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# KENTUCKY Kernel

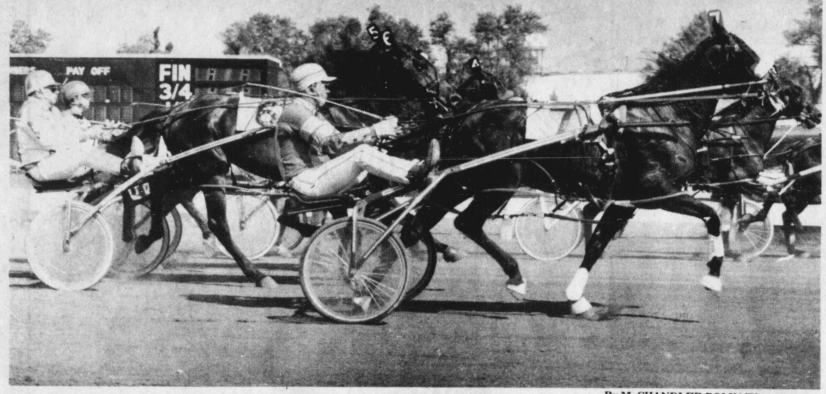
Vol. LXXXIV, No. 35  
Friday, October 2, 1981

An independent student newspaper since 1971

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**Cool Aid**  
Lexington residents will receive a reprieve from warm weather as fall-like weather again returns. It will be partly cloudy, breezy and cool today, with highs in the mid to upper 50s. Tonight the mercury will dip into the upper 30s.

University of Kentucky  
Lexington, Kentucky



By M. CHANDLER BOLIN/Photo Editor  
Master Express set the pace for Wednesday's first race, finishing in 1:59.8. Grand Circuit harness racing resumed this week at Lexington's Red Mile and will continue through Friday, Oct. 9. See page four for more photos and story.

## Pace Yourself

## Reagan pushes for sale of AWACS

By TERENCE HUNT  
Associated Press Writer

WASHINGTON — President Reagan said yesterday the United States "will not permit" Saudi Arabia to fall victim to revolutionary takeover and indirectly but unmistakably rebuked Israel for lobbying against the proposed sale of AWACS radar planes to the Saudis. The president defended his plan to

sell \$8.5 billion worth of planes, missiles and other equipment to the Mideast country as vital to protecting the vast Saudi oil fields that play a major role in fueling the economies of the western world. Without mentioning Israel by name, Reagan said: "American security interests must remain our internal responsibility. It is not the business of other nations to make American foreign policy." Reagan's remarks were at a nationally broadcast news conference,

his first formal meeting with reporters in more than three months. "Welcome to my first annual news conference," he joked.

The president also:   
- Vowed to use his veto against spending bills that would "hust the budget and violate our commitment to hold down federal spending."   
- Defended his campaign to slash spending for social programs and said the "safety net" to protect the poor "is still in place." Later, he said everyone "totally dependent on the government" are "our obligation and nothing is going to happen to them."

- Noted that yesterday was the start of the government's bookkeeping year when most of his budget and tax cuts officially took effect. "Our programs won't be instantaneous," he said. "The mistakes of four decades can't be turned around in eight months."

- Said he supports, in principle, extension of the landmark Voting Rights Act. He declined to say in what form.

Reagan defended the AWACS sale as Secretary of State Alexander Haig testified on Capitol Hill in an effort to save the package, which Senate Republican Leader Howard Baker has said lacks enough votes to pass Congress.

"I have proposed this sale because it significantly enhances our own vital national security interests in the Middle East," Reagan said. "The sale will greatly improve the chances of our working constructively with Saudi Arabia and other states of the Middle East toward our common goal: a just and lasting peace."

Replying to concerns of Israel and its congressional allies, the president said the package "poses no threat to Israel now or in the future. Indeed, by contributing to the security and stability of a region, it serves Israel's long-range interests."

He said chances for Senate approval of the sale are good as a result of negotiated arrangements with the Saudis about joint U.S./Saudi manning of the aircraft. But he did not go into detail and there was disagreement in Congress over whether those arrangements, outlined by Haig, represented anything new.

Asked if he could assure that the AWACS would not be taken over by an enemy if the Saudi government fell in a revolution similar to the upheaval that deposed the late shah in Iran, Reagan asserted: "I can make that guarantee that it will not compromise our security... I have to say that Saudi Arabia, we will not permit to be an Iran."

Although he refused to spell out what the United States would do, Reagan said, "There is no way we could stand by" and see Saudi Arabia taken over by anyone who would shut off its oil exports.

The president, who has proposed a \$2 billion cut in the spending increase proposed for the Pentagon, did not rule out that he would accept a larger reduction if Congress insists. "I would hesitate to say that I would or that they should do this," Reagan said, adding that an arms buildup is essential to national security.

Reagan also said "it's difficult for me to imagine there is a winnable nuclear war" but that Kremlin leaders believe it's possible and that is why he will pursue "arms reduction talks" instead of "arms limitation talks."

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## McGovern addresses 'real issues'

By BILL STEIDEN  
Editor-in-Chief

Contrary to popular expectations, George McGovern did not spend the 45 minutes allotted for his speech last

night in Memorial Coliseum reminiscing about his unsuccessful run for the presidency in 1972.

Instead, the former Democrat senator from South Dakota attacked the "narrow, overly-emotional single-issue groups" he said are obscuring a discussion of the "real issues" which

are facing the United States and its citizens.

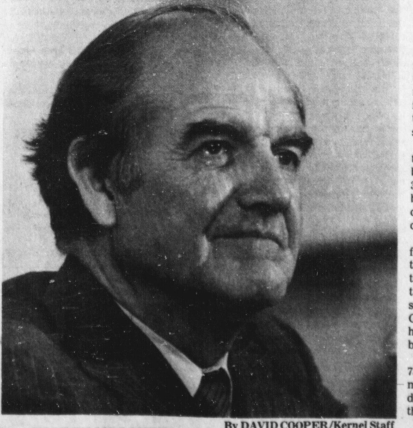
"What disturbs me is the rise of extremism, the emotionalism of these single-issue groups who will disregard a lifetime of service if they disagree with you on a single issue," he told the crowd of approximately 1400.

Referring to his 1980 bid for reelection to the Senate in which he was defeated by Republican James Abdnor, whose campaign was largely financed by conservative political action committees, he said "I found myself officially targeted as the anti-family candidate because I supported the ERA and I didn't support prayer sessions in the schools."

However, McGovern said that he is the father of five children and has been married to the same woman for 37 years, while Abdnor, a 37-year-old bachelor, was "given a plaque and decorated as the pro-family candidate."

"There are so many serious issues facing this country, we can't afford this kind of nonsense," he said, noting that both Barry Goldwater, the long-time conservative Republican senator from Arizona, and Billy Graham, the evangelical minister, have "rebuked the Moral Majority for being too self-righteous."

McGovern said he founded the 73,000 member "Americans for Common Sense" after his senatorial defeat to "focus on the central issues that will decide if the U.S. is going to



GEORGE MCGOVERN

By DAVID COOPER/Kernel Staff

See "McGovern," page 8

## Kennedy will not appear at Democratic convention

By CINDY DECKER  
Senior Staff Writer

Sen. Edward "Ted" Kennedy, D-Mass., will not be speaking tonight as scheduled at the Democratic Women's Clubs of the State of Kentucky convention U.S. Rep. Paul Simon, D-Ill., will take his place as keynote speaker.

U.S. Rep. Carroll Hubbard, D-Ky., was responsible for contacting Simon to replace Kennedy, according to Margy Johns of the democratic women's organization.

"He came through for us at the last hour," she said.

Johns said Kennedy is attending a democratic senator caucus in West Virginia this week. The group was originally scheduled to have Friday evening free. However, Johns said West Virginia Sen. Robert Byrd and a majority of other senators decided to reschedule activities without breaks to get finished with the retreat earlier than originally planned.

Wendell Ford, D-Ky., and Walter "Dee" Huddleston, D-Ky., were planning to fly with Kennedy for Friday night's session. Neither Kentucky senator is now planning to attend the convention.

State democratic officials who will attend the convention include Gov. John Y. Brown, Lt. Gov. Martha Layne Collins, Attorney General Steven Beshear and House Speaker William Kenton. Former Gov. Julian Carroll will also attend.

The annual convention, which began yesterday, is being held at Kentucky Dam Village State Resort Park in Gilbertsville.

The democratic women's organization was founded in 1928, eight years after women received the right to vote in the United States. The organization's purposes are, Johns said, to spread the ideals of the Democratic party and to elect democratic candidates "from the courthouse to the statehouse to the White House."

## Students benefit from clubs

By RACHEL BERRY  
Staff Writer

Students never seem to have enough time. When classes end, homework begins, and then the parties start. There's simply no time to think about the future and join a professional organization or club.

But according to Drema Howard, assistant director of the Placement and Career Resource Center, membership in a professional organization related to a student's major can be advantageous, particularly in finding a job after graduation.

"A professional organization will help students keep abreast of changes in their intended careers," Howard said. "More importantly, they will

also establish contacts with those who have the ability to hire them upon graduation."

Employers look at extra-curricular activities on a student's resume, Howard said, because "it shows leadership and an ability to work on teams."

Bob Mueller, personnel director for Ashland Oil Inc., agreed that an employer does look at outside class activities on a student's resume.

"As someone who's been involved in campus recruiting, I can tell you that I've always found them (memberships) to be a positive indicator of an applicant's seriousness about a career," Mueller said.

Gale Orr, vice president of human resources and a college recruiter for National Mines Corporation, also agreed.

"I think they're a plus (on a resume)," he said. "Of course, work

experience is important as well, but I think most recruiters look at memberships favorably."

There are dozens of career-oriented organizations on campus. Mary Katherine Miller, an advertising senior, joined the student chapter of the American Advertising Federation this semester.

"I plan to go into advertising as a career," she said. "I haven't made many contacts (through the group) yet, but I plan to."

Claudia Schmidt, a communications Students Society for the same reasons. "I felt like I needed to get involved in something related to my major."

Students interested in joining a professional organization on campus can contact Joyce Gentry, 204 Student Center, for more information.

"We try to keep up with all the organizations on campus," she said. "We can refer students to organizations related to their major."

Students can also join many professional organizations located off campus. Alice Mark, membership chairwoman of the Lexington chapter of the American Society of Training and Development, said students are encouraged to attend its meetings.

**inside**  
Another flashing was reported at M.L. King Library last night. See story on page 7.  
A preview of tomorrow's Kentucky-Clemson football game can be found on page 6.

# persuasion

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## Support the United Way

With the onset of the budget-slashing era and all its threatening implications for social aid programs, the United Way of the Bluegrass is needed now more than ever.

George Hern, local United Way executive director, notes that in the future, "the private sector will be expected to contribute more and more."

The drive this year is seeking an 11 percent rate of increase in giving from the 21 divisions in its eight-county area, with an overall goal of \$2,385,127. So far, the response has been on target — the three-week old campaign has achieved about 38 percent of the goal, with seven weeks still to go.

UK has been among the top givers, already achieving almost 50 percent of its goal without the benefit of corporate gifts. But the first weeks are always the best in any campaign of this kind, and it will take a concerted effort by

all concerned citizens in this area to assure that the final goal is met.

Remember, the Bluegrass United Way benefits about 91 organizations in the local area, ranging from family counseling centers to mental retardation agencies and the YM-CA. Also, givers are assured that their dollars will be well-spent — the United Way has a strict accounting policy for all agencies participating in its campaign, and it is able to boast that only 11 percent of its receipts are absorbed by administrative and other costs (costs for some charities are as high as 95 percent).

Certainly, with tough times all around, it is harder than ever to dig in and give. But too many of the programs that are going under the knife are essential — we cannot simply expect the needy to "go it alone."

## puggie®



## Tensions rising in Curci's football program as criticisms of team's key errors mount

It is a warm Wednesday afternoon at the Shively Sports Center. An afternoon made for recreation. But under the glaring sun and various movie cameras, oversized college students outfitted in stretch pants and hard plastic are continually running into each other by design. This is the UK football team at work, preparing for Saturday's game with Clemson.

### clay

Everyone seems to be going through the motions. An occasional swear from an assistant fills the air. No one seems overly excited. A trainer walks by me. "All he does is drink water and spit blood," she tells another trainer about an unnamed culprit. It brings a chuckle from the sportswriters gathered on the sidelines. Football is a series of ups and downs and at this particular practice spirits are in need of a chuckle.

As I watch from the sidelines, I think of other places I would rather be, other things I would rather be doing. Like sleeping, or "throwing up," says a reporter next to me. I can't help thinking that Fran Curci is thinking the same thing.

Instead, he is standing a few yards away watching his team try and improve. Technically, the Kentucky football program belongs to the University, therefore the state. But for eight years Fran Curci has been the man responsible for its well-being. He may not be responsible for it much longer.

But on this particular day he seems passive about all that is going on around him. He is wearing blue slacks and a white shirt, a blue baseball cap shields his face from the sun. His arms are folded, his mouth is closed. It will be 6:00 before this practice session is finished.

Most husbands and fathers would be at the dinner table by that time. Yet, most husbands and fathers do not participate in an occupation so public. Most do not make six-figure salaries, most do not have their own television shows.

But most are not the topics of statewide speculation. After three losing seasons, the cries for Curci's job began last year and continued into the summer. With the governor's help, the team, after all, belongs to the state.

Now, after losing two of the first three games of this new season, the cries have reappeared. On this Wednesday, the morning paper's sports columnist writes in a story splashed over the top of the sports section that maybe it "is time to can Fran."

In basic terms, Curci may lose his job because his players are not good enough. In all probability, this year Kentucky will play easily more than half its game against teams with better players. This is perceived to be Fran Curci's fault.

The complaints started two weeks ago when a Curci player failed to field a simple kickoff and Kentucky blew a chance at beating Alabama. "I come out of here every week saying 'Did you see that. Can you believe that,'" says a friend to me as we leave the stadium after the Alabama game. "And every week it is something different."

The next week, Curci's players lost to Kansas by allowing a touchdown with 25 seconds left in the game. Since, the press has asked why the team's top rusher did not play. The coaches have offered no logical ex-

planation. Maybe because there is not one.

Consequently, in the confines of a practice field the press is not held in high esteem. Before the Alabama game one reporter was banished from practice for wearing a red shirt. The morning paper has added an uneasy tension to this one. As a reporter enters the field, he is met by a Curci sympathizer.

"If your hair was a little longer and you had a beard," says the man. "I would put a fist down your throat." The long hair and beard belongs to the sports columnist, who has decided to be elsewhere.

As practice continues, a man in dress slacks and sun glasses approaches the area where the sportswriters are standing. He immediately begins an effusion against the morning paper. "Who does Fitzmaurice think he is," wails the man. His dissertation continues for a few minutes. He stops only to ask someone, "Are you a reporter?"

The man roars, "This is off the record."

"I don't even know who you are," says the writer.

"Good, let's keep it that way," says the man.

Practice finishes uneventfully. I have seen approximately 90 minutes of it and Curci, to his own team, has given three sentences of instruction. He walks off the field with a friend and disappears into the sports center. For a man who is in danger of losing his livelihood he does not seem bent on fighting back with words.

Later that night I am watching the evening news. On Channel 27 a sportscaster is giving a commentary on the columnist.

"I think he went too far. It's still early yet," says the sportscaster. "I don't think that will beat Clemson. But (future opponent) South Carolina is not a very good team. Neither is Virginia Tech, LSU, Vanderbilt, Florida. There are a lot of games left."

Meanwhile on Channel 18, a sportscaster has obviously gotten Curci's permission for an interview and stands before a camera with the coach. The question is unheeded and suffers from lack of preparation.

"Coach, you uh, lost two games you could have won, uh, and the local media, uh, has kind of gotten down on you, uh, what has been your reaction, uh, what has been your reaction to the press, uh, well to D.G.'s column, uh."

In broadcast journalism the substance of an answer makes little difference to the length. No matter what Curci says he will have around 30 seconds to respond. Instead, Curci does not carry his end of the conversation. For a few seconds he stares at the camera, again his arms folded, his mouth closed. If his mind his working, his mouth is not. Finally, he turns and walks away.

"Thanks a lot, coach," says the sportscaster, quite sincerely. "Appreciate it."

The tension remains unbroken. Maybe it never will. Sports are supposed to be fun, I think. And for whatever reason, this is no fun at all.

John Clay is a journalism senior and former sports editor of the Kernel.



## billets — doux

Writers of letters to the editor should address their comments typed and triple-spaced to the editorial office at 114 Journalism Building, UK, 4050-0042. Students, University employees and other interested persons must include their names, addresses, telephone numbers and their majors, classifications or connection with UK. Letters should be limited to 250 words. The Kernel reserves the right to edit for grammar, clarity and length, and to eliminate libelous material.

### Picture disrespectful

I must protest. Your front page photograph and ensuing rebuttal to Dr. Winer's letter were way out of line. First, I must agree wholeheartedly with Dr. Winer that your photographer and writer acted improperly by taking photographs in the dissection laboratory when they were specifically asked not to do so. To me this is the most heinous display of sick voyeurism I have ever seen.

To justify this invasion of privacy by meekly stating that "the door was open" is an affront to my intelligence. There are signs stating that the Anatomy lab is off-limits to unauthorized personnel on every door to the lab.

It is not the Department of Anatomy's fault you failed to obey them. Do you consider any open or unlocked door tantamount to an invitation to walk inside? Patient rooms in the medical center are often "wide open." Do you take this as permission for you to invade their privacy? At certain times of the day the door to the morgue is open. Do you take this as an invitation to walk in and take photographs of autopsies?

I suppose your photographers would barge in anyway, then holler "First Amendment!" when asked not to print them.

The point of Dr. Winer's letter, which you failed to address in your rebuttal, is that people who donate their bodies to this medical school deserve to be treated with respect and with dignity. To use them as background for a photograph is an affront to them.

As to your snide remark about classes being scheduled in an anatomy lab, where would you teach anatomy? What do you suppose the anatomy lab is for? Many times during my first year of medical school I would choose to view the lectures in the anatomy lab because it was less crowded, and professors were available to answer questions when they arose. I was not "forced to view lectures on a video screen," I chose to do so.

All first year medical students, graduate students, and physical therapy students who use the anatomy lab are taught to treat the remains in the lab with the utmost care and respect. To give of one's self by making a donation of one's body so that others may learn to care for the sick is a supreme act of altruism.

For you to figuratively spit in these people's faces by garishly printing

photos of their remains for the purpose of sensationalizing an article about overcrowded classrooms shows a complete lack of taste, journalistic ethics, and common human decency. Why could you not have shown a picture of the actual subject of your article — an overcrowded classroom? The point would have been made just as well.

As to the rest of your rebuttal, you never addressed the objections raised by Dr. Winer. First, you had no business in the lab unescorted. Second, you were asked to not take photographs in there.

Third, after you took photographs without permission, you were asked not to print them. Your statement that this amounted to restraint of information already given to you is a non sequiter. You were never given any information, you took it in an unauthorized fashion. This is tantamount to stealing something, and then refusing to give it back because it would make the owner an "Indian giver."

In closing, I must state that I have nothing but contempt for your tasteless desecration of the human remains in the anatomy lab. It is obvious that upon reviewing the photos for publication your first consideration was not good taste, respect for the dead, or respect for the Department of Anatomy. It was sensationalism. I guess you figured that it didn't matter, since the dead are silent and cannot criticize you.

I can, and I will continue to do as long as your publication continues to ignore each person's right to privacy and human dignity. You have struck a new low, and you can in no way justify it. Tell your excuses to the families of those who have made this generous donation to the advancement of medicine. Perhaps they can forgive you. I cannot.

John D. Lutzon  
Fourth year med student

### Chauvinistic coverage

We were very disappointed when we saw the Kernel's "coverage" of the Saturday game of the women's soccer team. In spite of a photographer's presence throughout the game, only one photo appeared in the paper, accompanied by one sentence giving the final score. It was exciting game against a tough opponent — Berea College. The game went into a sudden-death overtime, and the four UK goals were scored by Vickie Calvert, Kathy Wolfson, Cheryl Graham, and Carol Schaefer.

Apparently, the Kernel didn't deem these facts newsworthy, although they were informed by the team captain on Sunday. Also apparent is the Kernel's reluctance to give equal coverage to non-traditional "women's sports." Witness stories on women's volleyball and tennis teams compared to women's soccer, rugby, and field hockey.

This newspaper has a unique opportunity to encourage participation and interest in women's team sports. The UK women's soccer team has a great deal of talent and enthusiasm and deserves the Kernel's support. As to why this hasn't been forthcoming — the only answer that we can find is chauvinism and ignorance on the part of the editors.

Karen Jones  
Member, soccer team

Julie McLain  
Team captain/president

### Energy-efficient designs

You are correct, Mr. Pfauentsch, that a suspension bridge is very hard to beat. Not to worry, General Motors has been putting beaters in their cars for over 50 years. It only stands to reason that a monument created in

plain view has a greater chance of publication than that of your so-called "sheltered building, protected from natural elements."

For your information there is much activity at our institution (the College of Architecture) relative to energy-efficient structures; however, the constraints of such designs do not necessarily allow the clear and full expression of the designer. Frank Lloyd Wright's buildings were not difficult to heat, yet they were works of art, worthy of any gallery.

If you want to write H.U.D. in care of yours truly, you may find what you are looking for. The buildings and technology you speak of are not as likely to be found in the places in which you have been looking.

P.S. I am glad you are conscious of Frank Lloyd Wright and of Gothic architecture. I think it will aid your understanding of our exhibits in the future.

Tony Waldron  
Architecture senior

### Voting is power

So you would like to rally against the budget cuts? In reality, this is wasted time. Your representatives will only notice you as a group of students. Your political officials are working for the vote. Each representative — upon your call — will immediately look your name up on the records (which are available to all officials) and if your name does not appear on the list of voters, especially if you didn't vote in the preceding election, he will not count your opinion.

He spends too much time trying to please his voting constituents. Did you say that your vote is wasted? Without your vote you can never form the student block that will make your public officials listen — from the president down to your local council member.

Margie Leonard  
Political science sophomore

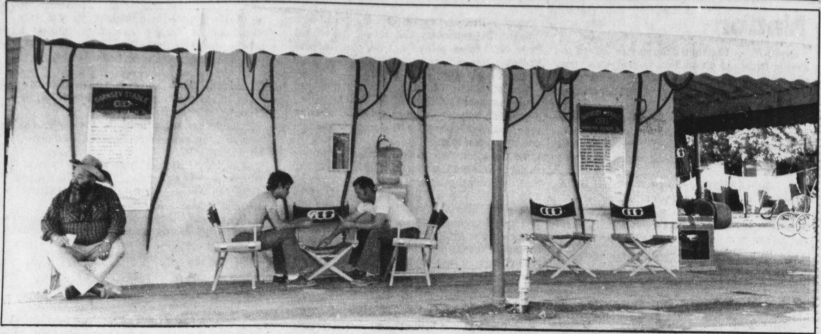




# sports



Blacksmith Tom Gambino reshoes Arnie's Likeness, a trotting filly.

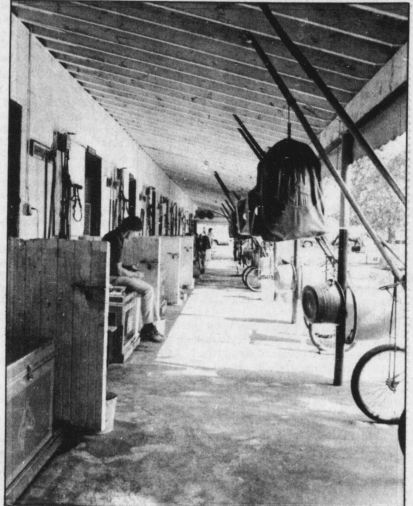


Between morning time trials and the first post, Azriel Koral and Ron Converse indulge in a game of gin.

## Photographs by M. Chandler Bolin



Each horse in the Glen Garnsey stable has its own travelling trunk.



Sulkies await the trotters and pacers stabled at the Red Mile, the world's fastest harness track.

**EXPOSE YOURSELF...**  
Come See The **KERNEL** Photo Department.

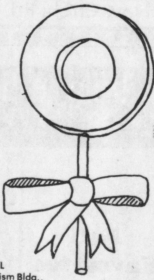
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### SWEET NOTES

Can't wait until February to tell your favorite sweetheart or "sucker" how you feel?

Tell them in Red in **KERNEL** classifieds for **SWEETEST DAY** (Oct. 17) to be published Friday, Oct. 16.

