

## Leaven Cabal

# See 'Carnal Knowledge'

"Carnal Knowledge" dissects the "stud and score" mythology of the American male. With an explicitness which is sometimes frightening, sometimes merely vulgar, scriptwriter Jules Feiffer focusses on his heroes' sexual childishness and narcissism. Yet, somewhere along the line Feiffer has apparently suffered a failure of imaginative intensity, for "Carnal Knowledge" is an uneven, in some ways uncinematic film that tends to approach problems of character and personality through . . . It is a powerful and (for a man) devastating series of insights which never really coalesce into an entirely convincing drama.

"Knowledge" traces 20 years in the life of two college chums (Jack Nicholson and Art Garfunkel). Garfunkel marries and remarries, Nicholson scores and scores again. Yet, for a man who treats sex entirely as an act of self-gratification, neither domesticity nor a variety of bed-partners can finally stave off boredom. At forty Nicholson and Garfunkel have actually regressed emotionally from what they were as Amherst freshmen. Where once they were boyish, age has made them infantile or merely grotesque. Love (for one) and orgasm (for the other) have become rituals for which you emot and speak fairly set lines. The "princess" whom you love and who will always be sexually interesting, has fragmented into more easily realizable myths.

"Knowledge" details this process of disintegration in a series of coarse, vividly-drawn scenes. But Feiffer mars his script with infuriating instances of carelessness and heavy-handedness. Characters (women) simply cease to reappear, marriages are dissolved without notice, and potentially revealing plot lines are abandoned in favor of neatly delineated episodes. The result is a vicious, yet in some ways shallow satire. In this respect "Knowledge" is inferior,

for instance, to "Husbands," in which plot continuity enabled Cassavetes to give a more realistic and sympathetic, less dogmatic presentation of character.

Yet, in wishing that Feiffer had been more a dramatist and less a dogmatist, I must also admit that where "Carnal Knowledge" cuts, it cuts deeply and cleanly. It is not a film for the tender of heart, soul — or stomach. I suspect that it contains only half the truth, yet that half is so powerful and provocative that it tends to loose the viewer's moorings to the old, comfortable half-truths he cherished before. How much of "Carnal Knowledge" is an accurate depiction of the normal American male, and how much is white, middle-class, mid-century man crying "mea culpa" over his "sexism," the viewer must decide for himself. Yet, whatever qualms one has about assenting fully to the film, I doubt that any reasonable person will be able to ignore it.

Flaws and all, "Carnal Knowledge" is surely a film serious movie-goers will want to see.

BACK IN THIS area again is Jules Feiffer's first film, "Little Murders," a black comedy with a vengeance. If its satire is occasionally forced, if a few scenes simply do not work, it nevertheless pulsates with an intelligence that vitalizes even moments that fail.

Feiffer's subject is violence: the violence of words and ideas, of impersonality in the City, of machines which work — or maybe don't — with a will of their own. In Feiffer's City conversations continue without interruption amid power failures, muggings, obscene phone calls, and murders. So powerless is the individual that he can only react passively to what essentially are attacks on his sanity. Alfred, the "hero," is apathetic ("If I don't fight back the muggers will eventually get tired and go away."); his

girl friend Patsy determinedly smiles her way through the day; the minister labors to convince himself that "All is All Right." And we react, too, for there are 374 unsolved sniper murders in what is by no means a fictionalized city. In the end, however, the compensation mechanisms break down, and we watch with horror the creation of one more sniper.

This doesn't sound like the stuff of comedy, but it is. The characters are perhaps cartoons, but Feiffer is not Al Capp, and the cartoon is from life. If we cannot entirely identify with these people, we know and understand them; and beneath our laughter is the unsettling awareness that we are not so very far from their predicament.

The performances by Elliot Gould, Marcia Rodd, Vincent Gardino, and Alan Arkin are all excellent. Arkin also makes his directing debut here, and though his handling of actors is remarkably sensitive, he has not yet learned how to use the camera to catch the details of a performance. In spite of this, however, "Little Murders" is an experience which should not be missed.

ON ANY SUNDAY, if you know where to look, you'll find motorcycle freaks matching themselves and their machines against asphalt tracks, dirt ovals, perpendicular hillsides and, probably, each other. If you have some cameras, some cinematic know-how, and above all, Steve McQueen backing you, you can put it all down on film and market it.

