



DISCO

Mayo's opening: Bumps, boogies, lights, problems

By MIKE COYNE
Staff Writer

The disco, filled with brightly clad revelers, pulsed to the throbbing beat. The dancers swirled and cut, faster and faster, as if chasing some esoteric climax. The music quickened; the dancers gyrated more wildly.

And then it stopped. Suddenly, inexplicably the stereo system went dead. It was opening night at Mayo's, the Bacchae updated, and something had gone wrong. "I was really upset about it," said Ernest Mayo Griffin Jr., manager of Mayo's Disco. "Obviously, anyone who was in the same position would have been."

The invitation-only premiere held Sunday night was intended to show off several changes in decor made during the four weeks the disco was closed. Mayo, as he is known around town, said the stereo problem involved the wiring of the lighted dance floor. He said the trouble was taken care of by installing some new wiring and a beefed-up amplifier to the system.

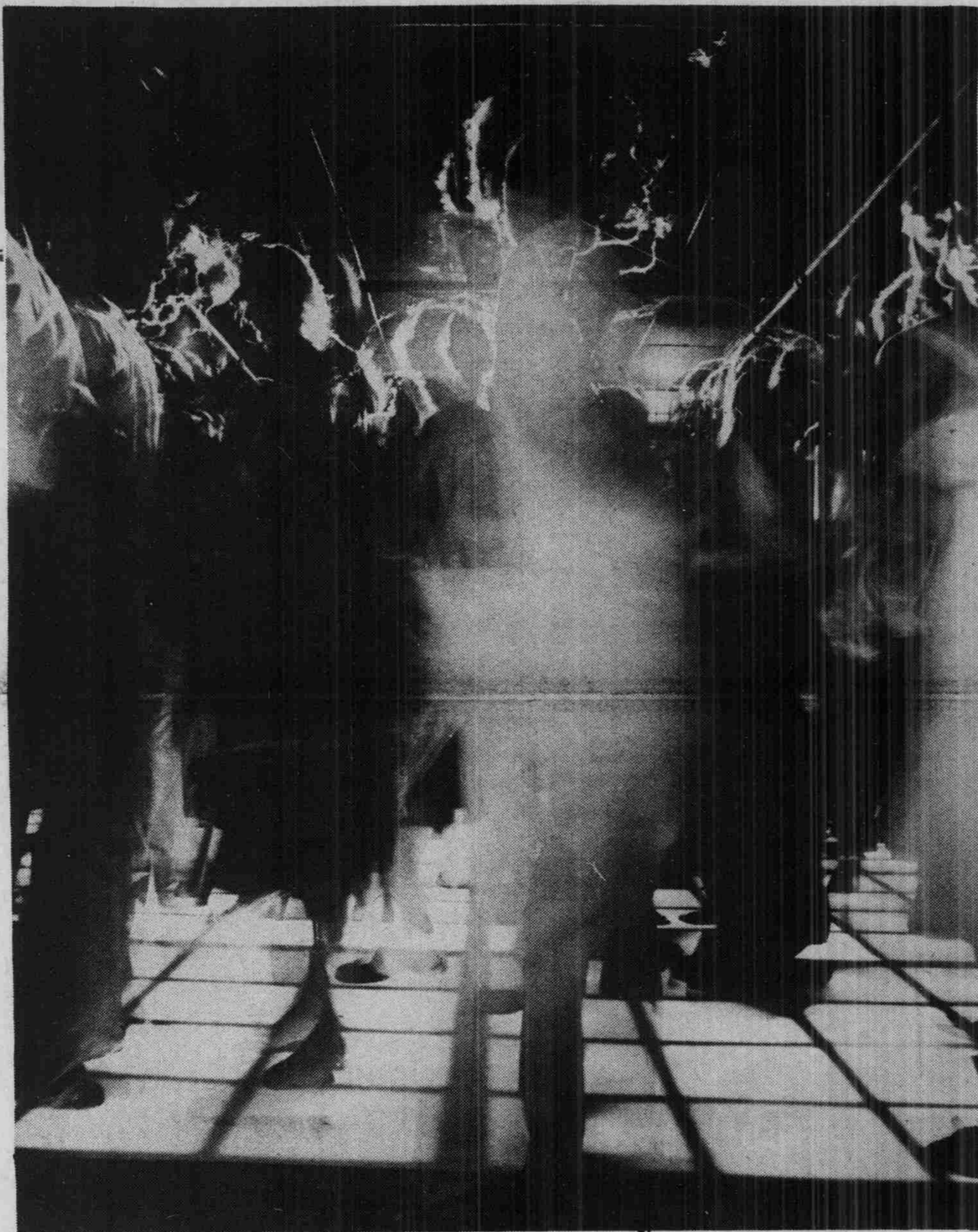
"For three years, with a crummy system, nothing happened, and the first night with a good system, we have a problem," bemoaned the manager.

Essentially, Mayo's is the same old Bacchae UNC discophiles have known and sweated at for the past three years.