Bring this ad to the **KERNEL** offices, Room 210 Journalism Bldg., Mon.-Fri. 8:30-4:30 p.m. Only \$1.50 for 10 words or less!!! Visa/Master Charge accepted.



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## Kernel Crossword

ACROSS  
1 Quotes  
5 Mutch  
10 Job  
14 Death notice  
15 Egg-shaped  
16 Great Lake  
17 Haste —  
19 Compleat  
20 Nova Scotia  
21 Number  
22 Dull one  
23 Temperate  
25 Nonsense  
26 Keaple  
30 Conflict  
31 —of-honor  
34 Expect  
36 Certificate  
38 Gts' mail  
39 Peaceful  
42 Vetch  
43 Santa —  
44 Exits  
45 Logic  
47 Mr.'s mate  
49 Scotch stope  
50 Function  
51 Shrewder

DOWN  
1 Explosive  
2 Steel shape  
3 Levee  
4 Editors' word  
5 " —"  
6 Grape  
7 Big-time  
8 Pronounce  
9 Observed  
10 — Dome  
11 Referee  
12 Door part  
13 Ship's spine

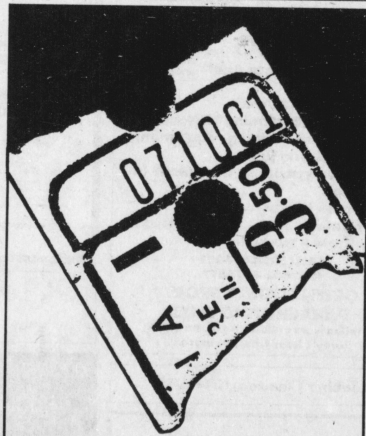
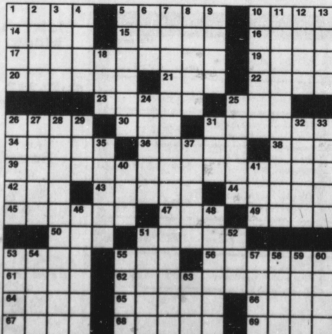
53 — machine  
55 Metal  
56 Sturdy  
61 Bumpkin  
62 Poem about  
64 — of Green  
65 Alfray  
66 Former  
67 Asian of old  
68 Fools  
69 Max or Bud-  
dy

UNITED Feature Syndicate  
Thursday's Puzzle Solved

BLIS MARY SUEDD  
PAPA AACH IYER  
FRIGGIAE IYER  
AVIDO ADEBERULE  
KAWDO OJAHAR  
FRO OCHMIO  
REPREATED EOFFMA  
ACHA NOTER VIN  
TAP OI OI OI  
NOBLE NARG  
OATU NOTHER  
PROAIA OI OI  
LITIT NOTASTAUT  
LITIA OAW ODA  
OIEY YS OIEP

18 "Help!"  
24 More ignoble  
25 Quick  
26 Frank  
27 Cognizant  
28 Circulate:  
2 words  
29 Family gal  
31 Wrong: Pret  
32 — glasses  
33 Of Norge  
35 Greek sage  
37 Backs  
40 Vehicle

41 Bawl  
46 Self-crema-  
tion  
48 Fabrics  
51 Spouses  
52 Herb  
53 Grand —  
54 Single  
55 Theme: Mus.  
57 Small drop  
58 Italian name  
59 Noun suffix  
60 Bambi, e.g.  
63 storm: Fr.



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# Grand Circuit meet underway at Mile

By LAURA WILLIAMS Reporter

Incredible Nevele will attempt to beat his own world record today to top off the first week of Grand Circuit racing at the Red Mile.

The 2-year-old colt recently set two world records at Delaware Raceway in Delaware, Ohio, — a one-half mile track. His first record was his mark of 2:00.0 for a 2-year-old trotting colt on a half-mile track, and his second record was accomplished at the same time by having the top times for a 2-year-old trotting colt in two race heats.

The appearance of Fan Hanover, 3-year-old pacing filly, will also help to provide an exciting end to the week for racing fans. Fan Hanover is the first filly ever to win the Little Brown Jug Stakes race, which took place in Delaware last week. She will race tomorrow in the Tattersalls Pace and later next week in a fillies' stake.

Tuesday's racing got the meet off to a fast start with the winning of the

\$23,750 Hill Farms 2-Year-Old Pace by Temujin. Winner of the Kentucky Pacing Derby and the Fox Stakes, Temujin equaled his world pacing mark of 1:56.1 set on a half-mile track.

Wednesday's racing was capped off by Crevette's win in the \$25,000 Stoner Creek Stud 2-Year-Old Filly Trot. The filly, driven by Hakan Wallner, set a new world's record on a mile track by going the mile in 1:58.1.

The climax of the meet will be the 89th Kentucky Futurity Trotting Classic on October 9th. The \$117,000 race is the third leg of harness racing's Triple Crown.

There can be no Triple Crown winner this year as the first leg, the Yonkers Trot, was won by Mo Bandy and the second leg, the Hambletonian, was captured by Shiaway St. Pat. The field will be wide open for the Futurity this year and fans should see the top 3-year-old colts and fillies in harness racing fighting it out.

This year's meet, with seventeen stakes races worth more than \$900,000, will run through Friday, Oct. 9 (except Mondays and Tuesdays) with post time daily at 1:15 p.m.

## Sports Update

### Ticket distribution

Ticket distribution for the South Carolina-Kentucky football game Oct. 10 will begin Monday morning at 8 a.m., and continue through 6 p.m. in the front of Memorial Coliseum. Tickets for 50-yard line seats will be distributed at 6 p.m. Monday.

Group ticket distribution will be held at 9 a.m. Monday. Group representatives should arrive at the coliseum, Lexington Avenue entrance, between 8 and 9 o'clock.

### Golf tourney raises \$800

The second annual Jeff Weibe Memorial Golf Tournament, put on by Phi Kappa Tau fraternity and Pi Beta

Phi sorority, was held last Saturday at Sportland Golf Course.

Proceeds from the scramble-format tourney raised approximately \$800 for the American Cancer Society. Over 150 players from the UK community, students and administrators alike, participated in the event that drew sponsors from 67 local businesses. All participants were treated to barbecue and beer, and all players received a prize of some sort.

Phi Tau member Wes Francis, who was co-chairman of the tourney with Pi Phi's Mary Mundy, said, "We feel that the tournament, in only its second year, was extremely successful, and that in the next few years it will become a very prestigious campus event."

## Kernel Board of Experts

| Games                       | Anne Charles (39-21) .650 | Steven Lowther (36-24) .600 | Marty McGe (32-28) .533 | Donnie Ward (39-21) .650 | Robbie Kaiser (39-21) .650 |
|-----------------------------|---------------------------|-----------------------------|-------------------------|--------------------------|----------------------------|
| Clemson at Kentucky         | Clemson                   | Kentucky                    | Kentucky                | Clemson                  | Clemson                    |
| Mississippi at Alabama      | Alabama                   | Alabama                     | Alabama                 | Alabama                  | Alabama                    |
| Auburn at Nebraska          | Nebraska                  | Nebraska                    | Nebraska                | Nebraska                 | Nebraska                   |
| Baylor at Houston           | Houston                   | Houston                     | Houston                 | Baylor                   | Baylor                     |
| Florida at LSU              | LSU                       | LSU                         | Florida                 | Florida                  | LSU                        |
| Florida St. at Ohio St.     | Ohio St.                  | Ohio St.                    | Ohio St.                | Ohio St.                 | Ohio St.                   |
| Michigan at Indiana         | Michigan                  | Michigan                    | Michigan                | Michigan                 | Michigan                   |
| Iowa St. at Oklahoma        | Oklahoma                  | Oklahoma                    | Oklahoma                | Oklahoma                 | Oklahoma                   |
| Michigan St. at Notre Dame  | Notre Dame                | Notre Dame                  | Notre Dame              | Notre Dame               | Notre Dame                 |
| Mississippi St. at Missouri | Mississippi St.           | Mississippi St.             | Missouri                | Mississippi St.          | Mississippi St.            |
| USC at Oregon St.           | USC                       | USC                         | USC                     | USC                      | USC                        |
| Pittsburgh at So. Carolina  | Pittsburgh                | Pittsburgh                  | Pittsburgh              | Pittsburgh               | Pittsburgh                 |
| Colorado at UCLA            | UCLA                      | UCLA                        | UCLA                    | UCLA                     | UCLA                       |
| Virginia at N.C. State      | N.C. State                | N.C. State                  | N.C. State              | N.C. State               | N.C. State                 |
| Dayton at Slippery Rock     | Dayton                    | Slippery Rock               | Dayton                  | Dayton                   | Dayton                     |

## Compulsive bettor learns lesson of MOTOs

### mcgee

The punchless Jets led all the way in bombing Houston 33-17. One MOTO down the drain.

Another example. San Diego took its high-powered offense to the Mile High City to tackle the Denver Broncos. The Chargers had looked simply unbeatable in winning its first three games of the year; Denver had looked rather ordinary, beating a weak Baltimore club and losing to Seattle. Besides, everyone knows Craig Morton should have retired after his pathetic Super Bowl performance a few years back.

San Diego looked much too strong — especially giving a measly three points. So what happens? Denver bolts to a 35-0 lead as Morton throws

for four touchdowns in a 42-24 romp. Another MOTO bites the dust.

MOTO #3: The world champion Oakland Raiders. The Raiders had absolutely embarrassed Minnesota 36-10 a couple Monday nights back, while Detroit had just been beaten by the Vikings. Giving away only two points, Oakland appeared an obvious choice over the Lions.

Who won? Detroit, of course. The Lions handed the defending champs their first shutout in 15 years, 16-0. Suckers walk.

At the racetrack, the MOTOs are even more apparent. What horseplayer in his right mind can't tell you that a 2 to 5 shot is an obvious choice? Not many. But the day the two-to-fives stop finishing up the track is the day all the racetracks in this country shut down.

This is not to say that all MOTOs

are automatic losers. Matter of fact, I thought the Rams giving only one point to the pitiful Bears last Monday was a gift. I was right. Santa Claus came early, as Los Angeles won 24-7. But no matter which way you bet on a MOTO, or any other game or race for that matter, gambling on football or horses is just that — a gamble.

But, hey, what's this I see? The Pitt Panthers giving up only seven to South Carolina? And the red-hot Vikings are at home, giving only three and a half to those lowly Bears? And the ...

Uh, excuse me a minute. My roommate's on me again. Something about my rent money being paid due.

Marty McGe is a journalist senior. He says he hasn't lost a cent on any MOTOs at Keeneland lately — not since the spring meet, anyway.

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# Struggling Cats face tough Clemson team tomorrow

By STEVEN W. LOWTHER  
Assistant Sports Editor

Oh, Kentucky, if you only knew how important this game is to the future of your football program and coach Fran Curci. And what a team to go picking on.

With probably more emphasis being put on these next two games—Clemson this week and South Carolina next—than on any two games this year, Curci's job could be on the line. All the antics of the Honorable Gov. John Y. Brown may in fact become reality within the waning months of this season. And it will all probably hinge on these two games.

To begin with, Clemson is not the team for a struggling program to be facing at this particular time. The Tigers are 3-0, including wins over Tulane and defending national champion Georgia.

Clemson has had two weeks to savor that victory over Herschel and Co., and time to study the game films, while Kentucky was dropping another one in the final moments of the game with its patented two-minute defense. The beneficiary this time was Kansas.

Clemson comes into the game with a No. 14 ranking in the country and still looking for respectability, according to some of its players. One was recently quoted as saying Kentucky was just another team standing in its way.

To back up those words, the Tigers have a pretty impressive offense, returning all eleven of last year's first team. Sophomore tailback Chuck McSwain finished the season with a 4.8 yards per carry on the way to being Atlantic Coast Conference Rookie of the Year.

This year, McSwain has carried 21 times for a net total of 78 yards and 3.7 yards per carry.

Clemson's leading ground gainer through the first three games has been junior tailback Cliff Austin with 171 net yards for 4.0 average. Behind him is quarterback Homer Jordan, who has scrambled out of the pocket for 207 yards. Fullback Jeff McCall, at 225 pounds, will be able to barrel his way to a few yards against the Wildcat defensive line, as he has so far this season at 3.9 yards per carry.

Surprisingly, though, Auburn's biggest offensive threat will not be on the ground, but via its aerial attack. Wide receiver Perry Tuttle is the Tigers' deep threat and Jordan's favorite target. Tuttle has caught 13 passes for 241 yards and two touchdowns.

Frank Magwood started in place of an injured Jerry Gaillard in the Georgia game and filled in the job well. Magwood has caught seven passes for 117 yards, one touchdown and a 17 yards per catch average. In total offense this year, Clemson has averaged 23.7 points per game and

has averaged 289 yards per game. On defense Clemson is led by All-America candidate Jeff Davis, a 223-pound linebacker. Davis has led the team in tackling for the past three years and is leading them this year with 44 tackles in three games. Defensive tackle Jeff Bryant, at 6-5, 257-pounds, leads the defensive linemen in tackles with 24, including six behind the line of scrimmage.


The Clemson defensive secondary

may give Kentucky quarterback fits tomorrow as it has claimed 11 interceptions in just three games. That's one more than it had all during last season. Terry Kinard leads the ACC in that department as he has claimed three of the opposition's passes.

The thing that the Kentucky is going to have to do is tighten up its defensive play in the last quarter. Against Alabama, the Wildcats gave

up 60 yards in six minutes in the fourth quarter, most of which was gained on the ground. The only pass play in that series went for 11 yards, Kentucky gave up 10 points in two minutes during the fourth quarter.

The same thing happened to Kentucky last week against Kansas. Although the defense held throughout, the game was lost in the final moments of the last quarter. The defense has to hold late in the game.



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# McGovern

Continued from page 1  
once again be the great country that it can be."

He said the group actively opposes the conservative political action committees which are "trying to define complex issues in terms of morality," adding that it plans to issue a series of "Common Sense Papers" detailing liberal approaches to national issues.

He said the SALT II arms treaty with the Soviet Union is an example of an issue which has been clouded by "extremism."

"Clearly, SALT II represented a very impressive gain for the U.S.," said McGovern, adding that if approved, the treaty might have saved "\$75-80 billion a year" in defense expenditures that "could be spent for better purposes . . . but the atmosphere was so poisoned that it was impossible to bring it to a vote in the Senate."

Quoting a former ambassador to

the Soviet Union, he said he fears the present push for an arms build-up by the Reagan administration and conservative forces in the Senate and House of Representatives will assure a nuclear confrontation within "the next 20 to 30 years."

He criticized the proposed MX missile system as "adding nothing" to defense capabilities and noted that many current weapons are "so sophisticated that we can't keep them operating," adding that "I wish these 'conservatives' would look a little closer at where they're proposing to spend this money."

"They should look at it as critically as they looked at the school lunch program," he said. "Are we spending wisely?"

Noting Student Association President Britt Brockman's announcement of an Oct. 14 rally at UK against budget cuts to education, McGovern said "they should realize that there are other factors in national defense. Defense is also education."

At a reception following his address, he said he sees "Reaganomics" as leading to a revival of student activism "directed toward the federal government as well as the state governments."

McGovern's speech, originally planned for Memorial Hall but moved to the coliseum after early ticket sales indicated a large turnout, was jointly sponsored by the Student Association and the Student Center Board.

## Read the Kernel



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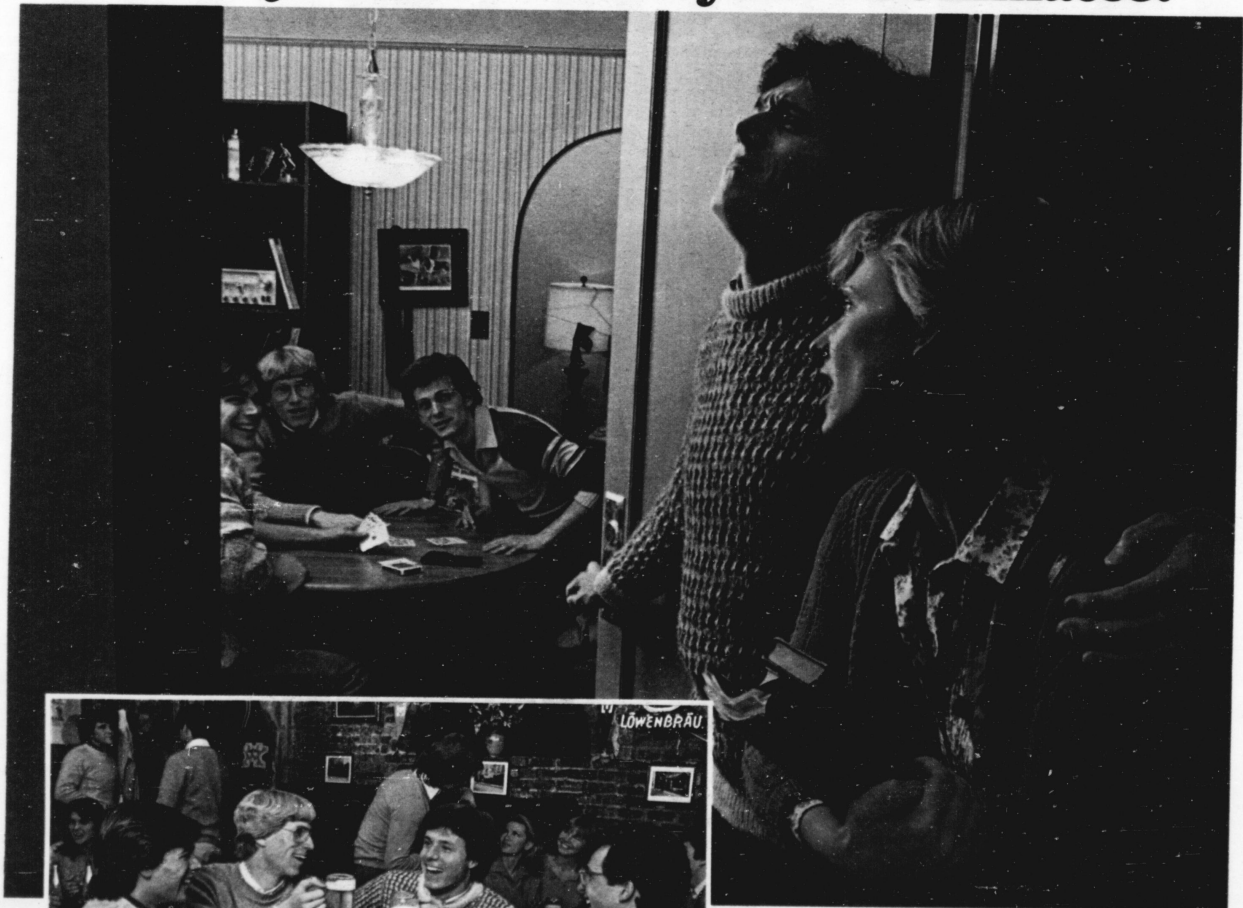
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**Student Film Festivals**



**'AROUND the CAMPUS'**  
**Color Photography**  
**Supplement**  
**Inside**

VOL.V,NO.1 OCTOBER, 1981 • MARK WEITHORN

**You told her you have  
your own place.  
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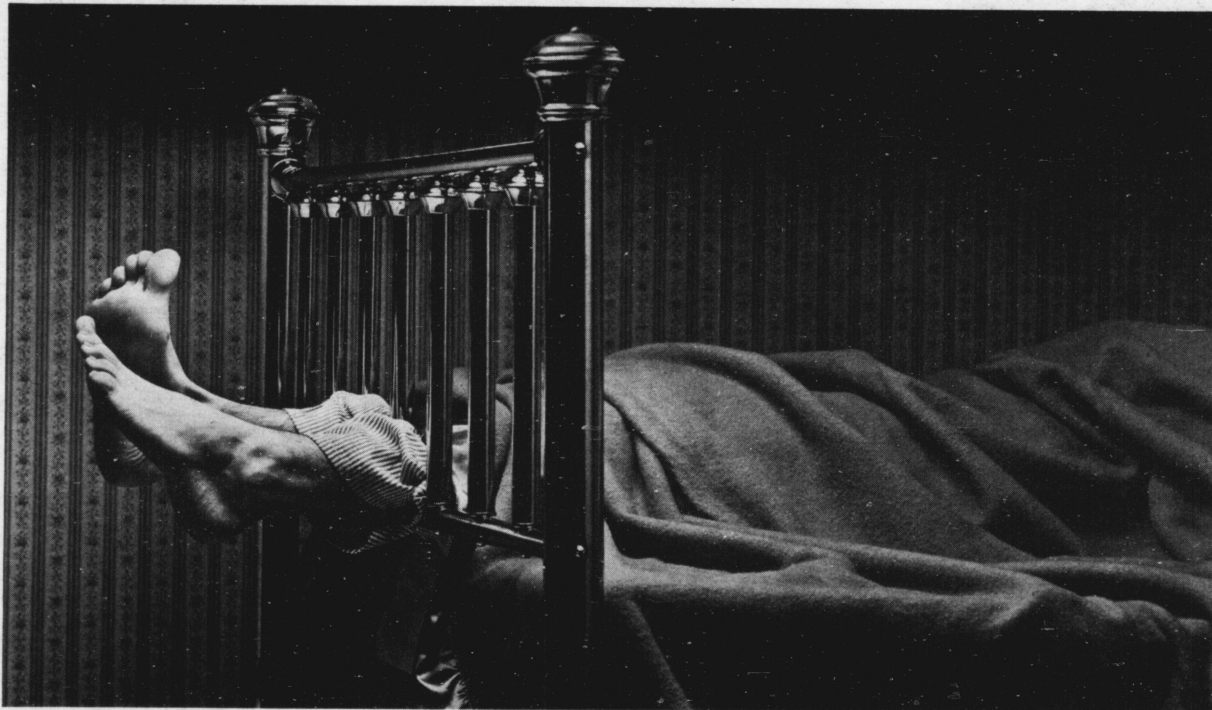
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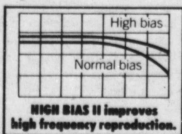
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| Mark Weitborn, Miami photographer,<br>learned things the hard way.<br>Details on p. 19. |    |

I heard recently that Bonnie Raitt has retired from singing. Say it isn't so.  
 John T. McBride  
 Greenwich, CT

Last we heard, Ms. Raitt had given up Los Angeles for temporary residence in Oklabama, but she hasn't retired. Fact is, she's recording an album now, which will be out in October, or early next year.

About a year and a half ago you did a cover story on Jeff Bridges, and in it he talked about *Cutter & Bone*, a movie I've been looking for ever since (I read the book and liked it very much). I've seen some reviews of the movie, so I know it must exist somewhere. What happened? Will it ever play Des Moines?  
 Sara Mekler  
 Des Moines, IA

The film's title has been changed to *Cutter's Way*, it was entered in (and won) the Houston Film Festival and has recently opened in New York, Boston and Seattle (doing excellent business in all 3 cities). It was scheduled to open in Atlanta and Los Angeles by late September — but not Des Moines. Don't give up.

**The Plagiarism Plague**

IN THE PAST few years Hollywood has been beset by plagiarism suits against films, studios, screenwriters and others. The most recent: Meta Films Associates, an independent production company, just filed suit against MCA and others, claiming that Meta had submitted a script called *Frat Rats* six years ago, written by James Hart and Bill Kirby, which they claim was plagiarized and became *Animal House*; Meta is asking \$30 million in actual damages and \$25 million punitive. Also filed recently was a suit by Stanley R. Rader, archaeologist Dr. Robert Kuhn and advertising executive Henry F. Cornwall; they say Paramount, George Lucas, Steven Spielberg, Lawrence Kasdan and many others plagiarized a script of theirs and made it into *Raiders of the Lost Ark*. They want \$110 million actual, \$10 million punitive. Earlier this year Bernice Mann won a judgment against Warren Beatty and Robert Towne for *Shampoo*, which she claimed she wrote. She was awarded \$185,000, which was later overturned by a judge, and now Mann is appealing. Last year Harry Klekas, a Utah court bailiff, sued *The Deer Hunter*'s Michael Cimino, asking \$5 million in damages from director Cimino, writer Deric Washburn, Universal and others.

