

Overall, Duke Players' 'Hunt' is impressive, moving

by Tony Lentz
Feature Writer

The Duke Players' recent production of 'The Royal Hunt of the Sun' by Peter Shaffer gratified its audiences with glittering spectacle, imaginative staging and competent acting.

'The Hunt' is no easy work to produce. Long, deep, complex, it demands much of a cast. But the Players stood up to the difficulties in staging the

show and the cast performed well in extremely demanding roles.

The story begins in 16th century Spain as Pizarro, aging soldier-explorer, recruits men for his final adventure in the New World. The men join up in hopes of finding gold; Pizarro leads them in search of glory.

A hard-nosed skeptic, the old warrior wants to leave behind him a name that will outlast the fame of Spain. But he holds no romantic illusions.

'The world of soldiers is a great yard of ungrowable children,' he tells his idealistic page. 'Noble's a word, boy. Leave it for what it is.'

Pizarro develops as the focus of the play, becomes the symbol of all men as he searches for one last thing to believe in, some reason to believe that life isn't really as meaningless as it seems.

'Does anyone ever die for anything? I used to think so.'

Early in the story we find the hints of

his humanity beneath the gruff exterior, the first signs that the old soldier who has defied death all his life is growing afraid.

'I had a girl once, on a rock near the southern ocean. I was all wrapped up in her against the cold. That was the best hour of my life. I thought that sea water and bird droppings and the little pits in the human body were all wrapped up in some great plan for man... But I lost her.'

Pizarro leads the search for that lost

meaning into the land of the Incas, where he confronts and captures the magnificent Atahualpa, Lord of the Four Quarters and Son of the Sun.

Pizarro and his men then barter the king's life for gold. Greed overwhelms the small group of Spaniards as they take the gold and treacherously murder Atahualpa.

'So fell Peru. We gave her greed, hunger and the cross.'

Director Earl McCarroll approached the play with skill and imagination, utilizing the strong points of the somewhat overlarge Page Auditorium. Action and movement were accentuated to fill the large stage area and support the cast visually. The production progressed smoothly with energy abundant and the stage was used to best advantage.

Set Designer Tom Bynum did it again. In the past he created the imaginative sets for the UNC Music Department's last two operas, 'The Marriage of Figaro' and 'The Ballad of Baby Doe.' For 'The Hunt' he contrived a tower of platform space which facilitated movement, pricked the imagination and even resembled Inca architecture.

Costume designer Fran Brassard receives an A-plus for a spectacular Inca-wear wardrobe. From the king, to nobles, to Spaniards, it was an outstanding job from the standpoint of both professional skill and artistic excellence.

Lighting director Linwood Taylor seems to have done the best possible with the great expanse of stage he had to cover. Stage Manager Chris Melchior, who terms theatre a "terminal disease," is commended for her part in the stage business—always noticeable, well-handled, never disturbing.

Jim Maher as Pizarro stood up bravely to the demands of the most difficult role in the play, but left the audience wishing for a little more emotional fire in his

voice and expression. His polish and verve in earlier Player productions suggests that Pizarro may have been a little beyond his capacities to "milk" the part.

Joe Tinko as Atahualpa was all a director could ask—proud, vibrant, in control of his part. Excellent.

Lloyd J. Borstelman as Martin Ruiz, the narrator, handled his lines and movement well. But he seemed to be a little too detached from the action and the audience would have enjoyed more emotional commitment to the story as it unfolded.

Other standouts included Kenneth Allison as Fray De Niza, Robert Woodside as Royal Veedor Miguel Estete, George Rand as Salinas and Stephen Hamrick as Young Martin.

There were the expected rough edges. Spaniards and Venetians do not, repeat do not, have Brooklynesse accents. Dead Sun Kings do not have squirming tummies. And actors in a large theatre like Page should always stay in their lights.

But the slip-ups were far outweighed by the overall worth of the final product, an impressive production which left the audience visibly moved.

The next Players' production, slated for the first two weekends in May, will be George Bernard Shaw's 'Heartbreak House.'

Announcement

Due to a change in management, the two dinners for the price of one tickets sold by RJ's Restaurant are now invalid. Alpha Phi Omega fraternity will give refunds at the APO complex in the basement of Smith Building weekdays from 1-4 p.m.

