**ARTS**

**film:**

*Cry Uncle: dirty or funny?*

By F. E. Schindler, Jr.

*Cry Uncle* is either a very funny skin-flick, or else it's a very dirty comedy, if naked bodies offend you, do not enter here.

Which makes it a very difficult film to review. *Cry Uncle* shows as much as can be seen of the human body. In fact most of the patrons that the Combat Zone are familiar with. But this is the first film, with SYNCHRONOUS Sound, and wonder of wonders, a PLOT!

Note that I said plot, not innuendo. The point of the film is, "We have a good time making fun of skin flicks and detective films at the same time. Why not join us?" The plot of the film involves a grossly overweight, middle aged detective, his nephew, a bevy of prostitutes, and a millionaire who has been framed with a murder charge.

The movie is confused during the first scene, according to the naive hero is making love to his girl friend on a boat in New York Harbor. The hero's gentleman's nephew calls with news of a case. On go the pants, and off goes the detective, as the fun begins. Much of the humor here is situational, and based on the situation of naked people with the moral connotations of an all-American love story. The purpose of the first scene, according to a member of the cast who met the Boston press, was to, "Establish the mood of the picture early, so that people would not be offended.

Apparently, more than the necessary amount of gee was

*One of the prostitutes involved in this complex slander case is the personal property of the millionaire, who assigns her to work with the detective. She goes around killing people with more than the necessary amount of gee, but has no other major faults.*

The best example, perhaps, of the humor level involved here, is that of the detective's second scheme.

He is found in a room with a corpse, whose death he did not note, as he was busy raping her at the time. (With his hat on: You might take note of that throughout the film.) The corpse advice is given as he leaves the station. "The coroner asked me to remind you not to rape the dead ones."

*At the Abbey II*

**music:**

(C^N)+(S+Y)→CSNY!

By Neal Vitale

They're one

They're two alone

They are three together

The are for each other

—Stephen Stills

from <i>Harold & Maude</i>

When it was first announced that David Crosby and Graham Nash would be touring together and appearing at the Music Hall, many Crosby Stills Nash and Young fans reacted with excitement, but found it nothing to go out and spend $6 over their reputations weren't totally undermined. Crosby Nash, whether with the Hollies Crosby, etc., or his own, managed to win over the audience who, other than the many strange religious, their enthusiasm and desire to communicate with the audience was not apparent.

The first third was so uneven that I did not even have to think to find most post-adolescents who would prove how erudite and arty I pretended to be. The Message was so blatant that I found only one interesting thing: very few first-time fans were prepared by microscopically small skirts.

Earlight is saved by its cast. Their enthusiasm and desire to communicate with the audience was not apparent. The show's second half is unquestionably hand-clapping, and very enjoyable. The show ends with an unself-righteous demonstration that Earthlight is satisfying us for now. They're as refreshingly weak as the audience along with it.

**film:**

*Sacco, Vanzetti, politics*

by Emmanuel Goldstein

It's a familiar yet always interesting experience: a piece of the past burst upon contemporary consciousness to remind us that our problems are not so unique, and that maybe they haven't been as much progress as we'd like to believe.

The story of Sacco and Vanzetti, who were convicted in 1920 and executed seven years later, inevitably brings to mind many of the current political climaxes. The opening scene depicts mass arrests of political activists and the subsequent trials of anarchists, communists, labor leaders, etc., illegally ordered by the attorney general of the United States. This film has been released in the same year that the current A.G. ordered — similarly illegal mass arrests of political demonstrators in Washington. The trial of Sacco and Vanzetti was rife with political overtones — indeed, many would argue that it was in fact a political trial — reminding us that so many of today's dissidents wind up in court, from Huey Newton and Bobby Seale, to the Chicago Seven, the Berkeley, the Pitts, Elbergh, ac. The Sacco-Vanzetti trial sparked mass demonstrations supporting the defendants, as do many of today's trials. The public's interest in Sacco and Vanzetti is sincere and grows on you. Toward the middle, though, when I was supposed to cry, I didn't. Earthlight is not up to its predecessor in the building, the Charles Playhouse, but the show's second half is unquestionable, hand-clapping, and very enjoyable. The show ends with an unself-righteous demonstration that Earthlight is satisfying us for now. They're as refreshingly weak as the audience along with it.

If you arrive a half-hour late and hit Song Hee's all-night Chinese restaurant near the Combat Zone, you should have a very pleasant evening.

*At the Open Circle Theatre*

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**THE TECH**

**Tuesday, October 12, 1971**

Page 5