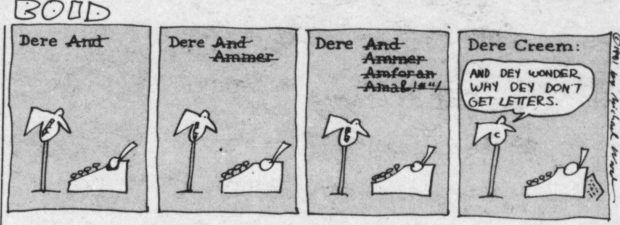
**No Sense of Humor**

NATIONAL LAMPOON'S *Joy of Sex* was announced recently (by Paramount) as

**New Contributors**

STEVEN BARNES (*On Screen*) is a freelance writer and creative consultant born and raised in Los Angeles who claims his hobbies are writing, martial arts and raising strange pets.  
 SUSAN ARMINE (*On Screen*) has an M.A. in journalism from Columbia University and now works for the *Beverly Hills Courier*, about which we will say little.  
 BILL ROYCE (*On Screen*), a UC Berkeley graduate in Criminology, spent the last ten years in Hollywood uncovering some real mysteries.  
 TOM SOBOLIK (*Franken & Davis photos*) is a freelance photographer living in Brooklyn.  
 RICHARD ARBENZEL (*DEVO photos*) waited patiently for his spud shoes. Two days at DEVO World Headquarters. We decided to pay him.

**IN ONE EAR**



the third installment of allegedly funny movies from the outfit. But if United Artists has its way, *Joy of Sex* will be the second (after *Animal House*). Seems *National Lampoon Goes to the Movies*, a four-part satire of movie genres, is considered so dreadful it may not be released at all. It tested poorly (even with one of the four segments removed), and may end up on pay TV. What with *Heaven's Gate* suffering a similar fate, it hasn't been UA's year. Small wonder the company was sold to MGM a few months back.

**What Are All Those Old Saturday Night Live People Up To?**

JOHN BELUSHI AND DAN AYKROYD just finished shooting *Neighbors*, based on the Thomas Berger book.

JANE CURTIN will co-star with Tom Selleck in *The Divorce Wars* for CBS, about a hotshot divorce lawyer whose own marriage crumbles.

ON TV WILL BROADCAST *Likely Stories*, an hour-long program of mini-films by Harry Shearer, Rob Reiner, Billy Crystal and Chris Guest. Shearer's bit will include his "Reagan Rap." Meanwhile, *Spinal Tap The Final Tour*, starring most of the people in this paragraph plus Michael McKean, is poised for production.

JOHN BELUSHI hosted the pilot of *New Music Theater*, an hour-long version of *New Wave Theater* that was once a public access cable channel in the Los Angeles area. Belushi's program will look at new wave music too, and will air Friday nights at 11:15 on USA network.

GENE WILDER will again be directed by Sidney Poitier (they collaborated on *Stir Crazy*) in *Traces*, also starring Gilda Radner. *Traces* is, like Wilder's *Silver Streak*, an alleged Hitchcock spoof, in which Radner and Wilder get chased a lot.

**That's A Lotta Laughs**

RICHARD PRYOR LIVE ON SUNSET STRIP is the name of his next filmed standup comedy routine, to be filmed at the Hollywood Palladium for release later this year. For this two-night stand, Pryor will receive \$3 million and 37.5 per cent of the gross. Only Lucas, with *Raiders of the Lost Ark*, has a better deal.

**We Mention This Because They're The Two Top Box Office Attractions, That's Why**

BURT REYNOLDS will star in *The Bourne Identity*, based on the Robert Ludlum bestseller.  
 Clint Eastwood will star in *Firefox*, about a top-secret Russian fighter plane heisted by the U.S. To film in Vienna and Alaska, but not Tierra del Fuego.

**Sequels**

GREASE 2 will be activated soon, directed by the original's choreographer, Patricia Birch. Testing for the leads, we're told, are Rick Springfield, Rex Smith and Andy Gibb, Debby Boone, Pat Benatar and Valerie Bertinelli. Producers hope to lure Travolta and Olivia Newton-John back for cameo appearances.

For *Superman III* Christopher Reeve will be paid \$2 million plus a mere 4 per cent of the film rentals after \$60 million (he received a paltry \$250,000 for both *Superman I* and *II*). Compared to Harrison Ford's 7.5 per cent of *Raiders*, the Man of Steel will be on food stamps any minute.

There will be a *Sting II*, and also a movie sequel of *Star Trek*, to star Shatner and Nimoy (it was originally planned as a TV movie).

**Stop the Presses**

JOHN TRAVOLTA is taking French and violin lessons, separately we hope, the former so that he may converse with his pal, French actor Gerard Depardieu; the latter because he was inspired by Stephane Grappelli. So far Travolta can saw out "Ain't Misbehavin'."

JOHN LANDIS' next project (which he wouldn't discuss in his *Ampersand* interview in this issue), will be a feature version of *Dick Tracy*; he'll write and direct, and says it will be a straight version, not a parody, done in the style of the Thirties and Forties.

Landis will also produce a remake of *The Creature from the Black Lagoon*. Jack Arnold, the original's director, will repeat his duties (he also directed *Incredible Shrinking Man*).

A REPORTER FROM *W*, the fashion magazine, had the raw nerve to ask Judy Mazel, author of the current fave-rave *Beverly Hills Diet*, why she charges clients \$500 for personal treatment. "You get me," Mazel rejoindered. "I see you at least once personally, and I can do the rest on the phone. Jack Nicholson and I talked eight times a day. He can go only so many days without enchiladas."

**Small Screen News**

MACKENZIE PHILLIPS, who was fired from *One Day at a Time* many moons ago, supposedly because she was too drugged to work, has now been rehired on the show. Phillips, you'll recall, along with her father John, enjoyed a highly publicized drug cure last year.

NBC IS PREPARING a sitcom based on *9 to 5*, to be produced by Jane Fonda and Bruce Gilbert, Lynn Redgrave, now that she's out of *House Calls*, may win the Fonda role (Fonda will not appear in the show).

# & OUT THE OTHER

NEW YORKERS can now subscribe to MTV, a cable video channel which will run all those dreadful promo films of rock stars. The worst so far: the one for "Bette Davis Eyes," in which the dancers mimic slaps and other abuse. Somebody should have slapped the director awake.

## Waits Battles Boredom, Terror

TOM WAITS, the Pride of Pomona, will finally release a greatest hits LP. The only catch: *Bounced Checks* (also the title of a well-circulated bootleg of Waits live at the Troubadour) will only be available in import. Among the projected tracks are "I Never Talk to Strangers," (a duet with Bette Midler) and the previously unreleased tale of cocktail lounge dissolution, "The Piano Has Been Drinking." Meanwhile, Waits and favorite producer Bones Howe will begin work on a brand new album as soon as Waits' soundtrack work is complete on *One From the Heart*. Describing that year-long (remember glimpsing Tom on the Sept. 1980 cover of *Amper*?) project with director Francis Coppola, Waits calls it, "Long periods of boredom interspersed with moments of sheer terror."

## Our Favorite Rumor of the Month

MARGARET TRUDEAU, the one married to the Canadian prime minister (though he's suing for divorce), will star in *Kings and Desperate Men*, about a terrorist group kidnapping the wife of a Canadian prime minister.

## Clipped & Cut Down to Size

HYPERKINETIC ACTOR Jeff Goldblum (*Between the Lines*, *Invasion of the Body Snatchers*, *TenSpeed and Brownsboe*), made a stop recently at Artistic Hair Designs, a grubby little parlor favored by many of L.A.'s punk and new wave performers, where he got clipped in a classic Fifties style — slick on the sides and tall on top. "He asked me questions the whole time," moans the shop's stylist, "then, when he saw how it looked, he made me write out a list of everywhere where he could buy Fifties clothes to go with his haircut!"

HOLLYWOOD WHIZ-BOY Steven Spielberg learned the outer limits of his fame on a recent trip to Paris. Inspecting the wonderkind's passport, the Parisian customs inspector broke suddenly into a broad smile. "Ahh, M'sieu Spielberg! I know who you are! *Jaus of the Third Kind!*"

## Midler Meddles

HOW DID THE NEVILLE BROTHERS, one of the tightest bands in American history but so far unable to make a strong sales tally, score a contract from so unlikely a label as A&M Records? It turns out that Bette Midler caught the New Orleans funk & roll outfit — which once toured with the Rolling Stones and backed a Paul McCartney record date — at a nightclub in their home town. So impressed was the Divine Miss M that she rattled long distance wires the next day with a close friend in A&M's executive suite. In tribute, the Nevilles (Art, Aaron, Charles and Cyril) dedicate a hymn-like version of "Mona Lisa" to Ms. Midler on their LP, which features a flaming crocodile on the cover and is called *Flyo on the Bayou*.

Midler finally finished that film about romance and gambling, which had four name changes and is now called *Jinxed*.

## Elvis Encore

AT LEAST TWO MORE MOVIES are planned on the life of Elvis Presley (we can wait): *E*, based on Jerry Jopkins' book *Elvis: The Final Years*, will roll this winter, with Joe Esposito, Presley's long time friend, as technical advisor. The other project is based on Albert Goldman's soon-to-be-published work called *Elvis*, reportedly full of dope and sex and cheap thrills. There have been five Elvis flicks so far (but don't quote us; the count is unofficial): *Elvis on Tour*, *Elvis: That's the Way It Is*, *Elvis* (the TV movie with Kurt Russell); *Elvis and the Beauty Queen*, also on TV; and David Wolper's recent docudrama, *This Is Elvis*.

## Some Music News

LINDA RONSTADT decided she didn't want to release the album we've all been waiting for, the one produced by Jerry Wexler with tunes from long ago. She didn't like it (and neither did most of the people who heard it). Instead she'll cut another pop album with regular producer and manager Peter Asher, and will start filming *Pirates of Penzance* early next year. This is the second album she's mixed in its final stages:



MICHAEL JACKSON AND PAUL MCCARTNEY may not be the duo of the century, but they're certainly the pair of the month. Jackson journeyed to Mac's farm in Scotland where they both worked on material for each other's and their own respective albums, both due the beginning of next year. The out-of-focus photograph is by Linda McCartney.

remember the Dolly Parton/Emmylou Harris/Ronstadt collaboration?

EGLES' MANAGEMENT swears the group has not broken up, but is simply on an "extended vacation," during which Henley is working on a solo album and Glenn Frey has produced new artist Lou Ann Barton's first record, *Old Enough*, described as "bar-

room brawling" music. Lindsay Buckingham's first solo, *Law and Order*, will be out in late October. His group, Fleetwood Mac, recently reconvened in Paris to diddle in a recording studio, but they're back in LA now. Why Paris? "Because it cost more," commented a disgruntled industry observer.

GRAND FUNK RAILROAD has re-formed (but not, we're promised, reformed); guitarist Mark Farner and drummer Don Brewer have joined with new guy Dennis Bellinger on bass, and their first record together will be on Full Moon, distributed by Warner Bros.

## It's Hard Not to Love this Man

SCREENWRITER LAWRENCE KASDAN, about to finish up his script of *Return of the Jedi*, may then segue to *Bodyguard*, a project originally set to star Diana Ross and Ryan O'Neal (but no more). Our favorite quote of the week is from Kasdan: while dining at a health food restaurant, he removed a handful of sprouts from his sandwich, looked at the green mass disdainfully and said, "I hate this stuff, it's like going down on an alien."

## 40,000 Pay Tribute to Marley & Reggae

BY JEFF SILBERMAN

Steel Pulse, Eeka Mouse, Lloyd Parks and We the People Band, Barrington Levy and Black Uhuru aren't exactly household names to the average music fan. But they were the highlights of *Sunplash '81*, a four-day reggae marathon held in Montego Bay from August 5 to 9. Billed as a tribute to Bob Marley, the Fourth Annual Sunsplash featured more than 35 acts to dispel the notion that Marley's passing signaled also the death of reggae as a viable musical force. Attendance reportedly surpassed 20,000, with 226 foreign journalists coming from as far as Italy and Japan.

Sunplash also signaled the recognition of reggae as an official Jamaican export. After three years of financial struggling by independent festival promoters, the Jamaican government took over the production's reins. The Jamaican Cultural Development Commission sold all film and video rights to a production company headed by Michael Butler, who produced the Broadway play *Hair*, for a sum reportedly more than \$2,000,000. Butler's crew shot more than 300 hours of videotape, which will be transferred to a film called *Reggae Tribute* for theatrical release. Garland Jeffreys will narrate what will be a tribute to Bob Marley and reggae in general.

The JCDC's financial windfall wasn't a perfect blessing for festival goers. Camera-men, using sophisticated mobile equipment, occasionally got in the way of the performers, eliminating some of the spontaneity and intimacy of the event. Some artists, like Jimmy Cliff, wanted a piece of the action outside of the performance fees. They weren't taped. Also, the promoters wanted the shows to last from 7 p.m. till midnight, so the sizable tourist contingent could spend the wee hours sampling Montego Bay's nightlife. But a power shortage delayed opening night, and reggae's legendary "soon come" reputation had the

shows start from 10:00 p.m. on and last until at least 4:30 a.m. The final night lasted until 8:30 in the morning.

Except for the headliners, the basic format had a backup band playing for a number of singers, doing from one to five songs each. Invariably, the quality of the backing group determined the effectiveness of the featured artist. Opening night started slowly with the Children of God, who backed up three slick but unsubstantial acts and Errol Scorcher. Clad in a mock uniform, Scorcher revealed a flippant stage attitude that was the festival ice-breaker.

Steel Pulse was the first real highlight. The British group combined a strong, pulsating beat with topics like George Jackson, South Africa and the KKK to produce a potent brew. Their colorful attire made them a visual as well as musical treat. From that peak came a valley, not so much in singer Marcia Griffiths, but in her lackluster backup band John Ace. Nonetheless Griffiths had a fine voice and a relaxed stage style. She was followed by Jimmy Riley, who was one of the better practitioners of a polished reggae style.

Riley and the remaining acts were backed by reggae's best rhythm section, Sly Dunbar and Robbie Shakespeare. They provided an airtight foundation for the night's two other highlights, Eeka Mouse and Black Uhuru. Mouse only did one tune, the current Number One single in Jamaica, "Waa Doo Dah," a refreshingly silly ditty about chasing a "virgin bird." Posing like a natty stork, he ignited the crowd with his send-up of a sex symbol. Black Uhuru was a powerful trio who sang of sex, politics and their current hit, "Stalk of Sinsemilla." Already popular in Britain, Uhuru served notice that they're ready for America.

Thursday night offered no real highlights. The best act was Judy Mowatt, who with Griffiths and Rita Marley, make up the I-Three's. She too had a marvelous voice, and was an elegant visual stylist. Jimmy Cliff was good but not in peak form.



Friday night was the best. The Mighty Diamonds got things off on the right foot with their classy brand of deep harmonies and inviting melodies. But the surprise of the evening was Lloyd Parks and We the People Band, a hard-hitting outfit led by a thunderous horn section. Saxophonist Dean Frazier's solo rendition of Marley's "Redemption Song" was spine-tingling. Tapper Zuki had to follow that, and he couldn't compete. Barrington Levy did, however. Natty attired in a white suit, the young singer put on a sparkling display of smooth, sensuous reggae. He could be Jamaica's Michael Jackson.

The headliner was Third World, but their reggae was strained by rock excesses like drum solos. Saving their set was the encore appearance of Stevie Wonder. Starting at 5:30 a.m. with "Master Blaster," Wonder elevated the tired crowd into a state of ecstasy. He projected an intensity with "Happy Birthday" and a moving version of "Redemption Song."

Saturday was anticlimactic. Chalice tried to be both melodramatic and funny; the latter worked and the former didn't. The highlight was Dennis Brown, whose playful reggae style was helped by the We the People Band.

Bob Marley's children, the Melody Makers, did have a sentimental allure, but they were pushing too hard. The I-Threes made a fine appearance, highlighted by a moving version of "That's How Strong My Love Is." The festival ended with the Waiters doing Marley classics with Junior Murvin singing. It only emphasized their lack of magnetism without Bob Marley.

Whether reggae will again have such a charismatic figure, no one knows. But *Sunplash '81* proved that reggae's supply of vitality remains abundant.

# The 20-Minute Quivering Bush... & Other Student Film Treats

BY P. GREGORY SPRINGER

For ten minutes, an Australian ferny shrub has quivered and blurred through a nervous camera lens. Behind the screen a soundtrack of chainsaws and warbles blares into the audience.

The crowd in the 1800-seat Michigan Theatre does not approve. "Cut!" shouts an irate viewer in the balcony. "I confess" shrieks another. A helium balloon is released from the main floor, slowly obscuring a dark path through the shaking foliage in its ascent, and the audience approves with applause.

When Paul Winkler's film *Sydney-Bush* finally ends a few minutes later, a roar resounds in ire and aggravation, but no one is surprised or unnerved by such deafening events. The 19-year history of the Ann Arbor Film Festival has been speckled with many more outrageous moments.

*Magic Pillow*, a 12-minute dream-state by Lyn Gerry, made a deceptively simple start with a shot of her bed. Gradually, as Arabic drones accumulated over the increasingly thick-layered special effects, an altered state settles over the audience, the first positive psychedelic experience since the Master's Program at Harvard, circa 1962.

*Bottle Up and Go* showed black residents in rural Alabama who spend the day canning green peaches, making whistle noises on empty pop bottles, and watching a distorted television. Sometimes they sit outside on rocking chairs and speak in Ozu-like platitudes of indecipherable comfort. As documentaries go, this one discovered the *Lost World Inside America*.

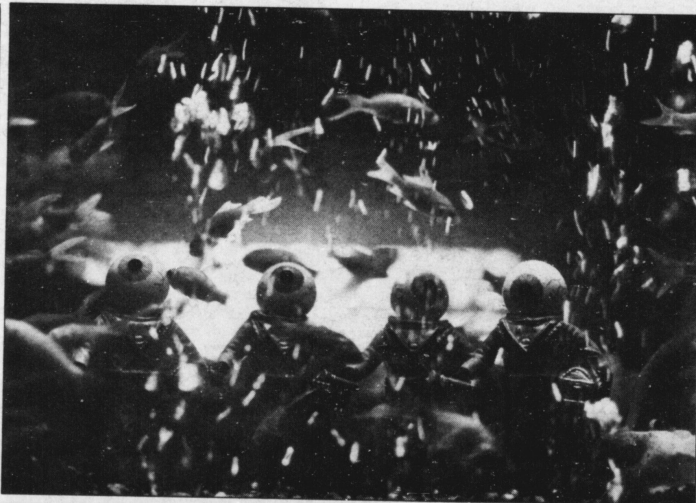
*Curious Phenomena*, by experienced film techno Stan Vanderbeek, delivered a state-of-the-art glimpse at computer animation, taking three-dimensionality and actual photographic realism into new possibilities with shepherly generated images, marred only by a routine cosmic soundtrack.

*Maternal Filigree*, by Sandra Davis, copied Brakhage's silent, fleeting, ironic style with brief moments of veiled femininity and plastic dolls falling out of broken eggs. At 21 minutes, one empathized with the eternity of birth.

*White Silence* was not the strobe light whoosh lobotomy predicted. Instead, a polar bear paces at the zoo for 15 minutes.

*Ritual* quietly detailed the condo housewife's method of French cuisine. She ties her sharpest knife to the unlocked door, ropes herself before it, and lets fate decide whether the dinner timer will ring before her husband bounces home from work. Even Hitchcock didn't dream of that perversity.

Oldtimers recall when Andy Warhol instigated festivities at Ann Arbor in the Sixties. Others remember the censorship uproar caused by Jack Smith's *Flaming Creatures*, the confiscated transvestite classic. Whenever this particular festival has been held, some element of avant enters, whether it's Pat Oleszco's nude and costumed performance art intermissions or just a general lobby ambience of weirdness. It's a tradition.



Weird Scenes Inside the Festival Gold Mine: *The Residents* in *One Minute Moolies* (top); Nancy Buell in *Seder's Phantom Subway* (far left); and an unidentified person from *Hello Skinny* (left).

What's become of experimental film art? Whither innovation? With more and more film schools teaching the fundamentals of the movie industry rather than allowing for creative trial and error, are we to expect a generation of *Smoky and the Bandit, Part Two* clones? Whence cometh our next Werner Herzog? Our new wave?

Fear not, Ann Arbor, or one of the other yearly exhibition marathons, will discover its maker. Every year hundreds of student and would-be filmmakers submit their creations for scrutiny, abuse, applause, and sometimes cash awards to these various festivals. David Lynch, before making *Eraserhead* and *The Elephant Man*, circulated a weird incest-dream item called *Grandmother*. Others became hooked on the festival treadmill, making 10-minute art snippets throughout their lives.

One veteran film experimentalist, Standish Lawder, presented his new film at Ann Arbor this March, entitled *Regeneration*. It consisted entirely of a baby being born, in reverse motion. It was not considered an advance.

Athens International Film Festival, held yearly in April at Ohio University in Athens, has come closest to usurping Ann Arbor's throne. By including day-long screenings, simultaneous events, and more feature films, and spreading them over a densely-packed ten-day period, Athens offers better weather, more and varied films, and a surer chance of exhibition for the

submitting filmmaker. Ann Arbor still maintains its festival over 6 days, with nightly exhibitions and accompanying foldover for bleary-eyed fanatics. Almost \$5000 in prize money was given this year at Ann Arbor, some of it in unusual places.

If any trend could be discerned in the screenings of 1981, it would pertain to rock music films. *Nuclear Beach Party* presented a black-and-white nostalgic punk Fifties glimpse at a science-fiction future where bathing-suited couples surfed in the sandbox of their nuclear fallout shelter. *Rock Lobster* presented Tutu and the Pirates singing "Killing an Arab" while the saga of a disco-fied fat girl and her slovenly boyfriend unfolded with murderous results. *The Residents*—San Francisco's bizarre antimusical, faceless combo—brought three filmed versions of their songs to the festival, including "The Simple Song" and "Act of Being Polite." While these cinema songs are resolutely too weird for television's *Video Jukebox*, they do pick up where Devo's mini-movies left off. Devo's concert movies, in fact, were first presented several years ago

at Ann Arbor. Their influence was commemorated this year during intermission, when a 20-minute re-edited version of *Jocko Homo* played over and over through the sound system. When several hundred people are force-fed the repeating notion that "We Are Devo," brains tend to snap.

The future of experimental shorts may again be bright, particularly for those with rock soundtracks, thanks to the burgeoning cable television outlets. Marilyn Horowitz, shorts supervisor for Showtime Entertainment Television, claims she needs a constant supply of continuity product to fill up the spaces between feature films on her paycable network. An all-music network, featuring only filmed versions of rock singles (like those Dick Clark showed when he couldn't afford the band itself), may already be available on certain cable connections. Video disks will provide yet another outlet for short films. "Video disks are my religion," claimed George Romero ( *Dawn of the Dead*) at a recent film conference. Perhaps for the first time in history, dedicated film artists such as Stan Brakhage and Jorden Belson will have an affordable market for their works of art, with disks available at less than \$20. They need only sell a few hundred to earn back costs.

All this could spell important news for the film festivals, which might attain the recognition they deserve as forerunners in the field and as the showcase for the newest commercial

## A HANDY READERS REFERENCE GUIDE TO FESTIVALS & ONE NEWSLETTER

Here, for the determined student filmmaker, is a brief list of festivals that accept student films (yes, even Cannes). Write soon for specific requirements and deadlines.

**ANN ARBOR FILM FESTIVAL**,  
P.O. Box 7283, Ann Arbor,  
Michigan 48107.

**ATHENS INTERNATIONAL  
FILM & VIDEO FESTIVAL**, P.O.  
Box 388, Athens, Ohio 45701

**SINKING CREEK FILM  
CELEBRATION**, Box 3253  
Davy Crockett Station,  
Greenville, Tennessee 37743.

**KENYON FILM FESTIVAL**,  
Box 17, Gambier, Ohio 43022.

**NEW YORK FILM EXPO**,  
B.A.C.A., Brooklyn Museum,  
Brooklyn, New York 11238.

**OBERRHAUSEN  
INTERNATIONAL WEST  
GERMAN FESTIVAL OF  
SHORT FILMS**, Grillostrasse  
34, D-4200, Oberhausen, West  
Germany (FRG).

**CANNES FESTIVAL  
INTERNATIONAL DU FILM**,  
71 Rue du Faubourg-St. Honore,  
Paris 75008.

**FLORENCE FILM FESTIVAL**,  
Assessorato alla Cultura Del  
Comune Di Firenze, Via S.  
Egidio 21, Firenze, Italia.

**BIG MUDDY FILM FESTIVAL**,  
Southern Illinois University,  
Carbondale, Illinois 62901.

**FILM FESTIVAL REVIEW**, The  
Cinema Marketing Newsletter,  
PO 2505-A, Champaign, Illinois  
61820.

product. This sounds unbelievable to the starving diehards of hard-art cinema, but it's a hoped-for possibility. When residents of the feedback Quibe system in Ohio were offered a choice of video art from the alleys of Soho versus more commercial routine fare, the middle-American, middle-class audience voted in favor of that weird stuff.

