

Bruce Mann

Moffitt's portrayal keys 'Slow Dance...'

William Hanley's "Slow Dance on the Killing Ground," the final production of the Carolina Playmakers season, presents a desperate dance of depressing destruction, a dramatic ballet involving three isolated characters who meet, exchange experiences, and ultimately reveal to each other the agonizing torment which plagues them day and night—the personal anguish each has had to hide. Thanks to a polished cast, the precisely choreographed play delivers a worthwhile evening of humor, introspection, depression, and reflection.

The setting is a candy store in Brooklyn, late one summer night in 1962. Shabby, dingy, and decidedly sombre, the store has a soda fountain, a magazine rack, a few tables and chairs, a dirty glass window, merchandise counters, some choice signs (Sealtest, Pepsi), and a garish, gaudy, pink and blue-lighted jukebox. This is the figurative dance floor—a ballroom where Glas (William Hardy), a

Nazi Germany refugee, takes inventory. Randall (Elliott Moffitt), an intelligent, nineteen-year-old Afro-hair-styled black who is obviously running away from something, agitatingly dives into the store, sporting an outfit of high hat, flourishing cape, tailored suit, sunglasses, and white sneakers. Randall jives and jibes at Glas, coming on strong with attempted ten-dollar-word usage ("You of European abstraction, Mr. Glas?"), tell-it-like-it-is lingo, and literary allusions. Glas is an old man in baggy pants and socks with holes. He is not used to talking personally with people and warns Randall: "I don't want no trouble." Following his own advice, ("Never make a long story short"), Randall probes and jabs at Glas in an attempt to uncover something about his past. The discussion heats, and there are threats with umbrella point, ice-pick, and gun before the Pas de Deux grinds to an inconclusive halt and becomes a Pas de Trois—with

the arrival of Rosie (Lisa Galloway). Nineteen, gawking, Bronx-Jewish, and homely ("Homely is homely, any way you slice it"), Rosie, an NYU student, has (as Randall puts it) "stubbed her toe while making her way along life's highway." That is to say, she is pregnant and unmarried—and tonight she has lost her way while looking for the abortionist. As this new character two-steps into the revelatory world of Glas's store, we learn of her student life, of her thesis on concentration camps, and of the "responsible party," a 125-pound, CCNY economics major. The tempo of the dance picks up when Glas and Randall attempt to dissuade her from the abortion, and as the three interact, a web of ghastly confidence is constructed. Each character, in turn, reveals his personal hell in dramatic, anguished, intense arias. We learn that Glas was a war-time concentration camp employee who abandoned his wife and child. And in the Coda of

the composition, we learn that Randall has committed murder. The play ends with Randall running outside to the "killing ground," but not before he delivers himself of his hope that he can escape the power of his personal hell, a state of "denial of rebirth" in which "the soul is ghost, adrift. Adrift and aware of life, looking for a new body to inhabit... looking for a way back into the world and life. And being denied it." Director Patricia Barnett's cast is a good one. Elliott Moffitt plays Randall, and his excellent portrayal keeps the interest revolving around him. Whether he is feinting or darting around Glas, stabbing his umbrella into the floor, telling all about his genius-talent of photographic memory, perching like a raven on a ladder over the proceedings, or prancing across the "dance" floor, the character of Randall is convincing. William Hardy's Glas is well-caricatured. His speech is coarse as if his mouth is filled with

ground glass. His "front" is a barrier, a wall of filthy glass. And Glas can be scratched only by the hardest of materials, a diamond-of-a-character, Rosie (aided and abetted by Randall). Lisa Galloway is Rosie, and her verve, sense of humour, and confidence in the part color the role convincingly. However, she needs to fully master the Brooklynesque, Yiddish-style vocal attack in order to perfect such good lines as "Where did you get that outfit, Randall? Barney's Boys Town?" "Slow Dance on the Killing Ground" is a sombre play due to D. Nardi's scenery, Glenn Dunn's lighting, and Mary Davis's naturalistic costumes. It does not promise a light and frivolous evening of Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers (innocence), but because of its careful structure, its more-than-melancholic quality mixed with comedy, and its steady flow of passion and compassion, "Slow Dance on the Killing Ground" is one dance you will want to cut in on.

Leaven reviews

Plot comes apart in 'THX 1138'

A few years ago, George Lucas won a national amateur competition for a film called "THX 1138." The "THX 1138" currently playing in Chapel Hill is an elaborated version of that film, which demonstrates that the virtues of a good short won't necessarily carry a full-length feature—not all the way to the end, anyhow.

