film: Carry It On

By Emanuel Goldman

The revolution is a change man has never made in history. Even though she calls herself one, Joan Baez is no revolutionist. She is a victim of the absurdity that is her goal "a change that will take 20, 30, 50 years. It won't happen overnight." Carry It On tells the story of a year of her life, dating from a month before her husband David Harris was sent to jail for refusing induction into the army. The title reflects the basic premise of the film: with Harris in jail, Baez has to "carry it on." And ultimately, it is up to us.

As a social document, Carry It On brings an important, albeit unwitting, perspective to the radical movement. In this era, both the left and right usually lump the opposition into a homogeneous mass. It is up to the rest of us. If we are moveable, the left and right are "radical movement. In this era, both the left and right usually lump the opposition into a homogeneous mass. It is up to the rest of us.

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In her frame of reference, the revolution would be those people who try to live by love, not those who try to coerce. Implicit in her position is the conviction that people change, changes in institutions will follow. Of course, the violent revolts are in many ways larger than "tactics"; it is a difference of life-styles, a difference reflective fascism and republicanism philosophies. As Baez states, "A little more violence is just adding to the mix."

In short, the film: Carry It On successfully merges the poor genre of filming real-life rock-musical performers, and the never-too-popular documentary. Baez comes across as a full individual, with much more to her than a stage presence or a radical outlook. Harris provides the necessary dialectics, with arguments such as "The initial assumption about conscription is that the life of that person doesn't belong to him -- it belongs to the government." Together, they make a memorable couple. A must see. It is the brilliantly creative one of the 175 page document, but the authors seem to have learned over backwards to avoid letting their own biases creep into their study. In fact, one senses a grateful admiration for the idealism of the organization's early founders.

Perhaps it is merely the style of the book, the color, the lack of hands. Most of the book is just a reminder that our country's university system does not revolve around Boston and Cambridge. Mike Ansara is the only local radical honored with a place in the report, and the Harvard strike only gets a passing mention. Boston has been free of the destruction that plagued other areas.

The book provides a useful reference and background for those studying campus activism in this country. It is available from the US Government Printing Office for 70 cents.

Rock Festival

New Youngbloods

Rock Festival -- The Youngbloods (RCA/Ronson/Warner Brothers)

At last, there is a new Youngbloods album. Their last record, Elephant Mountain, one of the most interesting releases of 1969, was a minor masterpiece and a growing number of fans have been patiently waiting for the next gem from the group. Rock Festival is a well-rounded effort. It is the brilliantly creative one of the 175 page document, but the authors seem to have learned over backwards to avoid letting their own biases creep into their study. In fact, one senses a grateful admiration for the idealism of the organization's early founders.

The Youngbloods are a breath of fresh air. Their sound is different; their average, hit-'em-over-the-head approach that so many groups use now.

on record:

If... (Capitol)

Beautiful. It is all that anyone could ask. It is the jazz-rock standard to date -- feuer than R&B, more jazz-oriented than Coltrane's 1965 At the Colosseum. It is the brilliantly creative two-man reed section of Dave Young and Dick Morrissey coupled with the singing voice of J.W. Hodgkinson on the base of one of the most technically perfect instrumental units ever assembled (John Mealing -- keyboards, Terry Smith -- guitar, Ian Richardson -- bass, Dennis Elliott -- drums).

Basically, the band rides on its reeds. The music is not the towering achievement of Colosseum or the raunchy addresses of Blueyf Pig's Jack Lancaster. Rather, Morrissey and Quincy rely on clean smooth musicianship instead of gut feel. Coupled with the rock base -- especially brilliant Richard's -- the music flows fresh and original.

Quincy's "What Can A Friend Say?" opens the strong album with a good mixture of Reeds and Hodgkinson vocalization. The record continues evenly but the one standout cut must be the Morrissey instrumental "What Did I Say About The Box Jack" which features some of the most original flute and sax work to recently appear coupled with some fine jazz-influenced Terry Smith guitar.

In short, If... is beautiful!

Jeff Gale