For now, most of these ingenious gems go unseen except at the festivals and in college labs. Big Muddy, Kenyon, Sinking Creek, the New York Expo, and many more events take pains to discover new breakthrough movies each year. In Europe, the Oberhausen, Florence, and even Cannes festivals make forays into the underground realm, searching for the eye and technique to make history. A newsletter, *Film Festival Review*, keeps tabs on the shifting trends and locations of the hundreds of worldwide festivals, keeping filmmakers posted on where the money and action is.

From year to year, nothing is predictable but the risk. "Hollywood tries to make pictures that will please everyone," said Jean-Luc Godard recently. "In doing this, the studios are more Communist than the Russians. They feel that movies should only entertain, but they do not even do that well. There should not be only one way to make a film. The cinema should not have rules."

Ann Arbor and its ilk have stood by such an anarchic formula since the inception of the alternative festival. Art is, still, anything you can get away with.



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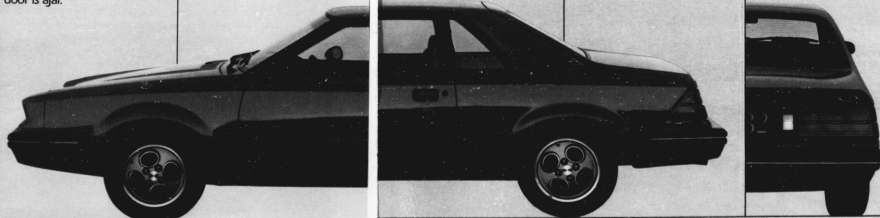
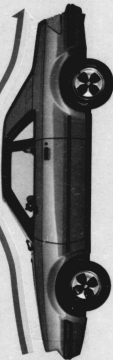
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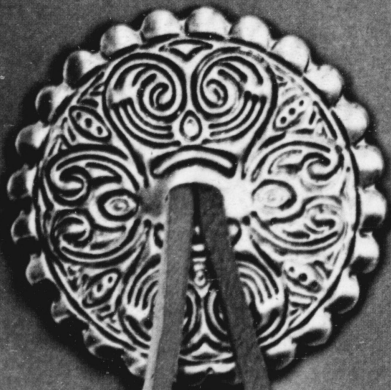
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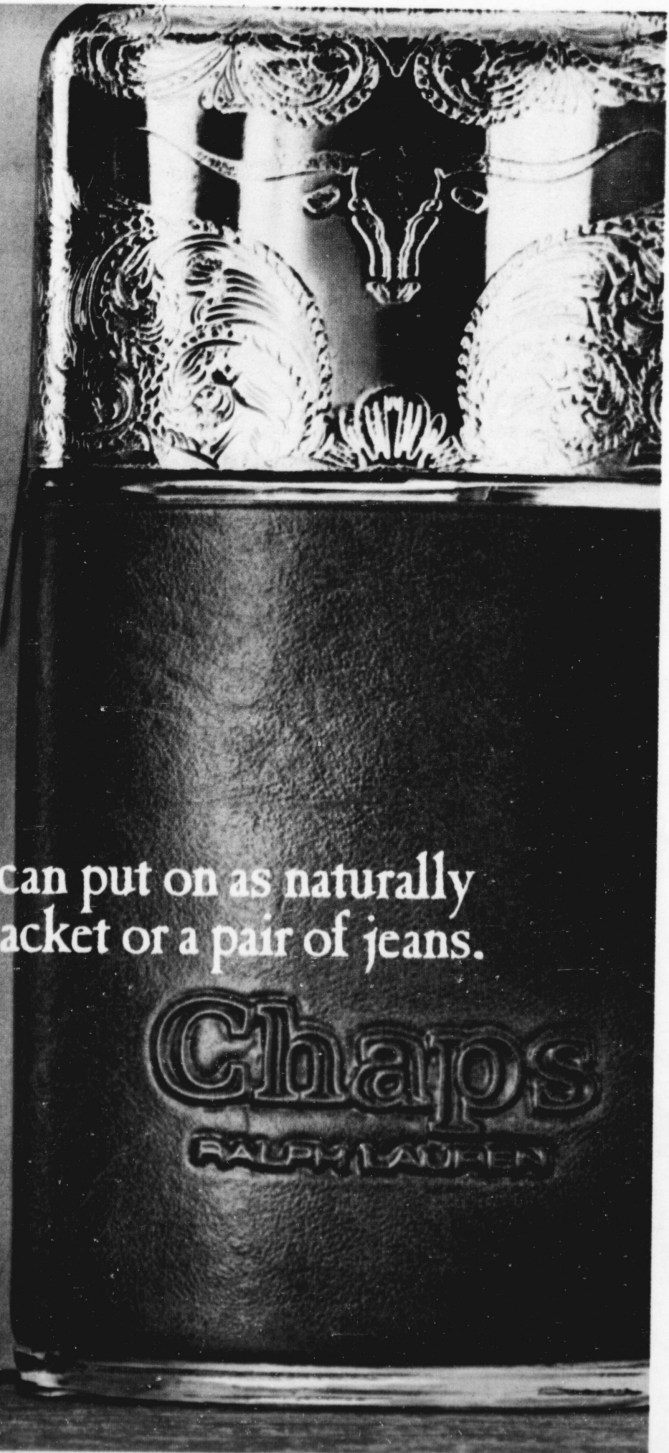
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# Hill Street Blues' Hill & Renko: Partners on a Winning Team

BY GENE SCULATTI

When her local station preempted the show, one diehard fan hopped in her car, drove across Texas and watched the missing episode in a rental motel room.

Complaining that programs like *Dukes of Hazzard* portray his colleagues as "buffoons," a New Jersey policeman wrote *TV Guide* "to thank the executives who kept this show about *real* cops on the air."

In Seattle and Boston and Atlanta, true believers faithfully videotape each episode in a kind of sacramental ritual.

And, of course, the television industry itself recently bestowed 21 Emmy nominations—the most ever for a television series.

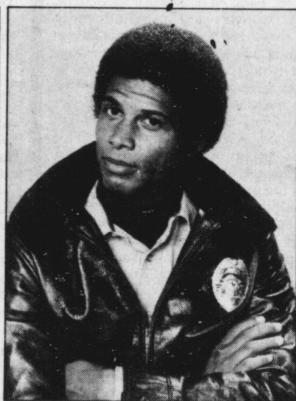
All this for *Hill Street Blues*, the critical/cult smash of last season, this season's friskiest dark horse and quite possibly the best police series ever broadcast on network television.

Its staunchest supporters recite a litany of appeal factors: the series' "realism," its exceptionally high standards of dialogue and characterization. Not to mention *Hill Street's* willingness to depict, often explicitly, a world of situations and responses that is considerably less black and white than the cars its cops drive: arranging a truce between warring street gangs, coordinating a Presidential visit to the precinct, dealing with an alcoholic cop who goes on the take. There are also intra-squad antagonisms, a grubby plainclothesman, an epithet-sporting SWAT commander and an oversexed desk sergeant whose corner on the malapropism market could run Norm Crosby out of business. Not your average shoulder holster shoot-em-up.

*Hill Street* abounds in characters. Daniel Travanti's cool-eyed Captain Frank Furillo anchors the action in most episodes. He spars with ex-wife Fay (Barbara Bosson) and flirts with attorney Davenport (Veronica Hamel). Furillo is flanked by Sgt. Esterhaus (Michael Conrad) and Lt. Ray Calletano (Rene Enriquez). Around them move Bruce Weitz's grimy plainclothesman Belker, Joe Spano's psychology-trained Goldblume, James B. Sikking's paranoid SWAT leader Howard Hunter, policewoman Bates (Betty Thomas) and detectives Neal Washington (Taurian Blacque) and Johnny LaRue (Kiel Martin). Then there's Hill and Renko.

Hill (Michael Warren's conscientious, rulebook black cop) and Renko (Charles Haid's obstinate redneck) are about as far from Friday and Gannon as you're going to get. Ambushed in *Hill Street's* pilot, the pair spend most shows trying to readjust, most of the time going for each other's throat in the process. Conflict dogs Hill and Renko, whether they're busting a Haitian woman for keeping an apartment full of chickens or watching a mob form around them when they attempt to settle a curbside argument in the ghetto.

"I couldn't play Renko if I didn't understand anger," says Charles Haid, with no trace of Renko's mild Southern accent. Haid is huge, square-shouldered, broad-chested, the spitting image of the tough, implacable cop. The resemblance stops there. "Being



Charles Haid as Renko (top and middle right); Michael Warren as Hill (top and bottom left) in the best show on TV.



*Hill Street Blues* creators/producers/writers Steve Boshko (left) and Michael Kozoll.

## How Do You Spell Respect?

## The Prime Cuts of T-Bone Burnett

BY DANN SEAY

"I feel like I deserve a little more respect than I've gotten so far," observes lanky T-Bone Burnett, resting between mix-down sessions for an upcoming Maria Muldaur album he is producing. Rough, herringboned cedar strips slapped across the walls make the claustrophobic Paramount studio look like it can't decide between being a liquor store or a sauna. A large contact paper mural of the rugged Sierra Nevada Mountains defaces one wall.

Burnett may be excused his wistful sentiment: there are few such living legends in pop music as this 6'8" Texas-raised guitarist, writer, performer, laconic wit and homespun philosopher. Certainly there are few nicknamed like a cut of beef.

Actually, T-Bone (born Joseph Henry) drew his nickname from the tall, spare frame inherited from his ex-Brooklyn Dodgers father. His list of friends from nearly twenty years in music — ranging from Kris Kristofferson and Bob Dylan to actor John Hurt and prophesy pundit Hal Lindsey — is enormous. His sunglasses, which he often wears into the dead of night, are impenetrable. "The idea of making music for a living came to me in a nightmare," he reveals through a wry grin, leaning forward on crossed forearms that rest on his knees.

Burnett's earliest musical memories involve sneaking into Fort Worth, Texas bars to hear Delbert McClinton accompany strippers on harmonica. The two struck up a friendship that years later led to Burnett co-producing McClinton's first album.

"I formed a group called Loose Ends with Steve Bruton, who plays guitar for Kristofferson now and some other guys who sooner or later got smart and became lawyers," Burnett recalls. "We played around Texas, Oklahoma and Louisiana until I got tired and bought a studio in Fort Worth on borrowed money."

Sound City quickly became the site for

some of Texas' more bizarre musical fantasies, including a deranged underground masterpiece called "Paralized" by The Legendary Stardust Cowboy.

"The guy showed up one day," recalls Burnett, "in a '63 green Biscayne with a surface map of the moon on the roof. I knew I had something."

Well, not quite. Burnett eventually sold Sound City and became a prototype bi-coastal, migrating from New York to L.A. and back through a rather blurry mid-Sixties. He recorded a single for Frank Zappa under a name he can't remember, released a solo LP (*J. Henry Burnett, The B-52 Band & The Fabulous Sleylarks*) that collectors nowadays will kill for and which included later-day Steely Dan stalwart Dean Parks. Later, Burnett taught art for a time at the University of California, Santa Barbara campus.

Glimmers of fame arrived when Burnett, following a stint with Delaney and Bonnie Bramlett, was taped for Bob Dylan's Rolling Thunder Review as a guitarist and backing vocalist. This placed Burnett in the company of Joni Mitchell and Joan Baez as well as Dylan, and placed him on a 1976 television



special chronicling the Rolling Thunder Review as well as the live album from that tour, *Hard Rain*.

Burnett also met musicians Steven Soles and David Mansfield on that tour. They formed the Alpha Band, a crack trio that, some hoped, would be the force in American music that the Band had been a few years earlier. A critical rave, they never cracked the essential singles market; the Alpha Band lasted through three albums. Burnett converted to Christianity mid-way through the group's career. "The Alpha Band took a real toll on my fantasy life," Burnett says, indicating that he discovered pop stardom showed itself to be an unworthy goal.

His new religious convictions found their way eventually into his music, but prior to recording as a solo he was whisked away to the wilds of Kalispell, Montana to play a blindingly short part in Michael Cimino's famous *Waterloo, Heaven's Gate*. For a screen time of about six seconds in a movie practically no one wants to see, Burnett logged eight months on the set. Limping home early in 1980, he cut his strongest and most influential album yet, *Truth Decay*. Understated yet firm, musically subtle yet deeply woven with the blues, *Truth Decay* was prominent on several critics' Top Ten lists for the year. Alas, it didn't sell many copies.

"The funny thing is," Burnett reflects, "success has been completely redefined for me. It's respect. And, finally, doing what you want to do... what you have no choice but to do."

A little shy about performing, Burnett nonetheless recently rented the Hollywood Foreign Legion Hall to showcase some new material for a small audience of press, friends and industry wheels. A new LP is mostly finished, as is an intriguing collection of standards called *Broadway My Way*. The latter contains a slow version of "Hooray for Hollywood" that actually makes one listen to the melody, rather than the bombast, of that funny old warhorse. Soon after the Muldaur production is finished, Burnett will tour Europe with Ry Cooder — yet another long-time friend from the ranks of the famous and near-famous. Perhaps his extra measure of respect is almost at hand.

big and Irish, I always get cop and priest parts," he laughs. Raised near San Francisco, Haid took up drama in college, after the Navy and a Jesuit education. Upon graduation he directed, produced, wrote and proved himself a remarkably versatile actor — as William Hurt's pragmatic research associate in *Altered States*, as a Beverly Hills heroin dealer in *Who'll Stop the Rain*. He played Ryan O'Neal's ex-roomie in *Oliver's Story* ("They paid him \$3 million to stare at the wall for two and a half hours") and a priest on TV's *Kate McShane*. *The Choirboys* put him behind a badge for the first time.

"Renko is a guy whose parents transplanted from Kentucky to the North," Haid muses. "He's never been west of Chicago. He's got three six-packs in the fridge, rides motorcycles on the weekend. You know the guy."

Haid himself shares little with the Renko character; Haid practices transcendental meditation, reads voraciously, drives a black VW Rabbit and lives, with his wife and two children, either in a New York apartment or a home in Carpinteria — many miles from the Bel Air circuit. But Haid understands Renko, well enough to admit he most enjoys the burly cop "when he makes a big jerk of himself. Unless you can laugh, you can't see the pain." Haid has infused Renko with

man-sized portions of both — in the bragadocio of his squadroom raps, in the tearful breakdown he experiences when Furillo finally grants him and his partner their "divorce" from duty together.

"Hill and Renko are opposite," explains Haid, "but together they create a whole character with two sides. Hill is precise, careful. Renko's reckless. What they have in common are hearts and souls. That's what draws them to each other. I don't think even they know that's what it is."

"Anybody who wants to be a cop is crazy," says Michael Warren. "It's thankless, the pay is low. But wanting to be good cops is what Renko and Hill share. They're opposites, in that Renko reacts actively to situations while Hill, having come from that very Hill Street turf and understanding it, is more apt to try and talk situations out. Renko is often right. Sometimes Hill shows too much sensitivity and compassion to be a good cop."

Warren came to play officer Bobby Hill in a roundabout way. Raised in Indiana, educated at UCLA, the 5'11-1/2" actor almost chose a pro basketball career. He played guard for coach John Wooden alongside Kareem Abdul Jabbar on national championship teams but turned down pro offers for a career in show business. Starting with

Pepsi commercials, he moved on to act (and serve as technical advisor) in Jack Nicholson's film about a renegade basketball player, *Drive, He Said* (1972) and on TV's *Marcus Welby, White Shadow* and *Paris*, where he met *Hill Street* producer Boshko.

Like Haid, Warren has a wife (Susie) and two children (intriguingly named Koa and Cash). While Haid works out in gyms, Warren prefers the tennis court.

Despite a chance to do a series pilot and a movie-of-the-week, Warren hitched up with *Hill Street*. He's particularly intrigued by the program's serio-comic format and Hill and Renko's humanizing of the often one-dimensional TV cop role. Accompanying real cops on a number of patrols (including one bloody homicide investigation that drew a rock-throwing mob), Warren "didn't really get the insight into cops I expected. They're too much on guard to reveal a lot. What you do get is real insight into the way the public reacts to them."

Warren carried over some valuable lessons from his earlier near-career. "Athletics teaches you discipline and it emphasizes team effort. If you played on a team with Kareem and you thought you were a star, you'd be badly mistaken. No one on a team is a 'star' because everyone has to work to make the effort successful. Writers, actors,

directors, cameramen — everybody has to give their best to make *Hill Street* a hit."

Ironically, the best cop show that ever happened almost didn't happen.

"When Fred Silverman asked us to do a new police show, we initially refused," says Steven Boshko who, with Michael Kozoll, created, produced and writes most *Hill Street* shows. "Both of us had done so many cop shows — *Kojak* and *Quincy*, *Columbo* — that we said we'd do it only on two conditions. First, that NBC leave us totally alone and let us do what we wanted with the show. And two, that we meet with their broadcast standards department before we even wrote one word."

Meeting with the network, Kozoll and Boshko pressed the point that "We were looking for a maturity of concept, we wanted to do an adult show. There would of necessity, on occasion, be some graphic violence. There were also a sexuality to the show." (In the latter area, *Hill Street* regulars have observed Captain Furillo's bubble-bathing with public defender Joyce Davenport, Sgt. Esterhaus' on-duty dalliances with anything in hose or halter tops and, once, officer Renko seducing his night school teacher in the classroom — surely one of the most erotic sequences on any network show.)

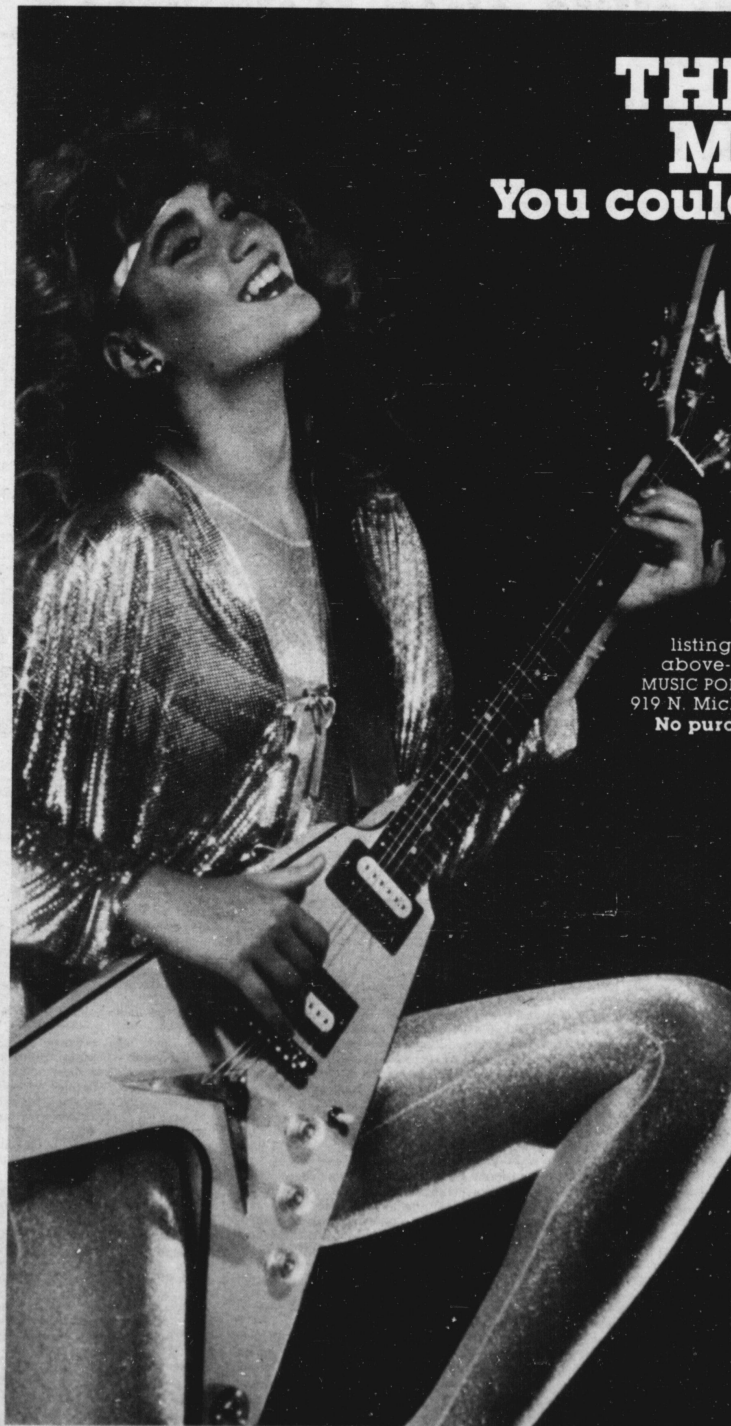
"We wanted to do a show that was recognizable as a genre show," Boshko explains, "but that was different." The writers' familiarity with police helped. "Working on cop shows, you become familiar with police procedure and with the ambience that surrounds their work. And you almost build up a trousseau of stories." Equally helpful were the actors' contributions. "They saw things in the characters we'd created," says Boshko, "and they were definitely active in adding dimensions to them."

Boshko assures that "All the characters will be back, and they won't change drastically. In real life, people evolve, incrementally. That's what our characters will do. It would, for instance, be a mistake to have Jim Sikking (Howard Hunter) continue to come in week after week, make cracks about Hispanics and walk out. That pales quickly. So that character will grow."

The series will continue to blend comic and serious, though Boshko admits that during the first season "the balance sometimes got thrown off. We are, in fact, a one hour dramatic series. One problem, conceptually, with the first season, was the on-going stories. It tends to confuse the casual viewer if he hits the third episode of a four-part series. We'll stick with multiple stories but each show will have one modular story with a start, a middle and an end." Such fine tuning should only help *Hill Street*'s rapidly improving condition. Boshko claims last season's final episodes nudged into the Nielsen's top 20, and while supporter Silverman has left the network, NBC's new head is Grant Tinker, former boss of MTM, for whom *Hill Street Blues* was developed.

Charles Haid calls *Hill Street* "the fastest track in town. When you're on it, you'd better be serious and ready to work. Because everybody else is."

Steven Boshko searches his memory for his favorite definition of the show's appeal. "It came from my brother-in-law," Boshko recalls. "He said what he liked best was the fact that he never knew, from one moment to the next, whether something humorous would suddenly turn very complex, or vice versa. Keeping people off guard, that's what makes *Hill Street Blues* different: butting humor up against gut-wrenching drama. On paper it shouldn't even work," he smiles. "But somehow it does."



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# John Landis Howls over Hollywood ... & His Werewolf in London

BY JACOBA ATLAS

Universal Studios crams more tourists through its Universal City Studios Tour than Portugal crams sardines into tin cans, and on hot, smoggy days the "marks" bake in the San Fernando Valley sun until the sweat pours off them like so much olive oil. The Big Stop on the tour is the new special effects sound stage which promises to show the curious just how George Lucas made *Star Wars* and Dino De Laurentiis got King Kong to swing. Nine dollars and fifty cents a head is the going price for such information.

John Landis, director of *Animal House*, the highest grossing comedy of all time, runs into these tours everytime he steps from his office. It's a small, semi-crumbling bungalow that does not begin to suggest the riches this man has brought to Universal via *Animal House* and the *Blues Brothers* (yes, Virginia, the *Blues Brothers* did make money despite its \$31 million budget). The office has plywood stairs and dingy walls and backs into the parking lot where the studio tour buses light to herd the curious, sweating crowds into that special effects sound stage. If Landis opened his windows, he'd hear the forced good-cheer of the tour guides as they make their dictatorial statements ("you must return to the exact seat you have vacated") sound like suggestions. But then, if Landis opened his windows, the tourists wouldn't be listening to their guides — they'd be listening to Landis.

Landis, at 31, is best distinguished from the rest of the crop of hosbot contemporary-under-thirty-five directors by his voice. Where others are shy, Landis is effusive; where others are quiet, Landis is outrageous. He doesn't speak *per se* — he yells, he shouts, he rants, he raves. It's a voice cultivated for the New York subway system, but John Landis has never lived East of the Mississippi.

A week before his new film, *An American Werewolf in London*, is set to open, Landis is saving his voice for the press. Alfred Hitchcock once told him the press is moronic, and Landis couldn't agree more. Proof of that assessment is the fact that the *Los Angeles Times* has printed not one, but four different pictures of what the newspaper insists is the monster, the "werewolf." Landis' press releases had told everyone that no pictures of the werewolf exist and in fact during production crew members were warned that anyone leaking information on the werewolf would be shot. Now the *Times* has come up with some pictures from the movie and printed them with finger-pointing glee as if to say, "See, John, you can't keep anything hidden from us."

