

## Brando in Tango

# Bertolucci's scenes rub sex in audience's face



Marlon Brando in contemplative pose in Bertolucci's Last Tango in Paris, which is turning into a dance marathon at the Towne Cinema.

By VINCENT P. DORVAL

Last Tango in Paris is neither as great as Pauline Kael makes it out to be, nor as mediocre as Clyde Gilmour thinks it is. It just happens to be the most truthful film about the male-female relationship that one is likely to see in one's movie-going experience.

Whether or not bluntness is a criterion for a "good" film, the blunt approach works in a hypnotic sort of way. Sam Peckinpah shoved violence in our face in The Wild Bunch, and Bernardo Bertolucci does the same with sex in Last Tango in Paris. It is not sex inspired by an "I love you" with a lush musical score in the background. Like Peckinpah's violence, Bertolucci's sex derives from the animal instinct.

In Last Tango, Marlon Brando seeks sex from Maria Schneider without any questions or commitments. But Schneider needs a little identity from the man she beds with; she wants a name and a life history from her lover.

The tragedy is that the roles are soon reversed. Brando has taught the girl too much about life and love, and despite her original curiosity, she can't cope with Brando's unexpected burst of honesty near the climax.

Throughout the film, director Bertolucci plays tough with the audience. The language and the sex scenes are explicit. We can't help but rid ourselves of our typical observer's status. We have to become involved.

Brando's performance is far superior to his "acting" in The Godfather, and he deserves the Oscar for it. He won't get it, though. Italian film-makers are persona non grata when it comes to collecting Oscars, and furthermore, recognizing Brando's performance would mean recognizing a film which has gained a reputation for being pornographic.

Here it is, folks. Men and women without the usual masks and half-hearted lines. It hurts and it is honest.

## Beck's effort misdirected

By DYNAMITE C. STRANGE

Jeff Beck, late 60s superstar guitarist, has been trying to make a new start with partners Tim Bogert (bass) and Carmine Appice (drums), noted mainly for their involvement with the lacklustre Vanilla Fudge, and later Cactus.

In Beck, Bogert and Appice, (Epic), the new group has come up with an album that for all its intermittently inspired moments and Beck's occasional brilliance, comes off as a somewhat frustrated exercise in misdirection and carelessness. BBA does get better with more listening, but if you aren't very patient (and even if you are), be absolutely sure to give a listen to Truth, Rod Stewart and Beck's first collaboration (circa 1968), and by far the best work either has done, or

probably ever will do.

Beck still has an almost uncanny sense of timing, and more than anything else, it is his phrasing which sets him apart from legions of pretenders. He has a vicious way of attacking his riffs which propels lines in the most unlikely directions, and which, after a while, makes you expect the unexpected in his playing.

On BBA, the songs most suited to Beck's approach are unfortunately the exception rather than the rule. Black Cat Moan (Beck sings on this) features some nice slide work, Lady

is vocally very reminiscent of Cream, and Superstition is given a more fluid, less mechanical rendering than the Stevie Wonder original. The rest of the album fluctuates between some well crafted attempts at stylistic innovation and some of the most incredibly vapid lyrics ever to intrude into anybody's ears.

Jeff Beck still has a good chance of returning to the form he had in his better days, but what he needs most of all, and doesn't seem to have yet, is a supporting cast worthy of his considerable talent and potential.

## Brilliant rock satire

By STAN HENRY

Lemmings, National Lampoon's musical satire of rock and the lifestyle of the 70s, is nothing short of brilliant.

Based on the second act of the stage revue of the same name, Lemmings chronicles some of the goings-on at the Woodshuck Festival of Peace, Love and Death. In the process, it manages to devastate the best singers and groups in the business and include enough added goodies to offend just about anybody in the listening audience.

The surprising thing about Lemmings is that the quality of the music doesn't suffer in the attempt to get the point across. The music is crisp, clean and an amazingly close approximation of the real thing.

The best moments belong to Alice Playten and her version of Pizza Man, which unmasks the Golden Oldies of the 50s for all the garbage they really are. Christopher Guest's takeoff on the manure-shovelling Bob Dylan is precise, even down to both the pre- and post-Hashville Skyline voices. And John Belushi's rendition of Joe Cocker comes complete with spasmodic grunts, slurred lyrics and a good dose of mock pity.

Lemmings is a superb appetizer that should send rock freaks running at top speed to the main course, which will appear in all its grotesque finery at Massey Hall October 9.

## Tinkling the ivories in Glendon's classical concerts

The Glendon College Classical Concert series will introduce its new season with a performance by young pianist Mari-Elizabeth Morgen on Friday, Sept. 21, at 8:30 p.m. in

Glendon's Old Dining Hall.

Miss Morgen, a graduate of the Juilliard School of Music in New York, has been the recipient of four Canada Council grants, and was awarded first prize in the International Bach Competition in Washington. She has given concerts

throughout Canada and the United States in recital with leading orchestras.

Admission is free, and refreshments will be served. Glendon is situated at 2275 Bayview Avenue at Lawrence.

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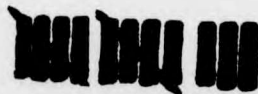
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