This is what Bruce Brown ("Endless Summer") has done, and the product, surprisingly, is not bad. George Hamilton and his ludicrous portrayal of Evil Knievel notwithstanding, motorcycles in action have an enormously photogenic quality. "On Any Sunday," if it does nothing else, proves this persuasively. Relying frequently on slow motion to detail the movement of the machines, Brown manages in one road racing sequence to capture that almost balletic quality which Mike Nichols achieves in the initial airfield scene of "Catch 22."

Virtually an encyclopedia of bike competition forms, the film does short photographic essays on each, making a half-hearted attempt to get inside the people who, as they say, lay it on the line each weekend. Mert Lawwill ("a gentle man in a violent world") receives the most attention; Malcolm Smith, the motorcross man who wins at anything he tries, and tries everything, runs a close second; and Steve McQueen, alias Harvey Korman, finishes a modest third.

Bruce Brown's narration is terrible — his voice tones are just all wrong — but the bikes speak for themselves, and that, after all, is what we came for.



The UNC Jazz Lab Band's new sax section taking a section solo during last Monday night's rehearsal in Hill Hall. From left to right they are: Dave Chadwick, baritone; Scott Adair, jazz tenor; Alan Ett, lead alto; Scott Johnson, 2nd alto; and Arthur Fogartie, 2nd tenor.

## Jazz Lab Band seeking to explore new concepts

by Adrian Scott  
Feature Writer

"Artistically and emotionally it was one of the most satisfying musical experiences I've ever witnessed in this state."

Bill Morrison, entertainment editor of the News and Observer, was not referring to a National Orchestra, nor to a professional production when he wrote that last May. The event was the North Carolina Collegiate Jazz Festival, founded by John Harding, and held in Hill Hall.

Few people ever heard about it, since it received almost no publicity; but it created quite a hiatus in musical circles in this state. It was seen by many as the living proof that big-band music is re-emerging, from a long period of dormancy, as one of the major forces in American culture.

One of the bands which contributed to the success of that afternoon in May was

the UNC Jazz Lab Band, led by Harding. Last year was a big one for the group; from both artistic and organizational viewpoints huge advances were made. From being a somewhat loose and uncoordinated bunch of musicians, the band solidified and began to acquire a sense of identity. This was accompanied by more disciplined playing and the beginnings of a corporate concept of what jazz is all about.

Add to this increased publicity around campus and the many jobs the band played last year and observers can see the foundation for a great ensemble being laid.

This year's band has the potential to continue in the tradition which has been founded, though a lot of very hard work is going to be needed. Some important players were lost to graduation, notably Brian Cumming, lead alto; Dan Burdette, lead trombone; and Bill Parsley, principal drummer. These were all founder-members and section leaders, and though their playing ability was great it is their organizational experience that will be most missed.

Organization is the keyword for the new band. From the start Harding has sought for a more professional outlook. No longer will the musicians have to set up themselves before a job. There is now someone to do it for them. Keith Butler has been taken on to handle the new audio system that the music department bought for the band's use, and Mike Mosely will be librarian and stage manager.

There has been quite a shuffle-round in the playing staff. Last year about forty-five people auditioned for the band; this year over a hundred players competed, which works out to around six for each chair. Faced with this great enthusiasm, Harding was able to select a group of musicians who could really swing together, who all had a sense of concept which is so important.

The sax section has been the most disturbed, with all five members new to their chairs. However, Alan Ett, lead alto,

played baritone sax last year, and has had a lot of experience, and Scott Adair, jazz tenor, has played on and off with the band since its inception. Newcomers are Scott Johnson, 2nd alto; Arthur Fogartie, 2nd tenor; and Dave Chadwick, baritone.

The brass has remained almost unchanged. There are no new members in the trumpet section, which consists of John Snider, lead; Steve Neighbors, jazz; Arthur Fritz, Bill Carmichael and Dave Garrett. The trombone section, having lost Dan Burdette, now consists of Torrance Banks, lead; Adrian Scott, who was on string bass last year, 2nd; Roger Anderson, 3rd; and Rick Reed, bass.

The idea of concept which Harding was looking for applies most strongly to the rhythm section. Last year's section really got everything together, though there were some fine players, and Harding chose the new section with togetherness in mind. Don Dixon on electric bass and Hank Stallings on drums remain; the new members are Scott Lee, guitar; Phil Dorroll, piano; Rick Eckberg, string bass; and Dan Ottaviano on drums.

With several new vocal charts in the book, there are now four vocalists with the group; they are Robin Wilson, Scott Hoffman, Sherry Cuccolo, and Laurie Gresham.

