

Emergency room glance

by Fay Mitchell
Feature Writer

You are going to the desk to ask directions from the waiting room to the john, when the doors next to the desk suddenly explode open. They wheel in a middle-aged woman on a stretcher, her arms floundering through the air.

"I want my doctor," she exclaims. "No one else cares. No one understands. My family doesn't love me. He's the only one."

Relatives surround her, trying to calm her. A nurse assures her everything will be fine, but she is not consoled.

"Give me my glasses," she continues. "I want to remember everything, how it looked."

A nurse gives her the glasses. Her family calms her down somewhat, and helps her into a wheelchair. Eventually she is wheeled into the treatment room.

You remember your own entrance. You came the long way, the way most people would prefer to come. You entered the automatic doors, rode up the escalator, made a left and a right down two brief corridors, and entered the Emergency Room of North Carolina Memorial Hospital.

Somewhat you thought they would be there waiting just for you. A dozen other people had the same idea. You wondered when they would get to you.

Forms. Whoever expected forms in the Emergency Room? At the reception desk they asked you your name, address, age, had you been a patient before? Yes? Did you have your hospital card? What was wrong, how long had it been bothering you?

It was difficult to listen to her when that radio would squeal on and off. Rescue squads were connected to the hospital. Chatham was calling, somebody else was going to Duke Hospital.

The receptionist had told you to have a seat. The waiting room was beige. It had vinyl chairs, fluorescent lights, and *Better Homes and Gardens*. At least the place didn't smell like other hospitals. It just smelled like a place.

Now that the woman was calm, you didn't want the john anymore. Maybe there was a phone near-by and you could call your roommate to let her



Staff photo by Bill Wrenn

Memorial Hospital's emergency entrance

know you'd be here longer than you thought.

A tall dark-haired man was at the reception window. As you approached you heard him say, "I came to pick up some fingers," and the receptionist gave him directions to another part of the hospital.

Throwing modesty aside, you ask, "Did he say he came for some fingers?" "Yes," one of the receptionists says. "He is with the FBI."

"A body had been buried about two feet deep in Harnett County," she explained. "They don't need the whole body for identification, just fingers."

"So," you think, "that's the everyday life of an FBI man."

The other receptionist is on the phone and tells someone to bring the eyes over. What now, you wonder. They explain that the Highway Patrol is bringing two eyes from Raleigh-Durham to the hospital.

Immediately a gory accident comes to mind, but before you can get that full

effect they tell you that the eyes were flown in from Charlotte, and are coming here for cornea transplants.

Back in the waiting room you hardly notice general conversation, but stare into the reception station. You go over to watch again.

Nobody is talking at the window. You see a band across the width of the window. You smile at the receptionist and ask him what it is. He explains that it is a metal screen there for protection.

Protection in the Emergency Room? You are almost afraid to ask why. But then you do.

"The shooting and knife victims come through here," he explained. "Sometimes the attacker comes in behind them to finish them off."

"Here," you ask, "in the Emergency Room?"

"That's right," he replies. "We've had real fights here in the lobby. The screen is recent, it's never been used, but it's sure been wished for, even though it isn't bullet proof."

When they call you from your seat, you discover your own pain is gone. That makes you even happier that you came to the Emergency Room.

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Taster's Choice

by Harvey Elliott

Films

"Blazing Saddles"—Mel Brooks gets a lot of easy laughs from this unrestrained Western spoof which has, if not control, at least some very funny actors. Harvey Korman, Dom DeLuise, Slim Pickens and Madeline Kahn (as saloon singer Lily von Schlupp) provide moments of delight, but actor Brooks drops his trousers and crosses his eyes and is, apparently, shameless. (Playing all week, at Plaza 3.)

"Catch-22"—It looks better the second time around, but still not good enough. Mike Nichols' earnest movie version of the Joseph Heller novel is, in tone, Richard Schickel writes, "as hot and heavy as the original was cool and light. The key to the film's almost total failure lies in its restructuring of the novel" which results in "manipulative" cinematics. (Tonight and Saturday, late show, at the Carolina.)

"Conrack"—A real-life story which seems like a fairy tale, this story of a liberalized white boy from South Carolina who goes to the coastal islands to teach backward black children is both engaging and high-spirited. The artificial parts—like a scene where the teacher rides through a coastal town with a van and a loudspeaker, preaching brotherly love—are obvious and fatuous. (Sunday through Wednesday, at the Varsity.)

"Gunga Din"—A dashing 1939 adventure which takes place, according to the *New York Times*, "somewhere over the Cuckoo Cloudband in the Khyber Pass." was suggested by Rudyard Kipling's poem. The cast is good, "yet for all the dash cut by the three stars, Cary Grant, Victor McLaglen and Douglas Fairbanks Jr., it is the humble, ascetic, stooped, yet somehow sublime, figure of Sam Jaffe (as Gunga Din) that one remembers." (Wednesday and Thursday, at the Carolina.)

"Impulse"—William Shatner, of "Star Trek," takes to demons and the occult in this obscure offspring of "The Exorcist." Harold "Odd-Job" Sakata is involved, somehow. (Playing through Tuesday, at the Carolina.)

"Macon County Line"—Sheriff Max Baer mistakenly stalks two youths who, he thinks, killed his wife. This American-international release is "a suitable dual bill exploitation item for lesser yahoo situations," according to *Variety*. (Playing all week, at Plaza 1.)

