

# The Reel World

## ATLANTIC CITY

By Rick Morrison

"Atlantic City," starring Burt Lancaster, is an excellent story about an aged numbers runner, Lou, who longs for the old days of racketeers and mobsters, before the "wholesome" casinos moved into the famous resort city.

Lou lives alone in an old, run-down apartment building which will soon be razed to make room for yet another casino. He takes care of Grace, a self-imposed shut-in who occupies an apartment downstairs. For years, Lou worked for Grace's husband, a mobster who controlled a part of Atlantic City's numbers game.

Now, Lou works alone, living on the fringes by collecting money and numbers from poor blacks who live in the ghetto areas surrounding the rich, new casinos.

Sally Matthews (Susan Sarandon) is an aspiring young card dealer who works in a casino oyster bar and lives in the apartment next to Lou. She is trying to make it in Atlantic City by taking lessons in card dealing. She dreams of becoming the first female dealer (or croupier) in Monte Carlo.

Her otherwise normal life is interrupted by the appearance of her husband and her sister, who had run away together some months before. They have come to Atlantic City to sell cocaine they stole in Philadelphia.

Sally's husband, David, pulls Lou into his plan to sell the cocaine by suggesting that he needs the old man's experience to pull off the sale. Lou, hungry for some action and money, goes in for the deal.

He sells the first batch, and all goes well until David is killed by the drug dealers from Philly from whom he stole the cocaine. Fortunately for Lou, he has the rest of the substance in his apartment, and he goes on selling it, making several thousand dollars each time. After several sales, Lou begins living like the wealthy mobster he dreamed of being. He begins wearing expensive clothes, he throws his money around in \$100 and \$1,000 denominations, and he dreams more about the old days.

Lou dreams because he doesn't like what is happening to Atlantic City. He says the casinos are too "wholesome." Sarcastically, he asks, "Where else can you find... nuns waiting in line to play the slots?"

His dreams evoke images of smoke-filled rooms, and all-night card games, not clean, air-conditioned, carpeted casinos. His dreams evoke images of tough gangsters who controlled the gambling and drugs--and all the vice and corruption that went with it--not corporate names like Resorts International, Playboy, and Bally's Park Place. Moreover, his dreams are about being able to take care of a woman in style, the way the mobsters of the old days took care of their princesses.

So Lou begins taking care of Sally in whatever way he can. He doesn't love her passionately, but rather he loves her tenderly and would do anything for her. But Sally doesn't want to be possessed. She has dreams of her own which she doesn't want to lose.

After Lou kills the same drug dealers who killed Sally's husband, they flee Atlantic City. They stay in a motel somewhere outside of the city.

They watch the television news reports about the two men who Lou killed. Lou celebrates his return to the

old days, when mobsters killed their enemies in the streets. But Sally isn't celebrating. She feels more possessed all the time. She leaves Lou the next morning to chase her dream of going to Monte Carlo.

Lou then goes back to Atlantic City to be with Grace, as he knows that is where his place is.

This film leaves the viewer feeling good about Lou. It leaves one feeling happy for him, feeling satisfied, in the same way that Lou feels satisfied about returning once more to the era in which he was the happiest. He is satisfied because he got to live in the lifestyle that he wanted, at least for a short time.

There is never a dull moment in "Atlantic City," although the pace of the film is slow. But, while the action is not fast-paced, it is not meant to be. The pace coincides with the timing of an aged numbers runner. Nothing in his life moves fast, and the direction of Louis Malle correctly gives us this feeling.

Additionally, the characters spend a lot of time on the Boardwalk, which is where one would expect to find people in Atlantic City. By having many scenes on the Boardwalk, Mr. Malle gives the correct impression of just how important the wooden walkway is to this resort-by-the-sea.

The cast--particularly Burt Lancaster--and the script are superb. They give this film a very realistic feeling. The contemporary setting of the story makes it a very interesting motion picture.

## "EMMANUELLE" PART II

By Rick Morrison

"Emmanuelle" Part II, rated X, has been at the East Five Theatres the last several weekends during the special midnight showings.

This is "soft core," an X-rated film which is done very well. For those readers who enjoy smut (hard core pornography) which leaves nothing to the imagination, and is very explicit in nature, let me say that "Emmanuelle" is not that kind of film.

While the picture leaves little to the imagination visually, it has a sensual nature which is immediately observed, and particular scenes (many, in fact) are fantasy-oriented. This helps to draw the viewer's attention away from the weak story line.

What story there is centers around Emmanuelle, her husband, and various individuals who pass through their lives briefly as one-time-only sexual acquaintances, or house guests, or both.

The only thing that keeps moving us forward through the story is the necessity for Emmanuelle to get to her next sexual encounter--whether it be with her husband or a fully tattooed polo player in a men's locker room.

Actually, the story in "Emmanuelle" is so weak, and the dialogue so corny, that I don't see the need to describe it for you. You can observe it yourself when seeing the picture.

