

Sultry South Reflected Through Houston's Eye

by Frank Liebeck

In a fort, down south, there was a murder committed. But baby, that's only the end. A homosexual major is married to a luscious broad, a private has an uncanny desire for horses, a woman cuts off her nipples with the garden shears, and her servant happens to be a eunuch. A splendid time is guaranteed for all.

A human menagerie is the worst kind you can find. They will laugh with you, cry with you, and kill you to death. All right, so the people are perverted. And why shouldn't they be? They're probably doing no worse than we are, and we're normal. Besides, Carson McCullers wrote the novel, and Carson McCullers is a good kid.

It's a mysterious film, and one I found fascinating. The critics panned it, but I suspect it's ahead of its time. Symbolism dominates. Elizabeth Taylor plays a dumb southern chick, and quite well too, married to a queer, marvelously played by Marlon Brando.

Brando is still a noble actor, one of the finest around, and this role is to his credit. He sees his wife riding into the woods with her stallion. A stallion, mind you. Get it? She rides when frustrated, usually sexually. She takes Brian Keith along, who is the guy whose wife did the funny thing with the scissors. It's more fun with two. I mean her and Keith.

Brando decides to challenge the powers of the stallion. He rides him and is defeated. Brando also loves this private who loves to ride naked on horses. The private also has a favorite nocturnal pastime which is creeping up to Liz's room and watching her sleep. It beats riding naked on horses anyway. But again Brando is defeated.

John Huston has directed Reflections In A Golden Eye at a pace that is too slow. Although the ending is swift and violent, the pace is somewhat condoned. It is filmed through a brown filter. The colours are washed down, and the greens are gray. We see through a murky eye. The greens are gone--fertility is dead. Bang!

Sergeant Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club, concluded

by Billy Shears

Regret, regret, but our magnum opus Beatle epic has finally come to an end.

The Beatles, certainly, are among the most attractive buds of Flower Power, articulating its noblest sentiments as no one else yet has. They are, for a start, apolitical. They have never written a protest song. Except, perhaps for 'Taxman'. Written when

the government was skimming off 90 per cent of their earnings.

Political aloofness, however, is not the most basic hippie trait. That is exploration of affection, of loneliness, of communication in general - a trait which the Beatles pluck from the depths of morbid introspection and express in their own constantly changing musical idiom.

For the Beatles are artists of the eclectic-improver variety (most famous example: Shakespeare), and like Shakespeare they

are constantly picking up new styles and moods.

In their musical celebrity world they are exposed to new contacts: their new-found acquaintances range from Ravi Shankar, who is teaching Harrison the entirely non-Western discipline of the sitar to the Amadeus String Quartet which recorded the background for 'Eleanor Rigby' and which has lent the Beatles some of the Western tradition.

Lennon and McCartney read voraciously, and they might borrow inspiration as easily from Eugene O'Neill as from Dylan or Ginsberg.

The important thing is that being open-minded borrowers,

the Beatles will be producing new, but slightly derivative, kinds of music long after the strictly original geniuses of their generation have choked on their own preoccupations.

The Beatles are the ultimate symbols of the posh, respectable vie boheme. They live in the suburbs that the Rolling Stones knock in their songs. They have never dropped out from society. They have never had to slum it to gain a sly, detached, enlightening line of sight on the status quo. They are idols of the hippies, prophets to the establishment, and fetishes to the teenyboppers.

FINISHED!

Exit the king - Exit audience

Sit down, and I will tell you a story. A story of a king. He was a great, great man. He wrote Shakespeare's plays and split the atom and ordered the sun to rise. He lived to be over four hundred years old, and now he is dead. Long live the king.

I am lying to you. He was nothing; he was all and nothing. He rules over old people and idiots, now. Yesterday he was young. Today he is old. Today he must die. Exit the King!

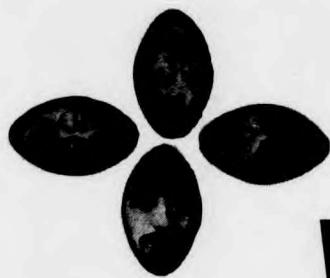
He falls and degenerates and slips back and forth from life to death. The King is dead. The King is alive. He cannot find death until his burden has been removed. He is only a man and not a god.

In his last moments he looks for life in love, in understanding, but finds himself paralyzed. When the old queen finally removes his heavy sword and mantle, and places him on his throne, his white

hair, and face and gown bright under the white lights, he finds his place.

The play is tedious. Everytime that king lay down, I said, 'That's it. That's the end.' But I was fooled. 'You dirty bastard, why don't you die.' The audience had to struggle to the end of the play as much as the king did. Sometimes I thought the audience would beat him to it.

It's the APA Company's last production at the Royal Alex. With 'Exit the King', they've chosen an Ionesco play that takes courage to watch as well as to produce. Richard Easton and Eva La Gallienne are a fine match as the old king and queen. Easton degenerates in ninety minutes, and we believe him. That's important. Pamela Payton-Wright does very well as the uncouth Domestic Help. But I enjoyed the play more a half hour later in the bar.



WE

BEATLES
LOVE YOU

FLASH: NEW BEATLE ALBUM NEXT MONTH

leftovers

by Bill Novak

Ramakrishna said: 'Given a choice between going to heaven and hearing a lecture on heaven, people would choose the lecture.' I guess he and I know different people.

I finally bought the new album by Phil Ochs called Pleasures of the Harbour. In my usual haste, I had reviewed it long before I had listened. The songs are the ones he has been singing for the past couple of years, the non-protest surrealistic and often humorous variety. It's a good record--no question about that, but you really have to go for this sort of stuff. Otherwise, you won't be able to take the weird orchestrations and long cuts on this album. Perhaps the best song is his famous 'Small Circle of Friends.'

Joni Mitchell is at the Riverboat until December 3, and I hope to review her show next week...She'll be followed by Tom Rush, who seems to draw well in Toronto..(No Al, he's a singer.)

The SCM Bookstore has everything you want, and is now located on Bay St., beside the Book Cellar, who has everything you want but can't find in the SCM Store...Air Canada is bumpy--avoid it.

A Michigan girl was imprisoned for her part in last month's demonstration at the Pentagon. When she asked the guard for pencil and paper, there was no response. 'What do I have to do to get it?' she demanded. 'You have to submit a request in writing' was the reply.

This could be a very good week -- use it well.

SATURDAY NIGHT UNDERGROUND

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by Shirley Clarke

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BY
JEAN ANOUILH