A Nod Is As Good As A Wink To A Blind Horse.

...and those with the Faces, even Blind Horse. It seems he alternates between "jokes" and those with the Faces, even though the personnel changes only slightly between them. After leaving the Jeff Beck Group around 1968 or 1969, Stewart teamed up with ex-Faces around 1968 or 1969, after leaving the Jeff Beck Group as well. "The Nice," was released and, as they failed and marred by the choice of black & white film, and a granularity of tone and texture that are not long out of the Stone Age. The overcast sky and snow throughout the film give a sense of oppression, but, at the same time, there is a curious content that is good like the surge of spring. All this is height- ened by the choice of black & white film, and a granularity on that - even the static scenes coruscate on the screen, with a startling effect.

"The most disturbing aspect of the film itself is the editing - Brook cuts quickly from scene to scene, but within the scenes of the play, as Shakespeare de- lineated them. He seems to make a game of throwing even single lines into the most clever con- text he can find, even if they take but a few seconds of screen time. He succeeds only in dis- tractor.

Gradually, an atmosphere descends on the play that is perhaps meant to reflect Lear’s madness - all the charac- ters become withdrawn, remote, and what they say becomes not so important as how they say it, and even appearance seems to be unimportant. But this is self-deceiving, for Lear, too, is far away, and we can never believe we are seeing things through his eyes. The result is not exactly boredom, but a rather more feverish tread. All this might be forgiven as experimentalism - a dramatic analogue of modern art, perhaps - were it not for the fact that Brook positively cheats the audi- ence out of the final scene. Again, the setting is beautifully barren, but Brook seems obli- gated to render the drama Dali-esque because of it. Lear and the dead Cordelia are seen in a jarring ballet of quick takes, and Cordelia is even shown standing, ghostlike, all of which results in the total disembodied- ness of reality. The effect is fascinating, but it denies all the companionship, all the humanity. Were the audience more firmly enounced in Lear’s demented head, it might work; as it is, it is only dismal.

The film is satisfying, as art, but not as drama. What worked for Brook in Marat/Sade simply doesn’t in Shakespeare, if it is still to be called by the same name.

- At the Cinema Kenmore Sq.

Sculpture enthusiasts - Doug Bailey, a student in Mechanical Engineering and Nancy Bohmick, a research affiliate of the Center for Advanced Visual Studies are organizing a course in plastic sculpture - mostly using gelsastics. In addition to working on sculpture, artist-fellows of the Center for Advanced Visual Studies will give individual seminar-lectures describing their work and relating their own perspectives on form and design. Anyone interested please contact Doug at x1610, Rm. 1-308 or Nancy at x6849.

By David Searls

According to the synopsis in the advance publicity for Peter Brook’s film rendition of Lear, the reason that Cordelia does not profess her love for her father like her sympathetic sis- ters is that she is at a temporary low for words. Happily, Brook does not seem to have read this particular synopsis, as the film itself starts off on a rather more soothed and es- thetically ambiguous note.

Paul Scofield, the Man for All Seasons, turns in a portrayal of Lear that is at the same time Wellesian and subtle - a syn- thesis that is brilliance. In addi- tion, even the least of the sup- porting actors are more than ade- quate. But, amazingly enough (for Shakespeare), top billing for this performance must be given to the setting: Brook chooses to place the imaginary King Lear in barbarian times, and, with stone, wood, leather, some crudely-formed metal, and允许, snow-coveed plains, he succeeds admirably.

Yet, with its Elizabethan lan- guage, not to mention plangent poetry, the play juxtaposes civil- ization with barbarism, and life is an arena, or some- thing, and by the end of the film he is jarring out of step. His sin is one of misinterpretation - not of lines, but of his audience, or perhaps of drama in general.

The most disturbing aspect of...