

Adrian Scott

# Entremont polished

A great pianist can often be recognized by the fact that, while surmounting the most appalling difficulties with a shrug of the shoulders, he takes meticulous care with what appears to be most simple.

This is how it was with Philippe Entremont last Monday night. His technical skill and virtuosity were dazzling, but it was his sensitivity and delicacy of expression that were most impressive.

The concert opened with Mozart's D Minor Fantasy, a deceptively simple little piece that was written for the composer to perform himself. After a somewhat solemn chordal opening, a singing melody asserts itself over a soft accompaniment. Entremont produced an extremely well-balanced tone, giving the melody the right amount of emphasis while keeping the accompaniment relevant but unobtrusive.

From the beginning, Entremont demonstrated an excellent control of touch and dynamics. This was partly achieved through a judicious use of the pedals, both the sustain and the soft pedal, which allowed him to maintain a delicate attack while keeping the sympathetic resonance which is the piano's strongest asset.

Another Mozart composition, the famous A Major Sonata, was treated with equal care and consideration. The first movement, a series of variations, showed off Entremont's technical skill with such effects as the crossing of hands and extreme variations in dynamics. A dignified Minuet and Trio gave way to the famous last movement, in which, like Haydn and Beethoven after him, Mozart employs the idiom of a Turkish military band.

One of the few things to detract from Entremont's performance, both here and throughout the evening, was the sorry state of the piano. It must be an old instrument, for it gave forth all the squeaks and groans of advancing senility. Especially noticeable was the state of the dampers, which buzzed on every exposed release of the sustain pedal.

Entremont moved next to Schumann's Etudes Symphoniques, Op. 13. This work makes quite considerable technical demands from the player, and Entremont met them well. He displayed broad expansive power in the opening statement of the theme, dazzling speed and facility in some variations, and full bel canto tone in others.

He showed some signs of tiring towards the middle of the piece, but rallied at the end to finish it with great style.

After the interval, the program featured works by two more modern composers, Debussy's Images (Book 1) and the Sonata No. 2 in D Minor by Prokofiev.

The Debussy was the most successful piece of the evening. Entremont was in complete control of the subtle harmonic nuances which so characterize Debussy's music. The last movement, appropriately called "Mouvement" was a rippling, incessant flow which never lost its momentum.

Prokofiev's Sonata was more evidence of Entremont's sensitivity, as he exploited Prokofiev's romanticism to the full.

Entremont saved the best till last. His first encore, a Scarlatti Sonata, was competently played and well received, but the crowning moment came when he played Chopin's A Major Waltz. His perfect sense of rubato, magical dynamic shading, and technical perfection brought the audience to its feet.

# 'Crucible' cast inconsistent

by Bruce Mann  
Assistant Feature Editor

The Duke Players' production of "The Crucible," an entry in this year's American Theater Festival, is a properly forceful, energetically enacted, but as of now, uncomfortably inconsistent realization of playwright Arthur Miller's moral melting pot of emotion.

While there is much to like about director William Hardy's conception of this contemporary theatre masterpiece, his cast's lack of solid depth at many levels fragments the total effect of the drama and keeps it from being successfully unified.

Set in Salem, Massachusetts, in the midst of the 17th century witch trial craze, and performed on Carl Schuler's simplistic and seemingly symbolic thrust-stage setting (rough boards criss-cross as doors, suggesting the appearance of gallows), the drama begins with the mysterious ailment of Reverend Parris's daughter, Betty, whom many in the village say has been bewitched. Reverend Parris, a selfish paranoid, summons representatives of the church and state to Salem to scrutinize the situation and hopefully show that "there be no unnatural cause here."

As the proceedings develop, dramatic irony soon reveals the ironic truth of his statement, for the cause of the affair is

not supernatural — it is orphan Abigail Williams.

Abigail, recently relieved of her duties at the John Proctor farm by Elizabeth Proctor who sensed Abigail's relation to John, is an evil temptation of a girl, who hides her guilt, in John's case and Betty's case, at every turn. By so doing, she indirectly wreaks death and destruction and prolongs the incessant hysteria which grips the community due to Betty's illness and sends its frenzied citizens on the warpath of indictment.

Trial follows trial. Hanging follows hanging. All become enraptured with the strange power of judging and accusing fellow human beings. And all snatch at whatever rationalization available to justify their judgments.

For example, initially, Reverend Hale, a consultant in the investigation, signs death warrants for "witches" in the name of a divine power. Deputy-Governor Danforth, judges in the name of the state authority. Other citizens concoct and conjure other reasons. And they all emerge as hypocrites blindly and desperately grasping for rationalizations to support their crazed charges.

Only John Proctor — who can admit his own daily sins and shortcomings, accept the fact as human nature, and live life with this realization without succumbing to the persecution complex — seems to have the proper, Miller-tailored approach to life.

Director Hardy seems to pace this demanding drama slowly so that new levels are uncovered within the play's structure as it unfolds. But his plans never quite reach realization due to the cast which, though it tries valiantly, has yet to fully come up to standard.

