie is burdened by his or her thematic function. The characters have so many messages to pass on to us that they barely have time just to exist. One of the best scenes in *Claudine* is when two of Claudine's children, Paul and Francis, go bicycling through Harlem looking for Roop. The image of children pedalling hard through narrow spaces between moving turks conveys their vulnerability and eagerness to break loose much more persuasively than any set speech could — and it is much more exciting visually.

This outdoors scene also reminds us how oddly insulated from the surrounding Harlem world the story and its characters are. Most of the film takes place indoors. Missing is the sensual immediacy that a feeling for place might have created. The windows are never open. We never hear the sounds of the air shaft.

ARTS NOTES

ART

THE Corcoran Gallery of Art will present its 19th Area Exhibition Oct. 12-Nov. 10. Recent paintings, sculpture, drawing and prints by area artists. James Pilgrim of the Metropolitan Museum in NY is juror.

IN an era when artists and museums are usually on opposite sides of a picket line, the Corcoran's director, Roy Slade has made a landmark agreement with the local Artist's Equity, according to president Bert Schmutzthart. Although Equity is opposed in principle to fees for shows, they recognize the Corcoran is in financial trouble and consequently they have agreed not to object to the 19th Area Exhibition fees (\$5.00 an entry) and to sit down together after the show and assess whether or not there has been a profit. If

so the money will be returned in some form to Washington area artists — possibly in a fee-less show. Schmutzthart emphasizes the importance of this show to local artists and their appreciation of it and of Roy Slade's agreement. —C.K.W.

ATTENTION WEAVERS!: Two Guatemalan Indian Weavers, members of a large weaving cooperative in Comalapa, Guatemala will be at the Textile Museum main gallery, Oct. 2 from 1 to 4 p.m. They will demonstrate their highly advanced back strap loom techniques. Info: 667-0441.

JOAN GIESECKE

informal photographs



color/black & white

544-0744
washington d.c.

SHOP TALK

Beginning with this issue, Jean Lewton becomes managing editor of the *Washington Review*, our arts supplement. All manuscripts, notices, questions and answers dealing with the arts should be directed to her. Jean will be assisted by an editorial committee consisting of Richard King, Andrea Dean and Gordon Fletcher.

Also with this issue, Gordon Fletcher becomes music editor of the *DC Gazette* and *Washington Review*.

Gazette contributor Larry Cuban has been named superintendent of schools in Arlington County.

"JOINT" CONFERENCE — new literary magazine of inmate writings and art. Subscriptions: \$4.00 for 4 issues, \$2.00 for prisoners; single copy \$1.50. Order from King Publications, P.O. Box 19332, Washington, D.C., 20036.

Workshop: A co-op gallery and studio opens in the Torpedo Factory in Alexandria. An "excursion in fibres" Oct. 26-Nov. 2 will be held there. \$15 to cover materials. 10 a.m. - 3 p.m. each day, lectures, instruction... special focus on knotless netting. Info: 548-3508.

THE Baltimore Museum of Art is having a show of American prints: 1950-1974. Comprehensive survey of all the graphics done by major American artists, including works by Jim Dine, Baskin, Avery and encompassing all of the various experimental styles as well as the more classic approaches.

NOSTALGIA, ET CETERA has changed its name to Crafts and its location to the Stevenson Village Center, Stevenson, Md. 21153. The fine ceramic works of Robert and Paul Winkur will be on display thru Oct. 11. This is an exceptionally fine gallery of contemporary crafts and worth a visit. Info: 653-0223.

DON'T forget rug mornings at the Textile Museum. Every Saturday morning except holiday weekends the public is invited to bring in rugs for an expert opinion and listen to various authorities. If you have inherited an oriental rug and want to know more about it, this is your chance. At the same time view the Prayer Rugs from the World of Islam, thru Dec. 21. The Textile Museum is host this fall to a convention of rug societies and Washington now has its own International Hajji Baba Society of rug scholars.

