

## Snow

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the songs on the disc are, verbally speaking, quite good. William Ryan and Tom Morris have written some fine poetry which, set to music, is worth hearing over and over again.

"Old Uncle Timothy's Flying Balloon" is the best track on the disc; it's about four minutes long, and the effect is even longer lasting. The author recounts an autumn night when his Uncle Timothy, a retired circus performer, emerged from the sky in his balloon to take the teller for a moonlight ride over Dover.

Soaring high over Dover, nearly o'er the stars and moon was

Old Uncle Timothy, with his flying balloon, he'd  
Spired me of by fireside tales of daring  
Doodles of carnival circuses starring the  
Famous young Tim, in his fantastic wond'rous  
Baloon that could fly back when things  
Couldn't fly before days of yore or mine -  
"Engelbert", the tale of a fabulous hound dog and his  
tragic and untimely death, is another good tune by Ryan -  
Engelbertus suum fuit nomen, optimistic  
Canis venator cognoveram, iam voco  
Et vernit nemo.

"The Flying Miraldos" is another well-written tune by Ryan. It is the story of a family of cursed trapeze performers.

"Song of the Sirens" which was "thank up by Tom Morris" is, well, it's

Sirens call  
Luring all  
Seamen go  
Then they fall

Island shore  
Maidens sing  
Telling of  
Wisdom they bring  
Sirens lay  
Wait for prey  
Try to Steal  
His life away

Oo  
Oo

Oo? Ok.

## Singles

Let's take a quick look at a couple of hot singles, shall we? Donovan Leitch has come on strong with an anti-war tune entitled "For Susan on the West Coast Waiting." It's in the form of a letter from an unwilling soldier across the great water to his sweetheart back in the states. Donovan's lyrical voice blends with the harshness of another hot issue to make a valid comment on the times. Who else can do it as well?

Chris Gantry is an unknown - at least to the rank-and-file of music listeners. Entertainers and promoters know Chris quite well - as the author of "Dreams of the Everyday Housewife" and other tunes such as "Jamaica Avenue" and "Atlanta Georgia Stray." He also has a fine album containing these three and many other great tunes. INTROSPECTION is the title of this disc.

But to the point, Chris has a single that is headed for the top of the national charts. It is a ballad of a vengeance minded man who is pursuing the "mail-order bride" who left him, taking his savings and winter food supply with her. The instrumental portion of the record is provided by Gantry, who can pick with the best of them. He lyrically pursues the treacherous female with the vow

"Those that knows me knows that those who robs me best beware.

It's one of the best singles to come along in a long time. Title? "Allegheny."



Romeo in the Capulet burial vault.

## Mercutio Spices

### "Romeo and Juliet"

By WILL

There seems to be a deficiency in Charlotte that may be a symptom of a disease that can prove fatal to the "cultural revival" in Charlotte. It leaps out at the reader from the Entertainment sections of THE CHARLOTTE NEWS AND OBSERVER each time that the entertainment on the local scene calls for a knowledgeable evaluation of entertainment that approaches some plane of sophistication. Emery Wister may very well be a good newspaper reporter, but if he has any knowledge of Shakespeare, he has kept it to himself. He fails to point out any of the important omissions or inclusions of Zeffirelli's ROMEO AND JULIET, and he fails to explain just what it is that makes this production unusual and daring. He does only one important thing in his review of last Thursday; he does detect the difficulty that Olivia Hussey has at crying convincingly. Congratulations, Emery. Monte Zepeda, that Observer reporter with groovy outlook, has also missed the groove entirely on this film. He wasted most of his space on an analysis of the typical teenage reaction to the play. Mr. Zepeda is an indigent excuse for an adolescent psychologist. His "review" does, however, include one quotable quote- "The film is an enjoyable version from the works of a writer thought by many to be stuffy." (I'm going to recess for a few minutes and laugh; please go on to the next paragraph without me.)

