

Solomon, Fetch Your Sword

The occasionally acrimonious, temporarily shelved dispute among members of the Board of Education over ability grouping reveals a far deeper split in educational philosophies and goals. Because Board members arguing the merits of ability grouping have different goals in mind, the argument itself is futile, for a method which would further the ends of one group would frustrate and obstruct the ends of the other.

Those who favor ability grouping appear to view the primary function of the public schools as education — providing instruction in the basic academic skills. Those opposed to ability grouping appear to see the primary function as socialization — the development of the whole person.

Theoretically there is no reason that these two goals should be incompatible, but in practice they often are. Those in favor of socialization often are concerned with the development of the deprived child and believe that the public schools should provide a unique environment where children of all races and socio-economic levels may mingle, thereby affording the lower class child a chance for upward mobility through association with children educationally and economically better off. Therefore, any educational method which separates one group from another — however briefly — is viewed with suspicion as a plot to keep the deprived child from ever achieving upward mobility.

Developing the whole person — deprived or not — is a rather vague concept which in practice requires the wisest, most sensitive and liberally educated of teachers. Lamentably, such superior beings are rarely, if ever, to be found in the public schools or anywhere else. Think how much simpler the task and how much more easily it is accomplished, if the teacher is charged only with developing the child's reading ability or with teaching him to add and subtract.

Because of the current emphasis in teachers' colleges on methodology rather than substantive knowledge, many teachers are educationally unequipped themselves to give adequate instruction in reading and writing standard English and fundamental mathematics. Consequently, the deprived child is further deprived when he graduates from high school without even a rudimentary knowledge of the basic skills without which he has no hope of ever getting a job, much less of developing as a whole person.

Developing the whole person is certainly an admirable goal, but one which should not and cannot be shouldered by the school system. For all too often the possible accomplishments are sacrificed in an attempt to do the impossible. Board members need to put aside their favorite educational and sociological theories and set goals for the city system which are realistic in terms of the community need for a literate populace and of the limited resources of school personnel.

— Eleanor Bowman

Cathedral Players Revived

In the spring of 1975 a drama group, the Cathedral Players, was organized at St. Mary's Episcopal Cathedral, 700 Poplar Avenue. Many were glad to see the Players' revival, for a similar group existed at the Cathedral some years before. The reorganization of the group was spearheaded by Jay Williams who since 1975 has devoted numerous hours to ensuring its success.

The two most successful productions by the Players were *God's Trombones*, presented as part of the Cathedral Easter Festival, and *A Christmas Carol* by Charles Dickens. The Dickens play was first given last Christmas, both in the Cathedral and at Playhouse on the Square. The response was so favorable that the play is to be repeated this year — hopefully the beginning of a Christmas tradition.

All of the productions are given at least one performance in the

Cathedral itself. However, the Players are eager to perform elsewhere in the city and will do so upon request. All performances are free, but the audiences are invited to contribute to a fund to pay the operating expenses of the group.

The next presentation by the Players will also be their most adventurous. The play, *A Sleep of Prisoners* by Christopher Fry, concerns four prisoners of war who find that their prison is an old church. The play is a psychological probing of the characters who fall asleep and act out their fantasies whilst they dream. The play is directed by Allen Mullikin, a veteran of Circuit Playhouse. In addition, the cast includes Chris Ellis, David Gable, and David Perry. There will be two performances of the play at St. Mary's Cathedral on Friday, November 19, at 8:00 p.m. and on Sunday, November 25, at 5:00 p.m.

— David Gable

WRATH

MY COW O'LEERY'S PLAN FOR A GREATER MEMPHIS

My cow O'Leery claims to be descended from the famous cow of Mrs. O'Leary's that started the Chicago fire. O'Leery explains that her relative was the first great American redeveloper; the fire cleared out acres and acres of old buildings and allowed Louis Sullivan and the other Chicago architects to do a whole new city.