"THX 1138" is a heady mixture of Orwell, Huxley, H.G. Wells, and Apollo Mission Control. It depicts the by now conventionally imagined world of the future (compare it with one of the episodes in the disastrous "Illustrated Man"), which will be clothed in hospital white and run largely by robot and computer. The great crime of the future—brace yourself—will be love. Men will live beneath the surface of the earth, in a closed artificial environment, under round-the-clock sedation. Yet, for reasons not too difficult to guess, this vision of the future, though we've seen it all before, has a peculiar, unpleasant fascination. Because Lucas is a talented director, he managed, within his limitations, to produce half an hour or so of compelling cinema; and though interest begins to fall off thereafter, the director's camera pushes and prods us into paying attention

almost to the last, when "THX" finally deteriorates into an old-fashioned chase.

The interest in "THX" lies in its camera-work and special effects. The plot is negligible and, except in its broad outlines, choppy and hard to follow. Neither THX 1138, the film's protagonist, nor his "mate," nor anyone else in the film stirs up the slightest interest in characterization. We are left, then, with the world of the future, with its automation, functionalism-gone-mad, and dehumanization. And some of Lucas's images for this world are striking indeed. A shot of THX overwrought, feeling confined, is neatly juxtaposed with one of a malfunctioning robot policeman trying to walk through a wall. The eye is constantly assaulted by white light—floors, clothes, walls, everything is white. And the viewer is half dizzied by a barrage of multiple television screens, in which Big Brother scans every aspect of life; and by the computerized, Apollo-like communication, with its feeble wit and courtesy, between various functionaries in this world.

Yet, what strikes one about "THX 1138" is technique, and this can interest only so long before the viewer starts getting weary, or worse, for the film, starts questioning the logic of the images. What concept of functional architecture, for instance, eliminates all furniture but one chair? What vision of simplicity builds houses without furniture, and cars with more dials and meters than the cockpit of a jet plane? What possible logical world has a computer to administer pills and hypodermic needles, and yet, for work with radioactive

materials, an assembly line of menials under radio instruction from innumerable human supervisors?

These questions are only the beginning. We are told that everyone in Lucas' future is compelled to take drugs. Only when THX gets his head straight does he find it impossible to function in his world, and then he is arrested for "criminal drug evasion." Yet, neither in the dialogue nor in the action is there evidence that anyone is truly drugged. It may be that Lucas counted on getting his effects merely from turning accepted meanings upside-down. But this device requires consummate skill. If we have learned anything from the ecologists, it is that all parts of a complex environment are interconnected. Even a minute adjustment must be compensated for throughout the structure. Lucas's device of switching labels, of alternately exaggerating and diminishing aspects of our world in order to construct his own, finally undermines the tremendously powerful short—an image. The version playing in town still has plenty of energy, but—and I think this is a legitimate criticism—it is more entertaining to watch than it is to think about.

Like too many other films this year, it asks the viewer to step into it and do the work of the scriptwriter. We are made to understand—our cultural frame of

reference stipulates that we understand—that the mechanized world of the future is the villain. Given this premise we, not Lucas, are asked to keep the plot coherent. We must imagine THX's love affair, and we must root for him as he tries to make his way out of his world, flat and uninteresting as he is. This I did, but grudgingly. The reader may disagree, but I cannot convince myself that a film that throws its arm around its young audience's collective shoulder, laughs heartily, and says, "We're on the same side, Friend"—I cannot convince myself that this is honest art, or that anything it has to say is truly worth listening to.

SOMEHOW, THOUGH IT has been in town for nearly three weeks, I've failed to comment on "The Great White Hope." For anyone who has been waiting with baited breath for my judgment: see it. Curiously, "Hope" is so hammy that it's hard to take much of it seriously, in the spirit in which it is offered. Howard Sackler's script is weak and in some places downright corny. But he and James Earl Jones collaborate in creating the character of Jack Jones, the first black heavyweight boxing champion, and Jones makes the film. Whenever he is on screen, and he generally is, "Hope" moves. Whenever he's off, it falters. The acting is excellent.

Funny Girl

Tonight: the last night to see "Funny Girl," the third movie in this year's Four Bit series. The movie will be shown at 7 and 9:30 p.m. Admission is 50 cents.

BICYCLE PARTS & ACCESSORIES
Tandem Bicycles For Rent—\$3.00 Per Day.
WESTERN AUTO
301 E. Main St. Carrboro

DUSTIN HOFFMAN
"LITTLE BIG MAN"
Panavision® Technicolor® GP
HELD OVER 7:30-5:15-8:00

CHapel Hill
Plaza 1&2
20th Century-Fox Presents HELD OVER
The Great White Hope
PANAVISION® Color by DE LUXE® 3-5-7-9 GP

KWIK PIK
FOOD BEVERAGES DAIRY PRODUCTS ICE
JUBILEE
PLENTIFUL SUPPLIES AND KWIK SERVICE
ICE BEVERAGES SNACKS PICNIC SUPPLIES MIXERS COOLERS
321 W. ROSEMARY ST. PIK-KWIK AT KWIK-PIK

BEER BEER
THE SHACK
Come In Before It Falls In
HAPPY HOUR
Every Night 7:30-8:30
Plenty Parking
120 W. Rosemary

PREGNANT? Need Help?
For assistance in obtaining a legal abortion immediately in New York City at minimal cost
CALL:
Chicago (312) 922-0777
Phila. (215) 878-5800
Miami (305) 754-5471
Atlanta (404) 524-4781
New York (212) 582-4740
8 A.M.-10 P.M. 7 Days A Week
ABORTION REFERRAL SERVICE (ARS), INC.

