There are a few feelings quite as unsettling as discovering that some project, post partum, is not as good as you'd thought. And, in this case, it is hard to believe that nearly everyone who's any- one in cinema loved (or hated) it. Depending on what specific reviewer had to say, you can range from thinking your judgment has simply been skewed to the extent that you are completely stupid and entirely wrong.

Just such a situation surrounded last fall's release of Luis Bunuel's The Discreet Charm of the White Lobster. In the ABC that movie, early in its initial run at the ABC, without knowing anything about it, about Bunuel, or even that Bunuel directed the film. I hated it, and did everything anyone else in the theater that afternoon for what was later reported to be a hilarious movie, only one line of dialogue ("I shit on your entire fortune") caused perceptible laughter throughout the theater itself.

Meanwhile, Discreet Charm was being hailed as great, one of the best of the year. "In the history of intelligence has simply been demeaned to say, you can range from thinking your judgment has simply been skewed to the extent that you are completely stupid and entirely wrong.

This is indeed a masterpiece. The most significantly important motion picture I have ever seen in a long, long time. Village Voice said, "a dominating, unique mind-tour. A massive work of the cinematic imagination."

Jay Cocks termed it "a transcendent movie ..." New York Post picked it as "... the most important film of the year; 1973 was a festival year" (untrue). Film Critic stated, "a triumphant film ... a unique creation, one of the finest films of the post-Spelberg deluge."

P.E. Schindler, Jr. gushed "... an incredible film-with its score. Exactly! And so on and so on, from New York Daily News to Seventeen; from After Dark to Cue Magazine. Comments were all raving in that frightening Discover Film vein -- "a fascinating movie;" "a stunning piece of cinema;" "... one of the finest films I have ever seen;" "a modern legend ..." "One of the must-see films of the year;" "A marvelous movie. Don't miss it;" "... an entertainment of the best kind;" "A major event of the movie year;"..."

Oh! (sorry, I was so excited for so long that I missed the line of dialogue that got all the other audience members laughing.)巩

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It was delightfully overpraised, to say the least. Well, that same predication has recurred, only now there seems to be a few more dissenters. O Lucky Man! is the new cult classic.

Ken Reed called it "a masterpiece ..." But these two singles were just the tip of the iceberg as Mel's Saloon demonstrates. It is a difficult album to get into at first. Wood's production and mixing is crude, raspy, and downright indescribable. The answer is not readily apparent, but it is clear that the singularly masterful aspect of the movie is the work of Alan Price. Save the six dollars or so that you would spend on a pair of tickets for O Lucky Man! and buy a copy of two of the soundtrack instead.

Lindsay Anderson

"I have to have sufficient faith in myself to believe that I can please the audience by pleasing myself. To think of make a film for a market is nonsense. O Lucky Man! is for the Americans... this film is without the movie (a situation that is not true in the reverse), just as other albums of film music have done (to varying degrees of artistic success). Some of the better attempts have been Walter Carlos' A Clockwork Orange, Taj Mahal's Sound of Silence and Jimi Hendrix's Rainbow Bridge; all have received some movie. Notoriety failures at the same effort have been Bob Dylan's ParGarrett and Bob the Kid and Neil Young's Journey Through the Past.

Alan Price's score stands as perhaps the best in a rock style in years, if not, in fact, ever. O Lucky Man! is essentially a miserable film -- it is because McDowell's rapidly tiring concept, Anderson's totally self-indulgent directing, or some combination or clash therein? The answer is not readily apparent, but it is clear that the singularly masterful aspect of the movie is the work of Alan Price. Save the six dollars or so that you would spend on a pair of tickets for O Lucky Man! and buy a copy of two of the soundtrack instead.

O Lucky Man! (Alan Price, far right; Lindsay Anderson, second from left)

Lindsay Anderson

While he was directing a London play, a scene appeared in the program, "Mr. Anderson will shortly direct his last film." Who knows?

He describes it by pointing out that the world is now so frightening that all we can do is laugh at it. "But comedy need not be a means of escapism, rather a way of re-examining experience, biding it a little out of the ordinary, so that its essential absurdities become apparent."

Anderson had some comments: "The film is long because it has to be long. War and Peace is a long novel."

With the end of the film had Budgie's version; you can hear them fore-shadowed on the radio as Nick approaches the atomic plant on his first sales trip in the Northeast. The original story of a Zero instructor who has a student with his chin rest, in an effort to end ceaseless taunting. His student achieved satisfaction. In this case, Anderson hits McDowell with a script, for asking why he should smile at an audition. The point? "Life's larger meaning is not to be found in questions and answers, but in the act of acceptance," according to Warner Bros. publicists.

[Wizard/ELO, continued on page 13]

0-373-4473), a keyboard instrumental written by Wit keyboard man Bill Hunt, also scored big in England. Both singles were for the most part ignored in the States, but they are legendary, raw, thrilling fifties junkets reminding one of Lloyd Price's raucous saxophone or Gary U.S. Bonds' untempered abandon. But these two singles were just the tip of the iceberg as Wizzard's Brew demonstrates. It is a difficult album to get into at first. Wood's production and mixing is crude, raspy, and downright indescribable. The answer is not readily apparent, but it is clear that the singularly masterful aspect of the movie is the work of Alan Price. Save the six dollars or so that you would spend on a pair of tickets for O Lucky Man! and buy a copy of two of the soundtrack instead.