

# 'Life flows on, within you or without you'

## Concluding the definitive treatise on the album of our times

This is the second of two features by intrepid music-lover and critic-at-large Jim Gilhooly, who last week took us on a psycho-analytic tour of Side One of the Beatles' newest album. Now Side Two meets with equal scrutiny from Mr. Gilhooly, and we're off again with "Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band".

"Within You, Without You", the first cut of side two, wastes no time in picking up the thread with a liberal dosage of Indian wisdom,

complete with sound effects. The Upanishads would say:

"O friend! hope for Him whilst you live, know whilst you live, understand whilst you live: for in life deliverance abides.

"If your bonds be not broken whilst living, what hope of deliverance in death?"

The Beatles: "We were talking—about the space between us all. And the people—who hide themselves behind a wall of illusion. Never glimpse the truth—then it's

far too late—when they pass away."

The Upanishads would say: "And he is the greatest Yogi, he whose vision is ever one: when the pleasure and pain of others is his own pleasure and pain." The Beatles: "We were talking—about the love we all could share—when we find it. To try our best to hold it there—with our love. With our love—we could save the world . . ."

The Upanishads would say: "There is a spirit that is mind and life, light and truth and vast

spaces. He contains all works and desires and all perfumes and tastes. He enfolds the whole universe, and in silence is loving to all." The Beatles: "When you've seen beyond yourself—then you may find, peace of mind, is waiting there—. And the time will come when you see we're all one, and life flows on within you and without you." They realize that within man is a centre of being, and nothing is important but the attainment of that centre.

From the sublime depths of Oriental wisdom and peace, we are jerked back to the reality of Western culture in its heyday, roaring twenties ricky-tik, and its solution, "When I'm Sixty Four". The picture of bliss through simplicity is reminiscent of Yeats' "Lake-Isle of Innisfree":

"I could be handy, mending a fuse when your lights have gone.

You can knit a sweater by the fireside, Sunday morning go for a ride.

Doing the garden, digging the weeds, who could ask for more."

A life away from the frenzied, neurotic existence inside of what has been mistakenly termed civilization is also part of the solution.

ture of a man in an existential quagmire, caught up in the Wasteland that is still a living reality for too many people, the man with "Nothing to do to save his life call his wife in. Nothing to say but what a day how's your boy been . . .". Would you believe "For we are the hollow men, headpiece filled with straw"? How about Jean-Paul Sartre vomiting on the face of mankind?

At any rate, the Beatles indicate quite neatly that they will have nothing to do with this by playing it à la Dave Clark Five, complete with ugly, blaring sax and assorted barnyard noises, which is quite an effective put-down for both the music and the philosophy.

The album proper ends with an encore of "Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band", and the words "we hope you have enjoyed the show", in a style pushed to the limits of hard-rock excellence.

"A Day in the Life", hailed by practically everybody as a masterpiece, is an epilogue tacked onto the end, and at first glance, it appears that the Beatles have given into an orgy of navel contemplation:

"I saw a film today oh boy  
The English Army had just won the war  
A crowd of people turned away  
But I just had to look  
Having read the book."



"Lovely Rita" poses a bit of a problem for the would-be analyst for it apparently does not fit into the general pattern of the album. Perhaps the key to the song is "Got the bill and Rita paid it". In other words, the main concern is with gleaning as much personal satisfaction as possible out of a casual acquaintance. This is confirmed in "Took her home, I nearly made it (her)". The Beatles prefer not to make moral judgments; they would rather let the audience cut its own throat.

The typical university student can appreciate the futility of the social attitude that allows only for the greatest pleasure for self. If you thought that this was the proper mode of behavior, do not pass go, do not collect two hundred dollars, go directly to hell.

"Good Morning, Good Morning", once again, is capable of being misunderstood. It presents the pic-

The cacophony of orchestral mutilation indicates the possibilities for life in the world today: none.

The Beatles have examined certain situations in life, and have turned listeners on, in the sense of starting a spark of thought, no matter how microscopic, about "what I am". Did you really expect that they could provide the answer? They've touched on friendship, LSD, individuation, dependence-independence and the Oedipal situation, meditation and love, the simple life, Lomanesque salesmanship of self, despair and despondency, and you expect an answer?

Individuation is a personal situation; becoming is chiefly in the attempt: "Try to realize it's all within yourself no one else can make you change. And to see you're really only very small, and life flows on within you and without you."

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