

ENTERTAINMENT

By W.I.T.

Orpheus Ascends, Transcends

For those of you who read only entertainment columns of newspapers, Orpheus was a character in ancient Greek mythology who played the loveliest of mortal music on his lyre. He wedded Eurydice, and loved her devoutly—so much that, when she died, he journeyed to the Underworld to bring her back. His music so charmed Pluto that the god of the Underworld granted Orpheus his wish with the stipulation that he not look back to see if Eurydice was following. Foolish mortal that Orpheus was, he glanced over his shoulder, and Eurydice disappeared. Orpheus' figure is one of tragedy.

Now to the point. Orpheus has another meaning. It is a rock group of the first caliber, and the new album, ORPHEUS ASCENDING, is proof positive. Eric Gallikson of Orpheus ends his poetic message on the cover with—

We who are Orpheus

whose souls are pressed on vinyl
inked on paper
salute you
our Eurydice

This time

Orpheus

shall not look back

"I'll Fly" and "Just Got Back" speak or, rather, sing of communication and sharing a serious, meaningful existence. "Mine's Yours" is performed in a fine tenor which drifts into a quiet falsetto in a cascading, melodic recollection of fond memories. "Don't Be So Serious" tells of the merits of the lighter side of life and the value of a fun-type love. Orpheus' version of "She's Not There" is one of the best on the current scene. "Nobody told me about her. What could I do?" "Borneo" is a novelty fun song written by Orpheus in the style of the "gay nineties" with a banjo follow-up. Back on the more serious side, "Just a Little Bit" makes a plea on the part of a lover who feels that he's been put down a little at a time to the point that his relationship with his girl has become meaningless. But don't single out the vocalist for pity. It's a common ailment. "Walk Away Renee" is also well done on the M-G-M LP and "Roses" is a quiet ballad of a man whose life has slipped away. The final track is a fantasy story of a past love entitled "Magic Air".

and Orpheus played

as the sun rose

and harmony spread gently over the earth
and now

Orpheus ascends

transcends.

David McWilliams -

Artiste Supreme

David McWilliams is another poet-singer who was raised on poverty and hardship and has come back to haunt the society that abused him. The twenty-three-year-old Irishman sings of tenement living, racial injustice, and escape into fantasy in his first LP DAYS OF PEARLY SPENCER—WHO KILLED EZRA BRYMAY. "Pearly Spencer" tells it like it is in a bleakly impressionistic manner. The escapism of "Can I Get There By Candlelight" capture the imagination with its charming baroque exoticism. "Is there time to really get there? Is there time to stay? Is there very much to see there? How much do I pay?" McWilliams displays fine form in the quiet ballad "For Josephine", the tale of a lad who promises to brave all perils for his Josephine. McWilliams also asks the eternal question "How Can I Be Free" when "walls are closing in on me". He catalogues the problems of a young man alone in the world. The Irish folk singer concludes the first side with two love songs, "Marlena" and for a Little Girl". The flip side includes the accusation of "Who Killed Ezra Brymay". The answer is a shocking "we killed Ezra Brymay. We did, you and me." And why? "Names, they don't matter much, only the color of your skin". "Lady Helen of the Laughing Eyes" is another venture into the deep caverns of the imagination. "She's a diamond-studded gypsy. She's a fallen star." McWilliams' smooth tenor blends pleasantly with the musical arrangement of Mike Leander in "Time Will Not Wait". The Questioning lyrics of "What's the Matter With Me?" are immediately reminiscent of Paul Simon's style, and the beat of "There's No Lock Upon My Door" reminds the listener of no one but David McWilliams, and that's good enough. From all indications derived from PEARLY SPENCER—EZRA BRYMAY, David McWilliams has served his notice to the world on a single Kapp disc. Here is a new talent to be reckoned with!

Mystical Harumi- Too Mystical

HARUMI, child of East and West. The album-form cover of the two-record set is artistic enough in design. The Eastern art and orange-blossom poetry, added to the story of Harumi's origin (from beneath a cabbage leaf under the red sun), give a very mystical impression. Harumi is more than mystical. He's "so confused". He says so himself on the first track of the first side of the first record. The listener is not long in joining him. The sounds are billed as Eastern Music. Eastern noise is a more appropriate description of much of it. Harumi chants of love and beauty, life and death, this world and past worlds. His style is unusual; perhaps, even unique. In his own words:

Toilkien's Trilogy

Three Rings for the
Eleven-kings under the sky.
Seven for the Dwarf-lords in
their halls of stone,
Nine for Mortal Men,
doomed to die,

One for the Dark Lord on
his dark throne
In the land of Mordor where
the Shadows lie.

One Ring to rule them all,
One Ring to find them

One Ring to bring them all
and in the darkness bind them

In the Land of Mordor where
the Shadows lie.

Truly a curious rhyme! And there's more, several hundred pages more, to be honest. This Elven riddle is the key to one of the most fascinating and unique subjects ever treated in literature—J.R.R. Tolkien's enchanting tale of the Quest of the Ring, told in the finest tradition of the heroic quest in THE HOBBIT and the astonishing trilogy THE LORD OF THE RINGS. In THE HOBBIT (or THERE AND BACK AGAIN) Tolkien relates the tale of Bilbo Baggins, hobbit extraordinaire, and his dwarf companions—how they came to the Lonely Mountain to free the Iron Hills from the tyranny of the dragon Smaug and how Bilbo discovered the One Ring in the orc-cave (An orc is a goblin with long arms and an evil mind.). The journey of that strange company of hobbit, dwarves, and wizard (the famed Gandalf the Grey) across the deserts, mountains, and perilous forests of Middle Earth is told in a style so charming, so fast-paced that only the most skillful wizard and lore-master could escape its spell. To read the first chapter is to complete the trilogy, for its ensnarement is of the inescapable mold. However this is one of the most pleasant forms of slavery ever contrived by the minds of men.

