

Weekend Preview

**Lemming
Players
one of many
'nifties'
featured**

If you're feeling lost this weekend here is a lot of stuff to take your mind off it.

"Love, Spring, and Everything Between" starts right away at 12:30 p.m. as part of the Music School's continuing Friday feature, Musical Smorgasbord. If you are reading these words any time before half past noon today, you still have the opportunity to grab your lunch (or anything else that's handy) and drag it over to the Recital Hall. Other nifties on the program include Dave Porter's contemporary music concert performing "Volumina XV" and "C-O-R-P-U-S-C-L-E" for speaking chorus, and a rendition of T.S. Eliot's "The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock." Admission is free.

Live performances at four places—the EMU, Wesley Center, Gerlinger Annex, and the Odyssey.

People greet the announcement of another sock hop at the U with about as much enthusiasm as the announcement of another Apollo mission. But friends of SEARCH is sponsoring another BIGGIE tonight in the EMU Ballroom—the first spring from this school has seen since the '60's. It's called "The Last Kiss" and it'll cost ya 75 cents to get in—dress is "formal, but not so formal as to scare people away." Prizes too. Provide your own entertainment at this do-it-yourself circus tonight at 8:30. (You'll never find this in "Popular Mechanics.")

By MARTY WESTERMAN
Of the Emerald

At the Wesley Center there's a treat—the "Lemming Players"—a new University performance group, will present two contemporary one-act plays, "Molly Bloom"—done by Randi Douglas, an actress we're already familiar with for excellent theatre. Ms. Douglas

performed this original work at the University last term for the Fine Arts Festival. The other play is "Krapp's Last Tape," by Samuel Beckett. The story here is about a faceless writer who has recorded his intimate thoughts on tape every year as a birthday celebration. Now, an arthritic old man with an inordinate craving for bananas, Krapp (the writer) sits down to listen to former tapes and make a cutting of "Krapp's Last Tape."

The Lemming Players have adopted the following five principles as "a working agreement: 1) No board of directors; 2) One dollar is your ticket; 3) We always wanted to be in the circus; 4) The Lemming's limit is the cliff's edge; and 5) The Lemming Players hope you float." Showtime both tonight and Saturday nights is 8, and ticket price is \$1.

At 353 Gerlinger Annex tonight, and Saturday night, the University's Cosmopolitan Folk Ensemble (the folk dance repertory company) will perform folk dances from around the world in "Shrovetide." The Ensemble has just returned from an engagement at the University of Montana and they're fresh, rehearsed, and ready to put on a good show. The concerts both nights begin at 8, admission price is 50 cents.

After each concert there will be an instruction festival in Gerlinger gym. Tonight the Ensemble will teach Balkan folk dances, tomorrow night, Scandinavian.

There's also a folk dance workshop, free to University students, Saturday afternoon from 3 to 4:30 in Gerlinger gym, and another at the same time for advanced students in the Dance Studio.

Regular open, recreational folk dance will begin again Sunday, the 14th, and continue Sunday, Tuesday, and Friday nights at 8 in Gerlinger gym until the end of the term.

At the Odyssey Coffeehouse tonight acoustic guitarist Steve Peaceful performs from around 9 p.m.

Admission is 50 cents. Tomorrow night either Wheatfield or Sonny King will be in the limelight—neither is definite yet but admission price has been settled at 75 cents. Open poetry readings every Thursday night at the Odyssey, and every Sunday night auditions and performance for KZEL's "Farmer's Almanac of the Air," which is aired live from the Odyssey at 10.

At the PLC Theatre (180 PLC), for the very first time in Oregon, Akira Kurosawa's masterpiece "Red Beard" will be shown at 6 and 9:30 tonight. Admission price for each showing of this 1965 Japanese film is a single greenback dollar.

Down the avenue at the 150 Science Theatre a wonderful wierdie show complete with the Fabulous Furry Freak Brothers—"Brand X"—is on at 7 and 9:15 p.m. Greenback to get in.

Tomorrow night at 6:45 and 10 at the PLC Theatre you can see a double feature—the great Harry Houdini starring in "The Man From Beyond" and W.C. Fields in "You're Telling Me." Students for McGovern who are sponsoring the shows, didn't list a price, but I would refuse to pay anything more than a dollar.

And at the 150 Science Theatre another film in the wacky world of W.C. Fields—yup, you guessed it—"My Little Chickadee." With the added attraction of Mae West, that tiger-woman. It shows at 7:30 and 9:30 for 75 cents.

Sunday night the ASUO Cultural Forum sponsors "Zabriskie Point" for you all at a 6 o'clock and a 9 o'clock showing. Admission for a dollar, location of showing is the PLC Theatre.

And all weekend at the Valley River Cinema you can see "The Last Picture Show" for something more than a dollar at times listed in your afternoon paper. Or call them if you don't get the afternoon news.

And provide your own live entertainment again Saturday at the SAE Thing. Yes, the Thing is the only

one in a non-existent series of goings on which this fraternity is sponsoring for the benefit of the Triple "H" Ranch for Children. It's 15 cents a beer, seven beers for a

buck. Live bands (college i.d. required) from 4 p.m. to ?????!! Bring your styrofoam!
And that about wraps it up.

'Comic genius' returns

HOLLYWOOD — For 20 years, they have been unable to forget—and their letters prove it.

"A traitor to this country . . ."

"To date, Charlie Chaplin's North Viet Nam (CQ) friends have murdered 45,000-odd American boys."

"Comrade Charlie's friends . . ."

"To have a group of so-called Americans and supposedly responsible people bestow an honor of any kind on such a person is very alarming. No wonder this country is slowly going down the drain."