CORCORAN FREEBIES: Noon talks, Oct. 2, David Stevens will discuss his work and Oct. 9th, Ken Young will do the same. On Oct. 23rd Richard Bordman will discuss the organization of the Area exhibition.

Films Tuesday noons on art and artists. Evening series, \$9 for members, \$15 for non-members. Oct. 23rd, Andrew Hudson; Oct. 30th, Sam Gilliam, Mary Beth Edelson, and Ed Love. Nov. 6th. Roy Slade, Gene Baro and Nesta Dorrance. Info: 638-3211.

NATIONAL GALLERY OF ART: "Work of Venetian masters" including Titian, Canaletto, Veronese, and Tiepolo, thru Nov. 24th. The show is combined with a festival of Venetian baroque and renaissance music thru Oct. 13th at the Kennedy Center.

G.W.'S DIMOCK GALLERY. "Sculpture in Living Spaces," photographs and models of contemporary outdoor sculpture in the Washington area, thru Oct. 11.

CORCORAN: David Stephens and Kenneth Young, recent paintings thru Oct. 13.

MRS. POWELL'S GALLERY, Amazon art and artifacts, 605 56th Street NE, 399-3400.

TALKING OF MICHELANGELO'S: Ralph Dell-Volpe, paintings. Oct 6-Nov. 2. New Location: 200 3rd Street, SE, over Morton's.

MUSIC

ORGAN Recital at St. John's Church, Lafayette Square, Oct. 2 at 12:10 p.m., with Sally Long, Soprano; Neil Holliker, Trumpet; Dr. James L. Trebert, Organist.

CHORAL ARTS SOCIETY opens its 10th season October 4th at the Kennedy Center with Monteverdi's Vespers of 1610. 244-3669.

"THIRD MONDAY CONCERT SERIES through May of contemporary music at the Washington Ethical Society, 7750 16th Street, NW. Free 332-0232.

THEATER

BACK ALLEY THEATRE is holding its first fundraising, subscription drive in its seven year history. Season tickets at reasonable rates are available for nine productions, including A Play by Alexander I. Solzhenitsyn in February. 723-2040.

FOLGER THEATRE, 201 E. Capitol Street, SE: The Farm by David Storey, Oct. 8 - Nov. 3. Info: 546-4000.

ARENA STAGE: in repertory, previews beginning Oct. 18: Death of A Salesman; Oct. 25: Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?

WASHINGTON AREA FEMINIST THEATRE: The Franny Chicago Play by Judy Katz in Hand Chapel, Mt. Vernon College, 2100 Foxhall Road at W Street NW thru Oct. 13. 986-1783.

THEATREWORKS needs directors and writers for its new season. Call Barb Baker, 525-2627.

AMERICAN SOCIETY OF THEATRE ARTS' Actor's Stage Company presents Ben Jonson's The Alchemist thru Oct. 20th at 612 - 12th St. NW. Reservations: 628-8368 after 6 p.m.

DANCE

GEORGE WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY DANCE COMPANY's Studio Night, Oct. 17 at 7:30 p.m., 2131 G Street, NW (rear). 676-6284 or 676-6782.

WORTH a drive to Antioch College's Theatre Project, 45 West Preston Street, Baltimore, Maryland for experimental dance.

Oct. 24-29: Central Maine Power Company (original music and dance)

Oct. 31-Nov. 3: T. R. Uthco from San Francisco (Multi-media).

PHOTOGRAPHY

PHOTO IMPRESSIONS GALLERY: recent photographs by Paul Kennedy and W. Patrick Hinely, 1816 Jefferson Place, NW thru Oct. 5.

CORCORAN: New Washington photographers thru Oct. 13.

MEDIA

KENNETH CLARK'S new series: "Pioneers of Modern Painting" on WETA starting Oct. 2, 9 p.m. opening with Edouard Manet.

NEW TIME for Classic Jazz on WGTB-FM: "I thought I heard Buddy Bolden say...", Sat. mornings, 9 a.m. until noon.

WAMJ-FM will broadcast a special series of operas Sunday evenings at 8:30 p.m.

