

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 expense 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 Brooklynes 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."

'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" budgeons 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.

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.

Luncheon Special
11:30 A.M. - 2:30 P.M.
ROAST BEEF DINNER
w/ 2 Veggies & Rolls
\$.97

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Crossword Puzzle

- ACROSS**
- Oriental nurse
 - Quick, short punch
 - Former Russian ruler
 - Heap
 - Man's nickname
 - Death rattle
 - Deer's horn
 - Classified
 - Old Spanish coin (pl.)
 - Assistants
 - Lasso
 - Eye closely
 - Pronoun
 - Period of time (pl.)
 - Cheer
 - Conjunction
 - Free of
 - Proceed
 - Damp
 - Lubricated
 - Canine
 - Slave
 - Unusual
 - Rugged mountain crest
 - Speed contests
 - Rest
 - Feast
 - Roman road
 - The self
 - Prepare for print
 - Vegatable
 - Permit
 - Oceans
- DOWN**
- Three-legged armadillo
 - Underground excavation
 - Places for worship
 - Greeting
 - Porcelain container
 - Hebrew month
 - Supplicate
 - Spoor
 - More mournful
 - Toward shelter
 - Communists
 - Discover
 - Tattered cloths
 - Weird
 - Command
 - In what manner?
 - Anger
 - Be lit
 - Time gone by
 - Pig
 - Indian tent
 - Individuals
 - Challenge
 - Ten years
 - Long-legged bird
 - Rants
 - Decay
 - Earth goddess
 - Nerve network
 - Lamb's pen name
 - Places
 - Lamprey
 - Decay
 - Earth goddess

Answer to Yesterday's Puzzle

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
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QUIZ BOWL

AFTER VACATION SCHEDULE

MONDAY, APRIL 5	49 7:00 P.M.	4th Floor James vs. Smith	Moderator	Rec. Representative
	50 7:30	Recolonization of U.S.A. vs. Phi Mu R & W	Dr. R. Iltis	Harvey Koenig
	51 8:00	Ignition Cinco vs. Lotta Crabtree's Boys	Dr. Iltis	Harvey Koenig
	52 8:30	Committee of 4 vs. Di Phi	Dr. P. Brandes	Anne Graham
	53 9:00	Stacy's Mens Trust vs. Phi Mu "Philo"	Dr. P. Brandes	Anne Graham
	54 9:30	Tri Delt II vs. The Savants	Dr. Ron Hyatt	John Lindsey
			Dr. Ron Hyatt	John Lindsey
TUESDAY, APRIL 6	55 7:00 P.M.	Project Hinton vs. D.U. Seals	Dr. Armitage	William Denton
	56 7:30	Law School vs. Quiz Bowl Team	Dr. Armitage	William Denton
	57 8:00	TEP Slaloms vs. Dynamic Duo	Dr. J. Raper	Lynn Carter
	58 8:30	Sig Ep vs. Beta Blanks	Dr. J. Raper	Lynn Carter
	59 9:00	Dave Circle Divinity vs. ECHUPPLE	Lynn Sawyer	Hal Patterson
	60 9:30	Phi Zappa Krappa vs. Second Coming	Lynn Sawyer	Hal Patterson
WEDNESDAY, APRIL 7	61 7:00 P.M.	Phi Gamma Delta vs. Unknowns	Dr. Flora	Irv Warshaver
	62 7:30	Delta U vs. Pi Lamb Blue	Dr. Flora	Irv Warshaver
	63 8:00	Inedible Eggplant vs. FFA	Dr. Jackson	Linda Tomanchek
	64 8:30	Chi Psi vs. NEIHS	Dr. Jackson	Linda Tomanchek
	65 9:00	DUI vs. DUNC	Dr. Landsberger	Alan Mann
	66 9:30	Trivia vs. Winner Game 53	Dr. Landsberger	Alan Mann
THURSDAY, APRIL 8	67 7:00 P.M.	Winner Game 54 vs. Winner Game 55	Dr. Strauss	Tonsie McAden
	68 7:30	Winner Game 56 vs. Winner Game 57	Dr. Strauss	Tonsie McAden
	69 8:00	Craige Graduates vs. TEP 4 Horsemen	Dr. Leighton	Don Bruckner
	70 8:30	Amnesia vs. TEP Purple Gang	Dr. Leighton	Don Bruckner
	71 9:00	Sigma Nu vs. Metamorphic	Dr. Rust	Harvey Koenig
	72 9:30	Winner Game 49 vs. Winner Game 50	Dr. Rust	Harvey Koenig
MONDAY, APRIL 12	73 7:00 P.M.	Winner Game 58 vs. Winner Game 59	Dr. Bodman	Anne Graham
	74 7:30 P.M.	Winner Game 60 vs. Winner Game 61	Dr. Bodman	Anne Graham
	75 8:00 P.M.	Winner Game 62 vs. Winner Game 63	Dr. Leary	William Denton
	76 8:30 P.M.	Winner Game 64 vs. Winner Game 65	Dr. Leary	William Denton