

Splendid time guaranteed for all

Being a scholarly discourse on the Four Sgt. Peppers and how they grew

We're not really jumping on the "Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Bandwagon" even though *Time Magazine* appeared last week with a typically inept five-page spread on the Beatles. What follows is an unadulterated, chicken-fat free version of a review that appeared in an unprintable form on the walls of the men's wash-room of the new Edmonton Public Library, uninfluenced by the mad musings of some cackling editor in Gotham City. So read on, brave reader, and get the real story on "Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band."

The album cover is essential to the understanding of the inside, and even though it is rather obvious, it is worth the time. In the centre is the Beatles' grave, and looking on are the Beatles old and new, and all the wonderful, and not so wonderful people who have had some influence on their development, all of which adds up to the fact that the Beatles, as well as God, are dead.

The first cut is the title song, and it is rather unusual, as far as musical recordings are concerned, for it contains a direct address to the listeners, and an invitation to sing along; this attempt to involve the audience, as every dogmatic McLuhanatic knows, puts it in the class of cool media, i.e., low definition makes for high involvement. "They've been going in and out of style. But they're guaranteed to raise a smile"; indeed, the first reaction to the music is a simple smile of glee.

THE NEW BEATLES

The driving crescendo of hard rock that precedes the second cut deludes one into an unfulfilled expectation, for what one hears is not the old Beatles, but the new. "What would you think if I sang out of tune? Would you stand up and walk out on me?" refers of course to the consequences of what would happen if the Beatles suddenly came out with something completely uncharacteristic.

This love ballad, in the sense that friends love each other, is intended to show that the Beatles are not the waxen dummies that appear on the cover, nor the un-touchables that were exhibited before millions of hysterical fans; rather, they are much like you or me, and "need somebody to love".

Contrary to what *Time*, *Post*, *Modern Filth*, *Police Gazette*, and other popular vehicles of the truth purport, "Lucy in the Sky with Diamonds" is an acid song. Leaving aside the obvious reference in the initials of the title, the absence of sense in the mosaic of word-cluster images like "plasticine porters with looking-glass ties", together with the unearthly floating sensation evoked from the voice and music points to a hallucinogenic experience.

Why a lonely hearts club band? Obviously, unhappiness exists and methods of solving the dilemma must be found. For Lennon and company, acid offers one mode of escape, although no moral judgement is passed at this point.

GETTING BETTER

Precisely what is "Getting Better"? Life, love, the music? Apparently, all three. The life wherein "you're holding me down, turning me round. Filling me up with your rules" has been transcended. A woman is involved in some fashion, probably the need for love in general. Finally, they feel that the music is getting better; now that they are able to do what they really want, everything's wunderbar. Structurally, this song can be likened to

a dramatic aside, an outside commentary on the record performance.

"Fixing A Hole" marks the emergence of the concern with thought in the album. McCartney wants to fill the door-cracks of his mind and to fix the holes, in order to wander in the infinite recesses of his mind, free from external influences ("Silly people run around, they worry me, wonder why they can't get in my door"). The question of standards

First of two parts by Jim Gilhooly

arises, and Lennon and McCartney fall back, like Jung, on the assumption that psychic occurrence is fact and, ultimately, truth ("And it really doesn't matter if I'm wrong, I'm right").

Undoubtedly, the schizophrenic is correct within his own framework. However, no one has ever claimed that the road to mental enlargement is devoid of danger; indeed, the schizophrenic may be regarded as a man who took a blind alley in his spiritual Odyssey. Implicit is the assumption that the unconscious is not a refuse heap of mental sewage; for them, it contains the endless wisdom of the race. The Beatles have decided to opt out from the rat-race, and to take "the time for a number of things that weren't important yesterday".

Pedestrian gags at the Citadel

The Citadel, Edmonton's only professional theatre, enters its third season this year, and it promises to be a busy one.

The action begins on October 11 with Neil Simon's "Barefoot in the Park," a comedy about a newlywed couple and their domestic tribulations. It will be followed by a mixed fare of comedies and dramas. The one musical scheduled is "A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum," a Broadway play which has subsequently been filmed and shown in local movie houses.

