

nightlife

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There's also The Station on Main Street in Carrboro, offering bluegrass bands, wine, beer, backgammon tables and an outdoor patio. The Sidetrack, just across the street, draws a mixture of college students, locals and professional people as customers. Says owner Buddy Toe, "It's not as loud as some but it's pretty hell-raising sometimes." The Sidetrack has an outdoor patio, dance floor and game room as well as taped music.

Cat's Cradle, on Rosemary Street, is a different kind of bar with "a folksy, loose atmosphere," according to an employee. Cat's Cradle features a large variety of good bands from jazz to bluegrass, and draws almost a different kind of crowd every night.

Chapel Hill also has some good dance halls. Eliot's Nest, located on Graham Street, offers free beer every night to members and a combination of disco and beach music for dancing.

The Bacchae's Back Disco Lounge, across the sidewalk from The Village Green, attracts a large and faithful student clientele with its disco music, cold beer and gameroom.

Christopher's (formerly The Main Event) is another exclusively disco dance hall and is located on the Chapel Hill-Durham Boulevard.



These students are celebrating after the ACC basketball Championship last March. Many of them have visited at least one of Chapel Hill's several taverns this night, which really isn't

uncharacteristic. Carolina's 20,000 students, owning one of the country's highest beer-consumption rates among universities, frequent traditional bars such as The Shack,

Staff photo by L. C. Harbour

PRC announces schedule

The 1977-1978 Season of the Playmakers Repertory Company (PRC)

title role here in 1935.

Feb. 16-Mar. 5

An O'Neill Playwright, A New Play

A new play from the O'Neill Playwrights Conference. In the comic vein of "Isadora Duncan Sleeps with the Russian Navy" and the vaudevillian "History of the American Film."

Mar. 16-Apr. 2

"Marco Millions," by Eugene O'Neill

A comedy in which an American youth, Marco Polo, is catapulted through exotic and erotic adventures in the Far East. He is transported from Istanbul to Tartar hordes, from the inner circles of Cathay to the court of Kubla Khan, where he distinguishes between love and capitalism.

Apr. 13-20

"Mr. Roberts," by Thomas Heggen and Joshua Logan

One of America's more poignant comedies captures the bravery and humor of American men and women in World War II.

Box office opens September 6 for season ticket orders. Box office open 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. Special student price \$20 for season ticket.

Sept. 15-Oct. 2

"A Streetcar Named Desire," by Tennessee Williams

Infamous Southern belle, Blanche DuBois meets brutally sensuous Stanley Kowalski. An American legend.

Oct. 13-30

"Equus," by Peter Shaffer

A shattering psychological excursion into the mind of a tortured adolescent who blinds his horse-friends. Recent winner of the Tony Award for Best Play.

Nov. 10-27

"Play It Again, Sam," by Woody Allen

Can a bespectacled film critic, with instructions from Humphrey Bogart, find lasting happiness with members of the opposite sex?

Jan. 19-Feb. 5

"Hamlet," by William Shakespeare

The Playmakers call it "the most contemporary play ever written." The full impact of this classic can only come across in performance. Proff Koch himself played the

Summer's big-budget movie extravaganzas not all they're cracked up to be

Forties story doesn't work in New York

By LAWRENCE TOPPMAN
DTH Contributor

People who complain that Hollywood doesn't make movies like it used to should see "New York, New York" and find out why.

Martin Scorsese's film of the Earl Mac Rauch novel retells the love story between girl singer and ambitious musician that producers ceaselessly exploited on the back lots of the 1940s.

Those wonderfully simple-minded musicals were, in the end, gaily uncluttered by annoying realities. But the world has grown harsh and traumatic since Van Johnson and June Allyson tripped beamishly across the sound stages.

Scorsese has forsaken the brutality of "Taxi Driver" and "Mean Streets" for the madcap innocence of the postwar era, using the old story as a base. But today the Abbott-and-Costello dialogue

Liza Minnelli and Robert DeNiro co-star in *New York, New York*, a film about a big band singer, a saxophonist and their love affair.



thumps inane on our ears, and the light humor collapses under the weighty neuroses of the 1970s.

By the time Scorsese twists the end of the tale — boy meets, gets and loses girl, only to have her choose to stay lost — the story is irretrievably trapped between two film generations, gratifying neither.

Scorsese quickly sets us in post-World-War-II New York, as Tommy Dorsey swings away at a V-J Day party. From the crowd surfaces veteran Jimmy Doyle, cruising for action.