Oct. 6: El Capitan by John Philip Sousa

Oct. 20: The Tender Land by Aaron Copland

MOVIES

AT THE BIOGRAPH: Oct. 2 & 3: Hitchcock's Sabotage & Blackmail Oct. 4 & 5: The Man Who Knew Too Much & The 39 Steps Oct. 6-8: Jimmy Cagney in Something to Sing About & John Crawford in Rain.

AT the AFI: Joel Siegel's course on movie musical's. Series tickets still available.

MISCELLANEOUS

QUAKER HOUSE benefit bazaar, Oct. 5, 2111 Florida Avenue, NW, 10 - 4.

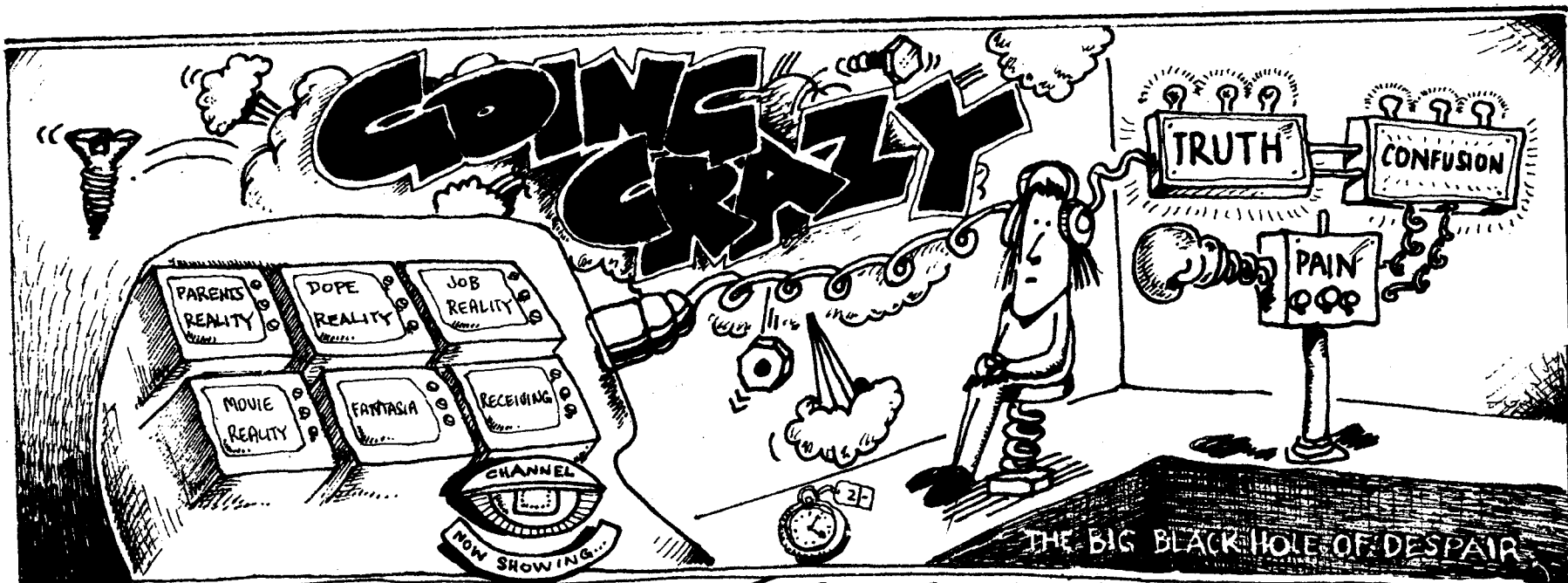
POETS Debbie Wood and Robert Abney read their own works at the Martin Luther King Library, Room a-5, Oct. 10 at 7:30 p.m.

BYLINE needs articles regionally oriented to D.C. and Baltimore. 1722 Thames Street, Baltimore, Md. 21231.

THE CHAUTAUQUATEERS puppet group presents "The Fisherman and His Wife", Sat. & Sun. at 2 and 4 p.m. thru Oct. 6 at Glen Echo Park. Advance reservations: 530-5203.



