

## centerfold

DECEMBER 2, 1969 NO. 7

film: "Trilogy"

film: "A Christmas Memory"

concert: Rolling Stones at the Garden

recordings: Love, Fleetwood Mac, Don Ellis Band, Steve Miller Band

film:

## Capote's Trilogy

By Emanuel Goldman

(syndicated by Cambridge Phoenix)

*Trilogy*, three stories by Truman Capote, is unified by the common themes of aging and loneliness. The first and last segments depict contact between an old woman who is not far from death, and a youngster who is in part a projection of herself. Though the middle story deals with two older people, the woman is childlike in spirit and demeanor.

*Miriam*, an aggressive, retired nanny in New York City, refuses to admit the facts of her isolation and hypocrisy, until a strange young girl enters her life. The girl, also named Miriam, is incensed by anything artificial, such as Nanny's imitation flowers. Young Miriam repeatedly insists that she never lies. Indeed she doesn't; but the truth she brings is so brutal and merciless that it threatens to destroy old Miriam. Miriam, both young and old, does not inspire sympathy, only a macabre curiosity. However, the story introduces the moods and themes of the following tales.

In *A Walk Down the Path to Eden*, a man placing flowers on his wife's grave enters into conversation with a woman who had lost her father. We soon see that the woman is husband-hunting, and that the man has been dominated by both his wife and his secretary all these years. However, the secretary is not yet in her grave.

This story has a convincing feeling for the way people interact: how, in our loneliness, we try so hard to find areas of common ground, yet are afraid of exposing too much emotion for fear of being rejected; and how, in the rut of a lifetime's habit, we are unable to begin anew.

*A Christmas Memory* is set in the country during the Depression, early in the Roosevelt era; the autobiographical story is narrated by Capote. Apparently young Truman's only friend was his simple but very alive cousin, an older woman who never went more than five miles from home, wore cosmetics, saw a movie, or rode in a car. With Truman's



Geraldine Page and Donnie Melvin, from the film's final section.

help, she baked close to three dozen fruitcakes at Christmas-time, mailing them to friends and acquaintances—and one even to the President himself.

The story provides a vivid portrait of this woman, who, because of her simplicity and openness, creates a feeling for the passage of time, and for the ultimate solitude that is the human condition.

All three stories show different responses to a loneliness that is especially poignant among the aging. Miriam behaves with desperation, wanting to ignore the truth; the widower seeks security in the old patterns, and his suitor, in the prospect of mar-

riage; and the old woman believes in the ideal of giving gifts, and of sharing experience with her young cousin.

Frank and Eleanor Perry, fresh from their masterpiece *Last Summer*, have pieced together a leisurely paced film of thoughtful, intense mood, which, taken as a whole, is of greater impact than any of the parts.

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(Ed. note: The second and third sections of *Trilogy* have been shown several times on television in the past few years, with the same titles; the first, however, is receiving its premiere with this showing.)



## Love

Love is one of the tragedies of popular music. It is rare for such a talent to be recognized by the critics and yet still go unnoticed as lesser people become stars.

Love is Arthur Lee (or Arthurly as he now spells it), just as the Byrds are McGuinn. The group made four records for Elektra—three of them good, one of them great, all of them commercial flops. Their style changes as frequently as their personnel, which is to say, each record; their quality is consistent. And now that Love has left Elektra, and the knowledgeable production hand of Jac Holzman, the whole show is Arthur Lee.

Unless something drastic happens, Love's new double-album for its new label, *Out Here* (Blue Thumb), will just continue the trend. The album is good, there can be no doubt of that. Lead singer-rhythm guitarist-songwriter-producer Arthur Lee is joined, this time, by Jay Donnellan on lead guitar, Frank Fayad on bass, and George Suranovich on drums. All are solid and the album can best be characterized by describing it as competent. However, good music does not a hit record make.

It is strange to hear a group delve into so many styles and be comfortable in all of them; yet that is just what Love does on *Out Here*. The country influence has reached everywhere, and some very clever country cuts prove this album no exception. "Abalony," "Discharged," and

"Car Lights On in the Daytime Blues" stand out. Driving rock is represented by the instrumental-titled "Instra-mental" and the long, heavily feedback-dominated "Love is More Than Words or Better Late Than Never." My personal favorites are the acoustic folk cuts "Nice to Be" and "Run to the Top." The two discs contain plenty of music.

The problems for Love may lie in that their balance is so obvious. Good music will not sell itself—to be commercially successful, music must be either

great, heavily hyped, or novel. *Out Here* is none of these three. Coax a friend to buy it and take a listen. It is a good album.

