John Prine -
diamond bright

When I saw John Prine at the Passim last week, a couple of weeks ago, I couldn't help laughing to myself. In the past, many times I've played his first album, John Prine, I just couldn't believe he could be anything more than a small-planned country boy having the time of his life singing for a crowd in the Big City - he couldn't have looked more naive if he were sober, but that's just the thing. The simple- mindedness of John Prine, his well-known songs such as "Simple Song," "Spanish Pie Dream," and "Folks Don't Want You To Know Any More" from his first album and several others from Diamonds in the Rough, his newest album, is just truly incredible when placed next to his longer, more serious songs. These are mostly honest for broken-hearted, run-down, normal people, like John Prine must see everyday, but maybe just a little more seriously than you and I see them. So when he sings about the crippled kid in "Billy the Bum," you know that John Prine isn't always thinking about the acts he commits on himself with making people laugh.

And he was just a gentle boy
A real fluorescent star
Cried pennies on Sunday morning
Laughed nickels on Saturday night
And your kisses were worth a fortune
Nor your tears were worth a cent
Humble him with his fame
God bless his little heart

But he can make people laugh, and he doesn't have any trouble getting people to sing along (even though he would disagree with this and compare himself to Pete Seeger, "If you don't sing along with me, you feel like shit"). It seems if John Prine has mastered the art of writing the modern American folk song with "today in mind but yesterday understood," then it's worth listening to.

Woody Allen's fourth coming

The controversy will probably rage until Allen puts out his next movie. Was "Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex..." a legitimate attempt to discuss sex or the cliche in bad taste, or was it really Woody's best film to date? The world started standing on top of Woody's tall long ago, when he was still a nightclub comic, and it has not stopped since. This seems to escape those who claim to have been tiring of the perennial Allen self-pout. Claiming that Woody Allen's personal life is no longer funny is like stating that starfish and prawn are very funny, and the pin-in-the-face have lost their originality because we have had the lexicon of humor because they have been used to death. Allen's humor is funny, and so is Woody Allen, for the same reasons. Films are comedy universals. As long as there are people with the time and ability to perform, watching this man act it out all on the screen will never become passe.

The other rationale behind calling this film his best yet is its organization. (Sex, continued on page 8)

MIT's Council for the Arts

The Council for the Arts had its first full council meeting at MIT last Thursday. For the most part, as usually the case with first meetings, its primary purpose was to do introductions of the Council acquainted with each other and with the Council. Much of this account of the council and its goals will be in the form of excerpts from statements given by the various participants. A fairly literal group of people are involved with movement for the Arts at MIT, and they speak well for themselves.

In summary, the charge of the Arts Council is:

1. To develop the strength of MIT that the creative arts can flourish in the existing environment of science and technology.
2. To achieve an increased participation by members of the MIT community in an innovative program to support the creative arts and humanities at the Institute, the Council for the Arts at MIT is being established. Fundamental to the Council is the proposition that science, engineering, technology, and mathematics must exist in close harmony with the creative arts, if we are to provide an appropriate education for the student at the Institute. Through the Council's efforts, activities in the arts are supported and encouraged, new resources are provided for the student, and the relationship between the arts made more visible at MIT and in the broader network of MIT acquaintances.

* Structure of the Council

The Council is comprised of a nationally-based, select group of men and women who are alumni, friends of the arts, faculty, staff, and students. Members are appointed by the President for three-year terms and will work closely with the President and Faculty in an advisory role, and will relate to the MIT Corporation, the Faculty Committee on Arts, and the Student body (continued on page 9)

Ruling Class -
good vs. evil

Peter Medak has created a powerful film out of a British play that promises to shock audiences in this country, and should scandalize them in Britain, if it can find a way to be shown.

The Ruling Class is an extravaganza in some of the usual senses of the word. It is long (run time 120 minutes), indeed the runs 150 minutes. It is still a fairly interesting movie. It has an impressive cast, and some of the best effects, and a place of importance. In addition, it presents an almost insane mixture of fact and fantasy for the first 100 or so minutes of the film, then does a stunningly abrupt about face that turns the darkest tragedy, and murder most foul.

Indeed, the horror is so awful that the reviewer strongly recommends only the first part of the film. I honestly suggest leaving at the end of the "cure" segment, before the film takes on its darker, more sinister usage. You will have seen a normal length of the film, and will be spared the broadening, frightening mood that otherwise bedevils viewers of the film.

The first half of the film is the half in which all of the advertising silliness and most of the publicity comes. The most often heard line is an explanation by Peter O'Toole who plays the 1st Earl of Gurney, as to how he decided that he was God. "While praying, I found I was talking to myself..." That typifies the light-hearted mood of the beginning.

Basically, the 13th Century, a pervert old man with a proper manservant named Tuck, absolutely hangs himself while dressed in a ballet dress in his own bedroom. He leaves his whole estate to his son the nan, who thinks he is "Christ, the god of love." Jack, or J.C. as he prefers to be called, helps to make a shamblies of the lordly estate, assisted by the amusing magazine of Tuck, who inherited 30,000 pards of the old man's money, and is now no one's lucky.

This section of the film is marked by a review (Ruling Class, continued on page 8)

David Bowie -
rock vs. sex

David Bowie, the world's first Gay Superstar, David Bowie, the Rocket- Age Hermaphrodite. David Bowie, the Magnificent Glittering Outrage. David Bowie, the Rockin' Rollin' Balltch Beyond Spirit. Or, David Bowie, person. David Bowie, singer-songwriter, performer, manipulator, mon clown flashcat seer, amplified proponent. In other words, on what terms should we consider David Bowie? On what terms would we consider a performer like him? He is a super star, but not a Mr. America. Bowie is a bastard rock hero, but not a Mr. Today. He is a rock hero, but not a Mr. Yesterday. He is not David Bowie, the person. David Bowie, person. David Bowie, person. He is just what he is. He is just what he wants to be, he's just what he wants to be. He is not David Bowie, person. David Bowie, person.

Is he, after all, just what he wants to be? Or, is he, after all, just what he wants to be? He is not David Bowie, person. David Bowie, person. He is just what he wants to be, he's just what he wants to be. He is not David Bowie, person. David Bowie, person.

Shocking labels as fast as rock writers can slap them on. Bowie has evolved his music from the dance hall Anthony Newley machine of "Hunky Dory" the (continued on page 6)

(MIT, continued on page 6)

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