

Bruce Brooks 'Maidstone' lacking

"Maidstone: A Mystery" by Norman Mailer. Signet, Oct. 1971. 191 pages. \$1.50.

Pull out your steak knives and put away your taste — it's time for Norman Mailer. Punchy Culture Hero and existentialism-scarred Artistic Revolutionary.

"Maidstone" is his new film, and this book is the screenplay (after the fact, since it was transcribed from the completely ad-libbed movie), descriptions of filming, and (ahem) a "major essay on filmmaking by the author-director-star of the revolutionary movie." The book, probably even more than the movie because of the 44-page explication of film theory, is the quintessence of Norman Mailer, and shows me clearly that Mailer at his best is "art" at its worst.

The first section, the only part of the book not explicitly claimed by Mailer's authorship, is the description of filming. Three journalistic Mailer-groupies ejaculate images of Mailer-as-Godhead

while he scratches his stomach and belly-laughs his profound way through his "commando raid on the nature of reality" (which is Mailer's own description of his film-process). The reverent descriptions of Mailer are filled with such phrases as "steel-wool headed" and "stocky Pugilist's frame" (how many times have you heard that description? Why doesn't someone ever say "fat jock's body"?)

The descriptions show us what Mailer did before the filming, during the filming, and somewhat after the filming. He first told everyone to drink, drown, screw each other, and make up their own dialogue and stories while roaming cameras filmed them. Then he named a few of the characters (and subsequently claims to have written the entire movie, improvisation and all), punched out several people whose action he didn't like (exercising the power which weakly justifies his "Director" title), and ran in front of cameras more often than anyone (thus becoming the "star").

Mailer squawks and shrieks that film is and should be totally divorced from any literary associations or values. In response to this I would normally take the script of his movie with several grains of salt and make allowances for its lacks. But I cannot respect Mailer's sincerity about a literary divorce if he transcribes a script where one did not exist and then publishes it ahead of the movie. So, in my eyes Mailer is totally liable for this script's weaknesses as a script and not just as a bit of superfluous literary folderol.

The weaknesses are infinite, and the screenplay is hardly readable. Mailer tried to spice it up by replacing the usual objective shot descriptions with italicized propaganda and explanations disguised as objective comment. This cheating is consistently pitiful. There is, of course, no literary dimension to evaluate here; there are only many views of a stocky pugilist's silly artistic shortcomings.

The Film Essay (the major essay) is more Advertisement For Myself, this time as a genius whose "cinematic reality was finer by far than all but the very best film artists." Mailer pretends that he is the first to see that a film isn't a book or a play and he thrills to his insight with various manipulations of his juvenile existentialism. Between the abstruse and meaningless catch-phrases of insipid pretentiousness there runs an iron core of unjustified self-love, so if you like Mailer less than he does it will sicken you.

If not for his insincerity Mailer would be just another of those outspoken, tiring drips whom America embraces as nifty artists; but his stupid hypocrisy makes him offensive and wasteful. All this book shows me is that his artistic process is an hysterical pregnancy and "Maidstone" is the newest load of gas he has birthed.