Other presentations will include Albee's "Tiny Alice," Ibsen's "Hedda Gabler," Manhoff's "The Owl and the Pussycat," and John Wilson's "Hamp." A seventh play is to be announced at a later date.

Each play will run for about three weeks and, unlike previous years, there will only be a few days between the closing of one play and the opening of the next.

Three separate weeks during the season are being set aside for non-professional productions. In January the Houselighters will present Clare Booth's "The Women," followed in February by an Alberta Ballet Company production. In April teen-age drama students will stage Wilder's "By the Skin of our Teeth."

As in the past, tickets will be available to university students at greatly reduced rates for certain days of the week. Further information on this is forthcoming.

The theatre is located at 10030-102 St., and includes licenced dining facilities for those who want to make an evening of it. Further information may be obtained by phoning 424-2828 or 424-3331.

"She's Leaving Home" focuses specifically on the problem of dependence-independence (to be or not to be) from the point of view of the rejected parents. Poor Old Mom cannot understand why Daughter would want to leave, since "We gave her most of our lives . . . Sacrificed most of our lives . . . We gave her everything money could buy". There's no reason why she shouldn't remain a psychological fetus ("Daddy, our baby's gone"). The mental myopics continue: "Why would she treat us so thoughtlessly, How could she do this to me" is con-

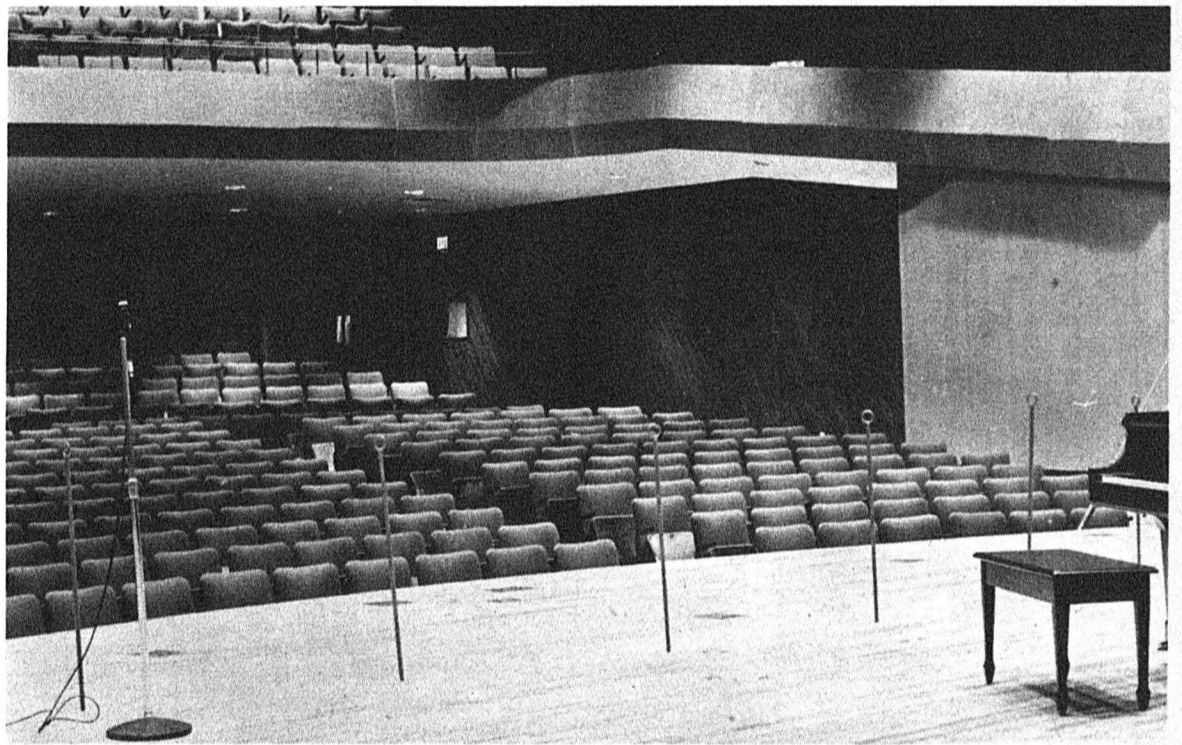
tradicted by "We never thought of ourselves . . . We struggled hard all our lives to get by".

