

Union committee reels out superb spring film schedule

By JAMES DEAN
Staff Writer

Before you barely had a chance to pick up the Spring '89 film schedule, the reels were rolling in the Union Auditorium. If you, like me, arrived back in town after this weekend was but a memory, you probably missed "Big" and "Zelig" and, like me, you may be a little upset about it. We'll just have to get over it, I suppose.

Luckily, all is not lost. There is lots more great stuff around to quench your cinematic thirst in the weeks to come. The Carolina Union Film Committee have once again carefully selected a whole variety of films from all decades and all genres, from Western to Film Noir, from Sci-Fi to Foreign.

The Admission Nights are as strong and diverse as they've been for years. The range covers comedies, including "Bull Durham," "A Fish Called Wanda," and "Married to the Mob," and dramas with "The Accused" and "The Unbearable Lightness of Being." The real gems, however, come in the form of John Sayles's accomplished "Eight Men Out," Martin Brest's charming "Midnight Run," and, of course, the hit of the summer and a milestone in moviemaking of the '80s, "Who Framed Roger Rabbit?" The only obvious omission is Martin Scorsese's powerful "The Last Tempta-

tion of Christ," which was selected to be shown, but unfortunately remains unavailable.

As usual there is a fair sprinkling of the timeless classics. The late John Huston's first film "The Maltese Falcon" with Humphrey Bogart stands out with "Casablanca" (in its original black and white, safe from the clutches of Ted Turner), Fred Zinnemann's "From Here to Eternity," and Vincente Minnelli's finest film, the exquisite "An American in Paris."

The foreign films have rarely been stronger, and illustrate the prodigious talent and artistry of some of the greatest filmmakers outside America. From France, Francois Truffaut's mesmerizing "The 400 Blows" changed the face of French cinema in the late 1950s by winning the Cannes Film Festival and initiating the French New Wave movement, which was to influence the path of cinema so heavily from then on. From Italy comes one of Federico Fellini's several masterpieces, "Amarcord." The great Swedish director Ingemar Bergman's swansong "Fanny and Alexander" is considered as good a film as was ever made, and provided a fitting end to the master's career. The brilliant and radical German director Rainer Werner Fassbinder has his finest film shown in the shape of "The

Marriage of Maria Braun." And finally, Akira Kurosawa's Japanese epic "The Seven Samurai" gets a showing in all its 208 minutes of glory. What more could a person ask for?

Well, funny you should ask. There are three film festivals this semester. The "American Novel Into Film" festival encompasses four popular, yet little seen films, the best of which is Richard Brook's terrific adaptation of Truman Capote's "In Cold Blood." The "Women Directors" festival contains some worthy films, all of which come from the '80s with the exception of Dorothy Arzner's "Christopher Strong," which was made in 1933, begging the question, "What happened in between?" Lastly, the "Remake" weekends provide an interesting perspective, the most successful of which is "The Magnificent Seven," John Sturges's wonderful Western adaptation of Kurosawa's "The Seven Samurai."

I'll end by recommending two films that deserve recommending. The first is Orson Welles's dark and subdued "The Magnificent Ambersons" which is best not compared to "Citizen Kane" in terms of quality because the latter's reputation tends to fog the issue, but "The Magnificent Ambersons" certainly has a ring of greatness



Daniel Day Lewis and Lena Olin star in Philip Kaufman's provocative film, "The Unbearable Lightness of Being," which will hit the Union's screen in February.

about it. The second is "The Loved One," Tony Richardson's wild adaptation of Evelyn Waugh's novel. Because it is not yet on video and its subject matter prevents it

from being a likely candidate on prime time television, I have not yet seen it, but I have it from a very reliable source that it has to be seen to be believed. Enjoy.

GRAFFITI

By CATHY MCHUGH
Omnibus Editor

Eddie Brickell and the New Bohemians' song, "What I Am" helped me sum up a recent crisis in my life. It wasn't a terribly personal problem — in fact, the sad truth is that every one of you dear readers has probably faced some similar trauma, if not

in this past week, then some other semester.

(As always, you're invited to sing along if you so desire.)

I'm not aware of too many things/ I know what I know, if you know what I mean

Philosophy . . . is the talk on a cereal box . . .

I wish that were all it was. Unfortunately philosophy is also a general arts and college perspective and as a senior who only needs that and two electives to graduate I thought I was safe. Secure. Home free. I sympathized with the masses who had to go to drop/add but I reveled in knowing I was all set to graduate.

I was wrong. Embarrassingly enough, I am *definitely* not aware of too many things, especially the registration process and requirements at this fine university. This semester was my last chance to prove I had mastered this mysterious occurrence yet I managed to blow it. I picked a philosophy class to fulfill this diabolical philosophical perspective. It looked like an interesting class. I got it on my schedule. IT DOES NOT FULFILL ANYTHING.

I'm really not blaming anyone except myself because I didn't even think to check and make sure the course I chose was on the list of acceptable arts and

sciences philosophical perspectives. It never even occurred to me. But am I really the only person who wouldn't have considered that a *philosophy* course wouldn't fulfill a *philosophical* perspective?

When I became a trifle panicky (because this *slight* error didn't come to my attention until late Monday night) and incensed (because I felt stupid), no one could tell me why this particular course had such a uniquely useless quality. It just will not fulfill any perspective. Why? The philosophy department would probably answer that ours is not to wonder why.

I'm convinced I could've argued for a long, long time that my course *should* be on THE LIST and it still wouldn't have mattered. So, I said goodbye to what might have been and picked up something else. Here is where my lament has a happy ending because I was actually able to pick something up. Something that works. It may be bizarre, but at least it's on THE LIST.

Rest easy, freshmen. It never gets any easier. Of course, you guys get to look forward to 1990, when you'll have phone-in registration. But I wouldn't bet you'll have any more luck in getting a philosophy class.

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