

'Tango' depicts joyless lovers

Incredible.

The Last Tango in Paris is a movie of gold, decorated with broken mirrors and distorted visions, bathed in shadows and hidden pasts. It is a flowing camera-running, tilting and turning around walls, along streets and into faces, searching out the despair of two people alone together. It is a movie of masterful editing spun like a web of solitude around joyless lovers.

The film is a virtual battering-ram of sexual themes. It is often hard to look at. It is powerful, brutal, masochistic, shocking.....and it is an absolutely beautiful film.

Last Tango is the story of Paul (Marlon Brando), a destitute American in Paris whose wife has committed suicide. He has a chance meeting with the amoral, baby-faced Jeanne (Maria Schneider), and the two begin a three-day, nameless affair. Their lovemaking is joyless and violent. He is the brutal embodiment of machismo and she is taken completely with him in her search for sensation.

The psychological tension created by Brando and director Bernardo Bertolucci is amazing, often baffling in its complexity. The entire movie is a continuing rise and fall of intensities.

Brando is quietly reflective one moment and shouting incredible obscenities the next. Bertolucci's camera often wanders from beautiful images directly to the degradation of Paul and Jeanne's sexual battleground.

The depth and brilliance of Brando's performance goes beyond acting. One begins to wonder how much of Paul is Brando. Schneider, although not as intensely presented as

Brando, also seems right for her role. She is foxy and coarse enough to take what Brando dishes out, yet in the end she is too weak not to become saturated with the despair and chaos of their relationship.

Last Tango has a myriad of brilliantly constructed scenes. Among the best include Brando's groping search for a lost understanding beside his dead wife's coffin, the poem of random words he gives us as he tells of a despairing childhood, his wife's former lover sitting beside him in an identical bathrobe as they share feeling now lost to both of them and the last tango as Jeanne masturbates Paul in the shadows at the back of a dance hall cafe.

To figure out *Last Tango* could be a movie analyst's dream or his nightmare. Bertolucci has said that his psychiatrist's name should have been listed among the credits.

Does Paul represent Bertolucci's vision of a degrading America, trapped in the indignity of humiliations? Is the theme basically sexual, showing the futility in a brutal, selfish love affair? Or when Paul tears down his silent, no-names barricade and tries to enter Jeanne's world of bourgeois love that ultimately destroys him, does Bertolucci have political implications in mind?

The sensationalized publicity that preceded *Last Tango* becomes trite after viewing it. Bertolucci's script and the acting performances are the guts of the movie. And when combined with its brilliant technical framework, they form one of our greatest examples of what can be achieved in cinema.

Concert features blues team

The team of Buddy Guy and Junior Wells is a vanguard in the select circle of Chicago blues men. They will perform in the Union ballroom Saturday at 8 p.m. The concert/dance is sponsored by the Union Programs Council Concert Committee.

When George "Buddy" Guy left his native Louisiana for Chicago, he became a member of the "killer guitar" contests in the local clubs. Such greats as Freddie King, Otis Rush and the late Magic Sam were his competition.

"Everybody was so good that you had to be doing something different just to be noticed. It didn't do you any good just to get faster because there was always somebody just a little bit faster than you could be," said Guy of those early Chicago days.

The result was a spontaneous display of theatrics. Along with a musical virtuosity rarely equalled, Guy made playing the blues a physical as well as musical act.

He has played guitar with everything from a mike stand to his teeth and in every conceivable position. "Years later when I started to travel around to different cities, people would come up to me and say, 'You stole that from Jimmy Page' or 'You copped that from Alvin Lee.' Man, I never even heard of those people until after I had been doing all of those things on my own for years in the Chicago clubs," Guy said.

Guy, however, is capable of playing lyrically as well. Wells, who will not make a record

unless Guy is playing lead, says of him, "He makes the blues moan and say anything he wants."

Wells is a virtuoso in his own right; he learned to play

the mouth harp nearly 25 years ago from the legendary Sunny Boy Williamson. He went to Chicago from Mississippi when he was 14 and immediately

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