Betts' novel at press

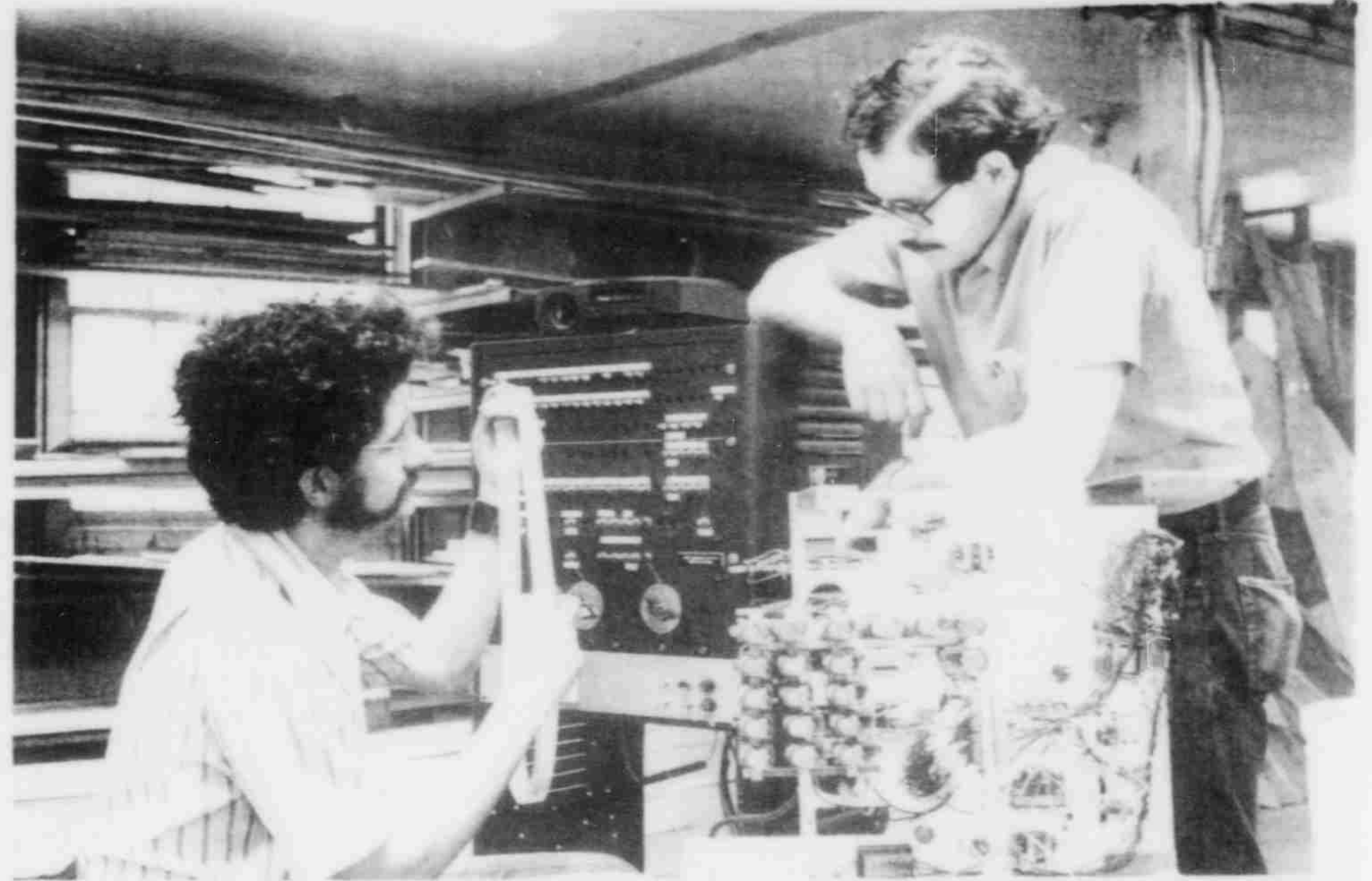
Doris Betts' fifth book of fiction, "The River to Pickle Beach," will be published in late winter or early spring by Harper and Row publishers, New York.

The novel by the University of North Carolina creative writing instructor has a North Carolina setting and takes place in an imaginary Brunswick County resort during the summer of 1968.

Her two earlier novels, "Tall Houses in Winter" (1958) and "The Scarlet Thread" (1965), won the Sir Walter Raleigh Award for the best fiction by a N.C. author in

their respective years. She has published two books of short stories, "The Gentle Insurrection" in 1954 which received the UNC — Putnam Prize, and "The Astronomer and Other Stories" in 1966. Her short stories have appeared in numerous literary magazines and quarterlies.

A former Guggenheim Fellow, Betts joined the UNC faculty in 1966, and has taught courses in creative writing, contemporary American and British fiction and freshman composition.



Gordon Pearlman (L), technical director for the upcoming Carolina Playmakers production of "Amanita: The Death Angel," and Howard Cherniak (R), computer coordinator, work over one of the many instruments which the multi-media production necessitates. "Amanita," which premieres next

Tuesday in the Graham Memorial Lounge Theatre, will use music, lights, and over 20 various projectors in its performance. Tickets are now on sale at the Playmakers Business Office and at Ledbetter Pickards.

On Record Shortcomings mar 'UFO'

by Norman Draper

"U.F.O. 1" Rare Earth RS 524

Grand Funk Railroad and Black Sabbath have earned my respect. Their success has been phenomenal, and they have attained a rapport with their respective audiences that defies belief.

