

CB Gaines, Editor

FEATURES

Current Taster's Choice

Films

by Harvey Elliott

"For Pete's Sake"—Barbara Streisand gets no help from the director or scriptwriters in this thoroughly mediocre movie about a good, loving housewife who gets involved with the stock market, loan sharks and prostitution in order to raise money for her cabdriver-husband's return to college. She does it all for Pete's sake; as the title song will tell you, the most a woman can hope for is to love a man and crawl on her knees for him. The whole thing's very uninspired, though there's a clever subway scene which pays homage to "The French Connection." (At Plaza 3.)

"The Lady Eve"—This 1941 comedy is Preston Sturges' wittiest, wackiest, most brilliantly polished picture, according to film historian John Springer. Barbara Stanwyck is a temptress, and Henry Fonda a shy, eligible bachelor, but the real distinction in a Sturges film is the writing. His biting, cynical humor was in sharp contrast to the reigning sentimental comedy of Frank Capra, and Andrew Sarris wrote. In 1964, "the sheer density of Sturges' dialogue is even more staggering today than it was at the time. He wrote more funny lines for his bit players than contemporary jokesmiths can write for their leads." (Tonight at 8, Biological Science Auditorium, Duke.)

"Lolita"—Stanley Kubrick fails to "find a cinematic equivalent for the exuberant, daredevil prose" of Vladimir Nabokov's novel writes Dwight Macdonald, who also thinks Kubrick was frightened by censorship possibilities—it was 1962 and freedom had not yet reached the screen—and "the erotic and perverse flavor of the novel has been almost entirely expunged." A "miscast" James Mason is Professor Humbert Humbert; Sue Lyon, Shalvey Winters and Peter Sellers are featured. It's "a good movie which might have been much better." (Wednesday at 8, Gross Chemistry Auditorium, Duke.)

"Man on a Swing"—Joel Gray's first film since "Cabaret" casts him as a clairvoyant

Listen here y'all

by Josephine McTiddy

Listen—there's somethin' funny goin' on around here. It's nothin' I can put my finger on, but for some reason I can't get nobody to talk to me.

At first, I thought it was somethin' wrong with me. So I changed my deoderant and started usin' that bad-tasin' mouthwash twice a day.

That didn't work so I checked for ring-around-the-collar and watched everybody around me—real careful-like—to make sure they didn't pass out when I took my shoes off. Thing is, I don't wear shoes all that much.

None of that stuff did any good so I tried bein' extra friendly. I'd go up to somebody and say, "Hi, my name's Josephine McTiddy." Well, they'd look me up and down—kinda slow-like and then git a look on their faces like they smelled somethin' half rotten and say, "Ta-ri-ick..."

"'Bout the worst flop I had was when I tried singin' and bein' friendly on the elevators. Everybody gits strange on elevators—real strange.

Some people will look at you, but if you try to look back, they near 'bout git cross-eyed from tryin' to look away so fast. Then they try to play like they wasn't lookin' at you in the first place.

I've seen 'em act like they was readin' some paper they had in their hands when all the time it was upside down and backwards. One feller was readin' a envelope that didn't have nothin' on it at all!

One kind that rides elevators seems to think them little lights that tell the floor is the best things since light bread—they never take their eyes off them lights from the time they git on 'til they git off.

Another kind checks real careful-like to see what all everybody has been throwin' on the floor and writin' on the walls. I guess that's okay, but for the life of me I can't git excited about waddled up chewin' gum wrappers or what somebody wrote about who done what to who.

Maybe you tried talkin' to someone in class like I did when I said to a feller, "Nice day ain't it?" Then I seen his bloodshot eyes with the big bags underneath and knew he was gonna say, "Oh, real-ly?"

One other big mistake I made was tryin' to talk to them perfessers. They must 'a learned how to talk along with a lot of doctors I used to try to find out stuff from.

Most of 'em give answers like, "Hm-m-m..." or "Uh-huh..." or "Hur-rum..." I ain't talkin' about the speel they give when they're teachin'—what I mean is when you try to

talk to them about ordinary, everyday things.