"It's in my blood," says O'Leery. "I'm a planner. Let me tell you my plan for a Greater Memphis. When I was just a heifer, I dreamed of cities with trees and grassy pastures. When I heard about Urban Renewal, I thought they'd got the right idea: get rid of the old buildings and turn the land back to pasture. But now I see that's silly; you don't need all this grazing space. I'm an urban cow; I

get my lunch at fast-feed stores and my shade from skyscrapers. Acres of cool concrete — that's what makes great cities."

We left the vacant weed-grown blocks of Beale and went onto the Mall. Her bell clanked, echoing off the empty buildings.

"Nobody here! Must be because there's no place to park. Get rid of some of this Victorian brick and put up a parking garage with about 3000 spaces. Parking garages don't have to be ugly; you just make them look like something else. Barns, maybe."

Then she clop-clopped down the pavement weaving in and out of the concrete toadstools and horse-troughs, across Madison, past the Porter Building and paused at Court Square to wait for me.

"These trees are okay, I guess, though I hate to kowtow to tradition in anything; that fountain, for

'The Tavern' Is Tipsy, But The 'Tales' Terrific

Black Folk Tales at the Beale Street Repertory Company is one of the best evenings in town. Adapter-director Deborah Hardin has made Julius Lester's versions of heavenly intervention in the animal world a marvelously vivid and entertaining stage piece. With the advantages of more playing area and increased seating space, the Beale Street Company has launched its second season with a beautifully mounted ensemble work that is a joy to see.

There are many good performances but the most notable are those by T. C. Sharp as Rabbit, Veela Sengstacke as Hawk and Debbie Glass as Bird. Sharp is quick and assertive, hopping about and generally commanding the situation as he tries to fathom the puzzle and terror of a new animal called Man. Miss Sengstacke and Miss Glass convey the gliding and floating movements of birds, alternately serene and elated. Leroi Henderson and Jennie Morris are narrators of and participants in the Creation and its flow of events, including *How the Snake Got His Rattles* and *How God Made Butterflies*. Miss Hardin also has choreographed some appealingly

appropriate dances.

The costumes by Everna Andrews and the makeup design by Johnny Jackson are two of the most stunning aspects of the entire production. The Hawk's black and white makeup is stark and vivid and the overall costuming is appropriately lively and well-balanced. *Black Folk Tales* is an especially good evening for family theatregoing. It is an exciting lesson in stagecraft as well as an interesting approach to familiar material.

† † † † †

Melodrama wears less well than other theatrical extremes, particularly when it was double-tread in its initial outing. George M. Cohan's *The Tavern*, the current production at the Circuit Playhouse, started as a jibe at excessive dramas and time has considerably worn the edges thin in its 50 plus years of existence. It has the traditional elements of a rain-storm at night, a madwoman in the woodshed, young love thwarted at every turn, a patriarchal landlord and a clutch of travelers and assorted types who confound the plot with a variety of narrative that eventually comes unraveled.

It runs through November 28.

— Howell Pearre

LET'S HAVE ONE MORE ROUND!

A public hearing regarding I-40 and Overton Park is going to be held Tuesday, November 23, at the Holiday Inn Rivermont in Holiday Hall. Presiding will be John Barnum, Deputy Secretary of Transportation. The format will be as follows: 10-11 a.m. — elected officials favoring construction; 11-12 p.m. — those officials opposed; 2-3 p.m. — representatives of civic groups favoring construction; 3-4 p.m. — those op-

posed. Each speaker will be allowed 10 minutes and time to respond to questions posed by Mr. Barnum. Written presentations by any interested persons may be submitted directly to Mr. Barnum (400 Seventh Street, S.W., Washington, D.C. 20590, and indicate "I-40 Presentation" on the envelope), to be received not later than November 30, 1976.

