Revelers saw this happy face at the face-painting booth at this year's Charles Street Fair. The Fair, held annually as a benefit for the Beacon Hill Civic Association, featured local arts and crafts, lots of food and entertainment for kids of all ages. Attendance was estimated at between 20,000 and 35,000 people.  (Photo by Eric A. Sehul)

The Brattle Theatre (364-4580) If you can ignore decor that looks like it’s been through a thousand kidee movies, you can almost certainly have an enjoyable afternoon or evening of film at Harvard Square. They program a different double feature every day a day but they also make owning a schedule a necessity. These are conveniently distributed every two months at the Coop and other local places. Prices range from $1 to $3 depending on day, time, and age with a discount ticket book available also. Extra late night shows of popular cult films are added occasionally and even though these midnight movies have set to include The Rocky Horror Picture Show, the Harvard Square Theatre was the proud host of the original London stage version on its first North American Tour this past October.

The Brattle Theatre (367-4226) on 40 Brattle Street in Cambridge is the best example around the Boston area of the true "revival" house. A quick glance at their irregularly spaced repertoire reveals subheadings like "Two Alfred Hitchcock Classics," "Two Ace Guinnas Comedies," and "Ronald Reagan Festival." Occasionally Brattle will host an area premiere of a non-commercial feature or rare foreign film fest. Be warned, however, that their calendar also reaches "All features, and times subject to change without notice" so call ahead to avoid surprises. The theatre itself is a thing of beauty—a large screen in a most comfortable, intimate environment, whether in a non-confronted or sophisticated projection, but the fact that someone would go out of their way to see these films makes a trip to the Brattle worth the $3.50 admission ($5.00 Wednesdays and before 6:00) or for the true revivalist, they offer a discount book with six admissions for $14. For a real taste of the "imizer screen," a visit to the Brattle is a must.

(Prevue turn to page 8)

**Bring Back the 60s, man**

The Place: The Great Lawn of New York’s Central Park The Time: Dusk The Cast: Half a million people and Paul Simol and Art Garfunkel The Beatles, The Mamas and the Papas, the Association, The Box Tops, The Lovin’ Spoonful The groups of the sixties. An era that passed many of us by before we were old enough to realize it. Three days ago as I entered The Great Lawn, a voice loudly commanded: 500,000 people were to be kept to their brothers and sisters, and not crush them against the stage. Central Park was only too well constructed to be the scene of such a disaster. For two days, people had been camping out on the grass, awaiting a period of time past— the reunion of Simon and Garfunkel, one of the most popular and most famous folk rock groups of the sixties. And what a reunion it was! After eleven years, two men sung "Mrs. Robinson" and silenced a half a million voices. It was a different "Mrs. Robinson" than the one we knew from "The Graduate," it made use of different instruments, it had a slightly different rhythm, but its three minute length was long. And it was sung by Simon and Garfunkel, "Homeward Bound," "Bridge Over Troubled Water," "Scarborough Fair," "April Come She Will," "The Sounds of Silence," and "Old Friends" all filled the park and surrounding city from 6:30 until 8:00.

Most of the songs were sung true to the original version; a few were dropped up, most notably Paul Simon’s hit of 1969, "I Am the Highway," and Art Garfunkel sang one of his solo early hits in the show’s final song. The two also sang "Mrs. Robinson," which was originally sung solely by Paul Simon, a few years ago.

After an hour, I left the park to go 490 feet up to the roof of a building four blocks from the concert. As I looked out the roof top door, I noticed the perfect clarity of the evening. I looked out to see Yankee Stadium in the North, La Guardia to the South, the skyscrapers in the West, and in front of me, people, a tremendous masses of people. Suddenly, an unbelievable roar broke up the evening’s stillness: "Mrs. Robinson" as it died down, I heard, "Slow down, you move too fast, you gotta make the morning last, just kickin’ down the cobblestones, looking for fun and feelin’ groovy.

Stuart Gilson