Once, when I was able to git some of the people in my class to talk for a minute, they said most of them perfessers wasn't programmed for much except what they was teachin' and that there was one thing we was never supposed to ask them. And that thing was—Why? Why? Nobody had never asked 'em.

Anyway, it shore seems a pity to me that folks around here won't talk to each other. I jist can't figure out what it is that keeps 'em all lookin' so busy and in such a hurry.

The only thing that makes people down home act like that is when they eat too many green apples and it's a long way to the outhouse.



Josephine McTiddy
(Copyright 1974 by M.M. Jones)

Josephine tells all in exclusive phone call!!!

by Ellen Horowitz and CB Gaines

Sixty-year-old Josephine McTiddy writes a weekly humor column for the Georgia State University Signal. Her column is syndicated in several college newspapers on both sides of the Mason-Dixon line.

The Tar Heel obtained an exclusive telephone interview Wednesday with Marsha Jones, who stole her pen name Josephine McTiddy from her grandfather's old girlfriend back in Tennessee. Jones, a GSU junior, is a former Army nurse.

Tar Heel: We understand you recently turned down a job offer as Lt. Gov. Maddox's speechwriter. Why on earth?

McTiddy: I'm scared of that boy and his axe handles.

T.H.: How long did it take you to teach Lester Maddox to ride a bicycle backwards?

McTiddy: Oh, Lester used to ride backwards on a mule, didn't know which end was first. And I guess anything you can do on a mule, it shouldn't be too hard to do on a bicycle.

T.H.: Who taught you to spell?

McTiddy: Now I didn't go to the schoolhouse much because I was always out suckerin' tobacco, but the lady schoolteacher there, name of Miz Sue Bell, I have to give her all the credit.

T.H.: How did you squander your great-granddaddy's fortune?

McTiddy: He only had \$28; it didn't take very long at today's prices.

T.H.: We understand your behavior at your debutante ball generated a little gossip around town...

McTiddy: I jist don't know how you found out about that. People can be right unkind talking about the dirt between your toes, and there was some of them even thought I should have shoes on.

T.H.: What do you think of Robert Morgan?

McTiddy: I don't know much about your politics, but there's an old saying about dynamite coming in small packages.

Like a real library

by Tyler Marsh
Feature Writer

August, which brings us to final exams for the second summer session. For some, it's about to be a weekend of catching up; for others it's bound to be a weekend of meditation and prayer.

Needless to say, the libraries will be the haunt for large numbers of students. But choosing the most suitable library for oneself is crucial to how effectively one works with or against the books.

Like their architecture, the Wilson and House libraries are two different entities; therefore, the prospective user ought to consider the merits and disadvantages of each prior to making a commitment of time which might ultimately prove only partially fruitful.

Now take the undergraduate library. Some people get off on working in an atmosphere not unlike one of those slick new bank lobbies. But the confines of the House seem to push people together, the result being a series of "conferences" and the like—folks congregating in group discussion. Not exactly what a library is all about.

And when it is peaceful, there's the ubiquitous "hum". Whoever said that the humming in the undergrad library is a

manifestation of electro-chemical cerebral activity had his head wedged. It's really the fluorescent lighting. And it really does sound sometimes like the din of a monotone chorus of flies.

By name alone, the graduate library implies a certain seriousness. The fifty-year-old structure has a distinguishing air about it. Cool marble and plaster as opposed to House's wood and acoustical tile. Warm water out of brass bubblers rather than ice water out of stainless steel. Slight concavities in marble steps instead of wear marks in Herculon close-pile carpeting.

The Wilson library offers spaciousness in parts such as the humanities section on the second floor. The lofty dome, the great chandelier, the two high wide wings—all conveying an openness for the mind to meander. Yet in the same building one can find seclusion and confinement amid the grottoes and alleys of the stacks.

Wilson offers a kind of intangible comradery to the student. Perhaps most distinctive is the smell. An odor of old books and new, of newsprint and Xerox copy paper, of plaster and faint mustiness. Like a library.

It'll be a while before House picks up the subtleties of being a real library and drops that NCNB facade.

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