

## rage

George C. Scott is the latest actor to fall prey to the actor-director syndrome. Not that the disease is fatal nor is it always debilitating, its terror lies in the fact that it is frequently unprofitable. George C. Scott has taken his chances in directing *Rage*, currently playing at the Jasper Cinema, a movie in which he also stars. It's a neat little movie but not much else. It could have been much more had Scott chosen to handle only one of the tasks since his skill as an actor is well known and his talents as a director are more than promising as anyone who saw *The Andersonville Trial* on educational television some time ago will testify. The combination of chores seems to have diminished him this time around. Perhaps in the future he will acquit himself. One hopes so.

The plot of *Rage* offered some interesting possibilities and asked some important questions. Logan and his son Chris are out camping one night and are accidentally sprayed with a poisonous nerve gas that the army was testing. Logan's son dies and Logan in rage sets out to destroy the research testing station and the army before the nerve gas which he has been

exposed to finishes him off completely. Woven through the story is the insidious nature of chemical warfare and the intentional deceit of the army which hides the truth from the populace and Logan himself.

Scott's portrayal of Logan is terse and almost off-handed. It definitely is not one of his more thoughtful characterizations. But this is unimportant the idea is all important here. It is difficult to escape the thought that Scott was making a concerted effort to disengage himself from the rah-rah-army image that he personified in *Patton*. If so, he has certainly done a good job of it because there is no question but that the premise of this movie is a frightening one.

There are no outstanding performances in this movie. Richard Basehart and others like Stephen Young are relegated to relatively insignificant roles. They serve the plot and nothing else. There are just three kinds of people in this movie: the bastards, the victims, and George C. Scott.

This movie is interesting only as an early work by an emerging director and as a conscience jogger. After all, it does point an accusing finger at the army. It is a welcome relief that the accusation is something other than an anti-war diatribe.

Walter Plinge



## joy of listening

Saturday night was *Joy of Cooking's* night. Headlining a concert at the Jubilee with Country Joe McDonald and Uncle Vinty, the Berkeley quintet showed why they are rated as one of the premier bands on the contemporary rock scene. The group's personal changes, Toni Brown retired from live performing and Jeff Neighbor joined the San Francisco Symphony, have in no way affected their musical ability. Steve Roseman on keyboard and bassist Happy Smith are not replacements in the negative sense of the word, but capable musicians of their own.

*Joy of Cooking's* music is a delicate combination of hard rock, jazz blues, country and even gospel. In their stage performance they display an exceptional perfection, while not lacking enthusiasm exuberance and fire. They are as funky as a white band can be and really start cooking during their percussion breaks. Lead singer and guitarist Terry

Garthwaite possesses a voice strongly reminiscent of Janis Joplin though she can also switch into a smoother vocal style. Her voice complements the band's musical arrangements perfectly. During their performance which included two encores they played new and familiar songs - "Walking Blues," "Will the Circle Be Unbroken," - and gave the audience 90 minutes of great music.

Country Joe McDonald was neither bad nor particularly good. He was simply bored. He went through his familiar songs - "Who am I," "Superbird (Tricky Dicky)," "Janis" - and it was nice to hear them again, but his performance somehow lacked fire and inspiration. Even the famous "Give me an F, etc." intro of "I feel-like-I'm Fixin' to Die Rag" sounded automatic. No wonder, if you consider that he has been doing that song since 1965. Country Joe wrote some songs with great lyrics for which he'll always be remembered, but this is the past. Except for "Fantasy" there was

nothing new in his act. On Saturday Joe looked like a man with little left to say, a man who wants to cash in on what he has said before. This worked this time, but it won't next time. If Country Joe wants to enjoy further success he must come up with something new and exciting.

Uncle Vinty was a bad joke. He built his comedy performance around two ideas - certainly not enough for 40 minutes entertainment. He might have been enjoyable for 10 minutes, but no more. Vinty's voice however wasn't bad. If he wants to make it in rock music, he should forget the gimmicks and comedy and join a group. Saturday he didn't act as a warm-up but a cool-down. On the whole it was an entertaining evening with both its highlights and "lowlights".