Landis, his voice reaching new heights, wants to know why. What was the point? "Is this news?" he asks.

"Printing stolen photographs. Illegal photographs. We checked, they didn't get them from any kosher sources." When pressed for reasons, Landis insists the whole thing is personal. He's certain one of the newspaper's editors is out to get him because this editor has a wife who happens to be an actress whom Landis has happened never to hire for any of his movies. Landis says he's being paid back. "I mean," he adds incredulously, "what else could it be?"

Fouling up the secrecy on *An American Werewolf* is nothing new. The movie is about two American college students (played by David Naughton of the "Dr. Pepper" commercials and Griffin Dunne) who are attacked in Northern England by a creature from beyond the grave. *Werewolf* was supposed to contain a never-before-seen man-to-beast transformation that was done totally without optical effects. However, earlier this year a low-budget exploitation film called *The Howling* was released — lo and behold, it contained a never-before-seen man-to-beast transformation that was done totally without optical effects. In fact, *The Howling*'s was so brilliant, it never failed to elicit applause from the movie's audiences.

The similarity between the two movies' transformations is not coincidental. Each was nursed into being by a 31-year-old special make-up and effects creator named Rick Baker. "What made me upset," Landis said, "was that Rick gave away some of our secrets on how to do this thing. That made me mad. Rob Bottin who did *The Howling* was actually Baker's assistant. Rick in fact started *The Howling* and I called him up and said, 'Rick, remember I'm making that movie, remember we discussed it in 1971, well I'm making it now,' and he said, 'Yeah, you told me that before' and I said, 'Well, this time I really mean it.' So Rick quit *The Howling* and Rob took the job instead."

"I haven't seen it yet, but Bottin is a real gifted and I'm a big fan of Joe Dante's (director). But I've read their script and the two films are very different in conception. There's real tongue-in-cheek and ours is decidedly serious. It's very funny, but it's not a comedy. We never make excuses for the story, we're never winking at it. It's straightforward and tragic."

Landis says he was inspired to write *Werewolf* by an incident he encountered in Yugoslavia back in 1969 when he was a 19-year-old flunky on a movie called *Kelly's Heroes*. While traveling from a location he got stuck in a traffic jam, "which is unusual since there were only about 300 cars in the whole country. Anyway, right in the middle of this crossroads was a burial with two priests and a corpse wrapped in canvas and covered with garlic and rosaries. I said what the f. k. is this? Our driver,



DAN RICHOLZ

an educated man from Belgrade, went to find out and came back laughing at the peasants and gypsies. He thought it was real funny. It seems this dead guy had been a rapist and was shot and he wouldn't get up and cause trouble."

"I was genuinely impressed by what I saw. The people were absolutely serious. I don't believe in that stuff..." he says, pausing for the right phrase, "but I don't disbelieve anything either. What these guys were doing in Yugoslavia wasn't any sillier than anything they do in the Mormon Church or in the Judaic-Christian beliefs. You can ridicule anything if you want to. But look at Woodoo. It's consistently practiced and it works. Papa Doc ruled a country with it. It kills people."

"In *Werewolf* we're talking about the suspension of disbelief. And it's hard. When you put a maniac with an axe in his hand, you believe it because strangers are walking around shooting John Lennon. So no problem, you say there's a man with an axe, fine... Or go into outer space... again, no problem, you go with whatever you have. But in a contemporary setting with monsters, it's a whole different thing. For instance, *The Exorcist*, which I believe is a great movie, has a tremendous advantage in that it's about Christ and Satan which gives us two thousand years on which we build our suspension of disbelief. You know the rules. Christ is good and Satan is bad. Just like you hold a cross to a vampire and he cringes, you don't have to be told why. It's good and evil. No sweat. But my movie's not about good and evil, it's about the ultimate schizophrenia."

Landis himself may know a little something about split personalities. Those who know him, have worked with him, invariably describe him as two different men. One is impossible,

infantile, egotistical; the other is charming, funny and bright. Eyes roll heavenward when his name is mentioned. One producer who worked closely with Landis on a now defunct project first has praise for the man and then adds derisively, "He has an office full of toys. Steven Spielberg gets the toys designated for kids eight to eleven — Landis gets the ones marked three to seven." Actually there are no toys in Landis' office, only a Mickey Mouse figure, several signed movie posters and a half-dozen copies of *Starlog* and *Monster* magazine.

It's easy to see why Landis elicits such diverse reactions. He's nothing if not opinionated. Why doesn't Jenny Agutter, who's so good in *Werewolf*, work more in Hollywood? "Because producers here aren't looking for beautiful, intelligent women, they're looking for bimboes." What's the hardest emotion to get out of a movie? "Wonderment. Spielberg did that with the first version of *Close Encounters*. You open your mouth in wonder. Very few movies do that. The first *King Kong*, *Pinnocchio*, maybe *The Wizard of Oz*." *Star Wars*? "*Star Wars* failed miserably at it. It's exciting, ya ya ya, but it doesn't have a sense of wonder." The press' reaction to big budget movies? "The press is full of s-t. *Blues Brothers* was never overbudgeted. We became 1942. Everyone hated us because we were young and too successful. Look what they did to Spielberg after 1941. I mean, what was his crime? Making a movie that didn't work." Is the current crop of hot-shot directors ever competitive with one another? "Never — what an odd question."

He is equally sanguine about the impact of his movies. He says *Animal House* was a breakthrough film and that 11 universities wouldn't let them shoot on campus because the film had

a teacher sleeping with a student. "They said it never happened. Hell, that's the reason most people become teachers. *Animal House* is a political film because at the height of born-again Christianity we made a film about born-again paganism. Toga Parties."

"Look at the end of *Animal House* and look at *Stripes*. *Stripes* is very funny, but it's totally reactionary. It's a fascist film. I was appalled when I saw it. That movie says the Army is great and supports the military establishment. I don't think those who make it know what it said and I'm sure they're going to think my response is out of line. But things are crazy. Do you know people in this country thought *Pat Benjamin* was a women's lib film? Forget it."

"You have a responsibility when you make films."

But Landis won't elaborate on the political impact of movies except to say you have to make them with subversive messages. "Your first responsibility is to entertain, but what I'm proudest of is where my films are banned — Argentina, Iran, South Africa. It's terrific. You can always tell if your film is correct by the countries in which it's banned."

One of Landis' next projects will be a movie of Mark Twain's *A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court* (which Jenny Agutter reads to David Naughton in *Werewolf*). The script is being written by Oscar-winning, one-time blacklisted Waldo Salt. "Waldo has a lot of anger in him," Landis says, "and so did Twain. Twain's my hero. He was a bitter, cynical, nasty little guy. Twain's fascinating. *Huckleberry Finn* is the greatest American novel ever written."

It's said you can tell something about a man by the heroes he keeps.

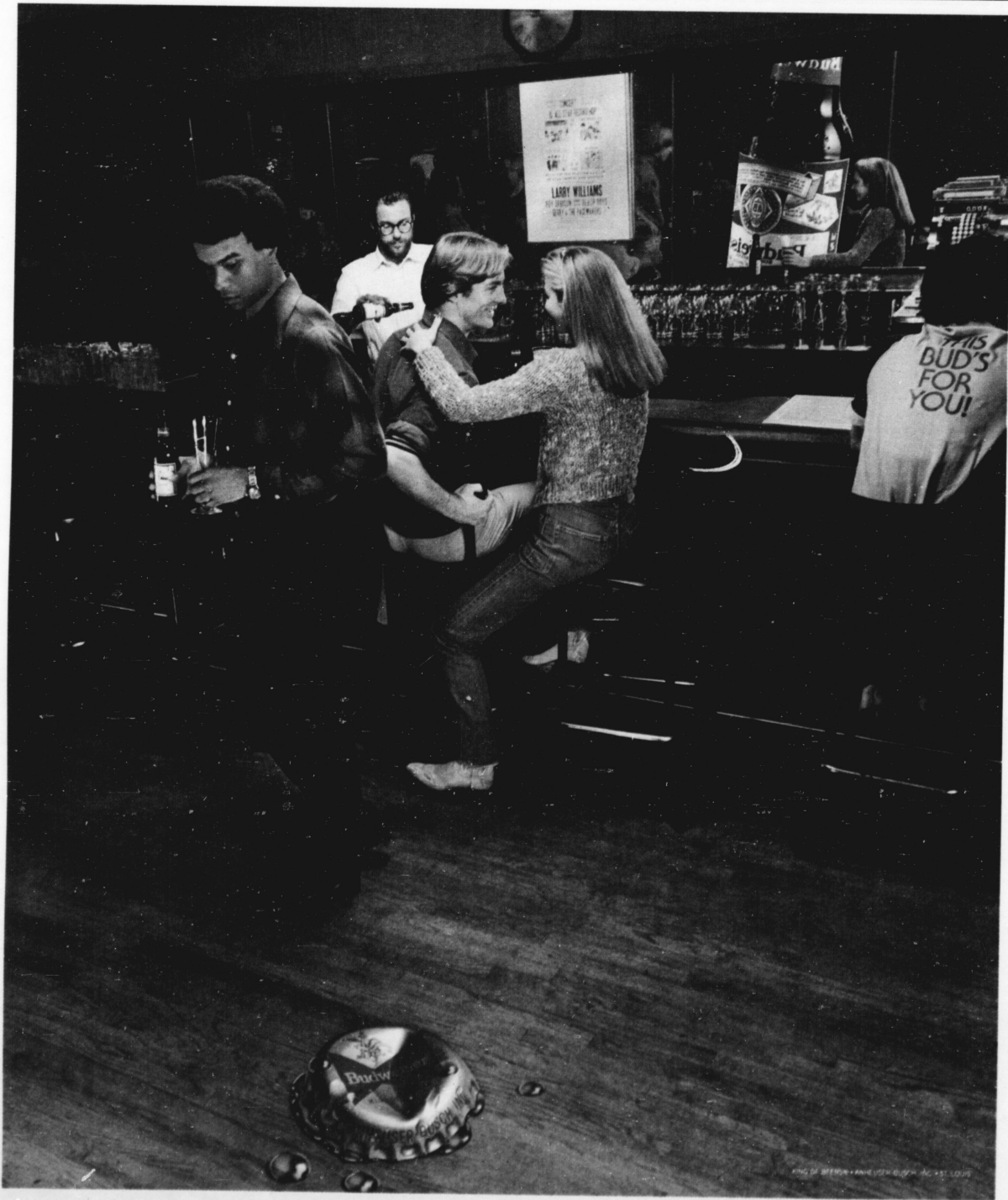
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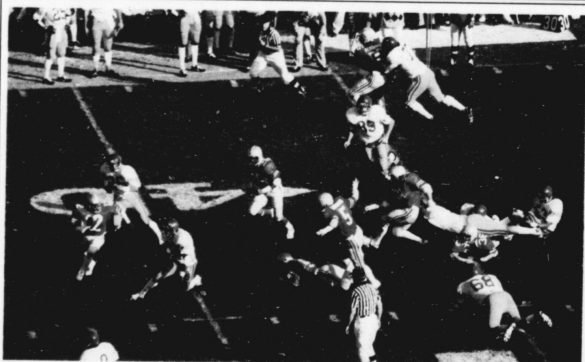
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# Around The CAMPUS

With The Editors Of Modern Photography Magazine



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possible when there's an exciting play and the audience goes wild.

But if you can change lenses, beg or borrow a telephoto or tele-zoom lens. Unless you're in a stadium the size of a walnut, you'll need something with a focal length of between 200 and 400mm depending on just how far away you are from the action and how close you want your pictures to appear.

A zoom lens allows you to use a whole variety of focal lengths, and so gives you many framing choices right from your seat. How long a lens do you need? A 200mm lens gets you four times closer than a regular 50mm lens (or if it's easier to think about, it covers  $\frac{1}{4}$  the area of a regular, normal lens). A 400mm covers  $\frac{1}{16}$  the area and a 300mm length is right in between.) If you can borrow a tele or,

## Is There Only One Correct Exposure? No!

If you have a camera with no exposure control or one that sets itself automatically with no provision for any manual variation, you'll probably be very satisfied with almost all the prints or slides you make.

But many more advanced cameras today do allow you to vary your exposure, either through auto-exposure compensation dials or straight manual override.

Auto exposure or no exposure control, cameras will generally yield an average exposure picture. However, by giving less exposure (using one or two smaller lens openings or one or two faster shutter speeds) or more exposure (setting your camera in just the opposite manner) you will produce different results that may even be better (as the pictures shown here illustrate). This is particularly true in contrasty light situations.

If you do plan some exposure variations, stick to color slide film. If you shoot color print film, the processors will probably correct your exposure variations in printing and make all your shots of the same subject look pretty much alike, despite the exposure variations.

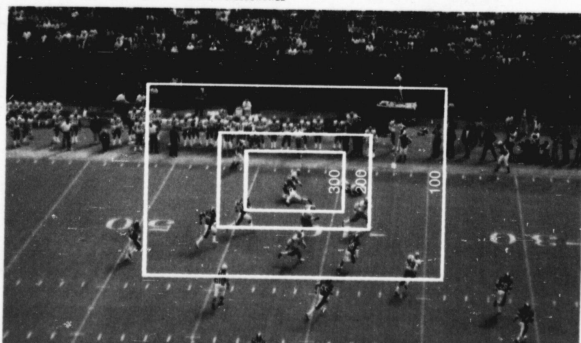
## Looking For Action? Don't Forget A Camera!

What with frisbees sailing around the campus, sleepy-eyed seniors trying to make it to 9 A.M. class on Monday morning before the bell rings or enjoying the football, soccer or basketball game, there are plenty of subjects in motion around you. If you've got a fast-acting finger, you can have a lot of fun chasing after action shots. And, with some luck and practice, you'll be surprised how proficient you can become in producing eye-stopping shots.

Let's figure first that you're a real tyro with a simple camera that you've been told won't take action pictures.

Sure it will. While its fairly slow shutter speed(s) won't stop much action, try following the action while looking through the viewfinder.

Pan the camera smoothly as your subject moves. Snap away when the subject appears most interesting. What you'll get is a fairly sharp subject, maybe with some softness around the legs and hands, all against a blurred background—which is how action looks anyway. (A lot of pro photographers spent plenty of time trying to dope out how to get just such an effect



David L. Miller

Zoom in on the action with a tele-zoom or telephoto lens. A "normal" (50mm) lens was used for this shot. Lines show how tele lens would have brought players closer.

before they tumbled on a simple camera setting as the solution.)

Simple cameras generally have slightly wide-angle lenses, meaning you've got to get fairly close to your subjects. This sort of rules 'em out for shooting spectator sports (other than the band formations at half time) from the stands. Unless you're an official photographer, you'll probably be stuck there, far from the action. With a simple camera or, as a matter of fact, with any camera having a normal lens (the one that came with camera) players on the field will look like tiny ants. If your camera doesn't allow you to use interchangeable lenses, better stick to snapshots of your fellow spectators (great shots are

even better, a tele zoom and try it out yourself for size you'll decide on the right length pretty quickly and then you can get a tele zoom lens of your own.

Load up with an ASA 400 so you can shoot at the fastest shutter speeds possible (if you want to stop action).

You've probably been told to avoid fast films because the colors aren't as bright and the resulting pictures are grainy. It used to be so but today's fast color films are good enough for many pros to use almost exclusively.

Have a happy game but do try for an aisle seat. When the crowd in front goes wild you don't want to wind up with a shot of bobbing heads instead of the action.



Bruce Thomas

Deliberate underexposure blacked-out figure, shadows, for effective picture

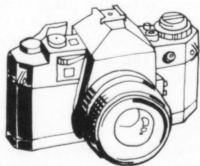


## What Type Of Camera Do You Need????

**P**ocket 110 camera? Instant-picture camera? All-weather camera? Single-lens reflex camera? Pocket 35 camera? Auto-focus camera?

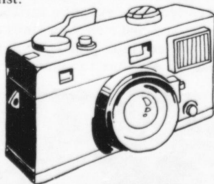
They are all very different and serve different functions and different users. It may well be overkill if you've been persuaded to buy a single-lens reflex when all you want is a no-nonsense pocket camera which means you can learn as little about photography as possible.

Books have been written about proper camera type selection. No matter—we're going to reduce it all into five thumbnail-size sketches and descriptions. We might not be able to accompany you all the way to the proper choice, but at least we can head you in the right direction.



### 35mm Single Lens Reflex (SLR)

You see what you get by viewing and focusing right through the lens, be it a wide-angle, normal, telephoto or zoom; extremely versatile, available with manual control, auto-exposure only, or auto-exposure plus manual override. But SLRs are bulkier than pocket cameras or other 35s, heavier, more expensive, more complex, take more care to use. Accessory list is enormous with fully-coupled auto flash and battery-powered auto winders heading the list.

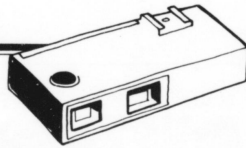


### 35mm Lens/Shutter Camera

Uses optical finder (like a miniature telescope) for sighting, optical rangefinder in some models for focusing. Lowest-priced models use simple scale: you guess distance, then set footage marker accordingly and hope it's right.

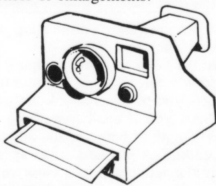
Advantages include rugged, simple design and lower-than-SLR cost, plus greater compactness and lighter weight than SLR. Models now available include built-in electronic flash, auto-exposure, super-compact pocket versions, auto focusing.

But only a few high-priced cameras offer interchangeable lenses. Good snapshot cameras, however.



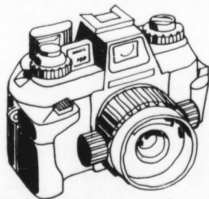
### 110 Camera

Tiny and super-tiny easy-to-load camera using miniature film size. There's a wide range of models from simple box-camera equivalents to a single-lens reflex and underwater types. Newer models have built-in electronic flash, automatic exposure, built-in auto winders. Rugged, simple, light and compact, the 110 turns out good snapshots but small film size limits sharpness of enlargements.



### Instant Camera

If you must see your color prints within minutes, the instants will deliver the goods. Cameras tend to be bulky, lenses slow. Cameras are fully automatic, film fairly expensive, enlargements of poorer quality. Great for making friends all over the world, shooting at parties, weddings.



### Underwater/All-Weather Cameras

Specially designed to withstand elements, these auto-exposure cameras are ideal for hunters, fishermen, sailors, backpackers, when extremely rugged camera is needed. Some are water resistant only; others can go to 15 ft. or so. Only one, the Nikonos, is a true underwater camera with interchangeable lenses!

## Closeups And Copying: School Aids

**H**ave a lab experiment you want to preserve before you break it down?

Do you need a copy of a map, drawing or painting but can't get it to a copying machine? Is there some material in a book that you can only glom onto for a few hours? The answer is to copy it or shoot a close-up with your camera. You can use any camera, except pocket cameras—the negatives or transparencies made with them are generally too small to carry enough information—for copying and close-ups.

Most 35mm SLRs focus as close as 18 to 24 in., which may be enough for some copying and close-up work. Other cameras reach 3 ft., which is usually too far.

Close-up lenses are by far the simplest and most convenient accessory to allow you to focus nearer than the regular minimum distance of your camera. They're easiest to use on an SLR, since you can thread one over your normal lens and focus right through the finder. Close-up lenses are generally available in three major strengths: +1, +2 and +3.

While we could give you the distances at which the close-up lenses will allow you to work, what you really need to know is how large an area the close-up lens will take in when fitted on your normal lens. For a 50mm normal camera lens a +1

close-up lens will cover a subject from  $9\frac{1}{4} \times 14$  in. to  $18\frac{3}{8} \times 28$  in. depending on the focus setting of the camera. A +2 will allow areas from  $6\frac{1}{2} \times 9\frac{1}{4}$  in. to  $9\frac{3}{4} \times 14$  in., while a +3 will get you from  $4\frac{1}{2} \times 6\frac{3}{4}$  in. to  $6\frac{1}{4} \times 9\frac{3}{8}$  in.

These close-up lenses can be combined for even closer work with smaller areas. It's now simply a matter of choosing the right close-up lens depending on the size of your subject area you want covered. For instance, if you were copying a map in a book which was  $8 \times 10\frac{1}{2}$  in., a +2 close-up lens would do nicely.

With a single-lens reflex camera, making a close-up is no more complicated than lining up the camera and subject and shooting. Use the built-in, or a hand-held, meter recommendation for the correct exposure.

While close-up and copying lighting can get very complicated, even, shadowless daylight from a window (or from a skylight in a library reading room) will do.

With cameras other than SLRs, follow the directions that come with the close-up lenses as to proper camera distance settings and actual distance from the subject. If you don't have a single-lens reflex, you won't be able to rely on your viewfinder to show you just what will be framed in the close-up picture. Instead, measure carefully from the very center of your camera lens to the very center of your subject using a rigid or coiled metal tape.

How can you hold the camera steady enough, particularly if you need a longish exposure and you don't have a tripod or copy stand? The accompanying pictures show you just how to do this with books as supports for the subject and camera.

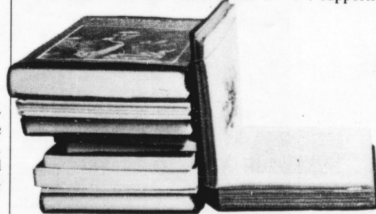
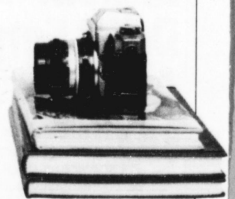


Table-top set-up, +2 close-up lens made picture below for paper on Dickens.



If you load up with a fast (ASA 400) film, you should be able to make good exposure in reasonable light. For sharp pictures with close-up lenses, you will have to close your lens down to f/8 or f/11, which means a fairly long exposure if the light is poor. If your meter can't handle such a low light level, you'll have to experiment by making exposures at a number of longish times until you find the proper exposure.

Avoid using color print film for copying if you are photographing a map or printed matter. Instead, shoot black-and-white negative or transparency material. View the slides (or even the negatives) with a projector or by means of a fairly powerful (10X or more) magnifier. If it's a negative you will want to have a print made.

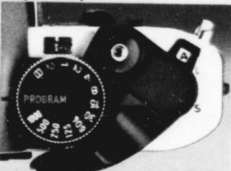
With careful copying, your transparency or negative should have all the detail from the original that you'll need.

# THE NEW AE-1 PROGRAM

## Nobody has been able to make fine photography this simple. Until now.

There has never been a high quality 35mm SLR camera as simple to use as the Canon AE-1 PROGRAM. That's why people who don't have time for complicated cameras, like professional tennis star Tracy Austin, carry it with them wherever they go. And you should, too.

Indoors or out, day or night—in any light—the AE-1 PROGRAM is designed to give you perfect pictures automatically. You just focus and shoot. Really. When set on "PROGRAM" the advanced electronics inside provide total automation, so you can concentrate on your subject.



For action photography, there's also shutter-priority automation, which lets you choose a speed fast enough to "freeze" moving subjects while the



camera's electronic brain automatically adjusts the lens opening for the lighting conditions.

Flash photography is totally automatic as well, and with the new Canon Speedlite 188A with built-in exposure confirmation, you can tell you've gotten a perfect flash picture before removing your

eye from the viewfinder!

There are new and exciting accessories that add even more versatility. The Power Winder A2 provides single-frame and continuous motorized shooting at up to two frames-per-second. Or, for really fast action, you can add the

Motor Drive MA for up



to 4 fps. rapid sequence shooting.

There are eight interchangeable focusing screens and nearly fifty Canon FD lenses that fit the AE-1 PROGRAM. So you can shoot a wide-angle panorama, do candid portraits or use a Canon zoom lens to really reach out and bring your subjects up close. Best of all, when you add any of these exciting accessories, shooting is still automatic. And just as simple.

Ask your Canon dealer to show you the camera that makes fine photography simple. The new Canon AE-1 PROGRAM. It's one more reason we're the world's leader in 35mm photography.



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## Trick Filters Can Put a Kick In Your Shots

**G**ot the photo blahs? All the usual campus sights seem old hat and done to death? Try some of the new trick creative filters. They can produce sunburst and star effects, add color selectively, combine images in many colors. There are really too many to list, but a quick trip to your local photo store will give you an eyeful. With most such filters, you can just hold them to your eye or put them over your SLR camera lens and view through the finder to see what the effect will be. Herewith a few oddball creative shots to show what's possible.



