

Concertgoers' tough decision: who to see this weekend



David Crosby (left), Graham Nash (center) and Stephen Sills will appear in concert Saturday night in the Greensboro Coliseum. The trio cut its first album eight years ago, and the various members have been together off and on during the

interim. Area concertgoers will also have a chance to see Weather Report, Count Basie and Ella Fitzgerald, Gary Burton and new local group, Nightshift, in concert this weekend.

CSN heads list of big entertainment

Enthusiasts of contemporary music have a dilemma on their hands this weekend.

The question is whether to go see Crosby, Stills and Nash in the Greensboro Coliseum Saturday night or to enjoy Count Basie and Ella Fitzgerald in Duke's Cameron Indoor Stadium the same night.

Or should one save his money and see Weather Report in Carmichael Auditorium Friday night and catch Gary Burton at the Mad Hatter Sunday?

Or should the local music fan support Chapel Hill music and watch Nightshift make their debut Friday at the Mad Hatter?

Whatever the ultimate decision, our fan should be satisfied. The central Piedmont area rarely sees such a dramatic influx of big-

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Miscasting hurts 'Bobby Deerfield's credibility

If there's one thing we don't need, it's another *Love Story* among the jet set. *Bobby Deerfield* may not have the mawkish sentimentality of the Erich Segal story, but it still manages to be ridiculous. From the very first shot of Al Pacino strolling along a deserted racetrack with his sunglasses and leisure suit on, you can't help but think, "He's no race car driver." There's hardly one believable moment in the entire film, and the casting is part of the problem.

Pacino is supposed to be playing an emotional zero, a racer whose attachments to other persons are superficial at best, and whose feelings are kept in perpetual check. The role originally was slated for Paul Newman, who would have been much more appropriate, because the central force behind the character of Bobby Deerfield is the kind of macho ideal that drives a man to disassociate himself from the emotions that he feels can clutter his life. Newman can exude this sort of persona; Pacino cannot. I've always associated Pacino with an ethnic earthiness. Even playing the emotionally wrecked, self-righteous Michael in the latter parts of *Godfather II*, he has a coolness that is all his own. If Pacino has a sort of macho image, it isn't the traditional kind you get from Newman, Redford or Caan.

This presents the film's major problem, since the scriptwriter's central conceit is how the girl (Marthe Keller) Deerfield falls in

love with, cures him of his emotional impotence and makes him a more loving and outgoing person. But when Deerfield finally breaks through his protective shell, by recreating the Mae West imitation he did as a child, the moment is absurd and the audience can't help but laugh. If the filmmakers wanted Bobby to admit to the feminine aspects of his character, they could have come up with a better way. As it stands, the scene ranks as one of the more uncomfortably silly ones of late.

films

By HANK BAKER

Bobby Deerfield

Once Bobby does open up, Pacino's performance gets better he's doing what he knows how to do. As the emotionless Bobby in the first two-thirds of the film, he is forced and unconvincing. This time going against the grain doesn't work, but it's probably a momentary lapse in Pacino's judgment. He is, along with Robert De Niro and Gene Hackman, one of this country's most powerful actors. Marthe Keller, as his love, mistakes hyperactivity for spontaneity. She's a bundle of nerves; her energy as an actress flies around, but it's directionless. She's affecting in some of the quieter scenes, but

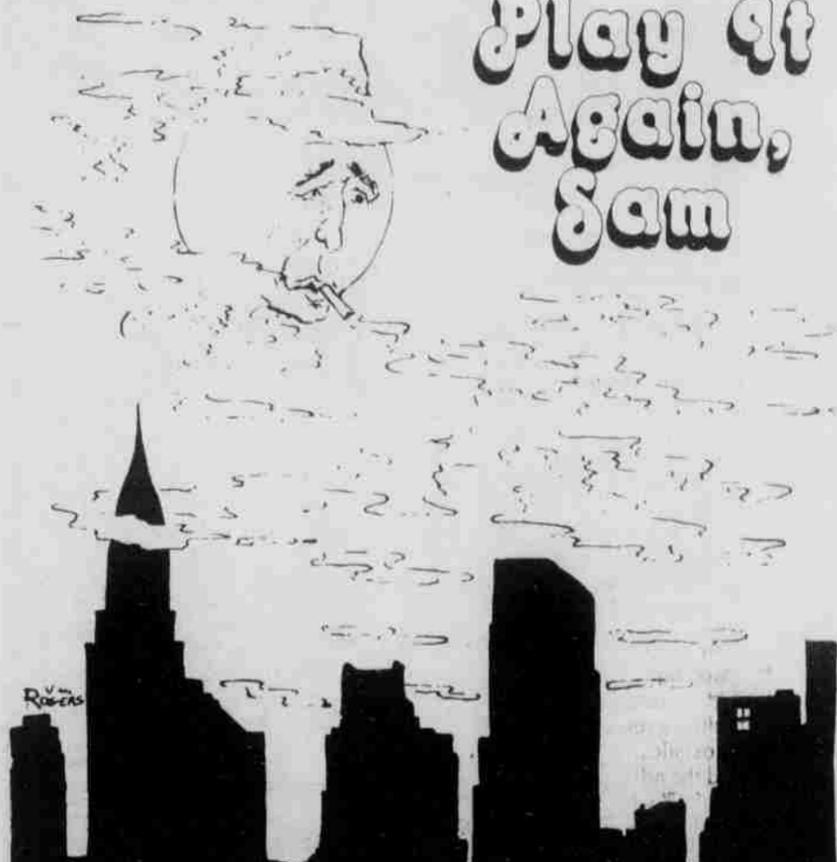
Keller can't get beyond the surface of her character. She isn't helped by the script, because Alvin Sargeant, the writer, doesn't know what to make of her either. Marthe Keller is a beautiful woman, and she has grace and charm, but she can't rise above the material.

Sydney Pollock, whose career has taken a downward leap since *They Shoot Horses, Don't They?*, directs this mess in his usual disinterested manner. What is surprising is the lack of romanticism. By that I don't mean sentiment, but a true romantic drive in the material and the director. What is particularly irritating is that every time a lyrical shot is presented for us, Pollock cuts away from it. Is he trying to be hip and modern by denying even a little pleasure like that? With all the great French scenery surrounding the characters, you'd think Pollock would let us enjoy it as something more than a travelogue backdrop.

For all its big budget, *Bobby Deerfield* is one of the worst edited films I've seen. Scenes are edited in a hurried manner as if Pollock were trying to lurch his way through the film. The racing scenes are surprisingly bad. Except when the camera is in Pacino's car, there is only a chaotic jumble of hurried shots and cuts passing off as sequence.

I doubt many persons are going to be fooled by this junk. Many in the audience were snickering during many of the scenes, particularly one in which Pacino reaches over to caress Keller's hair, only to have a wad of it come off in his hand. There was a loud moan from the back when the dying Keller asks Pacino near the film's end, "Bobby, do you love me?" The idiocy of all this is stupefying. Where does the appeal, if any, come from? The waste of talent and the ineptitude involved in *Bobby Deerfield* are bad enough, but to call it good entertainment is like willfully stunting your mind.

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