'Groove Tube' takes tv apart with wit

by Frank Parrish
Feature Editor

H.L. Mencken memorialized the intellectually half-baked with the epithet, "booboisie." Mencken died before television flickered into our hearts and the pits of our stomachs. Television created the new "booboisie," a class of empty-headed, improperly weaned dolts who'll watch anything, but anything, that comes to it through the tube.

In the Great Hall Wednesday and Thursday "Groove Tube" exploded television's intellectual vacuity and imaginative sterility. Written by Kenneth Shapiro and Lane Sarasohn, "Groove Tube" bludgeons television. Yet, considering television's consistent idiocy, perhaps blunt satire is the best kind.

"Groove Tube" is a series of slashing

vignettes, presenting slices of non-life. Three television monitors, mounted on stands, channel the satire to every seat in the house. And the satire is hilarious, ribald, even Rabelsian.

In pulling the plug from the tube, the production counts heavily on sexual humor. It seems quite appropriate to parody an essentially barren medium.

Most of us have seen minor sports events, all dressed up for the tube. An announcer rattles off inane comments on the techniques involved in the sport and a former champion provides expert opinions of performances.

"Groove Tube's" answer to tv sports coverage is the International Sex Olympics in Tijuana, Mexico. The defending champions from West Germany are Bush and Stem. The announcer bleats, "Now he's bringing his left hand into

play. There's a downward sweep... a stroke... and—oh, a beautiful probe! How about that technique!"

A gummy-like figure, Sammy Smart, offers offers tips on VD as a public service announcement. Koko the Clown comes on singing and dancing like Shirley Temple in drag. His voice is counter-tenor or higher. Perhaps Koko has been emasculated. Still shrilling winningly, he beseeches his kiddie fans to send the "big people"—those over 10—out of the room. It is "Make Believe Time."

Having disposed of the "big people," Koko takes off his false nose, lights a cigarette and puts on his reading glasses. He answers little Linda Rosencrantz's request and reads page 47 of John Cleland's "Fanny Hill." He is about to read from the Marquis de Sade when he runs out of time.

"Groove Tube" also offers fingers dancing gracefully over a nude woman, ending the steps at her crotch. But "Groove Tube" isn't unrelieved epidermis. "Roger Elgin with the News" ventilates tv newscasts. The newscaster traditionally ends with an amusing anecdote which is really a gag with build-up and no punchline.

He is supposed to exit laughing and the audience with him. The announcer enjoys his comic triumph. But what would happen if the camera lingered a few seconds longer on his contented face. "Groove Tube" leaves the camera on Roger Elgin. He begins to rustle papers, sinks from view beneath his desk and attempts to crawl out of his predicament. But the camera stays with him and we see his pained expression.

"Groove Tube" exposes television's vapid vacancy. Presented by the National Talent Service (NTS) Live Arts, it supplies an antidote for victims of "televitis." Who knows? Maybe it will get the Pandora's Box out of our living rooms.

Langley reviews Max Morath

A one-man show is a most difficult thing for a performer to sustain. Not only does it require an enormous amount of talent, it also requires a driving personal force, a sense of magnetism and rapport with the audience. Max Morath brought his one-man show to Memorial Hall Tuesday night, and displayed the talent and magnetism in great quantity. So strong was his rapport with the audience that it appeared that he had invited us as friends into his living room for an evening's entertainment.

Mr. Morath's piano playing was extremely polished for a player of ragtime. He had a firm command of tone and his sense of dynamics is as strong as any classical player's. However polish can sometimes work against a ragtime player. Ragtime must seem joyous, spontaneous, as if the music were just rippling off of the pianist's fingers. Any sense that the

piece has been studied ruins the effect. Mr. Morath's playing was always bouncy and almost always seemingly spontaneous. His playing of a duet with a piano roll was marvelous, the high point of the evening.

Even more admirable was his remarkable sense of timing. Every gesture, every joke slipped into place at just the right moment with just the proper effect. He has probably played this show thousands of times, and now gives the impression of a well-oiled comedy machine which never seemed mechanical. Finally he indulged in a brief bit of hoofing which made one want to see much more.