—Jeff Gale

## Fleetwood Mac

The new Fleetwood Mac *Then Play On* album is one of the quietest heavy albums to be marketed in a long time. The entire mood of the album is reserved, to say the least, even down to the colorful Maxwell (Please turn to page 6)

the convention trade to the city, he is followed by another describing the plight of people living in the fenced-off area around the convention site; and the emphasis shifts, as blacks voice their contempt for middle-class whites who get upset only when their children are beaten up.

This first section, entitled "A Few Honkies Get Their Heads Beat," makes its point well. The new "revolution" is among the poor, who are greatest in number and have the greatest grievances. They haven't made the most noise; but they harbor the most resentment, and if they organize, will have the most power.

The remainder of the film, more than half its length, is a study of how the poor-black and white—are organizing. It shows meetings of community

Dedicating the next song "to minority groups... like fags and junkies," Jagger then slowed down the pace with "Love in Vain," a lyrical blues song from the Stones' new album *Let It Bleed*. Guitarist Keith Richard sat down and played acoustical guitar for the next two songs, the first of which was the familiar "Prodigal Son."

This rather quiet sequence abruptly ended as the Stones went into "Under My Thumb," a hard rocker from their *Aftermath* album of several years ago. The growing frenzy of the capacity crowd increased as Jagger took up his mouth organ and the Stones did "Midnight Rambler," a long stomping tune from *Let It Bleed* during which Jagger fell to his knees to highlight the most frenetic part of the song. They followed it with "Don't You Want to Live With Me?," another earthy rocker from the new album.

At this point, the lights in the Garden went on as Jagger shouted "We want to see what you look like!" When the group began the familiar rhythm from "Satisfaction," their 1965 classic, the crowd shouted their enthusiasm. As their extended version continued, seemingly imitating a version of the tune Otis Redding did a few years ago, the Garden became a frantic madhouse. The 16,000 frenzied fans, most of them standing (many on their seats) and clapping, became completely immersed in the sensual phenomenon that engulfed the Garden.

After shouting "We've had a good time," Jagger invited the crowd to sing along as the Stones did their recent "Honky Tonk Woman."

The concert ended with the hard and militant "Street Fighting Man," which prompted many in the crowd to raise their hands in the familiar closed fist gesture. Toward the end of the song, Jagger picked up a basket of red rose petals and threw its contents—and eventually the basket itself—into the crowd.

As the Rolling Stones left the stage at 12:15 am to a thunderous ovation, the thousands began slowly to leave the Garden. For many in the crowd, the concert had been an emotional experience they would not soon forget.

film:

## American Revolution 2

By Robert Fourer

Despite its brash title, *American Revolution 2* (at Cinema Kenmore Square) is a quiet, unassuming documentary by a couple of Chicago filmmakers calling themselves Film Group Inc., about how things have been changing there since the summer of 1968. It offers no polemics, no heart-rending juxtapositions, little at all that appeals directly to the emotions; its appeal remains calm and reasoned. Overall, its restraint may be the most striking thing about it.

The film begins, as is no surprise to anyone, with scenes of the demonstrations during the Democratic National Convention, and of the police riot that ensued. It soon becomes clear, though, that this isn't really the main topic. While toward the beginning a businessman is quoted explaining the importance of

organizations whose members must be taught not to mistrust each other. And it shows the walls they run up against confronting those in power—middle-class service organizations with no sense of their urgency, public councils that treat them as enemies, patronizing police representatives with insulting offers of friendship. The style, as throughout, is understated *cinema-verite*—no narration at all, almost no titles, but the logic kept well in hand.

Unfortunately, its style also makes *American Revolution 2* a poor feature film. It can set an audience thinking, but it's not powerful enough to move them; what's needed is a discussion period afterwards to keep the momentum going. In other words, it would make a fine classroom film—and hopefully it soon will.

## LSC

FRIDAY

*Hot Millions*. A gentle, conversational comedy about a gentle, articulate embezzler, starring and co-authored by Peter Ustinov. Comedies about crimes are a dime a dozen, but fine performances by Ustinov and Maggie Smith, and an avoidance of excess, make this one stand out.

SATURDAY

*Five-Card Stud*. A dull, unsuspenseful Western, though certainly not the first such. Dean Martin tracks down Robert Mitchum this time.

SUNDAY

*Mondo Cane*. The title means "it's a dog's world," and this film does all in its power to prove the point, with a grotesque, and often extreme, chamber of visual horrors that are loosely connected in travelogue format. Not for weak stomachs or incurable romantics.