



Beryl Reid Carries "George"

By W.I.T.

I sat down in the dark people-filled theater not knowing what to expect. The cartoon gave a first hint; it was a clever Pink Panther skit about a burglar who was trying to steal a safe with the Pink Panther in it. The overall effect of the entire sequence was one of complete frustration. The stage was set: time-showtime, place-halfway back in the audience at the Plaza Theater, mood-frustrated, film-Robert Aldrich's controversial *THE KILLING OF SISTER GEORGE*. The story is no more or less simple than the lives of people that we pass on the street every day; yet, it seemed extremely complex at the time. June Buckridge (played by Beryl Reid, who received a Tony for the same role on Broadway) is the star of a popular British TV series; where she plays a sweet old matron who is always helping people out. She is really a heavy drinker who allows her relationship with her roommate/lover "Childie" to affect her performance in front of the camera. Her two principle sources of security, her TV role and her relationship with Childie (played by Susannah York, for better or for worse), are threatened simultaneously. June (or "George") begins to cause the studio and her employers a great deal of grief with her tempestuous outbursts and shoddy work. Her jealousy begins, at the same time to erode her life with Childie. Mercy Croft (Coral Browne) visits "George" in order to elicit an apology for attacking two nuns in a taxi. In a hilarious scene, "George" tries to convince Mrs. Croft that the two nuns ("I thought they were bats, with all that black and everything...") attacked her. Mrs. Croft is obviously attracted to Childie, who tries to explain about "George's" bad manners and quick temper. Mrs. Croft exclaims that she finds it hard to believe that the dear, kind Sister George who rides around on her motor-bike visiting the sick be anything but a smiling, contented

person. George replies, "You'd be smiling too, if you had fifty cubic centimeters throbbing between your legs." A script arrives in the mail containing a recovery for the convalescing Sister George. "George" and Childie are so happy with the apparent saving of

poor to good, but Miss Reid carries the show. There is an entirely unnecessary lesbianic sex encounter between Susannah York and Coral Browne near the end of the movie that Aldrich termed "too intense to even rehearse. The sight of one grown woman massaging and



'Georgie' and her friends at the Gateways Club.

her job that they trot off to London's famed, lesbian-oriented Gateways Club to celebrate. They attend the party in the guise of Laurel and Hardy, and they do a marvelous job at that game, too. The world falls apart for the frolicking pair when they learn that Sister George is to be killed off on the following week's show. June allows this blow to destroy her life. The final stroke is delivered at a farewell party where she is offered a new job as Clarabelle Cow, while Childie leaves with Mrs. Croft. From there on it's strictly denouement, with a bit of unnecessary sensationalism thrown in for the masses. Beryl Reid portrays the cigar-smoking, gin-gulping George with a degree of realism that is almost impossible to believe. Her expressions, movements, and intonation reveal the role-confusion of a game-playing actress who is a victim as much as a bossy tyrant. Her ambivalent relationship with Childie emerges as an insoluble identity crisis. The

rest of the acting ranges from kissing the bare breasts of another is what many of the people in the audience came to see. They wanted to be shocked, and they were, but the overtones of abnormal sex throughout the film were really independent of the thematic uncertainty of roles and desires. The characters are caught up in a tide of illusion and unhappiness; they are victims of a period in history when mankind is asking many questions and arriving at few answers. The film deserves its "X" rating, but it also deserves the acclaim that it has already received as one of the best-acted movies of the year. What's behind it all? Why must we have movies like *THE KILLING OF SISTER GEORGE*? Because it happens. And why must it happen? As "George" so appropriately comments in a superb drunken scene, "There's not enough kindness in the world." And there isn't, you know.

Charlotte Goes One Up On Metrolina

By Wayne Eason

Last week there appeared an article entitled "Charlotte Is A Funny Place to Live." In that article this same author expressed concern over Charlotte and her relationship with that Georgian metropolis, Atlanta; liquor by the drink in North Carolina; the virtuous, religious cults in this area; and views expressed by young people today about their environment.

How timely it is that Charlotte was chosen by Time and Life magazines to receive that coveted award, "All American City." The award is given after considerations for what the candidate city has done to upgrade the standard of living, what it has done to boost community relations, what it has done to better the lives of its citizens, and for its progress in growing to meet the needs of its parochial clientele. So, Charlotte has been chosen. Gastonia, North Carolina, and Salisbury, North Carolina, were chosen some time ago to receive an "All American City" award.

In the months to come, local newspapers and television-radio stations will add various slogans to their station breaks and will invariably attempt to work in some form of the phrase, "Charlotte, All American City" into its program matts. And sooner or later, that wonderful, impressive word, "Metrolina," will squirm its way into the picture. The viewer, the reader, and the listener to the media of mass communication in Charlotte will be bombarded with variations of "Metrolina-All American City." But wait. Charlotte won the award, not Metrolina. Would it be wrong for these communications

people to say that Metrolina is an All American City? But of course. "Give unto Charlotte what is Charlotte's and give unto Metrolina what is Metrolina's." "All American City" belongs to Charlotte, the "Queen City." You fans of the word "Metrolina" have got to wait until you, too, can have your "city" chartered under the laws and statutes of North Carolina until you can even hope for the title "All American City."

Let the community be divided into two factions: one for Charlotte and one for Metrolina. Let the people go to the polls in the good old American tradition to vote and decide for themselves just what they want to call their fair city. That way, in keeping with the good old American tradition, the majority will have their way—right or wrong—and the minority will just have to be content with the decision.

No matter. Whether "Charlotte" or "Metrolina," the community belongs to the people. Hear that, Raleigh? Hear that, Charlotte-Mecklenburg School Board? Hear that, Mayor? They hear it, yes. But there is a difference between hearing and listening.

Biafran Relief

Today at 9:30 a.m. the Biafran Relief Committee will open its drive for funds to aid the Biafrans. A table will be set up in the card playing area of the Union. It will be open today through next Wednesday from 9:30 a.m. until 1:30 p.m. for those who would like to donate to the fund.

At the table also will be a petition which will state that the undersigned believe that the United States government should find some way to officially aid the Biafrans. Copies will be sent to the two North Carolina Senators and to the Congressman from this district. A film is to arrive this week which will poignantly picture the Biafran suffering. The Committee is sponsored by the Student Legislature and was the idea of Mr. Bin Achumba who is a transfer to our school this semester and is a native of Biafra. Sherry Drake, Junior Representative, is chairing the committee. The Legislature kicked off the drive by donating \$100. The committee is working in conjunction with the Biafran delegation in this country.

OFF the What?

(Continued from page 5)

encouraged by everybody we talked about the publication of an underground magazine. The "establishment" thought that the mag would be a good, fun pastime that would prevent us from getting into trouble. Now that our voice is beginning to gain a few listeners, this same establishment is saying "no, no." But it's too late; we've been heard, and we'll continue to be heard. Anyway, what we have to say doesn't really matter. INQUISTION gives us an opportunity TO say... period. And-it keeps us off the streets.

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