The layout is the same as before, with refurbishing efforts concentrated on details. The white plastic wall panels serve to lighten the dark interior, and they are dressed with logo-like paintings. New booths have been added and the old booths have been reupholstered in black vinyl.

When the system, hastily fitted with new speakers, cranked up 30 minutes after being stilled on premiere night, the well-dressed crowd immediately jumped up to dance. The room, which cooled temporarily in the music's absence, quickly reheated, sending dancers into the bathrooms to mop off sweat. In that regard, the new Mayo's is much like the old Bacchae.

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Staff photos by Allen Jernigan

Disco maniacs: A '50s revival?

By ALLEN JERNIGAN
Photography Editor

Loud music I've heard before, and seen lights flashing like a stoplight gone mad. But in a hot smoky chamber full of gyrating bodies pulsing with energy?

...Well, it's a disco.

Has to be. Fits the descriptions: people packed beyond the point of elbow-room, drinking and dancing and so many trying to look classy and sophisticated that the others stand out.

Everybody dressed to kill, and checking out the scenery; I think I'll buy a beer, lean against the wall and meditate.

A cold draft pours down her bare back.

"...Pardon me, 'scuse me miss, but you can't do the bump with a full cup of beer."

Back to the wall and the joys of the casual observer.

A meat market and a place to shake your bootie while ravenously consuming alcohol under the effervescent, ever present lights. The lights, along with the music, are the heart of the disco scene.

But don't these folks — self included — have a better reason to come here than to get drunk and possible laid and get sweat stains on their new polyester print shirts?

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Warning: 'Animal House' damages self-respect

By MARK SCANDLING
Arts Editor

By most standards of decency, you should be ashamed of yourself when you laugh at the assorted acts of perversion and debauchery that comprise the major portion of *Animal House*, the *National Lampoon's* first venture into the world of the cinema. Your sensibilities will be wavering between disgust and delight as, in fast-paced succession, you are asked to laugh at dead horses, dead coeds, attempted rapes, along with milder, more standard, jokes about the other universal aspects of college life.

Unlike many movies about college life, *Animal House* does not present any higher meaning about the pursuit of higher education. Instead, it presents a level of college life which has seldom been portrayed so disrespectfully.

The story centers around the lifestyles of the brothers of the Delta Tau Chi fraternity at Faber College. While everyone else at Faber is dedicated to the motto "Knowledge is good", the Deltas are more dedicated to the idea that decadence is best. They revel in discovering and exploring the wonders of toga parties, gatoring, road trips, peeping and, most importantly, sex.

Leading the move toward dissipation—instead of graduation—is Bluto, certainly one of the most primitive characters to appear on the screen in a long while. Bluto, who has spent seven years at Faber (presumably to discover his place on the evolutionary chain), is played by

Cinema

Animal House

John Belushi, one of the stars of *Saturday Night Live*. Working with no restrictions, Belushi presents a savage, no-holds-barred portrayal of the campus slob. Always unshaven, unkempt and uncouth, Bluto continually relies on his animal instincts, whether he is devouring his food in the cafeteria or peeping into the window of his favorite sorority.

While his role is not a particularly demanding one from a purely dramatic viewpoint, Belushi does a magnificent job in portraying an uncultured form of a modern-day Dionysus. His role is essentially a non-speaking one, but he still manages to dominate most scenes with his revealing expressions or his unrestrained movements. Belushi seems to do whatever comes to his mind, and in this role whatever he does is appropriate.

The other Deltas are more in control of themselves and their desires. Otter (Tim Matheson), an egotistical woman-killer, mixes just the right amount of charm and conceit to come across as a decent fellow. Besides, anyone who stands up for the class "wimp" and "blimp" cannot be

all that bad. Pinto (Thomas Hulce) is the class "wimp" who wins the favor of the Deltas and eventually learns about the sweet side of college life at the toga party. Pinto's best friend is Flounder (Stephen Forst), the "blimp" who nobody wanted and the Deltas took. A whimpering, whipping-boy when he enters the Deltas, Flounder learns how to stand up for himself and eventually emerges as a confident and well-liked member of the frat.

Admittedly, these are stock characters, yet this talented group of relatively unknown actors adds a little something extra which brings them to life. Unfortunately, most of the other characters are less-than-lifelike. The dean, the town mayor, the president of the Omega fraternity and a neo-Nazi ROTC cadet are grossly exaggerated caricatures. They bring an unnecessary sense of ridiculousness to the movie. Their combined efforts to destroy the Deltas through harassment, violence, extortion and "double secret probation" serve as feeble foils for the heroes.

These ridiculous characters and some of the inane scenes which Director John Landis allows to remain in the finished version detract from the harmless chaos which the Deltas create. Scenes of the Delta decadence are far more amusing than the scenes involving the scheming Dean and mayor or the jealous Omegas, who supposedly represent the moral side of life. But even in their most disgusting and immoral moments the Deltas have our support.

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