

Campus calendar

Central YWCA winter classes will begin the week of January 11. Registration will be held at the Central YWCA on Chapel Hill Street on January 5 from 9 A.M. to 5 P.M. Classes will include a new series called FOCUS IN, as well as other favorites such as bridge, sewing, auto repair and others. Call the YWCA for information. Scholarships are available by calling the YWCA.

Student tickets for the Duke game Saturday go on sale this afternoon at 5 o'clock.

Black students on South Campus who are willing to have high school seniors room with them during Carolina Talent weekend, Jan. 7, 8 and 9, please contact Bernice Ray or Bruce Samson, 933-3902.

Persons interested in working as secretary in the Student Attorney General's office should go to suite B between 2 and 5 P.M. Monday through Friday for interviews concerning the position.

Fraternity Fall Pledge Classes: Don't forget to make your kites for the Kappa Alpha Theta kite fly on Jan. 8, 3:30 at Fetzer Field. Most unusual kite that flies wins a keg of beer. All brothers come and support your pledges. R.S.V.P.—968-9398.

The Christian Science Organization will meet at 8:15 tonight in the Wesley Foundation. All are invited to attend.

The Carolina Union Ping Pong Tournament enters the final rounds tonight at 7 o'clock in room 207 of the Union. Spectators are welcome and participants should be on time.

Found: Glasses, amber frames, olive case—Peach Bowl, Atlanta, South Stands, Sect. 14, Back Row, Seat 39. Left at your optometrist, W.T. Kohn, 129 W. Franklin St.

Lost: Gold-orange cat missing since 12/19 in Davie Circle area. Medium-sized male, wearing flea collar. Answers to name Albie. Reward. Call 942-4089.

Lost: Before Xmas, a pair of wire rimmed glasses in a hard, black case with Dr. Barry Adler, Willow Drive, Chapel Hill, inscribed on the top. Contact Tom Corbin, 942-3321.

"1776," the spirited song and dance musical about the events leading to the signing of the Declaration of Independence, will come to Memorial Hall by a company of thirty-five actors, singers and dancers.

Leaven reviews

On getting Gould straight

Interviewed by Playboy, Elliott Gould once said that from his point of view "Getting Straight" was a far more meaningful and ambitious film than "Mash." This critic has little enough to say in defense of the latter: but worse than "Getting Straight"? Really! Returning to Gould's scale of values, however, one must assume that he considers his latest foray into significant social comment, "I Love My Wife," his best yet. Because it's awful. It's so bad, in fact, that it ought to convince even a die-hard Gould fan (if there is such a thing) that his idol is clay from the toes up. Not only is Gould not a superstar, he isn't even a good actor.

"Wife," in which Gould is assisted by director Mel Stuart and writer Robert Kauffman, apparently is supposed to be a bitter comedy of married life. I say apparently because "Wife" is horribly unfunny and because it is so entirely unfocused as to make any discussion of its content little better than a series of hypotheses. Suffice it to say that "I Love My Wife" is not a film about the infidelities of a man who loves his wife.

Lord knows, this is a promising subject, and the film's name and publicity lead one to expect a treatment of it. But, as Gould, his wife, and his mistress agree, the hero does not love his wife; his marriage has simply gone bad. Once this complication is cleared away, the audience is faced with the fact that here

is a movie made by men who have utterly no idea what they are trying to say, and who, in place of drama, are going to drown the viewer in gimbics and Gould up to here. And, unfortunately, Gould's charm, which consists mainly in adolescent and self-righteous expressions of discomfiture, is a little too frail to sustain an entire film. Lacking the quick quip or the slapstick situation, Gould isn't even unconvincing—he's merely meaningless. He, and the film with him, become so entirely muddled as to forfeit the privilege even of offending its audience.

"Wife" co-stars Brenda Vaccaro and Angel Tompkins, neither of whom rises above her material. The music is by Lalo Schifrin, and, in keeping with the mood of the film, it is witless and arty. The same can be said for Mel Stuart's direction. Stuart seems to have a thing about cutting foreign footage into his film—perhaps he gets it from studying his betters—for "Wife" is replete with home movies, clips of kamikazes going into their last dive, and scenes from old Gary Cooper flicks: all of which are about as effective as heavy makeup on an ugly woman. The few places in the film in which the director's interpretive hand is visible are also disasters. For instance, Stuart gives a fairly straight account of Gould's seduction of Miss Tompkins—until they are ready to get into bed. Then, for no discernible reason,

he switches to a broad slapstick reminiscent of the affair in "Mash" between Captain Burns and Hot Lips.

