

# KENTUCKY Kernel

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An independent student newspaper

University of Kentucky, Lexington, Kentucky



Mr. Soul

Neil Young has tried several different styles during his musical career, the latest of which is electronic. In order to promote his latest album, "Trans," he has begun a nationwide tour. For a review of his Cincinnati performance, see **FIRSTNIGHTER**, page 4.

## Formula funding plan proposed for A&S

By JAMES EDWIN HARRIS  
Managing Editor  
1983 Kentucky Kernel

An ad-hoc planning committee in the College of Arts & Sciences has called for the establishment of a formula funding model for the University, comparable to the one under consideration since 1981 by the Council on Higher Education for all public universities, to enable the college to fulfill its mission in research and instruction.

The committee concurred that the scheduled advent of the University's selective admissions policy in Fall 1983, combined with "the general decline in the pool of college-age students, may help to alleviate the current crisis in a decade or so."

But it stressed, "The declines will not be enough in the short run to solve the present funding crisis, which is why a budget formula acknowledging Arts and Sciences' centrality must be devised."

Baer, in an interview, said the college is coping with four areas that

- The college lost 28 faculty positions to hiring freezes instituted during the 1980 and 1981 budget cuts.
- Twenty percent of the office staff lost during the budget cuts have not been replaced.
- Stipends for teaching and research assistants have not kept pace with inflation or with those offered by other universities, thereby undermining the University's ability to attract and retain them and fulfill its research mission.
- The college's population of majors has increased by 6.7 percent, from 5,989 to 6,309.

He said some departments have student-teacher ratios of 30 to 1, making instruction in some classes

difficult. The college's average is 22 to 1, slightly lower than that in the College of Business and Economics, the highest at UK.

without such a formula.

Baer said, "I'm not sure it matters which formula will be used. What's important is that the central administration realize that, when a student enrolls in a college, we offer a certain portion of his courses. We need a portion of those dollars."



See PLAN, page 3  
MICHAEL BAER

### FRIDAY

From staff and AP reports

#### Kernel wins top national award

The Kentucky Kernel has been selected from 2,000 student publications throughout the nation to receive the Columbia Scholastic Press Association's most prestigious award, the Gold Crown.

Bill Ryan, director of CSPA, which has a nationwide membership of student publications advisers, said yesterday the Gold Crown is awarded to the top 1 percent of all student newspapers, yearbooks and magazines the organization judges each year.

"It's reserved for publications whose qualities go far beyond and above what we expect," Ryan said.

He said the Kernel is the only daily university or college newspaper to be so honored.

The award will be presented March 17 at the CSPA's national convention in New York.

#### Blanton admitted to Medical Center

Jack Blanton, vice chancellor for administration, reportedly has admitted himself to UK Medical Center complaining of chest pains.

Blanton's wife, Sandra, said he admitted himself early Tuesday morning and is "doing fine."

Debbie Karutz, a spokesperson for the Medical Center, said no diagnosis has yet been made.

Blanton is listed in satisfactory condition. Karutz said she is not sure how long Blanton will remain hospitalized.

#### Sturgeon announces council campaign

Brad Sturgeon, 1980-81 Student Association president, said yesterday he plans to join the growing number of former UK student government members running for or holding seats on Lexington/Fayette Urban-County Council.

SA was renamed Student Government Association by current SGA President Jim Dinkie.

Sturgeon said he will announce his plans to run for the Fourth District council seat today at 11 a.m. in front of the council chambers, 200 E. Main St. The district includes the Greg Page and Commonwealth Village apartments on campus.

"I think I am well qualified for the position, and my personal situation is right for running," Sturgeon said. "Beyond that, I have a strong personal desire to do constituent work."

Sturgeon said the main plank of his platform will be a commitment to fight utility rate increases. As SA president, he led student opposition to a 1981 rate increase request by General Telephone of Kentucky.

#### Spring fire season begins

LOUISVILLE — The state's spring forest-fire season opened earlier this week, and more than 2,000 acres already have been destroyed.

"The state needs rain, and lots of it," Townley Bergmann, chief of resource education in the Division of Forestry in Frankfort, which is charged with protecting 17,037,798 acres of woodland.

Bergmann said 49 fires were reported Tuesday and 63 the following day. Last year, 2,302 fires burned 37,561 acres of forest in Kentucky, with a loss of \$76.2 million.

Milton Noble, superintendent of UK's 14,700-acre Robinson Forest, said the closest fire is five to six miles northeast.

### WEATHER

Increasing cloudiness today with a 60 percent chance of showers and thunderstorms by late afternoon and a high in the low to mid 70s.