Michell Funk



Michell Funk

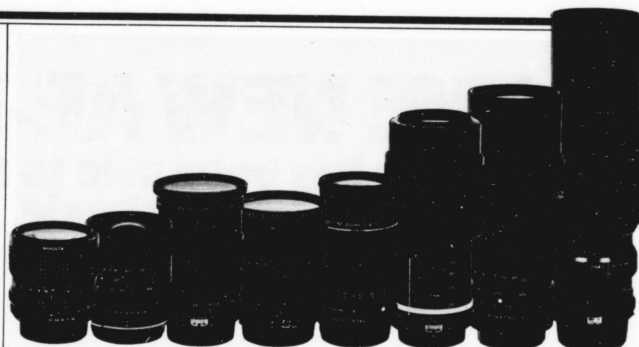
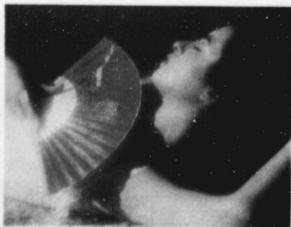


Michell Funk



Why settle for reality when you can photograph a dream? Here, diffusion filter was used to soften "straight" shot (left) to produce this ultra-romantic vision.

Wild imagination plus filters and masks produced these shots. Statue of Liberty was taken with circular cut-out plus colored gel. Split-field mask gave "Night and Day" effect to Manhattan's waterfront (above) while keyhole mask was used for umbrella shot. Filters and masks for effects like these are sold by Acme, Hoya, Cokin, Ambico and Spiratone, among others. For best results, use a reflex camera so you can preview the effect you are getting. If possible, place camera on tripod and make exposures at varying settings.



## Which Lens? Camera Brand, Independent, Or Unknown?

**R**eady to buy an accessory lens but confused by all the brands? Herewith a short, short, three part course in lensiana.

**Camera maker's lenses:** Your safest bet, since they were made specifically to work with your camera and are generally of top mechanical and optical quality. If the lens does not work properly with the camera, only one single company is responsible for straightening matters out.

**Independent maker's lenses:** Some-

times less expensive (but camera makers are now offering budget-priced lenses that are remarkably inexpensive). Independent makers' lenses often have special features such as close focusing or compact design possibly not available on the camera maker's lenses. Make certain you buy a well-known independent maker's lens.

**Unknown maker's lenses:** Many stores try to save money or offer rock-bottom prices by purchasing lenses from small importers or they may even import lenses under their own label. (It's a simple business to have a lens identification ring engraved with almost any name and make and then to thread it into an off-brand optic.) These lenses may be OK, but store importers don't have the wherewithal to test the lenses—and so quality can vary remarkably, repair parts may not be available or be stocked for only a short time. These are garbage lenses and are best avoided regardless of price.



Herbert Keppler

Macro (left) versus non-macro (right). Photo at left was taken from 8 inches, at right from 18 inches. ASA 400 film made 1/8 lens opening possible to gain sufficient sharpness at close range. Two lights were used, one on each side of ring, to eliminate shadows, reveal details of design.

## Getting Blurry Pictures? Here's Why

**I**f you're getting blurry pictures, here's a quick checklist you can use to identify the problem:

**1. Whole picture area blurred but some pictures more than others.** Causes: Not holding camera steady at time of exposure; too slow a shutter speed; dirty lens.

**2. Main subject blurred but foreground or background OK.** Cause:

Improper focus, either the camera's fault or your mistake. If focus is still off after you focus carefully and shoot next time, have camera checked.

**3. All pictures blurred about the same amount.** Possible cause: Crummy camera. Have your dealer check to make sure and then, if indeed it's crummy, ditch the heap.

**4. Close subjects blurred with non-focusing camera.** Cause: Using camera at a closer distance than it was designed for. Back off!!

**5. Prints look slightly soft.** Possible cause: Color printer can be out of focus. Check sharpness of your negs with magnifier. If they're sharp, have photofinisher make prints over.

## Don't Get Stung When Buying

**W**ith an almost endless array of cameras offered, and sources varying from your local dealer to distant mail-order firms, buying an expensive item like a camera can be a rewarding experience or a nightmare.

Here are some tips, found out the hard way, to guide you through the maze of desire to the glories of happy ownership.

**Learning what you want:** Ask knowledgeable friends who are happy with their cameras. Read all the photo magazine test reports and camera literature you can. Handle the camera yourself. Look at your friends' results. Do you think they're good? Go to a store, ask to see similar cameras. If some other camera looks better and seems a better deal, don't go for it on the spot. Take time to think. Ask others about the camera. Read up on it. Make sure any camera you select is convenient to use and handle.

**Selecting the right store:** Most photo stores near campuses are reliable because bad ones are quickly put out of business by word of mouth. Ask your knowledgeable friends what stores they deal with. Yes, you probably pay more than at a big dis-

count or mail order store but you will get better service right where you are.

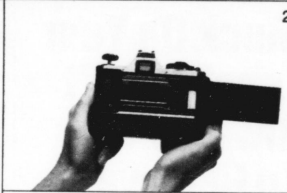
You can buy by mail from the big stores that advertise in photo magazines such as *Modern Photography*, but ask your friends for the names of reliable ones they've dealt with. Don't be surprised if there are delays in getting your equipment because the mail-order stores are out of stock or they try to persuade you to switch brands. Stick to your guns. The advantage of mail order shopping is big savings.

Catalog houses are reliable, although prices are slightly higher. Big-city gift shops and stores handling all sorts of general merchandise such as watches, rugs, tape recorders, radios can be real gyp artists with exorbitant prices and discontinued merchandise. Beware of unknown brands: Quality may vary or be poor, and repairs almost impossible.

**Buying the camera:** Try to get a camera in an unopened box if possible. Cameras come with various accessories: batteries, lens caps, cleaning cloths, which mysteriously disappear from opened boxes. Have the dealer open the camera box and try all controls at all settings before you pay your money. If something isn't working properly, ask for another camera. Examine the store warranty carefully. If the merchandise is faulty, does the store promise to give you your money back or exchange the camera? How many days do you have? Many stores promise nothing and refuse to have anything to do with a non-functioning camera after it's sold!

**Checking the camera:** Once you and

the camera are back in your room, do not fill out the warranty card that comes with the camera until you have tried the camera with film, have seen the results and are satisfied. Most camera stores won't accept a camera back for exchange if the warranty card has been filled out. Load the camera with slide film (print film can still yield reasonable prints even if the camera underexposes or overexposes). Improper exposure will immediately show up on slides. Shoot pictures under all sorts of light in conditions indoors and out at closest focus, at middle distances and at infinity. Try it at every possible setting. If you can, make all your tests with a tripod. Examine your processed slides with a slide projector or with the aid of a good magnifier of at least 5X power. Pictures should be well exposed, the main subjects and detail crisp. Fill in the warranty card only after you're certain there is no nagging doubt in your mind about anything connected with the camera.



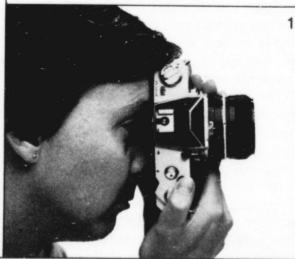
2



3



4



1

1. Image sharpness, lens distance scale should agree. If not, there's trouble.
2. Check camera body for dents, nicks in leather, bare metal spots.
3. Lens openings should change smoothly, front surface be scratch free.
4. Check all shutter settings. Problems usually show up at slow speeds.

# Give something really sharp.



Kiron's™ 80-200mm Macro Focusing Zoom. At 80mm, it's a portrait lens. At 200mm, it's a telephoto lens. At macro focus, it's a close-up lens. And it's everything in between. Give one to your Nikon, Canon, Pentax, Olympus, Minolta, Konica or Yashica/Contax this Christmas. And consider the possibilities.

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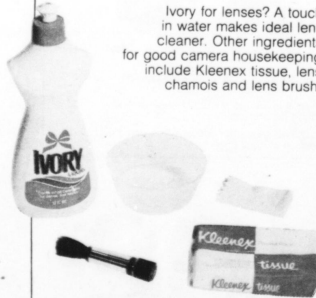
For your nearest dealer call 800-447-4700.  
In Illinois, call 800-322-4400.

## Muck On Your Lens? It Isn't Always Easy To Remove

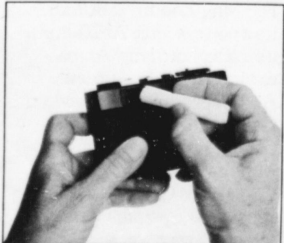
Lenses seem to attract dirt magically. Tromp across a dusty campus with your lens exposed and you'll get a fine coating of dust. Fiddle with the camera and, inevitably, you'll have a nice greasy thumbprint on the lens or finder. Use a dirty lens and you'll get soft pictures and probably lens flare as light hits the muck and bounces around inside the lens and camera instead of traveling straight to the film.

In years past, when no one was looking, many a lens was cleaned with the end of a tie or the corner of a handkerchief (sometimes not too clean). That spread the dust or grease around nicely. Luckily, few students today wear ties or carry cloth handkerchiefs.

Ivory for lenses? A touch in water makes ideal lens cleaner. Other ingredients for good camera housekeeping include Kleenex tissue, lens chamois and lens brush.



Lens tissue is always being recommended for cleaning lenses: who but the constant gadget-bag toter carries it? Even pros can't find it in their camera bags when they need it. Small lens brushes available at photo stores are very handy for removing non-clinging dust from lenses, but you may have forgotten the brush too or probably can't find it. (Hint on buying brushes: Don't buy a paint brush thinking it's cheaper than a lens brush. Some paint brushes are treated with oil to preserve them or to maintain their



How do viewfinders get dirty? Greasy eyelashes! Clean with tissue.

shape. You need a pristinely clean brush for a lens.)

For removing surface dust, facial tissue works well. (We can vouch for Kleenex as a brand with less lint than many others.) Replacing dust with lint fibers is a step in the right direction but a dustless, lintless lens is even better.

To remove dust, roll up a small piece of facial tissue and use it on the lens surface like a brush, in a circular motion. Don't apply pressure on the lens surface with your finger behind the tissue. That will only serve to grind the dust into the glass surface.

A grease spot such as a fingermark on a lens is not so easy to remove completely. Buy some lens cleaner and keep it around your room for whenever it's needed or, if you're around a chem lab, a touch of alcohol will do it when applied with the facial tissue or a wad of cotton. Don't moisten too much. The lens surface should not become wet or moisture may seep underneath the lens ring and into the lens.

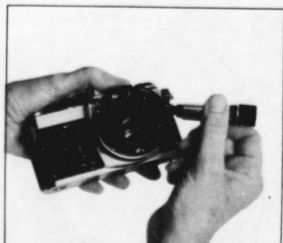
Water with a touch of a liquid detergent soap is another way to go for lens cleaning. Remember to wash off the detergent afterwards with a damp tissue.

One of our favorite materials for lens cleaning is chamois, the softened skin of a special sheep. You can usually get a small chamois at an optician. Use it like you would a facial tissue. Keep it clean in a plastic bag. Chamois and a tiny bit of alcohol or lens cleaning fluid makes a good grease-removing combination.

What about eyeglass tissues? There has been a great deal of argument even among optical experts as to whether the silicon in eyeglass tissues damages coated lens surfaces. If you use it constantly, we think there may be some chance of lens damage, but we would have no compunction about using it gently very occasionally.

Reminder: Lenses have two exposed ends—the front, which you will remember to clean, and the rear, which you won't. Rear lens elements, especially if you have an interchangeable-lens camera, need almost as much attention as the front. Since they are within the camera, you can be lulled into thinking they are clean when they are not. Never put a lens on a camera without looking at the rear for dust or grease.

Don't neglect the camera's viewfinder. They collect eyelash grease constantly (also fingerprints) and make clear, sharp viewing a near impossibility.



Ideal dirt remover, but who remembers to keep one handy? You should.

## Holding Steady And How?????

Whether you've got a simple pocket 110 or a super camera, you'll get blurred pictures unless you learn to hold the camera steady. Even a fast shutter speed won't guarantee you sharp shots. Here's how pros get them. (Beware of drawings or pictures in some camera instruction book purporting to show how to hold a camera. Many are wrong!)

With a 110 pocket camera, grasp the ends between thumbs and first and second fingers. Hold to your eye. Place the most convenient finger over the shutter release. Press your thumbs upwards against the center of camera while pulling down slightly on the ends with your other fingers—as if you were going to snap the camera in half.

For verticals, it's everyone for himself! Few pocket cameras are easy to hold for verticals so try various two-handed positions until you find a comfortable one. Suggestion: Use your forehead to brace the camera. Press the shutter release gently with a smooth, even pressure.



Hold pocket camera firmly, braced against forehead for vertical shots (right)



For SLR, support camera with left hand, use right hand for shooting.

With a 35mm camera, grasp camera and controls completely in your right hand, as if you weren't going to use your left at all. Now bring your left hand, with palm open, under the left side of the camera. Rest camera in your left palm and grasp the lens from underneath between your left hand's first and second finger. Use these fingers to turn the lens mount for focusing.

Hold the camera to your eye. Bring your elbows into your body and dig them in as much as you can for support. Use your left hand to support the camera and your right to aim the camera and work the controls.

(If you have a non-focusing or auto-focusing 35mm camera, you needn't grasp the lens mount. Just keep your hand underneath the camera.)

Ready to shoot? Breathe gently. (No, you don't have to stop breathing!) Keep your feet about 10 inches or so apart for good support. Don't lock your knees. Press the shutter release so gently that someone standing next to you wouldn't even be able to notice that you did it.

OK, you made it. Practice will make perfect—but remember to stay cool, calm, and collected no matter what the excitement around you. And dig those elbows in!



## Easy Ways To Better Pictures

**Move in close:** Many pictures are taken from too great a distance so that the main subject—and the point of the picture—is lost.

Try taking pictures of people at distances from about six to eight feet for full figures, three feet or less for faces. And don't forget to shift your camera to vertical from horizontal to make the most use of the length of your area.

**Move up or down:** Don't always shoot from eye-level. Maybe a low viewpoint would dramatize your subject and remove cluttered background. Before you snap, move around to find a more interesting approach.

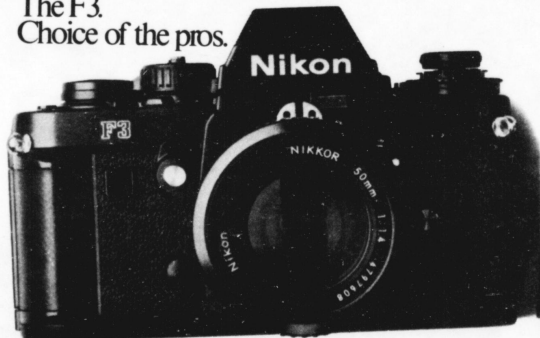
**Avoid the noon-day sun:** Direct sunlight is, perhaps, the worst possible lighting, especially for pictures from different angles and distances. With human subjects it's hard to capture the best expression with one photo.

**Keep backgrounds simple:** Unless you are looking for a specific effect, examine your backgrounds carefully to avoid trees and telephone poles growing out of heads.

**Squeeze the shutter gently:** Regardless of the camera you use, s-q-u-e-e-z-e the shutter release gently. Don't rock the camera. Above all, don't jerk the camera as you press the release.

# The only reason to buy a lesser camera is to take lesser pictures.

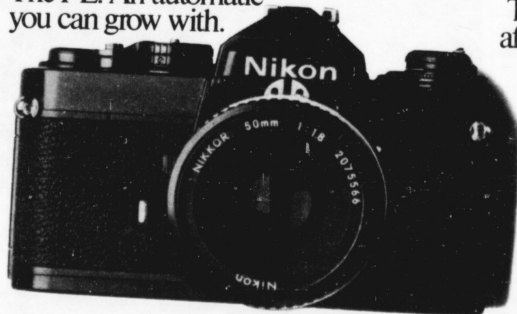
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## Carry Camera At All Times? You're No Twit

A few years ago, anyone who always carried a camera would get razzed into total embarrassment. Everyone made fun of the ardent camera fan. Cartoonists had a great time at his expense.

It's changing fast. More and more serious photographers on campus and off carry a camera at all times because they realize that ideal picture taking possibilities don't just occur at the rare instances you might decide to take pictures on vacations and weekends. A college campus is loaded with quick vignettes, scenics and candid well worth shooting.

But you don't have to be a serious photographer to qualify as a constant camera toter. Try carrying a camera yourself for a few days and see if it doesn't pay off. You may get some kidding—until the guy or gal doing it sees some picture possibility they want you to shoot.

A few words of advice. Don't carry the camera closed up in its case. "Never-ready" cases are just obstacles to be overcome before you can actually use the camera. Take the camera out of the case completely and carry it over your shoulder with the neckstrap. However if your case comes apart in two pieces and you can remove the front part that goes over the lens and top camera controls, do so.

Keep your camera on a setting which would allow you to shoot quickly. The speed should be 1/125 sec. or faster with



the focus set to 15 ft. or so. Shoot any fast-changing scene quickly at the preset exposure, and then fiddle with the controls for a better shot.

When traveling around campus, if you don't think you'll be taking pictures, move the carrying strap over your head and carry the strap across your chest. It's safer than dangling the camera from one shoulder. When you think you'll be shooting pictures, the camera should be around your neck at chest level where you can grab it quickly.

## Snapshots From Your TV

Always wanted a snapshot of some favorite TV movie scene? Is there some cable TV subject that you'd like on a print? Or perhaps it's some shot a friend has on a video cassette you want to preserve. With your still camera you can shoot the picture right off the TV screen, and in color too!

Tune your set for the best reception possible and adjust the contrast so that you get detail in both shadows and highlight. The contrast should be somewhat less than you have for viewing.

Reduce your room lighting, taking care that no light is reflected in the screen.



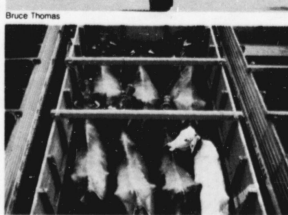
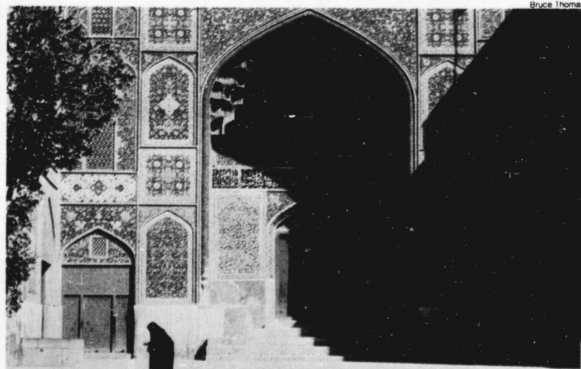
Photo from tape, 1/8 second, ASA 400 film, CC40R filter used for warmer tones.

Move your camera as close to the screen as it can go and still give you the complete TV image sharply. Use a close-up lens if necessary.

Load your camera with ASA 400 film. Set your shutter speed at 1/30 sec. If you have a focal-plane-shutter camera (most single-lens reflexes are such) set your shutter speed at 1/8 sec. Do not use a faster speed (1/60 sec., for example) or you will only get a part of the TV image. With a speed of 1/8 sec., be sure to put your camera on a tripod or other support.

With adjustable cameras, typical settings using 400-speed films (either color or black-and-white) are 1/30 sec. at f/4 or 1/8 sec. at f/8.

Since television sets differ as to image brightness, you may have to make some test shots. Keep a record of exposures and settings for your television set so that you develop a standard procedure. If you're shooting in color, your slides or prints will be slightly bluish. If it bothers you, order a CC40R gelatin filter from your photo dealer and hold it in front of your camera lens. Give one stop more exposure.



Fast eye, fast camera, produced these shots. Carrying a camera at all times will sharpen your reflexes, make you aware of unusual situations. Photos were taken with 35mm camera, regular lens. Keep camera set at 1/125 second or faster, lens to correct opening for light conditions. When you see promising picture, shoot first, then worry about camera settings. Above all, take plenty of pictures, learn from your mistakes.

## What do you think?

Got some useful information from *Around the Campus with The Editors of Modern Photography*? Have some ideas on what you'd like us to cover in the next section. Any criticisms? We'd like to hear from you. Send to *Around the Campus, Modern Photography*, 825 Seventh Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10019

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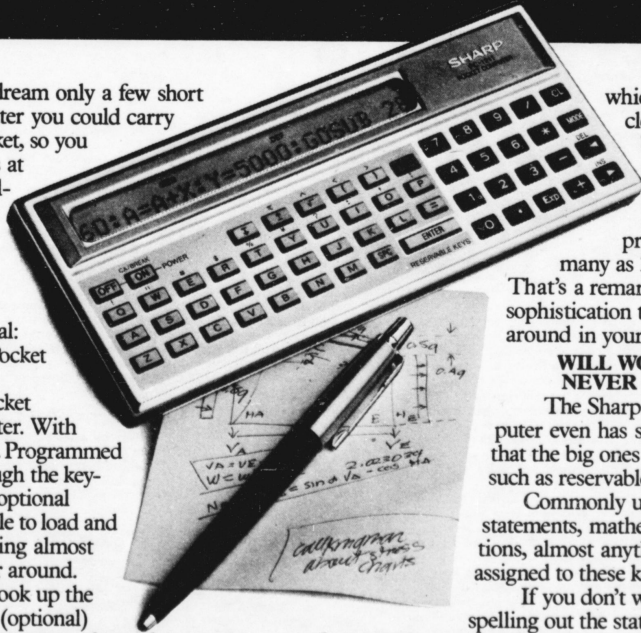
You can even hook up the PC-1211 to a printer (optional) and print out the program results or the program listing itself.

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The PC-1211 Pocket Computer has a dot matrix display that scrolls right or left, handling up to 24 alphanumeric characters.

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*The PC-1211 with optional printer.*

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# The Pretenders: Only Make Believe? or Hynde in Plain Sight

BY BILL BRAUNSTEIN

**T**he Look that would have made most men shrink. It was a venomous scowl flickering low from impassive eyes, a perfect cross between disdain and indifference so thoroughly dehumanizing one didn't know whether to admire it or fear it. It was so perfect, in fact, one wondered if it was real. Did she mean it, or was Chrissie Hynde, rhythm guitarist, lead singer and songwriter for the Pretenders, just pretending?

The band had come out of their dressing room just five minutes before they would take the stage for a sold-out show in Fort Lauderdale, Fla., the second stop on a stamina-testing tour that would take them through the United States for the next four months—until November—then to England, Europe, Japan, Australia and New Zealand, before finally stopping in March.

One by one the photographer posed each member of the group around a pay telephone backstage. First, lead guitarist James Honeyman Scott, 24, came out, then drummer Martin Chambers, 29, and next, bassist Pete Farndon, 28. Chrissie Hynde, 29, was the last to come from the dressing room.

"Great, just great," said the photographer, as he moved them around. "Chrissie, you look beautiful."

She stopped in her tracks, turned, and then gave him The Look. "Who is this guy?" she snarled, enunciating every word slowly for the proper effect.

The photographer, undaunted, snapped his photographs while Hynde spat out a monologue that would have made Don Rickles proud.

"If I wanted to look pretty, do you think I'd dress like this? Give me a break." She flashed The Look once more.

"Now turn the other way," the photographer said.

"Why should I look that way? Hynde asked. "I'll look where I want to." She brought her hands to her shoulders like a boxer in a clinch.

"So this is for a college magazine, huh? We hate colleges. It's against everything this band stands for."

The group's entrance music, Elgar's "Pomp and Circumstance"—an eternal favorite at college ceremonies—started playing over the P.A. The house lights went down, a roar from the crowd came up, and the four Pretenders marched by and took their places on the stage, leaving behind the slightly dazed photographer.

"Insulting photographers," said Chambers a few days later, "is one of Chrissie's favorite pastimes."



James Honeyman Scott: He's got the touch

**T**he Pretenders, an English group fronted by an expatriate American named Chrissie Hynde, was one of the brightest new bands to emerge onto the 1980 music scene in an otherwise uneventful year. After three successful British singles in 1979, the group's first album, *The Pretenders*, released here in January of 1980, set the states abuzz, selling just under a million copies.

The success wasn't difficult to understand. Writing or cowriting 10 of the album's 12 songs, Hynde proved she was a contender in more ways than one. Her voice is a sensual, lilting instrument that harbors both self-assuredness and a soft vulnerability. And as a songwriter, Hynde's lyrics touched upon an emotional battleground, things like interpersonal relationships, unrequited passion and social enmities.

The group's hit single, "Brass in Pocket," a swaggering proclamation of female independence, masterfully combined all her and her band's skills. The album worked.

In short order the Pretenders were being hailed as the first important band of the Eighties. Several rock critics fell over themselves heaping adulation on the still-developing band. An e.p. released last March, *Extended Play*, was also greeted with praise. And now, with the release of their second album, *Pretenders II*, the group finds itself in the unenviable position of

trying to live up to expectations.