"14th Street"
PHOTO BY PAT-
RICIA HERREWIG



THESE PEOPLE ARE SUCCEEDING IN DRIVING THEMSELVES CRAZY WITHOUT MUCH ENCOURAGEMENT

IS IT THAT I'M SUBLIMATING MY EMOTIONAL PROBLEMS BY WORK OR IS IT THAT WHEN I HAVE EMOTIONAL PROBLEMS I CAN'T WORK?

I WANNA SEE YOU SO MUCH THAT I HATE YOU!!

I KNOW HOW TO TALK TO THEM THE WAY THEY LIKE YOU TO TALK TO THEM BUT WHEN THEY REALIZE YOU KNOW THEY KNOW YOU STILL KNOW HOW... BUT ITS NEVER THE SAME AGAIN

OF COURSE IM BETTER THAN THEM - WELL MAYBE EQUAL ANYWAY, BUT MAYBE BETTER 'CAUSE I PERCEIVE THIS SITUATION WHY DONT THEY SEE MY POTENTIAL.....

THINGS HAVE REALLY BOOMED IN OUR SUBURBS SINCE THE COCA COLA PLANT OPENED - MY JOB IS REMOVING OLD STRAWS FROM THE DIRTY BOTTLES..



MARGOT



SHE'S MAD



I like cooking

Moonbeam
Sunflower
nectar



earth
mother

The trouble with society is that it is not **COSMIC!!** these people have found internal peace and self confidence by accepting the whims of the cosmic energy of the universe and adjust their psyches accordingly as the wind blows the stender

branches of the oak and the mother moon

GROOVY

help!
bobbly

FAR OUT - DIG IT MAN, TRIP ON IT, ITS SO COOL, MAN JUST FAR OUT AMAZING SUCH A BEAUTIFULL VIB TOGETHER AN COOL NO FREAK



THINGS TO DO WHEN YOU'RE GOING CRAZY

- EAT GRAPES (LOTS)
- CRY (LOTS)
- LIE ON THE BED
- STARE AT THE CEILING
- RUN
- SMOKE A LOT
- COUNT YOUR TOES
- WAIT

THINGS NOT TO DO

- VISIT YOUR EX-SPOUSE
- TRY TO EXPLAIN YOURSELF
- WORK
- STICK YOUR FINGER IN THE EMPTY LIGHT SOCKET AND FLIP THE SWITCH
- READ THIS

WE AT THE PAPER TEND TO GET CARRIED AWAY, DESPITE THE OBVIOUS DRAWBACKS OF FRIVOLITY AND MEANINGLESSNESS WE JUST THOUGHT TO REMIND YOU - MADNESS IS THE FIRST SIGN OF BAD WARTS



THIS PERSON IS FROM THE SLUMS. THIS PERSON IS CRAZY....



THIS PERSON IS FROM THE SUBURBS. THIS PERSON IS NEUROTIC....



THIS PERSON IS FROM GROSSE POINT AND WESTCHESTER. THIS PERSON IS ECCENTRIC....



JUST KEEP A BOTTLE UNDER THE BED... YOU MAY WELL HAVE TO GET DRUNK!



".....INDEED THE TREMENDOUS ENERGY IN THE FORCES PRODUCING MENTAL ILLNESS, AS WELL AS THOSE BEHIND ART AND RELIGION COULD NEVER BE UNDERSTOOD AS THE OUTCOME OF FRUSTRATED OR SUBLIMATED PSYCHOLOGICAL NEEDS..... THEY ARE ATTEMPTS TO SOLVE THE PROBLEM OF BEING BORN HUMAN"..... ERICH FROMM. Via M.Sharp

THE Southern Christian Leadership Conference was so broke in August, it was forced to shift its annual convention banquet honoring former Watergate security guard, Frank Wills, and actress Cicely Tyson from Philadelphia's Sheraton Hotel to the Mt. Olivet Baptist Tabernacle Church. "We've always held our activities in churches," an SCLC spokesman said lamely. But the day before the banquet, a poorly attended board of directors' meeting was told that only 16 tickets had been sold to an event which had hoped to attract 2,000 people.