The evening was not without its faults. Mr. Morath was almost always better than his non-ragtime material and some of the material in the second half was so poor that it could have only been included for

purposes of camp. He had neither the correct voice or style for the talking blues song, "Let it Alone." One could say the evening really lacked a focal point, being a loosely organized collection of turn of the century songs, sayings, etc. However, practically all objections were swept away by Mr. Morath's ingratiating personality. He obviously loved the period and loved performing and this love could not help being transferred to the audience. This was one of the most pleasant evening's entertainment that has been offered on this campus and it is a disgrace that the audience, while very appreciative, was miniscule.

Crossword Puzzle

- ACROSS 1 Oriental nurse 5 Quick, short punch 8 Former Russian ruler 12 Heap 13 Man's nickname 14 Death rattle 15 Dog's horn 17 Classified 19 Old Spanish coin (pl.) 20 Assistants 21 Lasso 23 Eye closely 24 Pronoun 26 Period of time (pl.) 28 Cheer 31 Conjunction 32 Free of 33 Proceed 34 Damp 36 Lubricated 38 Canine 39 Slave 41 Unusual 43 Rugged mountain crest 45 Speed contests 48 Rest 50 Feast 51 Roman road 52 The self 54 Prepare for print 55 Vegetable 56 Permit 57 Oceans DOWN 1 Three-legged armadillo 2 Underground excavation 3 Places for worship

Answer to Yesterday's Puzzle with crossword grid showing letters for clues.

Individuals 36 Challenge 37 Ten years 38 Long-legged bird 42 Rants 43 Seed coating 44 Nerve network 46 Lamb's pen name 47 Places 49 Lamprey 50 Decay 53 Earth goddess

Luncheon Special 11:30 A.M. - 2:30 P.M. ROAST BEEF DINNER w/ 2 Veggies & Rolls \$9.7

The Daily Tar Heel is published by the University of North Carolina Student Publications Board, daily except Sunday, examination periods, vacations and summer periods.

Offices are at the Student Union building, Univ. of North Carolina, Chapel Hill, N. C. 27514. Telephone numbers: News, Sports-933-1011; 933-1012 - Business, Circulation, Advertising-933-1163.

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Comics section featuring 'PEANUTS' and 'WHAT WOULD YOU DO IF I JUST GAVE YOU A CAN OF DOG FOOD...'

QUIZ BOWL

AFTER VACATION SCHEDULE

MONDAY, APRIL 5 49 7:00 P.M. 50 7:30 51 8:00 52 8:30 53 9:00 54 9:30 TUESDAY, APRIL 6 55 7:00 P.M. 56 7:30 57 8:00 58 8:30 59 9:00 60 9:30 WEDNESDAY, APRIL 7 61 7:00 P.M. 62 7:30 63 8:00 64 8:30 65 9:00 66 9:30 THURSDAY, APRIL 8 67 7:00 P.M. 68 7:30 69 8:00 70 8:30 71 9:00 72 9:30 MONDAY, APRIL 12 73 7:00 P.M. 74 7:30 P.M. 75 8:00 P.M. 76 8:30 P.M.

4th Floor James vs. Smith Recolonization of U.S.A. vs. Phi Mu R & W Ignition Cinco vs. Lotta Crabtree's Boys Committee of 4 vs. Di Phi Stacy's Mens Trust vs. Phi Mu "Philo" Tri Delt II vs. The Savants Project Hinton vs. D.U. Seals Law School vs. Quiz Bowl Team TEP Slaloms vs. Dynamic Duo Sig Ep vs. Beta Blanks Dave Circle Divinity vs. ECHUPPLE Phi Zappa Krappa vs. Second Coming Phi Gamma Delta vs. Unknowns Delta U. vs. Pi Lamb Blue Inedible Eggplant vs. FFA Chi Psi vs. NEIHS DUI vs. DUNC Trivia vs. Winner Game 53 Winner Game 54 vs. Winner Game 55 Winner Game 56 vs. Winner Game 57 Craige Graduates vs. TEP 4 Horsemen Amnesia vs. TEP Purple Gang Sigma Nu vs. Metamorphic Winner Game 49 vs. Winner Game 50 Winner Game 58 vs. Winner Game 59 Winner Game 60 vs. Winner Game 61 Winner Game 62 vs. Winner Game 63 Winner Game 64 vs. Winner Game 65

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