Now that the novelty of a rock group led by a female singer has worn off, the Pretenders will have to make it on the only thing that counts — their music. And that's the reason behind the massive seven months of touring that await the band. The question remains: Will the Pretenders have staying power? Are they the real thing?

"As far as what we're trying to do," said the band's manager Dave Hill, "we're really trying to crack this place this time. It's

very good to go to places like New York and Los Angeles and Chicago and be known. But I want this band to be known everywhere.

"Whether the American public will go wild and buy 10 million albums, I don't know. All we can do is tour and do the best we can."

**H**ours before the Fort Lauderdale show, Martin and James, whom everyone calls Jimmy, playfully splash each other in the pool at the Hilton Hotel like two little kids. Martin throws punches at the water, causing it to cascade upward; Jimmy jumps back, as though each punch has hit him.



MARTIN WETZMANN PHOTOS

Chrissie Hynde: She's got The Look

"Take that, and that," says Martin, with each swing, as Jimmy would scream out in mock agony. The playfulness turns to a water splashing fight. Suddenly there is a clap of thunder.

"What's that, mate?" asks Martin. "Nothing to worry about," answers Jimmy. "It's just the sound check."

A few minutes later, Chrissie, who had been staying at a hotel some 20 miles away with her boyfriend of more than a year, the Kinks' Ray Davies, app-saches the pool area with Davies in tow. As the two walk by, Jimmy swims over and starts splashing water on Davies' shoes. Davies smiles benignly and keeps walking.

A reporter eyes the couple as Hynde and Davies stop at a table at the far end of the pool, sit down and start to chat. He starts to walk over, but Hynde raises glowering eyes. There it is. The Look. It says, "Come no further."

The reporter walks over to Jimmy instead. "It's just a front, you know," says Jimmy, laughing. "Behind this punk persona that Chrissie has lies the weakest little kitten you've ever met."

The fourth stop on the tour is Orlando, Florida, and Hynde sits in her hotel room, an hour before the show, finally willing

to meet with the reporter. Sitting on her bed, legs crossed, raven black ragamuffin hair framing her pouty face, she munches on a Reese's Peanut Butter Cup. "I haven't eaten one of these in ten years," she says almost apologetically. "This is a flashback to my candy store-going days in Ohio."

Christine Ellen Hynde was born in Akron, Ohio, September 7, 1956. She got her first guitar when she was 14 and became interested right away, learning the tunes of Bob Dylan off records, and writing her own songs. "I'd play in my room alone," she says. "I couldn't really jam with the guys in high school because I was terribly shy. I didn't want them to know that as a girl I was playing things like the Paul Butterfield Blues Band."

After a brief one-gig fling in a band with Mark Mothersbaugh (who would later devolve Devo) when she was 16, and three years at Kent State University as an art student, Hynde knew it was time for a change. "I was one of those thousands of American kids who get out of high school, don't know what else to do, so they knock around college for a few years. After a while, I didn't see any point in staying."

London seemed as good a place as any, so after working at various odd jobs, she left the United States in 1973. "I left because the lifestyle here, in general, doesn't suit me. I never had a car, I never wanted one, and I'll never have one. As far as I'm concerned, if you don't want a car and don't drive, then you better get out of America. It's as simple as that."

When Hynde got to London she immediately found work as a journalist for the British music tabloid *New Musical Express* where she garnered attention for her devastating reviews and off-the-wall musical tastes. But she soon grew tired with her budding journalism career. "The music scene in London in 1973 and '74 was so ultimately boring, there was nothing to write about." Trying to change that, Hynde moved to France with the intention of starting her own band. When that didn't work out, she moved back to Cleveland, Ohio, in 1975, out of a desire to "get back to my musical roots."

(Continued on page 20)



Martin Chambers: He's got the fever!

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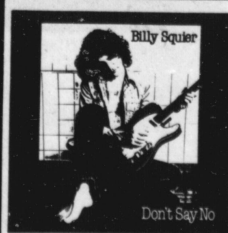
- 15 Charleston, WV
- 16 Knoxville, TN
- 18 Johnson City, TN
- 19 Lexington, KY
- 20 Nashville, TN
- 22 Biloxi, MS
- 23 Baton Rouge, LA
- 25 Tallahassee, FL
- 26 Birmingham, AL
- 27 Huntsville, AL
- 29 Jacksonville, MS

### OCTOBER

- 1 Memphis, TN
- 2 Little Rock, AR
- 3 Dallas, TX
- 4 Houston, TX
- 16 Buffalo, NY
- 17 Rochester, NY
- 18 Hartford, CN
- 20 Washington, DC
- 21 Norfolk, VA
- 23 Pittsburgh, PA
- 24-25 Philadelphia, PA
- 27 Glens Falls, NY
- 28 Boston, MA
- 30-31 New York, NY

### NOVEMBER

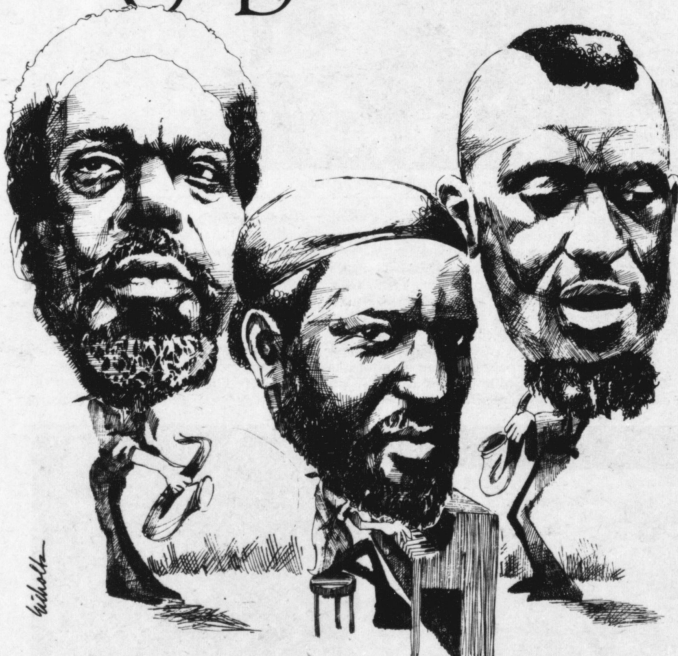
- 1 New York, NY
- 3 Evansville, IN
- 4 Cincinnati, OH
- 6 Detroit, MI
- 7 South Bend, IN
- 8 Chicago, IL
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## ON DISC



### THOSE FANTASTIC FANTASY VAULTS

Fantasy twofers

(Fantasy Records) Fantasy Records has mined its seemingly endless vault of classic Fifties and Sixties jazz and come forth with a group of eight twofers that spotlight musical mountain-movers Thelonious Monk, Sonny Rollins, Charles Mingus and Max Roach and lesser miracle workers Johnny Griffin, Eddie "Lockjaw" Davis, Cannonball Adderley, Gene Ammons and J.J. Johnson. All of these releases are good; some of them are simply first class.

At the head of the list go Monk's *April in Paris* (Milestone) and Rollins' *Vintage Sessions* (Prestige). The two are musical cousins. Both put rhythm at the heart of their work and it is that unshakable swing, coupled with melodic imaginations of colossal proportions, that has made their art endure. Too, both are exceptional composers. Rollins still writing fluently today while Monk has remained dormant (he last appeared in public in 1975 and is reported to be in ill health); many of their compositions (Monk — "Round Midnight," "Well, You Needn't"; Rollins — "Oleo," "Airgin") have become classics.

*Live*, a 1961 date, presents a routine familiar to those fortunate enough to have heard Monk in person: each tune, excepting the piano solos "Just a Gigolo" and "April in Paris," consists of a reading of the melody, solos by tenorman Charlie Rouse, Monk, bassist John Ore and drummer Frankie Duno, and the melody once again. Rouse's airy, amber tone and semi-rigid style fit handily with Monk's on-the-beat comping, and the pianist's solos, with reprising of the melody

and widely spaced intervals, are commanding. Monk may be a little hard to decipher at first, but when one finally "hears" him, he sounds traditional and uncomplicated. Such titles as "I Mean You," "Off Minor," and "Rhythm-a-ning" are played.

*Vintage* documents Rollins' first five trips to the studio as a leader, appearing with Miles Davis (it was Miles' date and he insisted Sonny cut a tune, and it was later issued under the saxman's name), the Modern Jazz Quartet, pianists Kenny Drew, Elmo Hope, and Monk. Though he was only 21-24 when these 1951-54 sessions were held, the by-now familiar Rollins trademarks were in evidence: an innate rhythmic sense; stunning melodic outpourings; a stark, brash tone; and a selection of rarely heard material. Sonny works his magic on a lazy "Time on My Hands," "I Want to Be Happy," with Monk comping merrily, and a rippling "Movin' Out," one of four cuts where the great trumpeter Kenny Dorham and a Bud Powell-influenced Hope are highlighted.

The influence of Monk trails over into 1961's *Live at Minton's* (Prestige), where tenor saxophonists Griffin and Davis engage in joyous musical combat. Griffin worked with Monk for half of 1958 (*Live at the Five Spot* on Milestone is recommended) and the pianist's "In Walked Bud" and "Staight No Chaser" are included here, along with a generous measure of blues and pop tunes. While the saxmen are both disciples of Ben Webster, they express his influence differently. Davis' sound is swarthy and raspy, Griff's lighter and leaner. Both love to play chorus after chorus, as does Junior Mance, one of the finest blues-based pianists extant.

Tenor saxophonist Ammons was another jazzman who thrived on the blues, and three of the eight lengthy tunes on *The Big Sound* (Prestige) are

blues, of which the snail-paced "Blue Hymn," with Ammons' sound oozing thickly out of his horn, is a particular delight. Also welcome are the four numbers with Pepper Adams' husky baritone sax and John Coltrane's alto (1), with the latter in a rare appearance on that horn. Ammons, who delivered ballads and uptempos with equal aplomb, is in excellent form on this 1958 date.

Three of the twofers offer live sessions. Mingus' tumultuous triumph at the Sunday afternoon concert of the 1964 Monterey Jazz Festival can be found on *Mingus at Monterey* (Prestige), a superb album if only for the bassist's plucked rendition of Ellington's "I Got It Bad" and his exhilarating arco work on "Meditations on Integration," though altoist Charles McPherson and pianist Jaki Byard also shine. Drummer Roach's *Conversations* (Milestone) has two long performance cuts, spotlighting Clifford Jordan's ringing, passionate sound, while the two studio sides are worthwhile for the wonderful duets with Roach and bassist Art Davis. *Four Trombones*... *The Debut Recordings* (Prestige) presents Johnson, Kai Windling, Bennie Green and Willie Dennis, four seminal slide men, in a 1953 club date that covers standard jazz material in a jam session context.

Cannonball's *Alabama/Africa* (Milestone) completes this bounteous release, combining John Benson Brooks' four-movement "Alabama Concerto" — with written and ad-lib sections that utilize the talents of guitarist Barry Galbraith, trumpeter Art Farmer and the altoist — and "African Waltz," a Sixties big band date that finds Cannon's soaring horn out front on "This Here," "Stockholm Sweetie," and some succulent others.

Zan Stewart

## ON TOUR

### Koko Taylor

#### Concert Review

NEW YORK, AUGUST 5, 1981

Willie Dixon (famed blues songwriter and bassist) found Koko Taylor playing local clubs in Chicago. He was doing A&R for Chess Records then and knew he'd found a rare figure — one that's even more rare 16 years later — a woman belting the blues. She was unstudied and powerful. He took her to Leonard Chess, she signed, and kept on playing the small clubs.

She plays the clubs almost nine months a year.

"If I stayed home I'd get real lonesome," she told fans at Tramps on a sufferable August night in New York. She had filled the city's only regular blues venue on a Wednesday night.

"These are your people," her label rep told her, "Koko fans. They aren't the same people who come here all the time." Indeed, she had drawn Doc Pomus — legendary pen of the rock & roll/R&B song trade ("Suspicion," "Surrender," "Save the Last Dance for Me") — who stayed for three sets, and got tribute from Taylor's band doing "Born in the Country (Raised on the Ghetto Streets)."

Offstage, Koko Taylor offered a fresher of personal reflection: proud recollection of her brothers' homemade corn-cob harmonica and hay-baling wire guitar. B.B. King as her hometown deity; the inspiration of Memphis Minnie, Elmore James, Magic Sam, Howling Wolf and Muddy Waters. Talkative, low-key, sweet and big-spirited, she let fall some of the self-effacement that seemed so surprising onstage.

For most of the show, Taylor met standard blues form. Her own "I'm a Woman" was triumphant, confident, proud: "I can make love to a crocodile... I know my stuff, I ain't never had enough." "You Can Have My Husband (But Don't Mess With My Man)" did its crowd-pleasing turnaround on the "outside woman" genre in blues and pop soul. "Trying to Make a Living," a song from the Depression Thirties, said volumes about the Reagan Eighties.

Taylor's stance and attack recalled James Brown. She's a small woman with a big face and she has Brown's ability to draw herself round the microphone and *commandeer* the first words. She's powerful; there's a rolling scream way back in her throat that would break most singers in one show a week, let alone three sets a night.

Still, the Tramps date showed a professional's pace, and a long-haul



traveler's distance. The air wasn't loose until sometime in the second set, the between-songs talk was time-worn (excepting a loving introduction of Pop Taylor, husband and driver), and the band didn't rock too far from format. At 200-plus nights a year, she was doing the one sane gait, the slow build toward intimacy and *give* that a small club allows and rewards.

"In the blues it's just Big Mama Thornton, myself and a few more. You can count them on two hands, the women that's really singing the blues today. Let's face it, you can get radio airplay doing disco," Taylor told us.

Clearly, Koko Taylor is in her prime. She refreshed the blues at Tramps. While the pop media inhale and spit out six trends a month, Taylor quietly and forcefully makes a person want to hear the blues.

Linda M. Eklund

### Al Di Meola, John McLaughlin, Paco De Lucia

GREEK THEATRE, BERKELEY

An elegant evening of acoustic guitar virtuosity enriched one August Saturday night in Berkeley when Al Di Meola, John McLaughlin, and Paco De Lucia performed a concert much like the one at the Warfield Theatre in December that spawned the trio's best-selling new live LP, *Friday Night in San Francisco*.

The Berkeley show's material included pieces from *Friday Night*, and shared both the transcendent, exhilarating moments and the hyped-up audience-pandering ones that fill the record.

The concert opened with each performer doing a brief solo-spot — and supplying some of the night's most tasteful, concise guitar work. The solo pieces also comprised clipped introductory phrases about the guitarists — De Lucia: deft, but limited; McLaughlin: quick, complex; Di Meola: fluid, percussive.

The next segment — duets — cracked with zest and magic. But part of that bargain was periodic gaps in discipline and structure. McLaughlin and De Lucia poured out a spirited rendition of Egberto Gismonti's dreamy "Fredo Rasgado," and bits of the other duets were equally uplifting, yet occasionally it seemed that crowd-pleasing and sheer speed were more important to the guitarists than tasteful, lyrical playing.

That wasn't entirely their fault. In an evening of all-acoustic guitar, an audience may well *appreciate*, say, the enticing melodies, or maybe the contrapuntal/unison playing. But the audience *responds* most vocally to wild-fingered pickings or occasional snippets of incongruous music (country strumming at the Berkeley show or the "Pink Panther" theme on *Friday Night*'s version of "Short Tales of the Black Forest").

In the final portion all three musicians finally joined forces. Di Meola, McLaughlin and De Lucia were more controlled and precise than during the duets, yet maintained the magic, soaring triumphantly on a shimmering new McLaughlin piece, "La Balena," as well as the set-closing "Fantasia Suite."

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# FRIDAYS



# FRIDAYS



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# OFF THE WALL

## Fall Fashion Forecast: Franken & Davis Abandon 'Saturday Night Live' for College Capers & Bigscreen Pix

Reveling in the latest campus epidemic—Dull Normalcy—those great guys and tip-top comedians, Al Franken and Tom Davis, show how to come down with an acute case.

Imagine an outdated mail-order catalog, perhaps found lodged behind the rifle rack in a musty farmhouse. Cross-pollinate the Young Mens' Ready-to-Wear section with Sporting Goods and School Supplies (scissors and paste can be helpful at this point), and you've got it: Dull Normalcy. Or, at least, you could have it. With a little effort.

BY JIM GULLO

Al Franken and Tom Davis were on that old television show called *Saturday Night Live*. You remember, it was the terrific concept in television comedy that everyone loved for a few years and then it stopped being real funny but everyone kept watching it anyway. Franken & Davis were among the group of original writers (they had a hand in the creation of such skits as *The Coneheads*, *Jeopardy 1999*, and *Nixon's Final Days*). They also performed occasionally as the Franken & Davis show within the show, and in the last season with the original cast, Franken became very visible with his "Al Franken Decade" riff on *Weekend Update*.

At a New York sidewalk restaurant, Franken and Davis recently talked about sick, sophomoric comedy, their college tour, and the screenplay they're writing.

"College audiences are a lot of fun for us to do," the slender Davis said over eggs Benedict. "They're not drinking during the show."

"Well, there's nothing wrong with drinking during the show," the shorter, curly-haired Franken cut in. "As you recall, when we performed at Harrah's (in Reno), we performed to a basically middle-aged, middle-class crowd, and they were fun because they were drinking."

"College audiences have their drawbacks," he continued. "They're a little immature in some respects. They'll laugh at certain things that are maybe... we do some stuff that is..."

"A little blue," Davis said. "It's a little blue," Franken repeated. "And usually the blue stuff we do, we try to have more than just one level to. But very often, a college audience will take on the dirty joke."

"As opposed to the stunning, looks-into-the-human-psyche kind of thing," said Davis hopefully. "The difference between a dirty piece and a brilliant piece can be very fine sometimes."

An example of Franken & Davis blue material occurs in the "You've Come a Long Way, Buddy" sketch, which was done on *SNL* and which they repeat in their stage show. The sketch is a talk show for men, where the guests talk up male accomplishments. One of the guests is a guy who has started a rape hot line for men, and he says, "Sometimes men who have raped are reluctant to call the police because they think they might be harassed or mistreated. We encourage them to call." I reminded them that when they did the sketch in a New York club, there were women hissing in the audience.

"There are always like four girls in the audience who hiss at that," Davis said. "As we all know, there's nothing funny about rape. We know that."

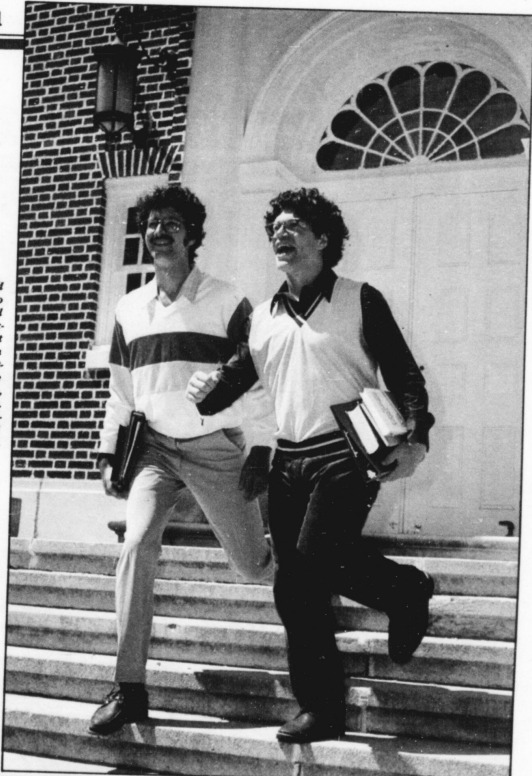
"The point of that sketch, the large point," Franken went on, "is that women don't go to the police very often, because they get harassed by the police. That information is feminist information." The joke is in the turnaround of the situation, and Franken points out that *Ms.* magazine asked for and reprinted the sketch after it had been aired.

"When we do colleges," he went on, "we have what we call a beef box, where the audience can ask us questions. And the questions were always, 'What's Belushi like?' 'Do you take drugs to come up with ideas?' 'Does Belushi take drugs?' And after getting these questions asked... (a loud hammering is heard in the background, from construction in the restaurant)... we figured... (the hammering gets louder).

"Stop it, Tom."

This year, funsters from Rockbound Shores Tech (Mudfield, Maine) to Sunny Coast Junior College (Mudal Flashback, California), will be accessorizing with—have you guessed it yet?—books! Books and more books. In fact: *Geometry*, *First Aid*, *Applied Sheet-rocking*. It doesn't matter. To push the Look over the top, as Tom so often does, accessorize further with a ring binder. Notice how books and binders coordinate with Franken & Davis' shoes—all made of cardboard.

For most Dull Normals, sports are A-O.K., you bet! For that on-the-beam sports look tote a real football to classes. Lift your knees high with each stride. Let your darting eyes scope out the sidewalk ahead for downfield blockers and holes in the defensive alignment. Footballs for the fashionable come in all shapes, sizes and colors; some of them, called basket balls, are round, and others, variously called volleyball or baseballs, are also round and mainly whitish. These latter are for the times a Dull Normal is really on a tear. For day-to-day, the basic burnt sienna pigskin is timeless, a classic on the order of basic black and pearls. Come to think of it, why don't you try basic black and pearls? Al does.



TOM SOBOLIK



Al, the globe! The model planetoid! The spherical orb! Spunkier than a derby and spars, yet suitable for co-ed dates as well as purposeful cross-campus striding. Hol-ho! Throughout, it's a perfect match for Al's head. Tom's too. Except the globe is mostly blue, and Tom generally has a greensub cast.

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### 1,000 THIRD PRIZES

One thousand winners will receive a colorful Monte Alban "Eat the Worm" T-shirt. These shirts, with their macho message, have become exceptionally popular during recent months.

### OFFICIAL RULES—NO PURCHASE NECESSARY

1. On the official entry form (or a piece of paper 3" x 5") print your name, address and zip code and the answers to the two questions. Enter as often as you like. Each entry must be mailed separately and postmarked no later than December 31, 1981.
2. Mail your entry to: Monte Alban Contest, P.O. Box 6353, Chicago, IL 60677.
3. Winners will be selected in random drawings from among all correct and eligible entries by H. Olsen & Company, an independent judging organization whose decisions are final. Barton Brands reserves the publicity rights to use names and pictures of winners without compensation. Odds of winning will be determined by the number of entries received.
4. Winners will be notified by mail. Prizes are non-transferable, cannot be substituted and limited to one prize per family. Trip must be taken by July 31, 1982.
5. Contest void where prohibited by law. Entrants must be of legal drinking age at time of entry. Officers, employees, representatives and their families of Barton Brands, its affiliated companies, agencies and wholesalers and retailers are not eligible.

Yes, I'd like to enter the Wild West Vacation Contest. I've answered the two questions below.

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OFF THE WALL

Davis: "Sorry, I'm trying to get this birdhouse done by 2 o'clock."

Franken: "No, we're doing an interview."

Davis: "Okay. I'm going to have 14 martins living in my backyard."

Franken: "He's really excited about this birdhouse."

Me: "It's amazing how these guys can eat lunch, do an interview, and build birdhouses all at the same time."

Franken and Davis met in high school in Minnesota, where they began doing their silly skits together. After high school, Al went off to study at Harvard while Tom wandered around Europe and Asia ("No, I didn't have a green backpack, but I had a pony-tail"). They reunited occasionally and did more silly skits and when Franken graduated, they turned pro. They went to L.A. and performed in the Comedy Store and other clubs, supporting themselves with odd jobs (including playing Santa Claus and Winnie the Pooh in a department store; "We switched off").

"We did pretty good," Davis recalled, "compared to all those people who were performing for free. People like Steve L., who eventually threw himself off the roof of the Continental Hyatt House into the parking lot of the Comedy Store with a note saying, 'I was a comedian. I used to perform at the Comedy Store.' He lost his sense of humor."

"Somewhere between the 9th and the 14th floors?," I wondered.

"Or the 14th and the 9th floors," corrected Franken.

"It's very important to maintain your sense of humor," said Davis.

After a year and a half of getting by, the boys landed a big job at Harrah's in something called "The Boob Tube Revue." Six months later a William Morris agent sent a portfolio of their work to Michaels, who was looking for writers to start his new show, *Saturday Night Live*. It was what you'd call your basic Big Break.

Franken remembered one SNL, hosted by Bea Arthur, in which they seemed to get away with uncensored murder. "We did 'First He Cries' on that show, which is about what a husband goes through when the wife has a mastectomy. And in that show, I was the science editor, and I was talking about how cockroaches are the oldest form of life and they're very difficult to kill." He and Davis started giggling.