Once a nationally persuasive giant in the civil rights movement, the pathetically weak SCLC has fallen on financially hard times. Little has changed since a year ago, when the Rev. Ralph Abernathy tried to resign as president.

This year, only the presence of Georgia State Rep. Julian Bond and District of Columbia Delegate Walter Fauntroy prevented the sparsely attended convention (less than 200 delegates) from being a total disaster. Missing were the big names and former close associates of the Rev. King — his wife, the Rev. Jesse Jackson and the Rev. Andrew Young, now a Georgia congressman.

At Rev. Abernathy's press conference, the organization's serene "Rock of Gibraltar," announced that this was the first time since SCLC's founding 17 years ago that the organization was holding its annual convention in a Northern city.

That distinction is meaningless today. Philadelphia has a black Congressman, a black president of the board of education and four black city councilmen. But Atlanta not only has a black congressman and black school board president, it has twice as many black city councilmen — on top of that, a black school superintendent. And, thrown in for good measure, a black mayor.

South Carolina has more black city councilmen than Pennsylvania, Maryland and Delaware combined. The South has joined the Union. It's the North that's trying to secede.

These new political realities now govern the black-white symbiosis in 1974.

Ten years ago, a fiery Gloria Richardson led demonstrations in Cambridge, Md. Two years ago, fiery Shirley Chisholm ran for the presidency of the United States.

A few years ago, Rosa Parks rested her tired feet on a Montgomery bus and helped start a civil rights revolution. A few weeks ago, Rep. Barbara Jordan rested her tired voice in the Judiciary Committee and helped start the resignation of the President of the United States.

The Rev. Martin Luther King, Jr. is dead, as are the National Urban League's Whitney Young and the National Welfare Rights Organization's George Wiley.

A. Philip Randolph is retired. CORE's James Farmer operates a consulting company. His successor, Floyd McKissick, is an entrepreneur of "Soul City," N.C. Stokeley Carmichael is hustling Pan-Africanism whenever he can get a college speaking engagement. CORE's current poobah, Roy Innis, has been reduced to debating the idiocy of racial genetic inferiority. Only one civil rights grand-daddy remains active and influential. The

chuck stone

NAACP's Roy Wilkins, who alone now enjoys elder statesman status.

When black people wake up each morning in the nation's third, fifth and ninth largest cities (L.A., Detroit, and Washington, D.C.), any protest they have in mind is not taken to their civil rights organization, but to their mayor — he's black, too.

These are just a few of the reasons why the SCLC, which helped to energize such achievements, has now fallen victim to the very progress it spawned. Its precarious financial

condition has not been caused by arguing about where it should be going, but by black people forgetting where they have come from.

SCLC hasn't forgotten. It honored a black man, now unemployed, whose discovery of a break-in helped set a constitution in motion. At least, it helped the press remember SCLC.

No news came out of this year's NAACP's national convention, and the Urban League managed to raise a flurry of newsprint only when it pouted about public misconceptions of the black middle-class. Perhaps if SCLC had sold its soul for a mess of federally funded potage, it might still be doing business like the comfortably irrelevant Urban League.

Frank Wills has not hung his SCLC plaque on the wall and is probably wondering why the Urban League can't help him get a job.

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Recently, Father John McLaughlin, the former White House staff Jesuit and one-time defender of our one-time president, Richard Nixon, appeared on Boston's educational TV station, Channel 2, and quoted from the White House transcripts without bothering to delete the expletives.

Channel 2 ran the program unchanged, but the language caused problems when the Public Broadcasting System sent it out to other areas. A station in Alabama called WGBH News Director Bob Ferrante and told him they were deleting "two shits and a damn" from the program. Ferrante was incredulous. "How," he asked, "can you censor a priest who is quoting the President of the United States?" (Boston Phoenix.)

