

Adrian Scott

# Concert unruly

What does anyone find to enjoy in such concerts as that given by the Byrds in Carmichael last Saturday?

Musically, there was really very little to appreciate. This is by no means a condemnation of the Byrds, because they are a fine group, and on record their music is great. But last Saturday, what was undoubtedly good music came out as mere noise; and pretty unpleasant noise at that, after it had reverberated round the Carmichael mausoleum two or three times.

It is almost as pointless to talk about the musical qualities of the concert as it is to complain about the acoustics of Carmichael; I propose to do neither.

To return to my original question; why did a lot of people think that the concert was really great?

The answer is partly, of course, that the stage presence of a group like the Byrds is exciting; it is always nice to see superstars in the flesh, and to hear them perform live the songs you groove to on record.

But it's more than this. People seem to get a feeling of freedom, of power, at a rock concert. Freedom to flout authority, to smoke dope, to get up and rush to the front when the group plays, for instance, "Eight Miles High."

This is in spite of the fact that the place is usually guarded like a prison, with policemen and security guards looking on while a few thousand kids get stoned listening to ear-shattering music, and hundreds more storm the doors to get in free.

And last Saturday, the guards earned their keep. Actually, by what have become usual rock concert standards, they got away quite lightly. Only one door was taken off its hinges, only a few windows were broken, and only one security guard was knocked down in the rush.

Also, no one got busted, although the aroma of pot was all-pervading.

As much as we may hate them, the laws of the land don't approve of this kind of thing, and common sense ought to tell people that breaking down doors is not very cool. As much as it is a great thing to do, treating a rock concert like a haven where the laws don't apply not only antagonizes a lot of people but seriously jeopardizes the very existence of concerts on University campuses.

Things are not quite as bad down here as they are in some places, especially New England. But the problems which plague them up there are only just around the corner for us.

A typical security force at one institution in Rhode Island consists of "upwards of 40 off-duty policemen, 20 unarmed security guards, a half dozen firemen, and a score of student marshalls."

At this same college, a concert by Jethro Tull, coming here soon, resulted in "two hundred rushed front door, one person pushed through a glass door, three glass doors broken, and a score of windows busted."

The Administration and the Athletic Department simply will not stand for similar occurrences in Chapel Hill. We will not have any concerts to go to if we cannot behave ourselves.

I'm sorry for the Byrds, because they suffered badly on this campus. But I'm sorer for their audience, who are unwittingly doing themselves an even worse disfavor.

## Leaven Cabal

# 'Andromeda' film straining

The most personable character in "The Andromeda Strain" is a germ. It beats the humans cold, and runs well ahead of the machines who overcrowd Robert Wise's science fiction Paean to gadgetry. The only problem with the germ is that just before the end it cops out. Maybe it got disgusted with the whole production.

The star of the show is the Andromeda strain. When an isolated town is wiped out, apparently by a plague spread from a crashed space-probe, a picked team of scientists races against time to identify the cause and find an antidote for it.

Sound familiar? If it doesn't, it should, for the theme of man at the mercy of the unknown, as a passive spectator of his fate, is nearly as old as science fiction. It figures in "War of the Worlds," where it provides not merely a plot resolution, but a kind of philosophical vision. In Fred Hoyle's "The Black Cloud" it gives rise to a fascinating adventure in speculative thought. And it's a theme which recurs in the works of Arthur C. Clarke ("2001"). In "The Andromeda Strain," however, it serves merely as a clothes tree hung with old clothes.

For "Andromeda Strain" is essentially a movie of special effects.

The viewer is barraged by full-screen computer print-outs, and by the glister of decontamination devices and sterile lab equipment. And for what? One gadget

incinerates the top layer of skin and all body hair, so that workers bring no outside bacteria into the lab. Yet, for cosmetic reasons, I suppose scalp and facial hair are left. Again: Andromeda feeds on everything, including nuclear energy. Yet it conveniently forgets to eat the suits scientists wear when they handle it, and the electricity used to sterilize those suits.

Personal relations between the various human characters are also hyped with a species of special effects. Since there's no plot beyond that concerned with the detection of the Andromeda, each character is given some sort of crotchety make him recognizable. One seems to have sold out to the germ warfare boys. Another is a disillusioned philosopher. Another, the sharpened-tongued token female. And, like the bug itself, antagonisms between characters live and multiply in a vacuum.

In short, the film resembles its fictional "germ." The Andromeda digests hard iron, but sickens and dies in a solution of baking soda. So, too, for all the hardware pretention of "The Andromeda Strain," it dissolves in even the weakest solution of good taste.

The casting of a teenage Romeo and Juliet in Franco Zeffirelli's film of star-crossed infatuation lent a certain credibility to Shakespeare's version of "West Side Story." The callowness and

inexperience of the two lovers are important both as a counterpoint to the "mature" behavior of their feuding elders, and as an explanation of their tragic singlemindedness.

But imagine if Zeffirelli (or for that matter Shakespeare) had rewritten this script, if rather than finishing off his youthful lovers with heartbroken suicides, he had let them escape to a little rural cottage in the south of France, where they might eke out a living in the rice paddies and give birth to a little Montague. The result, if the writer were really star-crossed, would be "Friends," a new film written, produced, and directed by Lewis Gilbert.

The "friends" in Gilbert's film are fourteen and fifteen, and neither looks a day older. Michele, orphaned by the recent death of her father, is sent to her cousin, a Montmartre swinger whose boyfriend quickly evinces a lecherous interest in the pubescent lovely. Paul, a poor little rich boy who is given everything (sniff) but love, meets her at the zoo and takes her away from all this.