The two things which make this production distinct from and distinguished above other versions of the bard's classic tragedy of young love and old hatreds are (a) an outstanding performance by Milo O'Shea in the role of Friar Laurence (it's his best role since Leopold Bloom) and (b) John McEnery's convincing, witty rendering of Mercutio coupled

with Zeffirelli's unprecedented interpretation of the fatal duel between Mercutio and Tybalt. O'Shea's Laurence emerges as one of the truly tragic characters of the play. His sense of helplessness and fear is usually omitted, and seldom even implied. The viewer must decide for himself whether the goodly friar overstepped his bounds and dealt in intrigues not becoming a man of the cloth. The Italian's version of Mercutio's death episode is unique and brilliant, though it is not the way ole Will'm wrote the scene. The attitude of the combatants and the spectators is one of saucy glee. A fifteen minute scene is utilized in interpreting one two-word stage direction from Shakespeare: "they fight." The youths of Verona are portrayed ably by modern youths as gleeful and playful, with a bit of mischief and temper added. Mercutio's wounding seems an accident. The indolent Tybalt escapes, and Romeo pursues and catches him. The original play has Tybalt returning to the scene "alive, in triumph!" Romeo then impetuously draws a sword and dispatches Tybalt after a brief fight. Zeffirelli's scene does not allow Romeo's act to be one of such impetuous revenge as Shakespeare's does. In the film Romeo seems less a victim of circumstance.

One unfortunate omission in the film is that of Juliet's conflict speech before she drinks the morphean potion (Act IV, scene 3). The screen version does not display Juliet's ever-important anxiety and apprehension. In the original, she nearly calls the nurse and her mother into her chamber for comfort. In the picture, Miss Hussey drinks the "distilled liquor" with hesitation, without the fear of the unknown that the fair adolescent of Shakespeare's play exhibits.

Zeffirelli's film, now playing at

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## Taylor and Farrow

By W.I.T.

Where does reality end? And where does it begin? And just who, after all is sane, and who is not? And does it really matter? Heywood and Pridgen's film SECRET CEREMONY makes no pretension of answering these questions, but it does focus sharply on the raising of the questions.

A very rich little girl loses her mother, and a middle-aged woman loses her child. The girl finds solace in delusions that her mother still lives, as she grows up. The woman turns to prostitution for a minute amount of comfort. Each resembles the other's lost object of affection, and the girl takes the prostitute into her mansion to play the role of the dead mother, she adopts the prostitute. The "secret ceremony" of imagination that the two adopt seems to satisfy both, to some extent, despite the hot temperament of the surrogate mother and the frequently acted-out sexual fantasies of the daughter, whose character is difficult to define. Here is where the rub comes in: where does the young girl's delusion begin a disease? At what point does she cross the threshold into a psychotic syndrome? Could her mental disorder have been prevented?

The game goes along rather smoothly, considering the participants, until the outside world begins to infringe on the playing field in the form of two thieving spinster aunts, who victimize the orphan, and a wandering sex maniac of a father come home to "roost."

Mia Farrow still walks like a spider, but she is excellently cast as the schizophrenic child. She is basically the same character as "Rosemary", but with a new twist in the mind. A bearded Robert Mitchum is at his best teasing women of all sorts and pretending to be a sexed up cybernetics professor. He mixes compassion and a stoic cruelty as he confronts Elizabeth Taylor, the whore-turned-mother, with the game and the fact of Chinchy (Farrow's) illness. Mitchum is at his best as he analyzes incest as "a rather boring symptom of the private property system." Miss Taylor may very well be the best screen actress of the sixties, and this role is just another in the catalogue of testimonies to that fact. There has never been anyone who can play a whore with a heart like Taylor can. When she is angry, the theater trembles, and when she cries, the audience sobs along. In her most dramatic scene of the film, she addresses God about the drowning of her little girl: "How can anyone kill so casually, just by looking way, just by not being there?" It's a highlight of a film that is seriously lacking in production ability. The film searches and searches for a climax, but the search results a deficiency. All the attention are just anti-. The movie, now playing

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