

Passion for the 'Pack

Misplaced State fan cries 'Wolf'

By JOHN DRESCHER

SATURDAY I will be one of the most hated people in Chapel Hill. My roommate won't talk to me, my friend will disown me and my neighbors in the Kenan Stadium student section won't want to sit next to me.

That's because when State and Carolina stage their annual war Saturday, I'll be rooting for the guys in red to win.

I'm a State football fan living in a Carolina world. It's as unnatural as a fish on land, but I can't help it. Before you deny me drinking access at the Old Well or sitting privileges beneath the Davie Poplar, hear my case.

If you are from the area, you probably grew up cheering for Don McCauley, Paul Miller and Mike Voight. If you didn't know their names, at least you knew well enough to root for the Heels. They were your team because, well, this is the state of North Carolina, and here *The University of North Carolina* is as sacred as Mom, the American Flag and apple pie.

I did not know well enough. I grew up cheering for Willie Burden, Dave Buckey and Stan Fritts. I was raised on tailgate picnics on red-and-white checkered tablecloths in the Carter Stadium parking lot. I sang the State fight songs and

worshipped the State players. I sneaked into the State student section and screamed with them for State to blast Carolina all the way back to Chapel Hill.

Well, you say, there are other Carolina students who grew up rooting for other schools. After more than two years of living in Chapel Hill, enough of Carolina should have rubbed off on me to convert me to a die-hard, true-blue Carolina fan. Forget those rednecks from Raleigh.

I've tried, but I can't. I do follow Carolina football. I went to Winston-Salem last weekend for the game. I've traveled as far north as Charlottesville and as far south as Jacksonville to root for Amos and the gang.

But when it comes to pulling for Carolina over State, I just can't do it. The roots are just too deep.

Indirectly, the ties go farther back than the early teenage days. They are hereditary.

My father is one of those people who breathes sports. I was raised not only by a father, but an avid sports fan. The sports fan first took me to a State football game on a chilly October night eight years ago, which started a habit that wasn't broken until I left home. The father tried to teach me lessons of life on persistence,

determination and character. He believed what I believe now: These everyday qualities do indeed show themselves on athletic fields.

While he was educating his son on life, his son was simultaneously getting an equally astute lesson on life from watching State football. State coach Lou Holtz' teams were the perfect example for an impressionable youth. They were a bunch of never-say-die overachievers who, no matter what the score, did not quit until the final gun sounded. Holtz' teams typically got off to slow starts, but came racing back in the latter part of the game to produce an exciting finish.

Often they pulled games out. Sometimes they did not. What mattered to me was the amount of resiliency, fight and effort they had. These same things being stressed by father everyday were happening on Saturdays at Carter Stadium. The intertwining of these two educations has made me a State football fan for life.

Lou Holtz has been gone for years. Wayne McLean isn't Ted Brown. I don't go to many football games with my father anymore. But a red helmet with a white "S" on it still means Lou Holtz and comeback teams to me.



The roots from my youth are too deep for me to change. Go get 'em, 'Pack. **W**

John Drescher is a staff writer for *The Daily Tar Heel*.

'Willie and Phil' poor imitation of Truffaut

By TOM MOORE

MARGOT Kidder, who plays the free-spirited Jeanette in Paul Mazursky's *Willie And Phil*, throws down a script in disgust saying, "This would be a good script if the dialogue was better and the story interesting." That's a pretty fair assessment of *Willie And Phil*, a nice idea that misses by light years.

Willie And Phil is an attempt to trace the 1970s—from vicious outpourings against Vietnam to such current crazes and jacuzzi bathing—but everything is presented by Mazursky as so rosy and beautiful that the film becomes lethargic.

Mazursky, in *Bob And Carol Ted And Alice*, *Blume, In Love*, *Harry And Tonto*, *Next Stop Greenwich Village* and *An Unmarried Woman*, gently satirized the trials and tribulations of American middle-class life. But in *Willie And Phil*, his mocking wit is rare. Mazursky seems afraid to make fun of his central characters because their aspirations are so noble (you could sense this same fear to ridicule a little bit in *An Unmarried Woman*.) Because the three central characters—Willie, Phil and Jeanette—are rendered without any satire, they come off as inhuman.

Willie (Michael Ontkean) meets Phil (Ray Sharkey) at a showing of Francois Truffaut's *Jules And Jim* and they become friends. But we never see why. Their interests don't seem to be the same. Willie teaches high school English and wants to be a concert pianist. Phil is a fashion

photographer and wants to be an intellectual. Perhaps the reason they become such great friends is that they're both pretty dull fellows.

Perhaps this is the reason they both go crazy over Jeanette. She's every bit as dull as Willie and Phil.

Jeanette falls for both the guys. In a coin toss, Jeanette moves in with Willie. They have a baby and later marry. Willie longs to live the life of Rousseau's noble savage.

Movies

He and Jeanette move to the country to grow their own crops, but Jeanette can't stand the farm life. They move in with Phil, who's out in California directing commercials. Willie is troubled and decides to go on a long pilgrimage for enlightenment that takes him to such exotic lands as India. Phil falls for Jeanette even more. When Willie come home, he thinks his wife and best friend should wed. But Jeanette, bored by the two—how did it take her so long to catch on—leaves.

Interspersed in this unexciting plot are a few moments of juicy comedy. Mazursky brilliantly satirizes Willie and Phil's middle-class parents, who can't understand their sons' degenerate ways. But the nicest touch is Jeanette's

kid sister, a brilliant caricature of a slightly redneck young woman.

"My God, are all the Jewish boys in New York City this cute?" she coos when she first meets Willie. Unfortunately she disappears too soon from the screen to salvage the movie.

Willie And Phil has a nice look, though. The film was shot by Sven Nykvist, most famous for his work with Ingmar Bergman. Nykvist's cinematography is dazzling. The images often are haunting. It's too bad that Mazursky's writing usually fails to match Nykvist's brilliance.

The acting in *Willie And Phil* isn't bad. Kidder, Ontkean and Sharkey give fine performances, they just aren't given the material to wring out really memorable acting. Mazursky originally thought of Woody Allen and Al Pacino as the two leads. Even they couldn't have done much more with the material.

Part of the problem is that *Willie And Phil* is a tribute to *Jules And Jim* and other Truffaut films. Mazursky's film has many parallels to *Jules And Jim*, but that isn't why it fails. The director makes his characters like characters in Truffaut's films: romanticized and idealistic, with few blemishes. In Truffaut's lesser efforts, even his affectionate renderings come off as flat as they do in *Willie And Phil*. **W**

Tom Moore is arts editor for *The Daily Tar Heel*.

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