The Trilogy

If this introduction has appealed to the literary curiosity of the reader at all, then he must be saying, "What is a hobbit? And where is Middle Earth? Wizards? And orcs?" It's really not mysterious at all. South of the Gray Mountains and the Ice Bay of Forochel, but north of Haradwaith; west of Mordor, but east of the great Sea—where Middle Earth can be found. As P.S. Beagle says, "These are the

boundaries of Middle Earth, and this is the world that J.R.R. Tolkien has explored and chronicled in THE LORD OF THE RINGS. I do not say "created", for it was always there." As for hobbits, they are small, contented people (shorter than dwarves) who can creep through the quietest forest on their furry feet without making a sound and who enjoy nothing better than gardening, smoking pipeweed, eating six meals a day, singing songs, telling complicated tales, watching fireworks (especially those of Gandolf), and drinking beer. Really, not unlike many college students! Unfortunately, hobbits have one outstanding curse. They are lazy and inclined to display a huge measure of indifference towards the outside world and its bothersome problems. THE LORD OF THE RINGS is the tale of hobbits who accidentally get involved. The quest of the One Ring begins when Gandolf discovers that the magic ring that Bilbo found in the orc-cave in the

Misty Mountains, kept as a souvenir of the adventure, and then gave to his nephew, Frodo (whew) is the One Ring of the Rhyme, forged in ancient times by Sauron to lure the other rings of Middle Earth to him for evil purposes. The only way to save Middle Earth from Sauron's wicked designs is to destroy the Ring by casting it back into the inferno at the bottom of Mount Doom, where it was forged. The Fellowship of the Ring is formed by representatives of the three types of non-evil peoples of Middle Earth—Elves, Men, and Swarves. Frodo and Sam Gamgee, accompanied by the other members of the fellowship, travel over strange lands, find unusual and unexpected allies, and fight with trolls, orcs, "oliphants", shadowy night riders, and powers of sorcery until they reach the dark land of Mordor, where the Ring-bearer must fulfill his Mission or meet his own doom.

says, Tolkien does not attempt to reveal all about a character, for that can only be done with one who does not exist in reality, and not with one who is ever changing and growing. Perhaps the most intriguing character in the entire epic is Gandalf the Grey, called by some "Mithrandir the Magnificent", whose knowledge of ancient lore is unsurpassed and unchallenged. Gandalf, who can appear as an old withered man with the weight of the world on his shoulders, full of old stories of older times and skillful with fireworks, bearer of ill tidings and meddler of the first magnitude. Or GANDALF, enemy of Sauron, captain of the armies of the West, advisor to kings, fire-hurler, wizard of the White Council, defender of honest folk everywhere, champion of the bridge at Khazad-Dum, quester of the Ring, timeless, invincible.

Tolkien skillfully weaves together the plots and subplots, making unbelievable characters believable and spicing up the tale with Elven songs and legends from the almost forgotten lore of Middle Earth. Poetry and rhyme seems to be Tolkien's most effective form of digression, and by the time the travellers arrive home once again, all of the characters have told their fair share of stories, all full of charm and wit as only a true master can display them.

Tolkien's success in capturing the imagination of his reader lies in one remarkably simple formula: Tolkien really believes in Middle Earth. He has travelled there and fought the orcs. He has wandered without food or drink over the Misty Mountains. He has spent sleepless nights in the forests of Mirkwood, afraid to doze. He has fallen victim to the spell of the Ring, yearned for its power, suffered from its weight. And he, too, has known the triumph of victory, the thrill of battle, the spectacle of Aragorn and the Sword that was Broken and Reforged, the fear of the Eye, the hope of Sam, the pride of Legolas, the stubbornness of

The Fellowship

Gimli, the joy of Tom Bombadil, and the misery of Frodo, Bilbo, Gollum, and all the other Ring Bearers of this world and others.

W. H. Auden has called THE LORD OF THE RINGS one of the few true works of genius of our time. Auden is a wise man, but perhaps a little given to understatement.

"Politicos—'68"

William G. (Gary) Allen is a senior political science major at The University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill. He is one of the co-authors of a book describing the progress of the 1968 national elections. The book, titled ELECTION '68—MYTHS AND REALITIES, will appear later this year and will be illustrated by Pulitzer Prize winning cartoonist Eugene Payne. THE JOURNAL will continue to run an editorial from Mr. Allen's book each week until the election. Readers are invited to compose and submit letters commenting on Mr. Allen's articles.

THE PHENOMENAL MR. NIXON and editorial by William G. Allen

For nearly a decade, Richard M. Nixon has sought to be the President of the United States. Eight years ago, Vice President Nixon trod that treacherous path to the White House on a sure mark for victory. His story is somewhat like that of the "Hare and The Tortoise". Nixon did not actively seek to build national support until the election year arrived. He went into the election unaware that JFK, who had been laying intricate groundwork throughout the nation for four years, was to be his opposition. He had no conception of the highly organized and financed Kennedy blitz that was about to appear on the American political scene. Nixon had such a vantage point that few men doubted that he would be elected. Yet, to his dismay, and the astonishment of the nation, JFK sprinted into the winner's circle, leaving Nixon just one step short. Nixon was defeated by only one-tenth of one percent of the popular vote, though the electoral vote was

more distinct.

Two years later, Nixon ran in his home state for the governorship of California against Pat Brown. Here again, he was favored to win. But disaster and lightning both struck in the same

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