The letters were sent to the Hollywood Chamber of Commerce after plans were disclosed to place Chaplin's name on the walk of fame, along with the names of 1,551 other entertainment personalities.

Most of the letters appeared to have been written by elderly people and mentioned Chaplin's alleged leftist leanings—he was the object of a House Un-American Activities Committee investigation before he left the United States in 1952—and his tax problems with the government.

Ironically, Chaplin, who lives in Switzerland, was born in England and was never a U.S. citizen.

Monday night, Charlie Chaplin was driven to the Los Angeles Music Center where he received a special Oscar from the Academy for "The incalculable effect he has had in making motion pictures the art form of this century."

The last time Chaplin was in Hollywood,

President Harry S. Truman had only recently relieved Gen. Douglas MacArthur of his command in the Far East.

Hollywood was a thriving entertainment mecca and Charlie Chaplin was one of its kings. It was on a vacation trip to England in 1952 that Chaplin learned the U.S. Justice Department had refused to grant him a Re-entry Visa.

U.S. Atty. Gen. James P. McGranary said the action had been prompted by "public charges" associating Chaplin with Communism and "grave moral charges."

The comedian would have to appear at a hearing to prove his "moral worth" before he could return. Chaplin, who is still a British Subject, refused to go through such a hearing and moved to a mansion overlooking Lake Geneva in Switzerland.

As the years passed, both Chaplin and the times changed and, in an interview in London in 1962, he said:

"I have no bitter feelings about America now. It is not a thing one can carry on. Some of my best friends are Americans."

"What happened to me, I can't condemn or criticize the country for that. There are many admirable things about America and their system, too. I have no ill feelings. I carry no hate."

"My only enemy is time."
Los Angeles Times-Washington Post Service

MOVIES OF THE WEEK

(Paid Advertisement)

The Last Picture Show

"The Last Picture Show," A BBS Production for Columbia Pictures directed by Peter Bogdanovich, based on the novel by Larry McMurtry and starring Timothy Bottoms, Jeff Bridges, Ben Johnson, Cloris Leachman, Ellen Burstyn, Eileen Brennan, Clu Gulager and introducing Cybill Shepherd, is about a time and a place just twenty years gone but seemingly light-years away. It's about growing up in a town running down, where being free means getting out. And it's about the nineteen-fifties.

The fifties. You'll remember what you've tried to forget: romances beginning and ending in the front seats of pick-up trucks, rusting Hudsons and gleaming Ford convertibles. Hands that could take apart motors becoming useless when confronted by brassiere hooks, hands getting slapped down an inch above the knee. Guys wandering through Saturday nights burdened by virginity until the surprising and peculiar moment when somebody, maybe their girl friend, maybe their girl friend's mother, says yes.

It's 1951 in Anarene, Texas, when boredom sits so heavy that boys like Sonny Crawford and Duane Jackson talk about leaving for good, even for Korea (and those

of the way it really was. And filming the way it was meant capturing the way it looked and the way it felt to be young and vulnerable in a northern Texas town in 1951 and 1952.

Zabriskie Point

As everyone must know by now, it is set in the United States. Mark, a young radical, meets Daria in the Southern California desert. He is fleeing the Los Angeles police who think that he shot a policeman at a college protest. She, although temperamentally a swinger, is working at the moment as a secretary in Los Angeles and is driving to Phoenix where her boss is having a business conference in his desert home. Mark, who has stolen a plane in L.A., runs out of gas after he has teasingly buzzed Daria's car. She arrives where he has landed and agrees to give him a lift to get more gas. En route they reach Zabriskie Point in Death Valley, the site of Ancient lakebeds, now a frozen heaving sea of borates and gypsum. There, after some talk, they make love.

Later that day, he flies back to return the plane in Los Angeles. (When she says it is risky, he says, "I want to take risks.") The waiting police kill the presumed cop-killer, who actually is innocent, when he doesn't stop taxiing promptly. Daria hears the news on her car radio. She arrives at her boss's house but very soon leaves. She stops and looks back at the luxurious house, and in her mind she sees it explode, over and over again, its contents floating dreamily in space. Then she drives out of the last shot, leaving us to look at the sun in the west.

There are genuinely beautiful moments. Not the shots of the desert, well done though they are, because the desert is a subject that a cinematographer like Alfio Contini could hardly fumble. I mean such moments as the shot from a helicopter that spirals down next to the grounded plane in which the dead Mark is lying, surrounded by police cars; it is like the descent to earth of a snared spirit. There is a shot of Daria's boss in his high office, with a huge flag billowing outside his window and another skyscraper beyond it, that goes past satire to a poignant statement of sick, barren "office" civilization. A highway patrolman stops Daria in the desert (he thinks she is alone; Mark is hiding), and after she has made an impertinent reply to a routine question of his, he looks all around the huge solitude slowly, presumably toying with the idea of ravishing this luscious, irritating piece—then gets back in his car. His long pause is one of the few truly implicative moments in the film. When Daria imagines the explosions of her boss's house at the end, the first of those explosions is silent—an excellent touch which adds to the shock and which acts as the necessary bridge into her fantasy. And the shots of things floating slowly—materials, not people, because the enemy is things—are nicely sardonic.



yellow-skinned girls!), while girls spend their days growing plump and lonesome, leaning anxiously toward their mirrors. There was a time when people still went to the picture show, to meet, laugh and cry in the darkness, but television is making its inroads and now only a few couples kiss in the back rows. Their parents sit home, getting drunk or just getting old, watching "Strike It Rich." And so even the picture show closes up.

For BBS Productions, which has produced a series of poignant contemporary probes—"Easy Rider," "Five Easy Pieces" and "Drive, He Said"—"The Last Picture

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