97¢ TODAY - 4:30-7:30 97¢
BREADED VEAL CUTLET
Two Vegetables & Bread
THE BACCHAE
97¢ Back of the Zoom 97¢

Your mother loves you, no matter what.
Send her a BigHug bouquet, and send it early. Make Mother's Day last a little longer. Call or visit an FTD florist today. He'll take it from there. Delivered almost anywhere in the country. A special gift. At a special price. For a special mother. Yours.
Usually available at less than \$12.50*
Send her the FTD BigHug Bouquet early.
*As an independent business, each FTD Member Florist sets his own price.

Campus calendar

Professor George Schlesinger of the UNC Philosophy Department will talk on "The Argument from Design" Thursday, April 29, at 8 p.m. in 213 Caldwell. According to Schlesinger, "The argument from design for the existence of God has been refuted many times in the last few hundred years. Yet it has proved to be a surprisingly resilient form of argument full of hidden subtleties."

There will be a meeting of the UNC Polo and Riding Club tonight at seven o'clock in the Student Union.

People planning to go to Washington for May Day non-violent civil disobedience should come to Student Union today or Thursday at 4 p.m. Buses will leave for Washington May Day non-violent civil disobedience on Sunday at 11 a.m. and return Wednesday afternoon. Sign up at the PU.

Applications for Order of the Old Well are available in the Dean of Men's office, 01 Steele from 8 to 5. Deadline for applying is today. The Order of the Old Well recognizes outstanding achievement in twelve campus areas.

Tired of same old Nixon doubletalk? Disgusted with Laird and the Pentagon? Stupefied at Spiro? Interested in turning this country around? Help make the US of A what we always used to think it was, UNC Students for McGovern organizational meeting tonight at seven in 103 Hanes.

Good Old-Fashioned Sex: Morehead Residence College's biannual Sex Day picnic will be held from 4-6 Thurs., April 29, in the Lower Quad. Dinner is \$5.00. Through the courtesy of the Carolina Union, the music will be a preview of Jubilee. Everyone is welcomed to attend.

Lost: One Danish bent briar pipe. (Probably in the Arb.) Reward offered. Call 966-2353.

Orange County Association for Retarded Children wants you! Parents, teachers, students, administrators and all others interested working in areas related to Mental Retardation come at 7:30 p.m. Tuesday, May 4 to the Wesley Foundation located at 214 Pittsboro Street. Elections are going to be held. Call 967-4271 for information.

Placement Service has announced the following organizations who will be recruiting on campus this week. Thurs., April 29: Corp Hall Adjustment Bureau and Friday, April 30: The Upper French Broad Economic Development Commission.

Lost: A pair of brown horn-rim glasses (without case), probably at A.P.O. Carnival. Call 929-4508.

Lost: Half-grown black, white and brown part-Persian cat. Lost near Planetarium. Please call Stewart Lambda Chi Alpha at 968-9094. Reward.

Lost or Stolen: Two oil paintings from Lenoir Hall; one, a silhouette on bricks; the other, a scene of construction work. These paintings are my favorites and mean a lot to me personally. I really want them back. No questions asked when they're returned. Call 933-8031 or bring to Lenoir Hall. Reward.

Lost: A Bell and Howell, Dial 35 camera from out of a '67 red Corvette convertible parked behind Rathskellar. Camera and film are valuable and a reward is offered. Call 933-7383 or write 229 E. Cobb.

Lost: A fluffy brown and white kitten, 4 months old. Brown patch on his face and a bushy brown tail. Reward, 929-2412.

Found: Puppy, part German Shepherd, red collar; found on Cameron Avenue and Merritt Mill Road; call Garry, 968-8283.

A BETTER WATERBED FOR LESS MONEY
Come See Us Before You Buy
Call 942-3050

Luncheon Special
11:30 A.M.-2:30 P.M.
CHOPPED SIRLOIN
W/ Mushroom Sauce
\$.97

"If you thought Vietnam was hell, Jud, just wait 'til you get home!"
HERBERT S. NITKE Presents
A DUQUE FILMS INC. PRODUCTION
"JUD"
COLOR BY MOVIELAB GP
Released by MARON FILMS LIMITED
NOW SHOWING CHAPEL HILL Varsity
SHOWS: 1-3-5-7-9

A CERTAIN SHIRT
(and where to find it)
You'll find it here of course. From the welter of colors and patterns, we've set ourselves the task of finding the certain ones closest to our customers' tastes. You'll find only the right shirts (ties, too!) right here. We're certain of it.
Town & Campus