"And I had all these roaches: I stuck pins through them and boiled one. I put dishwashing liquid on one and pulled the legs off another. It was a terrific hit. I had a great response from it. But I also got incredible mail."

"You should be shot for what you did to those cockroaches," Davis remembers the letters as reading. "The people who don't live in New York City thought it was terrible. They told us that cockroaches had souls, too. Some people really dislike Al Franken."

Davis talked about another sketch they wrote which never got on the air. The piece was entitled "People Who Wanted to Kill Ted Kennedy," written when Kennedy was being pressured to run against Carter in the primary. The sketch consisted of a talk show with nuts who offered ways and reasons to kill Kennedy. They said things like "I will complete the hat-trick."

"It's good, sick comedy," Davis insisted. "If you're going to be liked," Franken said, "you're going to have people dislike you. People hate Steve Martin, and I don't

know how anybody can hate Steve Martin."

As for the movie they're writing, along with fellow SNL writer Jim Downey, Franken & Davis volunteer that it will be a spoof of future-negative-utopia films like *Logan's Run* and *Soylent Green*. Lorne Michaels is producing it, and they hope it will be better than their SNL colleagues' film work. Remember *1941* or *The First Family* or *Seems Like Old Times*? Neither does anyone else. About that, Davis said diplomatically, "We keep hoping for the big, immortal movie to come out, like a *Citizen Kane* or a *Dr. Strangelove*. We haven't seen that yet."

"I'm not as happy with my colleagues' work as Tom" said Franken. "I'm a little more critical. We liked the *Blues Brothers*. *Animal House* was the best, but that wasn't written by anyone who wrote for the show."

"We're trying not to have the big basketball game at the end of ours."

ON SCREEN

(Continued from page 21)

*Daughter, Agatha*, except for *Agatha*, are bloodless and bland in their portrayal of love and sex. In *Agatha* Apted cast two extremely confident actors, Vanessa Redgrave and Dustin Hoffman, in a perversely fascinating tale of attraction and obsession. But Sissy Spacek and Tommy Lee Jones never made their courtship or marriage understandable in *Coal Miner's Daughter*, and now in *Continental Divide* we have the weakest lovers of all.

Both Kasdan and Apted have done better work than this film; Perhaps they'll remember how in future projects.

Judith Sims

Prince of the City

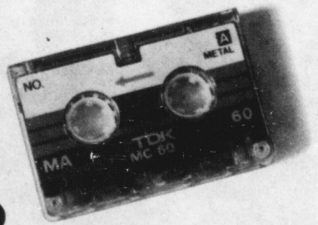
starring Treat Williams, Jerry Orbach, written by Jay Presson Allen and Sidney Lumet, based on the book by Robert Daley, produced by Burt Harris, directed by Lumet.

"I know the law," says detective/informant Danny Ciello towards the end of *Prince of the City*. "The law doesn't know the streets." *Prince* was directed by Sidney Lumet, and it resembles his earlier work, *Serpico*. Both films portray the struggle of a tough undercover cop who fights alone to uncover corruption. But where *Serpico* was a one-sided account of an honest cop versus all others, *Prince* is a story of a man being swallowed whole by the legal bureaucracy, his ideal of ending corruption being itself corrupted.

Deciding to work with a Federal investigation into corruption, Ciello (played by Treat Williams, from *Hair*) begins by nabbing corrupt lawyers, mafiosos, and farstraying cops. But the investigation snowballs into a McCarthy-esque witch hunt — there isn't *anybody* out there who hasn't broken some law — and Ciello ends up implicating everyone, including his closest friends/partners. Williams' portrayal of Ciello grabs our attention and holds it throughout, especially difficult because he's virtually always on-screen. He rages, he fights, but he also becomes baffled by the complexity of a system which has its own rules for behavior. The legal system, with its baffling ways and its lack of understanding

(Continued on page 29)

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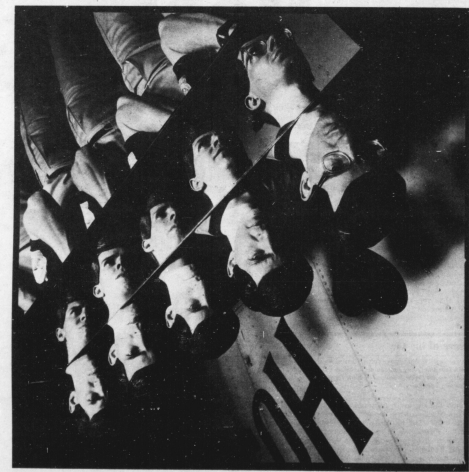
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# Mutants in the a instream



## DEVO drops the mask (but they still won't play Aerosmith)

By BARRY ALONSO

Jerry Casale of DEVO opens another film fragment from his place of sushi delicacies, then resumes an attack on 20th Century life: "What DEVO is dealing with fundamentally is the absence of the human being," says the 35-year-old bassist emphatically. "We hate what is assumed to be real — what most people assume to be true and real, and I'm all digests on..."

Sitting across from Casale in the wood-paneled, soft-lit surroundings of a Los

Angeles area sushi restaurant, absurdity is on my mind as well. Mid-way through my interview, it strikes me as a tall incongruousness that DEVO's chief public spokesman, a musician supposedly dedicated to waging up the "spide" about the inanities of modern man, seems so comfortable in this cheery setting. Watching a member of DEVO feast on a crab-and-quail-egg roll while railing against predatory capitalism is slightly disconcerting.

Which brings us to the question many are asking about DEVO these days, has the techno-conscious quartet from Akron, Ohio with the message about human de-evolution been compromised by the big time? When their debut LP, *Q. A. W. We Are New Men!* (*We Are Devo!*), was released in late 1978, the band was critically lauded as the dastard guerrilla of rock. Everything about the group, from their clockwork rhythms to their robotic stage manner and lyrics about

happy mongoloids, suggested that they would never rise above cult favorite status. That was then—today, in the wake of their next platinum *Freedom of Choice* album (and its Top 40 single, "Whip It"), the band has released a new LP, *New Traditionalists*.

Back to the sushi bar. Casale places an order (green tea ice cream, this time) before addressing the self-over issue head-on. "We're like the band that fell to earth now," he says with a wry smile. "We got sucked up into the music business and now, with *New Traditionalists*, the transformation's complete. It's inevitable — we've always said, 'Watch us devolve; watch us become what we're laughing at and see how gracefully we survive...'"

"Whip It," DEVO's breakthrough single, is a prime example of what Casale means. It topped mainly as a tongue-in-cheek moral

uplift pep talk, the lyric actually succeeded through its more vulgar sexual implications. Casale says it's all to be expected: "We were a patently disgusting lyric and some thought it worked as long as there's sexual innuendo in a song. It'll be a big hit. It was perceived on that level beating your meat, hearing your woman, hearing something."

*New Traditionalists* continues in the direction of *Freedom of Choice*—more mainstream song structures and arrangements, with simpler, less overtly bizarre lyrics. Casale and DEVO co-leader/vocalist keyboardist Mark Mothersbaugh are writing tunes in a more direct vein and, together with guitarists Bob Mothersbaugh and Bob Casale and drummer Alan Myers, they're playing more conservatively as well. Such tracks as "Soft Things" and "Love Without Anger" may be the latest DEVO satires of America's sexual thractions—or perhaps they're celebrations of them. Buzzwords drawn from mass media advertising and soft, usually a DEVO staple, are all but unused this time. The language is vaguer though still consistent, as in "The Super Thing." In short, the band has rounded off some of its sharp edges—but does it necessarily mean they've sold out?

Yes—and no. DEVO's peculiar, iron-laden aesthetic allows the band to blatantly stoop to coarser without violating its basic principles. The crux, the grotesque, the sleepily insane they've been elements in DEVO's music and video presentations since the very beginning. By "mutating" (a favorite DEVO word) in America's best, the band hopes to expose its doctrine to millions, though, Casale admits, "only about 2 percent of our audience really get our ideas."

Our conversation ended, Casale heads off for a meeting as I continue to mull over his words. While he was pleasant enough company, something about his press secretary manner disturbed me. He was too glib in his spouting of DEVO's creed, too put in his statements about the band's intentions. Put simply beneath the neatly-packaged intellectual exterior of the group, I knew, was a heart of more cynicism. DEVO might be working within the system at present, but I was confident that the madness which nurtured DEVO back in Akron lived on.

My conviction was confirmed later that night after several hours of enjoyably wapped conversation with Mark Mothersbaugh at his home in L.A.'s Miracle Mile district. I was told by DEVO's management that Mark preferred to leave press relations to Jerry. Perhaps they were afraid to unleash him on me. Or vice versa. In any case, I responded to Mothersbaugh's personal inane. He radiated the sincerity of someone who's lived on the social fringe for so long they can never truly join the masses. For better or worse, the 30-year-old Jerry of DEVO struck me as real.

Mothersbaugh's upstairs didn't pad in short on furnishings, but filled with all sorts of DEVO material. His trademark fringe cascading down his forehead, he leads me about the place, setting my eye on records to help me keep pace as he sweeps from his

# Mutants in the a instream



Opposite page: DEVO corporate heads meet at DEVO World Headquarters. Above: *Dadzies* in deconstruct. Below: *Blissers* set on scene, DEVO maintains spindled security.



Opposite page: DEVO corporate heads meet at DEVO World Headquarters. Above: *Dadzies* in deconstruct. Below: *Blissers* set on scene, DEVO maintains spindled security.

of DEVO's films and stage shows. Filled with disturbing William Burroughesque fantasies and an overall disdain for all things "normal," *My Struggle* reveals Mothersbaugh to be a bonafide obsessive, it effectively squelches any belief that DEVO was invented as a money-making vehicle.

Mothersbaugh snickers as he remembers his early attempts to interest the music biz in his songs: "Jerry and I drove out to L.A. to 'do a play out' for Joe Walsh (another 78) in his home. We went to his home in Coldwater Canyon and, boy, were we impressed—he had video tape machines and all the things we wanted! Then we put the tape on and Walsh ran out of the room after the first few seconds. We couldn't understand how anybody could hear DEVO's music and not think it was great stuff."

Further reaction followed. Frank Zappa was among those who didn't appreciate the band's "great stuff." According to Mothersbaugh, Zappa advised DEVO to stay in the garage they recorded in ("The day he said that to us, he said it in the wrong track," Mark asserts). Home town audiences were even less sympathetic. At one live gig, Mothersbaugh and company entertained a club full of longhairs who demanded conventional rock 'n' roll. "I was dressed up as Booby Boy all night. Everybody was going on stage while I was singing and ripping my mask right off my head and screaming, 'I said play some Aerosmith, goddamn it!'"

Through such rough times, DEVO persisted, until the climate of the American music scene loosened up just enough to allow them their chance. To Mothersbaugh's mind, what DEVO is doing today is essentially the same as ever: "What we're releasing now may not be as patently weird as our earliest stuff, but it's writing the same thing. Some of my favorite songs are things we've never put out, but you don't lay your most intense stuff on people right away. I get off on the challenge of how much DEVO we can get into people."

Mothersbaugh continues to scheme new ways to spread the word. "We've been of fered it in-movie spots every week out of a couple of TV shows. We want to do something called 'Club DEVO,' where we can like Booby Boy up from. We want to do things like that that other people take what we're responsible for something good, like getting bounds out of his chair, as if to answer it in a dress and a hood. Jerry had this rubber chimp mask on and his hands were tied behind his back. That poor lady..."

Alternately sicken and amused by the cultural desert around him, Mothersbaugh found a variety of outlets for his creative surges. A revealing document of this time is the cultural desert around him, Mothersbaugh published three years ago. Skimming it, I found the germs of DEVO songs and packaging concepts from notes and drawings dating back six years or more — "Booby Boy" the means child-monster created with an Booby Boy."

## ON SCREEN

(Continued from page 27) for the people with whom it deals, is the real enemy.

Jim Giallo

### Shock Treatment

Starting Cliff de Young and Jessica Harper, with Jim Giallo. Directed by Paul Verhoeven. Produced by Lisa Adler. Screenplay by Jim Giallo.

This film missed, a sort of quasi-sequel to *The Rocky Horror Picture Show*, is in color and has Dolby sound. That's the good news. The bad news is that this posturing, padding, chaotically directed attempt to mine the same Rocky vein of Divine Deicide has come up staidly empty. It hasn't a memorable character, a teasingly tense, a single moment of coyness as in *Frank N. Furter* (Tim Curry), show-stopping redoubt of "Sweet Transvestite" as even actor Charles Gray wiggling away his desk suggesting "Let's Do the Time Warp Again." *Rocky Horror* was for specialized tastes, but at least it was sincere in its message, which was, basically, "loosen up and boogie." This film, whose crew is borne by many of *Rocky*'s same "creative talents," has no discernible point of view. It's like, if one insists on showing that term, has *Frank and Harriet* (the only characters carried over from the first film, and the *Rocky* and *Harriet* of *Transvestite*) appearing on a faintly amusing version of the "Midway" band in the lobby farm, where he is stuffed with enough drugs to oxidize *Cherch and Chong*. Meanwhile, she is corrupted into the new advertising sex symbol for television magazine *Faerie Flowers*, who turns out to be *Rocky*'s long-lost twin brother.

Utterly wasted is the lovely Jessica Harper, who sings her heart out and does her best with material thin enough to sneeze through. Tim Curry, the saving grace of *Rocky Horror*, is notably absent here, presumably turning down a chance for an encore. Judging by the audience reaction at the screening, he made the right decision.

Steve Barzant

### Chariots of Fire

Starting Ben Cross and Ian Charleson, written by Colin Welland. Produced by David Parfitt. Directed by Hugh Hudson.

After a demoralizing glut of wretched or disappointing films, *Chariots of Fire* comes along with false hope, no advance warning, and a depth of commitment and breadth of talent that make the other movies in release look like amemic, subin-bellish runs.

*Chariots of Fire* revolves around two British runners who ultimately compete in the 1924 Paris Olympics. Eric Liddell (Charleson), Scottish missionary, runs for God. Harold Abrahams (Cross), a wealthy Jew, runs to defy the bigotry he encounters even (perhaps especially) in his own country. The film is a law student, presumably living a privileged life. Describing this dichotomy as his actress lover, Abrahams says, "I'm not sure I can't see the difference between us; they won't let me drink. This is not just another sports film obsessed with beating

(Continued on page 30)

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## ON SCREEN

(Continued from page 29)

the other guy; it's about personal triumph, and it's not merely good, it's elevating — but not in the sappy violins-and-tears tradition.

The film looks perfect; I don't know why it is that the British can make period films look right (with a relatively small budget) and we can't, but we should rejoice that somebody knows how. There isn't a wrong note or chair or photograph anywhere. My only quibble derives from my ignorance of the 1924 Olympics: we don't learn exactly who won what. Also, the title (a line from William Blake's "Jerusalem" is a mystery to most Americans.

But don't let these minor omissions stand in your way; spend your money on a movie that deserves it. There are so few...

Judith Sims

## Honky Tonk Freeway

starring William Devane and Beau Bridges, written by Edward Clinton, produced by Don Boyd and Howard W. Koch, Jr., directed by John Schlesinger.

So little of the humor in *Honky Tonk Freeway* is of the intelligent variety that one seriously wonders why such actors as William Devane, Geraldine Page, Hume Cronyn and Jessica Tandy had anything to do with it.

*Honky Tonk Freeway* purports to be the story of the commercial crusade of the town of Tielaw, Fla., which, in spite of promises from Tallahassee, does not get its own exit on the newly built freeway. On their way to Tielaw are a renegade family man from Chicago (Bridges), a pair of not-too-charming bank robbers from New York (George Dzundza and Joe Grifasi), a busload of Asian orphans and, the only redeeming subplot, an elderly ad man and his tipsy wife (Cronyn and Tandy, who are, as always, a dynamite pair). As in a sort of misbegotten *Nashville*, these parties mix, match and play musical cars until they are all chaotically brought together.

The opening shot of an exploding grove of palm trees is a subtle parody of the same moment in *Apocalypse Now* (and later comes the blowing-up of the bridge, or in this case, a freeway overpass). The film's climax is a High Noon-type showdown with the town's mayor/minister/inkeeper (Devane) striding down the deserted streets to meet with the evil government bureaucrats. There is the rather touching plight of a young nun (Deborah Rush) who steals away from her superior (Page) for forbidden dabs of perfume and dips in the pool. And there is the immortal line: "The International House of Pancakes is the one consistent thing in my life."

But most of what we get is tasteless. We visit the drive-thru mortuary. We meet a dizzy young blonde (Beverly D'Angelo) who carries her late mother halfway across the country in an urn; a wasted hitchhiker (Daniel Stern) winds up snorting the contents of that urn. We meet Bubbles, the water-skiing elephant. Get the idea?

Do not fear, friends, that your life will be incomplete without *Honky Tonk Freeway*.

Susan Armine

## Tarzan the Ape Man

starring Bo Derek, Richard Harris & Miles O'Keefe; written by Tom Rowe & Gary Goodard; directed by John Derek

Tarzan, the late Edgar Rice Burroughs's mythic Lord of the Jungle, has about as much to do with John and Bo Derek's much-publicized remake of *Tarzan the Ape Man* as Jack Nicholson has to do with Jack-in-the-Box. Since the film's focus is on Bo-as-Jane for at least two-thirds of its considerable length, MGM should have rechristened this saga *Jane Goes Ape*.

Obviously, the script deals with the conflict between Jane, a turn-of-the-century heiress, and her father, a long-absent Great White Hunter she has followed all the way to Africa. But this father-and-daughter skirmishing is merely a prelude to the film's Big Moment — Jane swings with Tarzan. That, in turn, allows John Derek (who directed and photographed) to shoot what amounts to a *Playboy* layout-on-film, a kind of *Bluer Lagoon* for the *Cosmo* crowd. Unfortunately, two things get in the way. First, there's Bo, who loses what undeniable appeal she has every time she opens her mouth and delivers line readings flatter than any that can be heard in your average Army basic training film. The second problem is a much-muscle, ex-football player named Miles O'Keefe who, as Tarzan, is supposed to be enraptured by Jane but actually carries an expression of annoyance which suggests he has better things to do... like a modelling assignment for *Playgirl* or a trip to the gym. The film's climax, which finds Tarzan waylaid and Jane and Big Daddy (Richard Harris) at the mercy of some pygmies, is initially quite confusing. Why are all these petite creatures jumping up and down with venomous looks crossing their brows? Finally, it dawns on the confused viewer why they are carrying on like munchkins-on-speed. They're mad... fighting mad. They read the script.

Bill Royce

## American Werewolf in London

starring David Naughton, Jenny Agutter and Griffin Dunne; written and directed by John Landis.

*Werewolf's* best scenes are the first ones wherein American college students Naughton and Dunne trek through deserted portions of northern England on a full moon night. Their dialogue is sharp and real and witty, and the film never quite attains that level again (except for one brief scene later when nurse Agutter feeds patient Naughton). The actors are engaging, but there is little style on display here. It's neither a spoof of, nor homage to, the genre.

Those who adore horror films with hairy creatures and foggy forests and lurid special effects will probably find *American Werewolf* tame — its exposition somewhat incoherent, its monster all too cuddly. But for the rest of us — those who think most horror/werewolf/vampire movies stupid and childish — Landis' film is funny, diverting, inoffensive and OK.

Judith Sims

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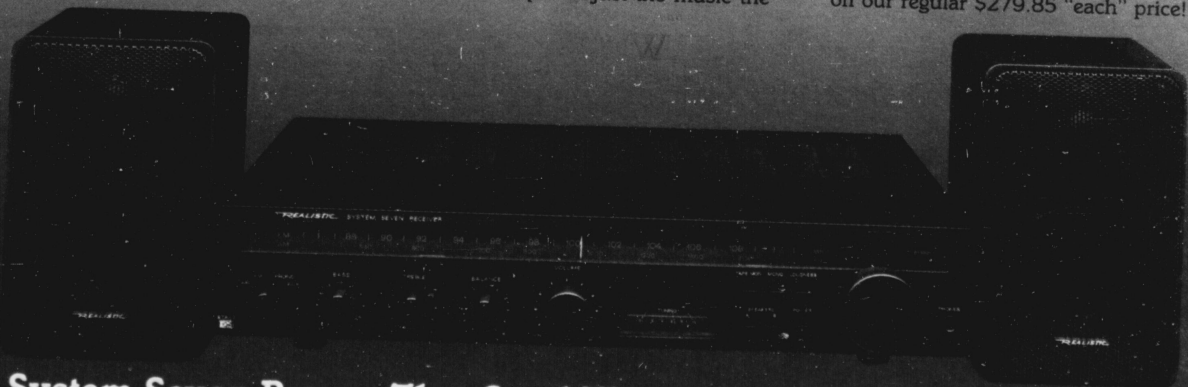
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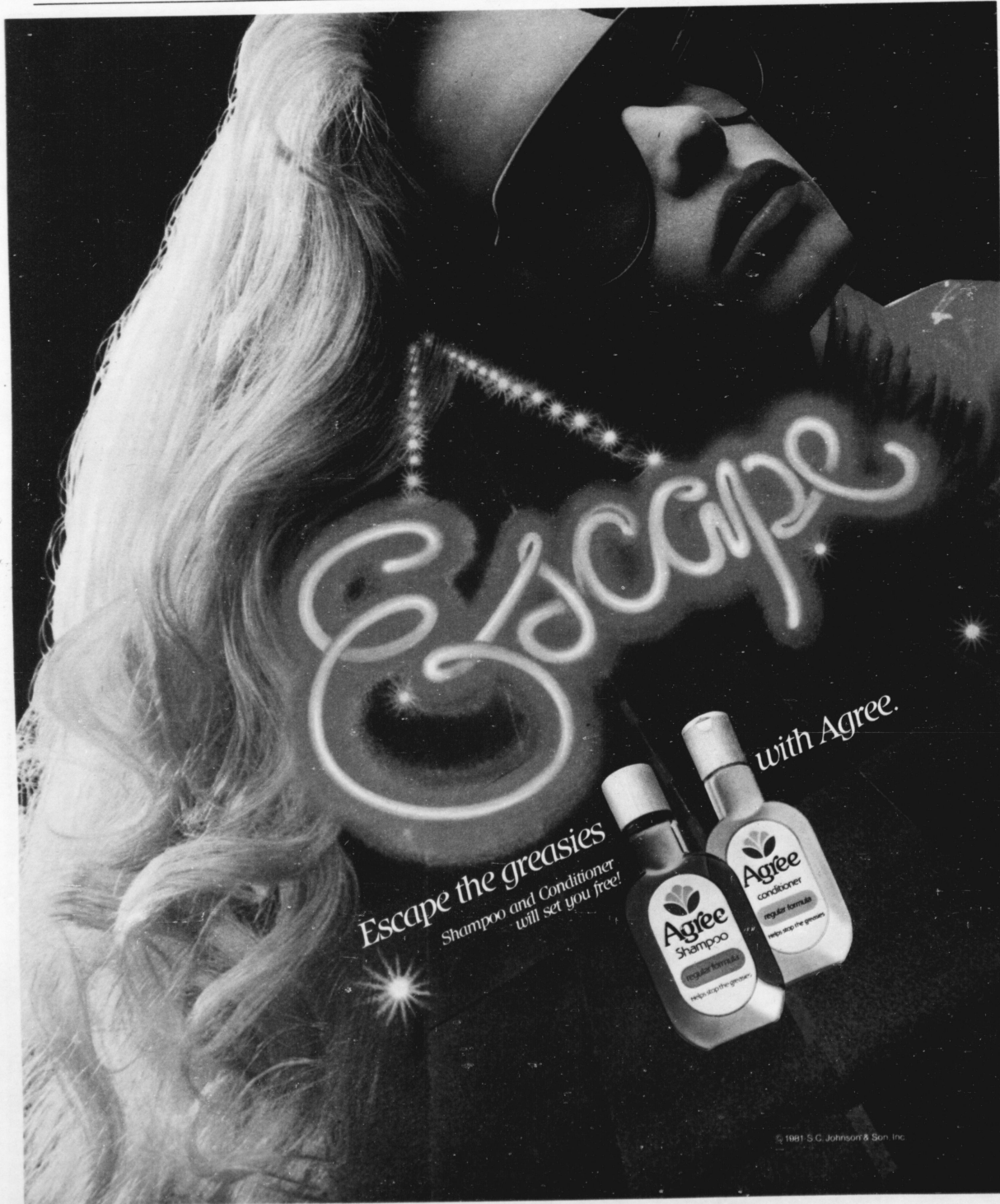


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