Emmanuelle is a sensual, erotic woman, but it is not totally her sensuality that gives the film that quality. Rather, the film derives much of its sensual nature from the development and execution of the various erotic encounters which Emmanuelle and her husband are involved in.

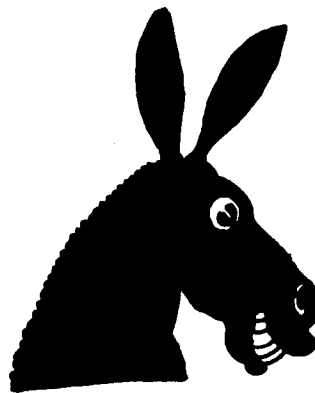
In particular, there is a scene where Emmanuelle, her husband, and a young girl who is a virgin (and who Emmanuelle would like to seduce) are massaged and then washed and rinsed in an oriental bath house by three Filipino beauties. This is a very sensual scene done in very good taste, and is only one example of how this X-rated movie pulls itself above the vulgarity of something like a "Deep Throat" or "Caligula."

The idea of an open marriage, with both partners free to make love to whomever they wish with no jealousy, is touched upon several times. This is the type of marital bliss which Emmanuelle

and her husband enjoy, and it is dealt with lightly enough so as not to interfere with the lascivious qualities of the film. This concept seems to have been inserted simply to arouse a slight amount of conflict and to make the film's plot more interesting. But why a woman like Emmanuelle would have a husband is beyond explanation anyway.

In viewing "Emmanuelle," one should make a conscious attempt to avoid being distracted by the weak dialogue. Enjoy the sensuality of Emmanuelle, the woman, and her libidinous encounters. Try to capture the film's overall sensuality as your subconscious imagination runs wild.

Above all, go just for the editing, as I did!



## Ask A Stupid Question...

By Bill Neil And Dave Caruso

Dear Bill and Dave,

I am very concerned about the health of one of my friends, and only you can answer my question. I don't know where to turn for help!

The F.D.A. says that sugared drinks can cause cancer, diabetes, and disturbing flights into bad Steve Martin imitations, as well as quotations from the philosophy of Mr. Bill. My friend drinks a lot of Coke (the canned soft drink, that is). Coke cans litter his car; he carries them wherever he goes.

Can you suggest a way that can break my friend of this habit. I know he won't jog or enter bathtub races. Please help.

Concerned about Coke

Dear Coke Breath,

Although the F.D.A. says that Coke can have detrimental effects, they are not specific enough. You see, it is only harmful to people who don't drink enough of the stuff.

Our advice to you is to encourage your friend to drink more Coke. The more he drinks, the better his Steve Martin imitations will be (people will think he's the "real thing"). Why, in no time, the philosophy of Mr. Bill will be second nature to him. In fact, if he guzzles enough of the carbonated concoction, he might one day become a C.C. instructor!

And don't worry about your friend not jogging. We agree with the eminent C.C. instructor who once philosophized, "I get all the exercise I need by carrying the caskets of my friends who jog." We couldn't have said it any better.

As for the Coke cans that litter your friend's car, we suggest 16 oz. returnable bottles.

Dear Bave and Dill,

Your reply to the Sundance Kid that humanities students are "the only ones who know how to write anyway" is obviously not true. I am not a humanities student, but I've been informed that I too have the ability (although somewhat limited) to write. Don't deny it, it came right from the jackass' mouth. Besides, if it weren't for the engineers who are making constant technological improvements in printing machines, and the dedicated engineers of the forest who are growing and branching out in their field every day, you would not have paper to write (?) on. By the way, I think

the Sundance Kid has been out in the sun a little too long.

Lou Grunt  
The Trib

Dear Lou,

In the future, please address only questions to this column. We don't know--or care--how you run your paper, but we here at the Reader only print interrogatives in our question columns.

At this time, we would like to sincerely thank the engineers for their "constant technological improvements in printing machines." Hell, it only took them a few odd centuries--give or take a decade--to go from the prehistoric stone tablets and chisels (a la Fred Flinstone) to the modern-day blackboard and chalk. Way to go, guys!

By the way, we think you have been out in the sun a little too long. However, (cough, cough) since this comes to us from Smog City itself, Los Angeles, (gasp, wheeze) that would probably be impossible (choke).

Dear Bill and Dave,

Why would a super-secretary read your column, smile about it, and wish you'd hurry back?

Guilty

Dear innocent until proven,

Probably because you have good taste. And don't worry, you'll only have to wait three months until we hurry back. Or should we say come back, since no one is in a hurry to get back to this dump!

Have a nice summer and thanks for your compliments. In appreciation of your kind letter, you will be awarded free membership to our fan club. We look forward to seeing you at our first meeting next fall, since it gets awfully boring talking to ourselves.

And so a year of stupid questions comes to an end at Capitol Campus. We would like to thank all those who so unselfishly shared their stupidity with us. We hope to hear from you all again next year.

We think a fitting conclusion to our graduating seniors is in order. So, remember these wise words when you're sitting in the midst of that endurance test known as Commencement: "Hark the herald angels shout, What the hell, I'm finally out!"