

FROM PEPPERLAND WITH LOVE: THE BEATLES NEW FILM,  
YELLOW SUBMARINE  
(from "MEDIA & METHODS" January, 1969 issue)

The history of media has been that of constantly expanding dimensions—from the singlesense world of books, recordings and paintings to the integration of the visual and the auditory in television and films.

Similarly, the history of film itself has been one of expanding cinematographic techniques. From sepia through black and white to color, from static camera angles to *cinema verite*, the parameters are perpetually being reset.

The animated film, entertaining as well as useful, has enjoyed little attention on the public screen, beyond the standard slam-bang-chase Bugs Bunny short, or Walt Disney's successful though saccharine feature length fables. With the sole exception of *FANTASIA*, Disney's visual interpretation of some standard classical symphonic works, a wholly innovative piece of work has been wanting for some time.

No longer. Consider the Beatles' animated feature *YELLOW SUBMARINE*. Designed by the Czech Heinz Edelmann, this 90-minute odyssey to Pepperlan, in the tradition of *GULLIVER'S TRAVELS AND ALICE IN WONDERLAND*, works its wonders on child and sage alike, a constantly stimulating and practically endless stream of shapes, colors, visual and verbal puns. The Bayeux Tapestry has been psychedelized.

The plot becomes superfluous as soon as someone asks "What's it about?" a question which produces something like this: "Well, there are these good guys, who are attacked by some bad guys. One good guy gets away to find help, which arrives and all are saved."

The loss of warm beauty  
Home  
Kinship  
Each of my friends is his own person  
All of these people have warmth—  
They are creative in their warmth.

There is a key in closeness,  
In need,  
In true real sharing.

Sometimes it is so hard to grasp the  
other person—  
Hard to, in talking, capture  
His essence,  
His entity,  
To see who he is,  
To experience, to live, the close-  
ness.

Why is it not until loss  
that I know value?  
I did not see my home  
until it could be my home no  
Longer,  
I never knew my friends  
until I needed them.

by Stacy Meyer

Sounds like a simple morality play, you reply. But in the McLuhan age nothing is that simple. Although this film may be safely approached by 8-year olds in search of diversion to go with their popcorn there is much more afoot. Or ahead.  
(con't next week)

HUBERT WHO?

by Mark Walsh

What seems one of the great ironies of American life with regard to America's leading men received surfeit dramatization this week as the country's two leading weekly news magazines both managed to omit entirely any mention of the event of the week on their covers. Perhaps the importance was given sufficient recognition when, during the week of the November elections, Richard Nixon appeared on the covers of both *TIME* and *NEWSWEEK*, but it seems peculiar with the new administration looming so large in the minds of journalists all over the country to see the Italian industrialist Giovanni Agnelli on *TIME'S* cover and a montage-like photo of a man sneezing with a heading Man vs. Virus on *NEWSWEEK'S* cover.

Not that the political events aren't given enough coverage inside the magazines - both open with a full report of inaugural preparations and heretofore completed decisions by Nixon, and follow with a summary of the Johnson administration.

The only thing about it that really disturbs me is that it's such a boldfaced reminder that greatness, popularity and heroism have become "get -it-while-it's-hot" material, and "when-it's-cold-it's-dead."

The news services of this country rush on the main attractions with enthusiasm that approaches frenzy and drops them as soon as they have been superceded (invariably the following week) by the latest, the greatest, the coolest or the wildest.

The photographic coverage of Vice-President Humphrey (Americans must think it strange that Humphrey went right on being the Vice-President even though they were led to forget after November 5th) this week was limited almost exclusively to those shots of Johnson making the state-of-the-Union address, in which Humphrey appears in the background. Little more than 8 weeks ago, Humphrey was, with Nixon, the hottest thing on the news media, but now citizens of his own Minneapolis are probably saying "Hubert who?"

SEX EDUCATION

The founder and president of the John Birch Society said Saturday that Sex education in the nation's public schools is a Communist plan to destroy the morals of youth.

INFORMATION  
PLEASE

by Terry Tickle

Claude Reins was a Free French officer named Renault. Humphrey Bogart was Rick, owner of Rick's American Cafe. The place was Casablanca. The time, 1943. Bogart was playing his typical anti-hero. He had loved once (Ingrid Bergman in this case); he had fought once (for the loyalist in Spain—who didn't) but now he was fighting and loving only for Rick. It's what is known as savior-of-the-world-let-down and is a disorder which only attacks men in their late twenties or early thirties. Biological survival supercedes the reformer instinct.

The movie comes on a little melodramatic now (It's *Casablanca* for those of you who are not Bogeyphiles) but has some of the most famous lines—"Here's looking at you kid" and "Play it, Sam" but the one line which attracts so much attention with the younger generation is that scene when Reins asks Bogart why he happened to come to Casablanca.

"I came here for the waters." Bogart said.

Reins in typical bureaucratic naivite remarked, "But we are in the middle of the desert. There are no waters here."

Bogart paused dramatically, looked over his scotch and said simply, "I was misinformed."

The Saturday Evening Post wasn't founded by Benjamin Franklin, Castro plays basketball, J. Edgar Hoover was invented by the Reader's Digest, the moon is duty and Richard Nixon is now president. I was misinformed.

SINGERS GUILD CONCERT SET FOR TUES.

The Singers Guild under the direction of David Partington will present a chamber music concert this Tuesday evening at 8:15 p.m. in the Salem Fine Arts Center. Tickets for the concert are available to the students in Mr. Hyatt's office.

Most of the music to be presented dates from an early period or, as in the case of one contemporary set of works, is in the idiom of an earlier era.

The program will open with a motet from "Cantiones Sacre" by Heinrich Schuetz.

"Mass in G" by Schubert will continue the guild's series of presentations of masses by different composers.

Madrigals by Morley, Bennet and Weelkes, late 16th and early 17th century English composers, will be followed by "The Cries of London" by Richard Dereing..

Four madrigals by Jean Berger will close the concert.