Mom realizes the partial truth that "Something inside that was always denied. For so many years", but it's a little late. Mom and Dad crumble into dust, but it is painfully obvious that even though they demand pity, we cannot give in to them, since this is an archetypal situation of the first magnitude, and one that is almost invariably mishandled. Birth is always a painful, though necessary step in human development; psychological birth and the rending

of the corresponding umbilical cord causes a corresponding emotional sting. The Beatles are aware that it is the essential first step in the quest for selfhood.

"Being For The Benefit of Mr. Kite", like "Getting Better", is a structural device. In this case, it passes for what is known as comic relief. The sole intent of this song is to suggest the sounds and sights of the circus, and in doing so, to provide a break for the audience, since a minimal amount of thought is required to enjoy the circus.

(continued next week)



WAITING FOR AN AUDIENCE

—Ken Hutchinson photo

. . . new theatre in SUB

Theatre

Would Aristophanes approve? Frogs and psychedelics juxtaposed in new theatre

Among many other fine features, the new Students' Union Building includes a 750-seat theatre designed for student use. This has opened up tremendous possibilities for student-produced entertainment, formerly stifled by the alternatives of renting Jubilee Auditorium (at a prohibitive cost) or attempting to utilize outdated auditoriums like Convocation Hall.

One of the groups which are planning to make use of the theatre is the newly-formed Theatre Committee, headed by Isabelle Foord. In this epistle to home, Miss Foord outlines some of the projects of the Committee.

Dear Mom,

I just had to write and tell you all about the groovy things the Theatre Committee is planning for this year. After five years of cultural deprivation, there is finally going to be an active extra-curricular drama group on campus!

The group will be operating out of the new Students' Union Building theatre, which is right out of sight. It is three-quarters round, intimate, yet spacious; right up to date, and altogether beautiful.

Well, this Theatre Committee I was telling you about is planning, first of all, this production of "The Frogs". You know—that really groovy Greek Comedy by Aristophanes. The show will run from November 19 to November 24. Their plans for it are more or less revolutionary and it promises to be full of fun and games.

The auditions are going to be held on October 1 and 2 in room 280 in SUB, from 7:30 until 11:00 p.m. I know they need lots of people, and as well as providing a chance to be on stage it promises to be loads of fun.

No one need worry about lack of experience—the Theatre Committee is planning a series of Theatre Appreciation Matinees under the direction of Bud D'Amur. All of us who are interested in any phase of Theatre, furthermore, will have a chance to try our skills in a series of noon hour programs which will feature one-acts, reviews, and bits from famous plays.

If you can't make it either as a spectator or participant, be sure to catch the big name noon hour shows. The Committee is at present negotiating to bring in John Stuart Anderson in "The Living

World", a solo entertainment featuring Oriental Folk Tales, the Story of Daniel, and Dorian Gray, a fantasy drawn from Oscar Wilde's novel. Also on the agenda is Claude St. Denis, the French-Canadian mime.

The Committee is also sponsoring what promises to be the sensation of the season. On November 25 The Brotherhood of the Illuminati is to throw Edmonton's first Trips Festival. In case you don't know, a trips festival is a twelve hour psychedelic-lights-fantastical. It will feature leading psychedelic rock groups highlighted by 360 degree strobe effects and projections. I, of course, am going to wear a fur robe, flowers in my hair, and lots of beads. Since my supply of fluorescent paint is running low, I can get painted at the door. What a groove!

So, all in all, you can see that the Theatre Committee is doing things this season—but they need help from people like you. Won't you come along? And bring father, sister, brother, uncle, aunt, neighbours, and goldfish.

Your loving daughter,
Isabelle