Shawn Smith as the smooth-talking, mellifluous-voiced Reverend Hale takes away acting honors. His portrayal is rich and natural. Danforth, as portrayed by Bruce Moccia, is also a sharp and well-keyed character, evoking the solid authority of the "weighty judge."

As Abigail, the temptress and instigator of evil, Sharon Wells is generally striking and satanic. So also is Gay Baynes, a sprightly and professionally-caricatured Mary Warren, the young girl who collaborates with John Proctor to try to save Elizabeth Proctor from Abigail's irrational accusations at the trial. Liesel Flashenburg proves a mature, dignified actress in the role of Elizabeth Proctor.

David Ariail, though, is too uncontrollably tempestuous as John Proctor, and often he fails to capture the rhythms of Miller's prose, which is filled with shades and nuances of the Puritan speech. Doug Levett also is far too

nervously busy as Reverend Parris, though his rich voice matches the part. The rest of the large cast, in subsidiary roles, is very weak and with few exceptions, incapable of strengthening the various plot and thematic threads at important points. Missed lines in performance also hurt.

For this production of "The Crucible," time will tell. The potential is there in all the principal parts. The direction is sensitive, and certain scenes, such as the ensemble court scene when the girls feign madness at John Proctor's expense and the forest scene which is tenderly lit by a hand lamp glistening and reflecting off Abby's blonde hair, are polished and dramatically convincing. Thea Turner's generally effective period costumes, Ric Blaine's emotional lighting, and Scott Parker's overall technical direction are quite proficient.

A more careful reading by supporting characters and a more insightful reading by the principals should pull the production together into a more coherent dramatic statement.

"The Crucible" will be performed this weekend at Branson Theatre on Duke's East Campus, Friday through Sunday nights.

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M	E	D	L	E	V	E	T	A	R	
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F	R	E	D	F	A	R	P	E	A	L
E	A	R	H	I	T	T	E	R	S	E
A	B	C	A	D	D	A	L	I	N	
R	A	M	A	L	T	E	D	A	D	
S	T	E	P	V	O	W	A	P	E	S
A	R	R	O	W	A	L	P			
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O	N	E	C	A	N	O	E	L	E	A
A	T	R	A	L	I	E	N	L	E	T

ACROSS  
1 Quarrels  
5 Permits  
9 Small rug  
12 G.I. absenteeism (init.)  
13 Metal  
14 Man's nickname  
15 Sailing vessel  
17 Halted  
19 Hard of hearing  
21 Spheroids  
22 Precious stone  
24 Wealth  
27 Hebrew letter  
28 Word of sorrow  
30 A state  
32 Symbol for copper  
34 Makers  
37 Printer's measure  
38 Cooking term  
39 Pintail duck  
40 Preposition  
41 Paradise  
43 Through  
44 Higher  
47 Clever  
49 Nobility  
52 Blouse  
55 Swiss river  
56 Gull-like bird  
58 Prophet  
59 Music: as written  
60 Pierce  
61 Server

DOWN  
1 Ethiopian title  
2 Night bird  
3 Forest officer

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# Meteor showers visible next week

Geminid, the last one of only two major meteor showers in 1971, will reach peak intensity next week.

"Weather permitting, this one could be quite spectacular," said Morehead Planetarium Director A.F. Jenzano.

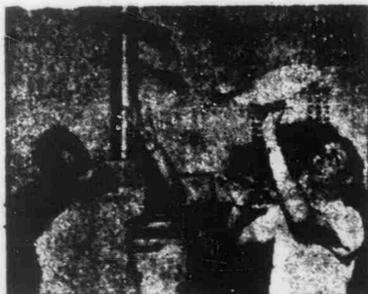
On the night of Dec. 13-14, the single observer should be able to see approximately 50 meteors per hour. According to Jenzano, the night will be moonless. The constellation Gemini, from which the "shooting stars" apparently derive their name, will rise in the East early on the evening of the 13th and

progressively move higher into the early morning sky on the 14th.

"Geminid meteors," Jenzano said, "may also be seen in lesser hourly quantities for several nights preceding and following the date of maximum intensity."

"Most of the tiny meteors," he said, "will vaporize, or 'burn out,' in streaks of intense light. Very large meteors usually shatter into tiny fragments which also burn out. From these come the objects that are found on earth and classified as meteorites."

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AT FIVE O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING?  
ALL FIGURE SKATERS AND THEIR MOTHERS GET UP AT FIVE IN THE MORNING.  
I'M NOT A MOTHER.  
WE HAVE A LOT OF PRACTICING TO DO...  
THE MOON IS STILL OUT...  
IF YOU WERE SKATING WITH PEGGY FLEMING, YOU'D HAVE TO GET UP AT FIVE O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING...  
YOU'RE NOT PEGGY FLEMING, SWEETIE!

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HEY! OFF THE WAR!  
NO, OFF THE PIGS!  
NO, END THE POLITICAL MACHINE! SHUT UP!  
BROTHERS! SISTERS! PEACE! YOU MUST STAND TOGETHER! YOU MUST HAVE A COMMON GOAL!  
KILL THE MODERATOR!  
THAT'S NOT EXACTLY WHAT I HAD IN MIND.  
SPRAY!