After only two weeks of playing together it's difficult to make any conclusions about how the band is going to sound. Without a doubt the individual talent on hand is greater than ever before. What must now be stressed is solidarity, within the sections and within the entire band. Soon the group will be ready to begin playing in public.

The band can be hired to play anywhere on campus. It can handle both concerts and dances, and can even give lecture-recitals on the history of Jazz, and all for a flat price of \$300. The repertoire at their disposal ranges from classic swing through modern jazz to jazz-rock.

Anyone who wants to come to rehearsals, which are on Mondays at 5 p.m. and Wednesdays at 7:30 p.m. Anyone interested in hiring the band should contact John Harding in Hill Hall.

## Buffet still lives at Battle House

by Bunky Flagler  
Feature Writer

The posters say, "Battle House Buffet Lives!" And, every Wednesday from noon until 2 p.m., the informal lunch is still being served.

Sponsored by the Campus Chaplain's Association, the Buffet is a noon-time meal prepared and served by the chaplains on a rotating basis.

The Battle House Buffet began last year as an attempt to fill the void resulting from the closing of Lenoir Cafeteria.

According to several of the chaplains, when Lenoir closed the campus lost an important feature — an informal, unhurried place for faculty and students to eat and talk together.

Therefore, the Battle House Buffet emphasizes the "quiet, nonchalant, drift-in atmosphere," says Joe Clontz, Baptist Chaplain.

"We think the casualness and the personal, homey feeling is just as important as the simple, but good, meal," Baptist chaplain Bob Phillips added.

The meal usually includes an appetizer, soup, sandwiches, tea or coffee and dessert. One feature the chaplains boast of is the cost. The price of the Battle House Buffet is \$1.

Often there is something homemade, such as soup or dessert. For today's meal, Joe Clontz and his wife have already prepared cheese biscuits and "a touch of home," as the chef commented. Last week there were homemade brownies.

The chaplains make an effort to keep the atmosphere personal and informal by playing folk music on tapes and by decorating with simple tablecloths and candles with paintings.

In the winter, there is a fire in the den fireplace for warmth and for atmosphere. There is never a program, never any real structure.

However, the sponsors hope to get a guitarist or a mandolin player soon. Also more art work is desired. Anyone wishing to display his talents at the Battle House should contact Lex Matthews, the Episcopal chaplain, at 929-6670.

Each denominational group prepares the lunch free of charge twice a semester. The Association, headed by Bob Phillips, Baptist chaplain, and by Father Thomas, Catholic chaplain, includes chaplains of all denominations on campus.

As planned, the Buffet will take place every Wednesday from noon until 2 p.m. The place is Battle House, located behind Kenan Dormitory on Battle Lane.

All students, faculty, administrators and town folk are welcome to share it.

## Walter Mitty

This Friday night at 9 and 10:30 p.m. in the Union Coffee House the UNC Readers will thrust their audiences into the whimsical world of James Thurber's imaginative day dreamer Walter Mitty.

"The Secret Life of Walter Mitty," with the leading part read by Louis Harrington, is the introductory production of Mrs. William Hardy's Speech 141 class. In Mrs. Hardy's words, "Walter Mitty is a mild little milktoast of a man who escapes into marvelous little fantasies to escape his wife."

The Reader's production will follow Mitty's fantastical indulgences as he envisions himself in turn as the

commander of a Navy plane during a storm, a famous surgeon, the defendant in a murder trial, the captain of a World War II bomber, and a condemned man facing a firing squad.

Mitty's use of fantasy as an escape mechanism is his relief from domination by a henpecking wife, read by Betsy Lord from Henderson. Daniel Irvine of Raleigh will do the narration.

Other readers are: George Thompson, James Hackman, Paula Gupton, Beverly Barker, Anita Galliher, and Barbara McKesson, with Pat Jarrard as technical director and Diane Dees as assistant director.



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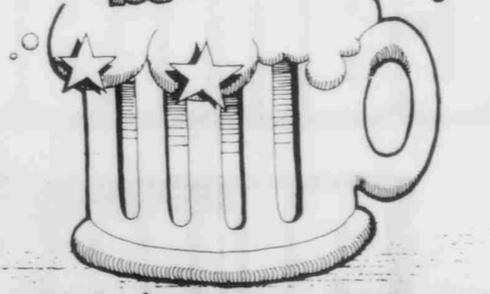
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