The mode of the film is familiar, following as it does in the wake of such stylish love stories as "Lovers Again" and "Interlude." You remember: the camera focusses on a daisy, and then slowly the focus changes, and the flower

becomes a soft blur in the foreground for two caressing lovers. Or it's sunset at the beach, and the two silhouettes charge headlong into each other's arms, meeting at just the point where the red glow on the horizon will twinkle on their foreheads.

"Friends" bears all the marks of obsessive inbreeding, and the result is unfortunate. For a film with some really striking photography—gauged and tinted, like "A Man and A Woman," but often much better—it is an absolutely vacuous achievement.

Elton John's songs are affecting, and Raymond Steiner's wildlife photography (geese and ponies meant, I'm afraid, as symbols) is stunning, but both are thrown away on a ridiculous fantasy of puerile love which can neither integrate the film's strengths nor bear the weight of its ornamentation.

While a lover story between two adolescents may be potentially charming, as much of the early portion of Zeffirelli's "Romeo and Juliet" is, and fleeting glimpses of their clinging naked bodies occasionally erotic, this story of two children who make love and conceive (and deliver) is rarely charming or erotic. It is puppy love at its most canine, and it is filmmaking, to borrow from the film's own imagery, at its most asinine.

## Union offers fingerpaints in Pit today

Finger painting will be held in the Pit today from noon until the paint runs out. The Gallery Committee will sponsor the project and will furnish all materials.

Hank Wall, chairman of the committee, said he feels that students are interested in art but don't participate because of personal inhibitions or the trouble involved in getting started in a project. "Maybe the finger painting will make students more aware of different types of art," he said.

Wall explained, "We want to provide materials and organization so students can do their own art."

To further promote an interest in all types of art, the Gallery committee is discussing the possibility of a craft workshop.

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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—933-1611; 933-1812. Business, Circulation, Advertising—933-1163.

Subscription rates: \$10.00 per year; \$5.00 per semester.  
Second class postage paid at U. S. Post Office in Chapel Hill, N. C.

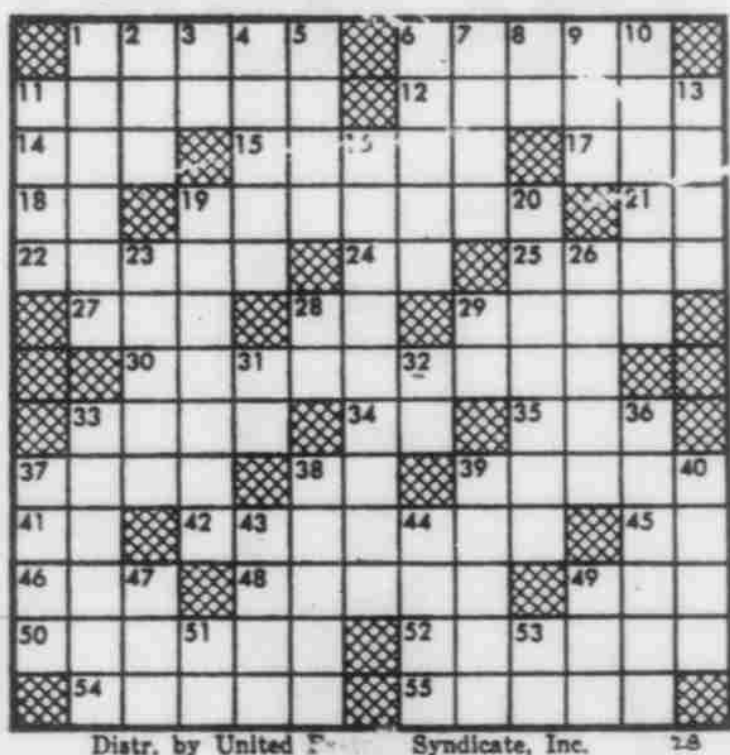
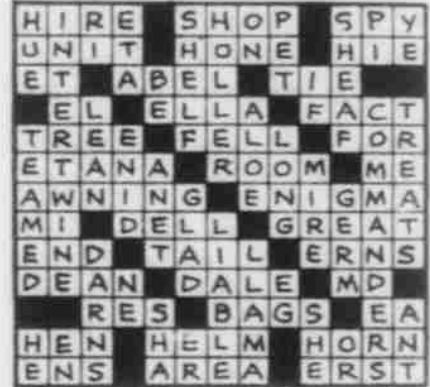
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### Crossword Puzzle

- ACROSS
- Boy attendants
  - Heaped
  - Dispossess
  - Style of printing
  - Anger
  - Name
  - Residue
  - Parent (colloq.)
  - Great nuisances (colloq.)
  - Exclamation
  - Beef animal
  - Latin conjunction
  - Told falsehood
  - Organ of hearing
  - Cooled lava
  - Youngsters
  - Reverse sequence of
  - Hawaiian wreaths
  - Guido's low note
  - Possesses
  - Keen
  - Tautonic deity
  - Waistcoats
  - Part of "to be"
  - renovated
  - Exclamation
  - Plunge
  - English royal family
  - Greek letter
  - Lethargy
  - Regard
  - Rock
  - Fur-bearing mammals
- DOWN
- Buccaneer
  - Hail
  - Earth goddess
  - Chemical compound
  - Mix
  - Helmsman
  - Roman road
  - Note of scale
  - Guido's high note
  - Pieces of dinnerware
  - Obscure
  - Country of Africa
  - Held in high regard
  - Breed of dog
  - Cut in long slit
  - Consumed
  - Mental images
  - Indefinite article
  - Preposition
  - Conjunction
  - Liquid measure (abbr.)
  - Boundaries
  - Declares
  - Novelties
  - Habituate
  - Poem
  - Pretense
  - Short jacket
  - Sorrows
  - Place
  - Lamprey
  - River in Italy
  - Symbol for tantalum



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