Doyle (Robert DeNiro) makes

himself ridiculous by propositioning every beautiful girl he sees, then more ridiculous by chasing Francine Evans (Liza Minnelli), a USO songstress.

Evans initially tries to get rid of him with everything but a can of Flit, but Three Stooges-like persistence wins the day and the two head off to an audition.

There Scorsese introduces the first of a dozen '40s film conventions: the scene with The Big Promoter.

Doyle: "Ahhh, you don't understand jazz. You never heard good music."

Big P: "I know what I want, and you're not it. Why, you . . ."

Pretty girls, neat gadgets replace plot in latest Bond

By ED RANKIN
and
LOU BILIONIS
Associate Editors

Every reviewer who took in *The Spy Who Loved Me* has mentioned the opening ski jump scene, where 007 launches off a thousand foot ravine in Austria to escape a host of Russian pursuers.

These reviewers will not. Nor will they mention the latest in a series of Bond playtoys — an amphibious automobile replete with missile launcher, mud slinger and machine gun. Nor will they mention the fine underwater cinematography, the traditional lack of dialogue in favor of non-stop action, the grim and slightly rotund villain, or the suave, debonair Bond's continuous reliance on horacious puns. Finally, they refuse to mention the vivacious beauties that permeate the film.

By omitting these items from study, it becomes apparent that nothing else need be said. After all, *The Spy Who Loved Me* is vintage Bond — the plot is predictable, the characters are stock, the special effects are truly special, and the tongue is firmly implanted in the cheek.

M summons crack agent James Bond (Roger Moore) from an Austrian assignment to save the world from

nuclear holocaust. It seems that the evil megalomaniac Mr. Stromborg (Curt Jurgens) has swiped two nuclear submarines — English and Soviet — and plans to destroy New York and Moscow. After he seizes control of the world, his vision of an underwater civilization will reach fruition.

Triple X (one of the worst puns in the movie) is a Russian Bond with a few extra curves. The sultry spy (Barbara Bach) faces the same challenge, and the two combine their talents (as Bond might say it) to undermine the arch-villain's grand scheme.

Whereas Odd Job of *Goldfinger* possessed a metal derby, the newest henchman, Jaws, enjoys dental work that would make even the quackiest orthodontist gape in disbelief. The seven foot plus ogre, tastefully portrayed by Richard Kiel, takes the eight count at least a half dozen times — he is torpedooed, electrocuted, tossed from a speeding train, crushed by tumbling ruins and even set up as an entree for Stromborg's pet shark — but is still on his feet in the fifteenth round.

But Jaws isn't the only peril confronting the two super-spys. The aquamaniac Stromborg does his best to foil their mission and the result is exciting chase scenes on land and in sea. In the end, as in all Bond flicks, the forces of righteousness prevail and Stromborg's dream of a world under the waves is sunk.

But it is those unmentionables which every critic has cited which make *The Spy Who Loved Me* another 007 classic. Bond fans flock to theaters to see outrageous gimmickry, beautiful women, a hero smooth as silk and action, action, action. Over a decade ago, the first die-hards oohed and ahed over 007's specially-equipped Austin Martin which featured ejection seat, smoke screen, oil slick, revolving license plate and enough weaponry to equip the British army. Today, it is a customized Lotus which doubles as a submarine — just this side of Chitty Chitty Bang Bang.



Sensuous heroines have also been a trademark of Bond movies but none can compare with Barbara Bach. She's a little short on talent but more than makes up for it elsewhere, as exhibited in last month's *Playboy* magazine. But then again the world of James Bond is one of fantasy with faint suggestions of sex, glamor, glitter and gold. Buxom women and macho males are the rule.

As for the smooth-as-silk hero, Roger Moore fits the bill. Four films ago Moore had the dubious honor of succeeding the original 007, Sean Connery enjoyed a cult-like following and modeled Ian Fleming's fictional Briton to his liking. With cool aplomb, Moore is at home now in the role and one has no trouble believing Moore is James Bond.

The Spy Who Loved Me is simply a fun, entertaining movie. It has no pretensions of being anything other than a delightful, action-packed spy spoof. The ending is never in doubt and the suspense never mounts for more than a few minutes (and neither does Bond — the movie's rated PG). It's a bang-bang series of visual one-liners, a seemingly endless array of subplots which only ask that you sit back and enjoy. And so you will.

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