Copies of the Environmental Impact Study are now available at every branch of the public library.

example, gives me the Hebe-jeebies. But this place could be really nice, if you got rid of all these decrepit buildings" — indicating the Porter Building, Gerber's, the West Court Apartments, and everything else around Court Square — "you could put up 30- or 40-story buildings that would shade this area all day long, just like Wall Street." She switched her tail towards the 100 N. Main Building, with its neon UP on top. "That's what Memphis needs more of. That's real class: no bull."

My cow O'Leery was clearly fired up. The spot seemed to summon all her most beautiful aspirations.

"Here," she said, heading towards Confederate Park, "I'd rip all this out, both sides, and put in a shopping galleria, glassed-over, of course, with banks of offices and little cowtrails winding up the slopes, and more little cowtrails meandering down to the river, maybe neatly terraced off in

concrete, maybe a whole 4000- or 5000-space parking garage underneath here, maybe apartments — expensive enough to keep out the cockroaches — running down the terracing, maybe some rapid-transit under there, or a sixteen-lane expressway, or some transportation-mode change terminals — isn't that what the Steering Committee calls them? — so you can leave your car and take a People-Mover or something like that to where you work!"

My reminder that Confederate Park and all the land west of Front Street belonged to the people of Memphis didn't faze her at all; "You wouldn't let yourselves be cowed by a lawsuit would you? So what if some citizens sued? The city's got powers of eminent domain, doesn't it? All it has to do is condemn its own land!"

She gazed out over the moonlit river, calf-eyed, pleased with her

(Continued on back page)

Double Parked

For the Blues go hear Big Sam at the piano Friday and Saturday nights 7-midnight at the Shanty Inn. He is backed by Fred Sanders on electric guitar. But the man to hear is Evan Bradshaw on saxophone; he is quiet and unobtrusive because that sax says it all. The atmosphere is quiet and relaxed, just right for the "onliest Blues in town."

The Independent Artists of Memphis are having their first group showing; their work will be on exhibit at the Shrine Building, Front and Monroe, and at 1698 Union (between Evergreen and Belvedere) through December. On Union they share space with three craftsmen: James Williams and Lourda Jimenez, who carve ivory and do scrimshaw, and Frank Shook, a goldsmith.

Where are the grits of yesterday?

Fabian's is that little touch of Europe which replaced the genuine article, Burkle's, a neighborhood restaurant which attracted everyone from itinerates to city council members (are the two mutually exclusive?). The decor is McDonald's International; every aspect of age, local color and character has been eradicated. I have been told redecoration is imminent. The waiters are reminiscent of *The Phantom of the Opera*; they lurk about, mumble and make slow torturous journeys.

But accoutrements aside, the food is the thing. The 40¢ beignets are pleasant, the 45¢ poached pears with cream superb, and the 35¢ cafe' au lait decidedly not of Cafe' du Monde. I shall return for lunch; the \$1.85 combination of quiche, salad and petite marmite sounds promising. I don't wish Fabian's ill, but why did an authentic Midtown gathering place which served inexpensive yet tasty Southern food have to be sacrificed for some bourgeois replica of European chic?

MY COW O'LEERY'S PLAN (Continued from front page)

vision, casting about for some way to cap her plan with something spectacular.

"Mud Island doesn't need baseball diamonds, picnic tables, playing fields, or nature trails," she said, excited, pawing the turf by Jeff Davis' statue. "Mud Island needs a grand monument, a multi-million dollar mausoleum for amusement of the dead like the Pharaohs used to build for themselves, but make it a first-rate crowd catcher, like Lenin's Tomb, with the ghost of Mark Twain to lead you around!"

Saying this, my cow O'Leery tossed her head, raucously ringing her bell, and rolled around on the wet grass, totally knocked out with her own ideas.

