

REVIEWS

THE YELLOW SUBMARINE

(Con't from last week)

Though it is a fantasy, YELLOW SUBMARINE takes ordinary objects from the environment and plays with them to make philosophical points. "That's my car you're driving," says Ringo as George goes by the screen. "How do you know it's your?" "I'd know it anywhere; it's red with yellow wheels." Which it is. But on the next pass, the car is blue with orange wheels. "It's all in your mind," says George.

Pepperland too is a country of the mind. A land of music, flowers and rainbows, where even the dogs wag their tails in rhythm, is captured by the blue meanies, who turn it--and its inhabitants--grey, beige and lifelessly still, through the use of their "anti-music missiles."

Young Fred--who is old--gets away in the yellow submarine, arrives in Liverpool and eventually collects four Beatles who, after various adventures-- "Not unlike a certain Mr. Ulysses," says John--arrive in Pepperland, where they play the roles of Sgt. Pepper's Lonely hearts club band and restore music-- thus peace and life-- to the countryside.

The element of play is fortified by the non-violent nature of the conflict. In spite of the hideous Flying Glove, Snapping Turtle-Turks and Green Apple Bonkers, no one is killed or physically maimed. One is left with the impression that to have no Music or color in the world is injury indeed. The effect of the meanies' attack is a lifting of the victim's spiritual essence, a state of suspended animation which, happily, is not permanent. A simple injection of music, like chicken soup, returns one's essence to a condition of full and colorful bloom.

Although the story sounds simple-- it is simple --the kinetic presentation doesn't give the eyeball a moment's rest. A kind of Hegelian synthesis, involving everything from old daguerreotypes to oscilloscope patterns, produces a sum of parts that really swallows the whole.

Still another surprise is the reliance on familiar literary devices.

The imaginative use of juxtaposition (Young Fred--who is old) especially in colors, is the most easily grasped. The bright yellow submarine drifting along through drab Liverpool; narrow paths of flowers against absolute white. It is not a lack and white film, nor is it one completely in color; that which should be, is.

The Liverpool sequence plays

HIGH PRIEST

By Timothy Leary, World Publishing. \$7.95

"In the Western World, visionaries and mystics are a good deal less common than they used to be... In the currently fashionable picture of the universe there is no place for the valid transcendental experience. Consequently those who have had what they regard as valid transcendental experiences are looked upon with suspicion as being either lunatics or swindlers. To be a mystic or a visionary is no longer creditable."

Aldous Huxley,
HEAVEN AND HELL

If you're a head (i.e. aspiring mystic, seek expanded consciousness, dig better living through chemistry, smoke pot), you might argue that books on drugs are a real bring-down. (If you're straight, you probably have more complicated objections to psychedelic literature.)

Timothy Leary, hip, flipped-out ex-Harvard shrink is pushing some acid-laced pages for \$7.95 at the neighborhood bookstore; for five cents more, according to RAT, NYC's Subterranean newspaper, you can buy a tab of Mighty Quinn, purple pill, good for two heavy trips, and get the real message. Or you can ignore the whole scene, watch T.V.

If the set was broken, or for toher reasons you are still interested, two books have been recently pub-

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lished concerning drugs and expanded consciousness. Both are work examining.

First: The adventures of Tim Leary, or How I Lost my Mind But Found My Head In 16 Easy Trips.

WASP-type American, 39, presently cultivating long locks of golden brown hair, listening to Country Joe and the Fish, fighting (mildly) an Establishment which would throw him in the clink for 30 years (he forgot to pay his marijuana tax), writing psychedelic bibles-- Tim Leary.

Leary is a modern explorer; his trip is more dangerous, more important, potentially more meaningful than Apollo 8. He's heading into his head. Heading for a new religion. He's doing that-old-mystical-experience-rag, sometimes getting his feet stepped on (confusion, misrepresentation, persecution, imprisonment, etc.)

A well-known and respected, if somewhat controversial, Harvard psychologist, Leary began experientns with psilocybin (chemical synthesis of hallucinogenic mushrooms found in Mexico) in 1960. He gave it to students in Cambridge, took it himself with other professors, tripped with sage Aldous Huxley (who had discovered the religious and philosophical aspects of hallucinogens years before). Quickly Leary realized he had in his hands a revolutionary tool for psychotherapy.

He describes a drug project for prisoners in a Massachusetts pen, an unsuccessful turn-on with novelist, once junkie, William Burroughs, flying high with Allen Ginsberg.

The book is attractively printed, McLuhanish (the main column of type on each page is complemented by running relevant, irrelevant margin notes). Good illustrations. For \$7.95, however, it seems to be going nowhere, eccentric cocktail party rap.

And then--FLASH--Trip 12 (the book is organized by trips): LSD--the Drop-Out Drug. And it suddenly becomes clear that Leary is not simply putting down cool, entertaining thoughts cut with I ching, Hermann Hesse.

Leary hits the hard stuff: "...Psilocybin had sucked me down into nerve nets, into somatic organs, heart, pulse, and air breath, had let me spiral down the NNA lader of evolution to the beginning of life on this planet. But LSD was something different...(it) flipped consciousness out beyond life into the whirling dance of pure energy, where nothing existed except whirring vibrations, and each illusory form was

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