In the wake of this phenomenon comes U.F.O. — a blasting, raucous band that has plagiarized the worst of music and concept from groups such as Black Sabbath, Blue Cheer, Quicksilver, et al.

"UFO 1" is nothing but a collection of antiquated rock clichés that night have worked in 1967 or 1968, but becomes regurgitated noise in 1971.

All the hackneyed gimmicks of the "heavy" rock band are employed to no avail on "UFO 1." Echoes, "phasing" (a jet plane-type effect), the ubiquitous wah-wah pedal, and assorted weird sound effects meant to replicate the droning of a "U.F.O." (what else?) are all here in abundance.

Even with all this electronic wizardry and perverted sense of eclecticism, U.F.O. manages to be an awful group in its own right. With the exception of drummer Andy Parker, who is skilled and adventurous enough to deserve at least a mediocre hand, the musicians have not one jot of technical virtuosity.

Had U.F.O. a comic sense of their own

acute shortcomings, a characteristic that makes the MCS a "fun" group, they might have been able to pull it off. Yet when vocalist Phil Mogg sings lyrics like, "Little girl, you're so fine. / With that body you've got to be mine. / You wuz a brownie and I wuz a scout. / Baby, I never knew how you shook it about," one gets an idea of how badly this album has failed. I suppose you could call U.F.O. a third-rate Blue Cheer (complete with token Eddie Cochran number).

My recommendation is this: if you like this kind of music, stick with Mark Farner and Co. — they're not half as bad as the "music elite" would have you believe. "Survival" indicates to me that Grand Funk's going in the right direction. And sometimes, even though I still hate to admit it, my feet will impulsively begin tapping in time with "Gimme Shelter."

The Daily Tar Heel is published by the University of North Carolina Student Publications Board, daily except Sunday, examination periods, vacations and summer periods.

Offices are at the Student Union building, Univ. of North Carolina, Chapel Hill, N.C. 27514. Telephone numbers: News, Sports — 933-1011; 933-1012; Business, Circulation, Advertising — 933-1163.

Subscription rates: \$10.00 per year; \$5.00 per semester.

Second class postage paid at U.S. Post Office in Chapel Hill, N.C.

The Student Legislature shall have powers to determine the Student Activities fee and to appropriate all revenue derived from the Student Activities Fee (1.1.1.4 of the Student Constitution). The budgetary appropriation for the 1970-71 academic year is \$28,292.50 for undergraduates and \$4,647.50 for graduates as the subscription rate for the student body (\$1.84 per student based on fall semester enrollment figures).

The Daily Tar Heel reserves the right to regulate the typographical tone of all advertisements and to revise or turn away copy it considers objectionable.

The Daily Tar Heel will not consider adjustments or payments for any advertisement involving major typographical errors or erroneous insertion unless notice is given to the Business Manager within (1) one day after the advertisement appears, or within one day of the receiving of tear sheets, of subscription of the paper. The Daily Tar Heel will not be responsible for more than one incorrect insertion of an advertisement scheduled to run several times. Notices for such correction must be given before the next insertion.

97¢

TODAY

97¢

4:30 to 7:30 p.m.

Beef Chunks on Bun

THE BACCHAE

entrance behind the Zoom

97¢ self service 97¢

IN THE COMPANY OF MEN

Thursday Oct. 21 7:30
 Carolina Union Coffee House

"TAKE WAKE"

Buy a Coke
 and keep the glass.

A contemporary glass for Coca-Cola
 Collect your set of 6 or 8

AT YOUR NEAREST SNACK BAR

| | | |
|----------|-----------------------------|-------------------------|
| EVERY | EHRINGHAUS | NOOK (Public Health) |
| JAMES | SCUTTLEBUTT | LUNCH BOX |
| MORRISON | Blue Ram (Y-Court) | THE BAR |
| CRAIGE | OSLER (Health & Science) | CIRCUS ROOM |

STUDENT STORES
 UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA
 "ON CAMPUS"

FALL SALE!

Continues with many more titles added to the show!

Come visiting!

The Intimate
 Bookshop
 Chapel Hill
 open evenings 'til 10

Jeans. Slacks. Shirts. Jackets. Socks. Western Wear. Boots.

Wrangler
 Remember the "W" is Silent.

Durham, North Carolina
 GLADSTEINS