What is most striking about this otherwise pointless exercise, and what strikes this critic about Gould's other films—"Straight," "Bob and Carol," and "Mash"—is the flagrant lack of intelligence on the part of the film's makers. I don't mean bad taste or ignorance, but the particular combination of the two that you get when someone who thinks he's pretty sharp operates way out of his depth. It was apparent in "Getting Straight" in little ways: the book list Gould gives to the black chick he makes. Who are his favorite authors? Why "Shakespeare, far and away," and next Chaucer, and so on, until the script-writer has listed all the "big" names he's heard of. Notice, there's never a characterizing peculiarity: never an inexplicable preference for Jonson's comedies over Shakespeare's, for instance, or a hopeless distaste for Proust. Because the writer sticks to the canon of "great authors," having no preference himself.

In "Mash," the entire fabric of the movie was permeated by a kind of cruel, immature humor. I don't mean the hospital humor, but the jokes the doctors perpetrated; these were childish, and appealed to the worst instincts of that

audience. But even beyond this, the entire structure of that film, with its hard-bitten good guys who are soft at heart and give up their leisure time to operate on a sick baby; or the football game, with the opposition team smoking pot (as if the film's writers thought it over and then figured they might as well throw it in); the entire film is faulty for lack of an intelligent writer.

Of "Bob and Carol" there's little to be said, except that it epitomizes the bad artist's trick of eeking comedy, drama, and social comment out of a situation merely by refusing to depict it sensibly. Come, now. Four people trying to make love in a double bed; best friends, side by side, with one another's spouse. Need I give the moral? The bed is too small.

Then, finally, we come to "I Love My Wife." After you've seen about four of Gould's films, and skimmed the interview, you start to realize that what you see on the screen is the real Elliott Gould. He is, or is very like, the characters he chooses to play. Acting is his way of being honest with himself and with his public; and he believes in the moral of his films. So, in "Wife," we have the typical Gould-lead: in this case, a surgeon with an I.Q. of 162. But, as we watch this aimless movie, we suddenly learn the truth. Elliott Gould is trying to tell us something, and he's been trying all along. Only, he has nothing to say.

'Woyzeck' chosen for southeastern theatre festival

The Carolina Playmakers' production of "Woyzeck" has been selected to compete in the southeastern regionals of the American College Theatre Festival.

The regional competition will be held January 13-17 in Abbeville, S.C. Five schools will participate.

The other productions and sponsoring schools are "The Man of La Mancha," Memphis State University; "Indians," Florida Atlantic University; "Viet Rock,"

North Carolina State University; and "The Miracle Worker," Georgia Southern College.

"Woyzeck" by Georg Buchner was presented in December at the Graham Memorial Lounge Theatre. Skip Lefler was featured as Woyzeck. The play drew critical praise from several area critics, according to Mitch Douglas, Playmakers' business assistant.

When 23-year-old Buchner died in

1837, he left a rough draft of a play based on the life of a condemned murderer, Johann Christian Woyzeck. The play was pieced together and presented 75 years later.

Buchner's play utilized short, rapidly moving scenes. Some contained only a few lines. In form and content, it was well ahead of its time.

Bruno Koch, director, provided the new English translation. Koch, a member

of the dramatic art faculty, presented "Woyzeck" in a multi-media production designed by Gordon W. Pearlman with lighting by Glenn Dunn.

The winner of the southeastern regionals will compete in the national finals in Washington, D.C. The American College Theatre Festival is sponsored by American Airlines, American Express and American Oil Company. It involves more than 200 American colleges and universities.

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THE CINEMATHEQUE

SIX W.C. FIELDS FILMS 15 FILMS FOR \$6 BERGMAN FILMS

The Cinematheque will present six of W.C. Field's best features the second week of next semester. The films will be on the 7,8,9,10,11,12,13 of February in Carroll Hall. There will be four showings of each film, at 6:00, 7:30, 9:00, 10:30. Tickets at the door will be \$1.00. A ticket for the whole series is being sold for \$3.00. A sellout is expected at some shows, so be assured of seating and save \$2.00 by purchasing a series ticket. They will not be sold after Friday, January 15.

For its Wednesday night series, the Cinematheque will offer fifteen movies for five dollars, starting the first week of next semester. These movies come from the U. S., France, Mexico, Russia, and German, and featuring the talents of Luis Bunuel, Jacques Cousteau, Louis Malle, Sergei Eisenstein, Ernest Hemmingway, Tennessee Williams, among others. The films will be shown in 111 Murphy at 7 and 9 o'clock. The last two films of this semester, not included in this series, are The Blue Angel this Wednesday and next Wednesday 42nd Street. All shows will be \$1.00 at the door, so save \$10.00 by signing up for the series.

The Cinematheque will continue its Friday night series of the films of Ingmar Bergman. Shows will be at 7 and 9 on Friday nights in 111 Murphy. There is no subscription for this series, and tickets are a dollar apiece at the door. Showing this Friday is Brink of Life.

FOR INFORMATION AND TICKETS

SEE THE CINEMATHEQUE TABLE IN THE LOBBY OF THE STUDENT UNION
EVERY SCHOOL DAY 1-4