Harold Kuckertz Jr.

## RATT

Room At The Top on January 12th and 13th features Mike Giles, folksinger and guitarist. Mike is originally from Camrose, but has played in small clubs across Canada.

His material is his own unique blend of Jazz Blues and country influences. His lyrics often allude

to Western Canada.

Advance tickets can be obtained at the Students' Union Building Information Desk for 75 cents. They will cost \$1.00 at the door.

The Soup Kitchen starts serving at 8:00 p.m. The entertainment starts about 9:00.

## the getaway gets away from peckinpah

Sam Peckinpah's latest movie, *The Getaway*, currently playing at the Paramount gives only the hollowest of indications of his talents. At play are all the familiar ingredients from which he has crafted a reputable catalogue of fine films. Mayhem, sex and irony are all present and accounted for but to little effect. It is as if Peckinpah threw the ingredients together to produce a evil's food cake and ended up with doughy hot-cakes. All very filling but not nearly so satisfying. This is the same talent that created the vastly underrated *The Wild Bunch*, which has since become one of the most revered films in the Peckinpah canon, and last year's popular if unusual, *Straw Dogs*. If his previous efforts seemed to be held together by a series of improbabilities they were convincingly plausible. Not so this time. As always the cinematography and editing are skillfully done but Peckinpah seems to have directed from long distance, using cynicism as a surrogate focusing device and all the machinery shows.

The framework for this drama is rather flimsy. Peckinpah has constructed a quick run-through of a genre work. It's the old rob-the-bank-and-head-for-the-border routine. A husband and wife team played by Steve

McQueen and Ali MacGraw go through all the trials and tribulations of internal double-crosses amongst the gang and evade the clutches of the indignant forces of the law. In short, anyone who gets in the way, ends up dead.

Steve McQueen as always, is the calm, steely professional going through his paces with convincing familiarity. His presence itself is a deceptive understatement. If just once he would appear as a gung-ho psychotic it might be possible to tell if he's actually been acting all these years. MacGraw fulfills her promise as a non-entity as foreshadowed in *Love Story*. Even falling out of a garbage truck she doesn't look soiled. As far as performances go her's and McQueen's are perfectly matched. The only difference in McQueen's seems a matter of choice, MacGraw's distance from the scene an unavoidable inevitability.

To his credit, Peckinpah has once again paid fine attention to his supporting players all of whom make effective contributions, Slim Pickins and Ben Johnson among them. Three others deserve mentioning. Richard Bright turns in a finely polished performance as a

two-bit thief who thinks he has stolen the mother lode when he pinches the suitcase of loot from MacGraw. Sally Struthers reiterates her lovable spinnny blonde characterization first seen in *Five Easy Pieces* and Al Lettieri gets a chance to finish off his creation of a hardboiled killer recently glimpsed in *The Godfather*. Peckinpah can afford these touches of scene-stealing because nothing can survive the overwhelming action motif of violence that holds this movie together.

*The Getaway* exists basically as an excuse for Peckinpah to choreograph another of his ballets of mayhem, danced by death and her partner, sex. In this Peckinpah is like Genet in subject matter only a little less poetic and a little more perverted. This time the ballet seems almost mechanical. One can almost see Peckinpah watching from afar deciding, "Yup, I'm still the master of screen violence." He's right but this is only a five finger exercise. It might not be a Peckinpah symphony but, by God, it is accomplished. He's a better director than most and it's still one of the finest movies in town. If you don't have a weak stomach try it.

Walter Plinge

## THE FIGURE SKATERS

*After I saw the skaters soaring silver blades ice spot-lights blowing pale in patterns shadowed arms arched bird-wings tolding down tops twirling poised,*

*'I took my body white and blown out to the garden dug a hole there by the green beans covered over cool and slept there 'til the morning two new arms grew green and waving then I started over agile.*



Sylvia Ridgley

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