**Revolution: Woodstock**

By Rabbi Churl

Mr. Tredíng's latest letter of application (applied works with an almost preternatural (albeit mod- dle) sense of the ultimate dilabili- ties of the human organism. This is not to say that it is just as good as we thought it would be, into the, dark, labyrin- thine and aesthetically unnoten- tation apto de joy or ex- meritance that comprise the col- lective extended mentalual ent of Middle Americ. to the contrary, it is (and I say thisFrustratingly forming one of the best or worst or most

descriptions of the ent. of our Faire Earthen. Perhaps
described in his/her book ofTodis Oratory..."

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Tiredfag: written out?

By P. S. John

It was the best of times, it was the worst of times, and I think it was Barnes in the Sunday Times that said: 'What a fine week we've had this week, I wish I could have said it no better but the...'

Seldom have I ever seen a movie which moved me more than this one. My line of sight! One can't be sure, but in this case, this one, everything that distracts from the boredom on the screen is helpful.

The picture (originally 44mm with a 1.85 reduction) was specifically adapted to shoot color film and almost synchronous sound was, as is unusual in color, good enough for me. The editor's marks in the left hand of the film, and the occasional piece of countdown did not detract from the plot. But then, one cannot be too picky about these small faults. Especially if one wishes to continue to get fee tickets to films in this town.

At this point, the final seconds on this film could be put to better use igniting old copies of The Daily Reamer and Fudgel Green- Our. Films like this, as the old cliche goes, should let sleeping dogs lie.

This refers mainly to the fe- maled, or at least, who should be re- turned to the kernel from which. Not incorrect, for the shoot- ing. It might be interesting to see how the opening nights of the premieres of this film, not the showing. For one, do not care to dwell on personal matters of the mind. In any case, a nut is a nut.

This bomb, this turkeys, this unmitigated insult to the cel- lular which was wasted in its, shooting, may set the motion picture industry back 100 years. A director of taste and perception would burn the negative and every print. (As a matter of fact, unless it was merely an art effort, it was an unsuccessful attempt was made to burn up the print being shown in Boston.) As it is, the only thing which burns is the audi- ence.

On the other hand, this movie did have some redeeming fea- tures. It is being shown in a very nice theatre, and some of the performances are outstanding. Most of the cast managed the rare and difficult feat of simu- taneously irritating a tree while speaking in a nonsense for a full 90 minutes. This moved the audience to the unbound-ed feats of simultaneous revol.

But I would strongly recom- mends that all of you see this film. It might be one of the few best of 1972, and is certainly the best movie around now.

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**Wreckordings:**

This picture has nothing to do with any of the stories on this page. Last week, a record company which buys large ads and gives away lots of free records brought to Boston one of their least-talented artists, whose arrival was covered in a blizzard of press releases and rear-projector photographs. Support here is someone else entirely stepping into a backrubber with.

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**Music:**

Arts heads: balhent retrieval?

By Ralph Churl

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