— David Bowman

"GOD, GIVE US MEN"
God, give us men, A time like this demands
Strong minds, great hearts, true faith and
ready hands
Men whom the lust of office does not kill;
Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy;
Men who possess opinions and a will;
Men who have honor; Men who will not lie;
Men who can stand before a demagogue
and damn his treacherous flatteries without
winking;
Tall men, sun crowned, who live above the fog
In public duty and in private thinking;
for while the rabble, thou their thumb-worn
creeds,
Their large professions and their little deeds,
Mingle in selfish stride, Freedom weeps
Wrong rules the land and waiting Justice
sleeps
Andrew Jackson Statue, 1834, in the
corridor of the Courthouse, 2nd & Adams

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DOWNTOWN EXHIBITS

NATIONAL BANK OF COMMERCE
-lobby*

November - 'Seeing the Unseen' -
high-speed stroboscopic photographs
CHAMBER OF COMMERCE-lobby*
November - weaving by Wanda
James

DOWNTOWN ACTIVITIES

THE ORPHEUM (old Malco Theatre)*

November 18 - Women for Memphis
is sponsoring a slide presentation and
commentary by Albert Sewell, III,
president of the new Memphis
Development Foundation, a non-
profit organization interested in the
redevelopment of Downtown. An
organ concert will follow Mr.
Sewell's presentation. 10:30 a.m.

CRAFTS FAIR - UT Student Center*
November 18-19 - 8 a.m.-6 p.m.

MID-SOUTH ARTS AND CRAFTS
SHOW - Cook Convention Center-
Main Hall
November 19 - noon-9 p.m.

November 20-21 - 10 a.m.-6 p.m.

LECTURES/DIALOGUE

NOONDAY BOOK REVIEWS-Trinity
Lutheran Church-11:45-12:50 p.m.*

November 17 - '1876' by Gore
Vidal

MUSIC

MEMPHIS SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
-Auditorium Music Hall

November 20 - 8:30 p.m.

November 21 - 3:00 p.m.

LATE LATE CONCERTS - Calvary
Episcopal Church-10:30 p.m.

November 19 - Barbara Perry Wright
& the Lambert Church of God in
Christ Choir - \$2 per person sug-
gested donation

FILM

LYCEUM FILM THEATER-7:30 p.m.

- First National Bank Auditorium

November 16 - 'The Best Years
of Our Lives' - William Wyler's
drama of veterans returning home
from WWII, a moving portrayal of
a generation which spent its youth
at war - won seven Oscars

November 23 - 'The Rules of the
Game' - Jean Renoir's masterpiece
about a decadent social structure
near collapse - banned in France
until after WWII

November 30 - 'Red Dust' - Harlow
in heat

FRIDAY FLICS-4 & 7:15 p.m. -
Peabody Library auditorium*

November 19 - 'We Shall Never
Surrender' & 'Victory at Sea'

CENTER FILM SOCIETY - UT
Student Center auditorium - 7:30
p.m.

November 12 - 'The Garden of the
Finzi-Continis'

SOUTHWESTERN-Frazier-Jelke - 8
8 p.m.

November 21 - 'The Shop on Main
Street'

MPL-SHELBY STATE - Midtown
Campus - 4 p.m.*

November 13 - 'Yellow Submarine'

ON THE AIR

BEST OF TV MOVIES*

November 15 - (LLM-WREG)-'The
Eagle and the Hawk' - one of
Hollywood's few anti-war films -
The bravura and absurdity of WWI
are stunningly captured by Carole
Lombard and Frederick March.

November 17 - (EM-WREG)-'On
the Waterfront' - Brando transcendent

November 17 - (LLM-WREG)-
'Story of Louis Pasteur' - Paul
Muni is painstaking as the modern
scientist who battles medievalism.

November 18 - (LLM-WREG) -
'Min and Bill' - Wallace Beery and
Marie Dressler

November 23 - (EM-WREG) -
'Accident' - Sinister decadence of
the 60s as written by Pinter and
played by Dirk Bogarde - 'Thou
blind man's mark, thou fool's
self-chosen snare'

*FREE

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