"Mutiny on the Bounty"—Clark Gable, Charles Laughton and Fanchot Toney were all nominated for "Best Actor" in this original M-G-M version of Northoff and Hall's epic. Gable's Fletcher Christian is one of his most firmly-rooted film characterizations, and Laughton's sadistic Captain Bligh is the definite sea tyrant. The film won the 1935 Oscar as "Best Picture." (Wednesday, 8 p.m., Gross Chemistry Auditorium, Duke.)

"Nanook of the North"—Robert Flaherty was the early master of the documentary form, merging a film realism with mood and heart. This 1922 look at Eskimo life is "an instructive film on the ethnological level and a warm and amusing human drama, too," according to Peter Cowie. Flaherty stresses "the simplicity of (Nanook's) existence." (Wednesday, at the Chapel Hill Public Library.)

"Psycho"—The film that made filmgoers shy away from showers, Hitchcock's 1960 suspense film begins as a theft story and ends as quite something else. Anthony Perkins is motel-owner and amateur taxidermist Norman Bates in the role by which people still identify him. Hitchcock directs some wonderful scenes—several sequences on the stairs, and the shower scene, for which there were 70 camera set-ups for 45 seconds of footage. Hitchcock has said he cares most about "the pieces of film and the photography and the sound track and all of the technical ingredients that made the audience

scream... They were aroused by pure film." (Tonight, 8 p.m., Biological Sciences Auditorium, Duke.)

"The Sound of Music"—*Variety* called it "The Sound of Money" and co-star Christopher Plummer named it "The Sound of Mucous." Julie Andrews, riding the crest of her popularity, played Maria von Trapp, the singing nun and wife. In one of their lapses of judgment, the Motion Picture Academy named it "Best Picture of 1965." The other nominees were "Darling," "Doctor Zhivago," "Ship of Fools," and "A Thousand Clowns." You can't argue with cash. (Playing all week, at Plaza 2.)

"The Three Musketeers"—An astoundingly rambunctious and magnificent film version of the Dumas novel, "The Three Musketeers" is the pinnacle of Richard Lester's style and art. Full of surprises—for the cast, we often feel, as well as for ourselves—and suffused with a musty subdued color, the film is the first "all-star" spectacular which uses every actor perfectly. It is sure to become a classic. Michael York is D'Artagnan, a country bumpkin who wants to join the King's Musketeers (Oliver Reed, Frank Finlay and Richard Chamberlain). See it at least twice a week, and you may catch all the jokes. (Starts Thursday, at the Varsity.)

"The Twelve Chairs"—Mel Brooks' last film before "Blazing Saddles" was a more even, more structured, work. It's funny, in a more satisfying way. Based on a Russian story, the comedy is about a search for money which has been sewn into the upholstery of some chairs. Ron Moody and Frank Langella star, but Dom DeLuise steals the picture with his cheerleading-style prayers: "Come onnnnn, God!" (Today and Saturday, at the Varsity.)

Theater

"Live Spelled Backwards" and "A Day for Surprises"—Lab Theatre's first summer productions. Free at 8 p.m. in 06 Graham.

Lab's 'Live' steals the black

by Betsy Flanagan
Drama Critic

The black of a stage just before the lights come up and a play begins... a fine, pure color. Directors sometimes take that black away. They'll open with a lighted set and no curtain. Or they'll have music playing and take away the silence that's usually part of the dark.

They always have reasons, of course. Reach the audience sooner. Create a mood. Extend the illusion.

They must not know they're stealing. Or what they're stealing. The brief moment just before what comes after, when there's always the chance the play might have magic in it. *The magic of the theatre.* It's got to be somebody's book title.

But the concept drops its hokiness and comes through.

Director Chris Adler stole the black, but he stole it well. He used the moment—gave it

to the audience, then slipped it away gently. The burning tip of a cigarette. A man whistling. Lights come up.

A bar. Blue cocktail-lounge lighting. Small round tables, wooden chairs. A superlative set by David Downing.

The bartender (played by Kenny Morris) says it's Morocco. Part of the international playground. The drunken road to heaven.

And in comes the first customer of the evening. The Woman Who Knows Everything—Badly. Donna Davis quickly established her character as a compulsive talker with an extensive collection of factual trivia. "She'd win the Nobel Prize for bore if there was one."

Second customer. The Richest Girl in the World. Jaded, not yet faded, and I-vant-to-be-alone. Boring in her boredom. Poor, poor little rich girl. Deborah Phialas plays the role.

Next—enter The Most Famous Playwright of Our Time. Tennessee Williams, maybe? Any resemblance... living or dead is purely coincidental. Played to the hilt, or ascot as it were, by Dallas Greer.

Two more complete the group. Ben Cameron as The Most Evil Man in Washington Courthouse, Ohio. Withdrawn, nervous. And no one knows what he did. Chris Adler as The Best Hustler in Morocco.

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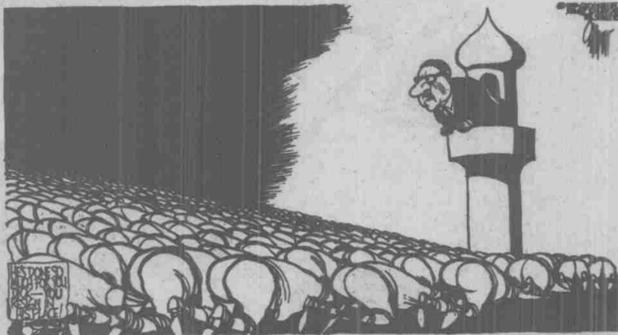
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