Cloudy tonight with a 40 percent chance of showers and thunderstorms and a low in the low to mid 50s.

Cloudy tomorrow with a continuing chance of showers and thunderstorms and a high in the mid to upper 60s.

### A handful

Narciso Raya, chemistry graduate student, takes advantage of the sunny weather by playing with his daughter, Diana, 3, in Seaton Field.

By BEN VAN HOOK, Kernel Staff



## Guide dog 'eyes' for glaucoma victim

By STEPHANIE WALLNER  
Staff Writer

Henry Hampton lost his sight at age 18 to glaucoma. Seven years later, Hampton, accompanied by his guide dog, a Golden Retriever named Breezy, is attending UK.



Henry Hampton, business administration sophomore, walks to class with his Golden Retriever Breezy, who is "on duty" leading the blind student across campus.

In the summer of 1979, Hampton came to UK to learn the campus and prepare for classes in the fall. After sitting out one semester, he returned in Fall 1980 and has been a full-time student since then.

Hampton began working with Breezy in July 1982 at a school in New York for guide dogs. When Breezy was 17 months old, Hampton went to New York to train with her

for 26 days.

"During that time we became acquainted with each other," he said. "She had to get used to following my voice commands."

Occasionally, Hampton will use his cane to "stay in practice" in case something were to happen to Breezy. "I use it a lot to go to dinner," he said.

The staff at Blazer Cafeteria goes through the line with me to tell me what is being offered and seat me," he said. Hampton tries to sit toward the back of the cafeteria so he can leave easily.

Hampton said his mother visits each weekend to collect his laundry and match clothes for the coming week. "I have a few shirts with Braille tags, but most of my clothes are already matched for me," he said.

Contrary to what people think, Hampton said Breezy doesn't know where the classes are, he directs her to them. "Guide dogs don't just know where to go; you are the brains and they are the eyes."

One of the biggest problems Hampton has is finding his rooms during the first week of classes each semester.

"Once I find my rooms, I try to sit in the same seat every day so that Breezy gets familiar with it." When he rides the bus around campus, he sits toward the front to remind the driver where his stop is.

Another problem Hampton often has is keeping people from playing with Breezy when she is in her harness.

"When I have Breezy in her harness, no one is supposed to touch her or myself," he said. "If you pet her when I have a hold of her it distracts her, and she may not follow my instructions."

Hampton said when Breezy isn't in her harness she is like any other dog, but when it is on she is "on duty."

Hampton, a business administration sophomore, may have to change his major because of a conflict with required courses.

"There are a few math courses re-

quired and I have difficulties understanding math since it's so visual."

Most other classes, such as English, are easier for Hampton because the lessons are taped.

"I carry a recorder in my backpack and can listen to my lessons any time," Hampton said. Most of his tests are taken orally with the teacher.

The Lexington Volunteer Recording Unit, based in the Student Center, is part of the Handicapped Student Services, offered by the University. The recording unit obtains books for the blind students, Kathleen Hougham, director for the recording unit, said.

"We get in touch with the professors to get book requirements," Hougham said. "Books which aren't already available on tape we arrange to have recorded."

Hampton is also enrolled in a Vocational Rehabilitation Program by the Kentucky Department for the Blind.

"The program offers financial and placement assistance for those individuals with disabilities causing major impairment in trying to find a job," Hougham said.

The program pays for the students tuition and reader services and requires students to carry at least 12 hours and maintain a 2.0 grade point average. Any further financial assistance must be applied for individually by the student.

Hougham said there are two totally blind students at UK and about 20 listed as legally blind. She said many of the students listed as legally blind can function normally with corrective lenses but cannot see without them.

Cases like these are listed as legally blind and are eligible for assistance through the Department for the Blind.

Hampton lost his sight to glaucoma, a condition resulting from fluid pressure on the optic nerve. Blindness occurs when the excess fluid doesn't drain from the eye correctly.

In Hampton's case the condition could not be relieved by surgery.





# FIRSTNIGHTER

KENTUCKY  
Kernel

## Film portrays pioneer women miners

Elizabeth Barret's "Coalmining Women," an Appalshop film, documents the experience of women miners in the Appalachian and Western coalfields, sharing the trials and triumphs of "being a woman in a man's job."

The film, to be shown in conjunction with Women's History Week, explores the contributions made by women in this dangerous, but lucrative alternative industry.

Women miners comment on their experiences underground, on co-workers, on health and safety conditions and on their efforts to unionize. Scenes from the 1980 Black Lung Rally for Life in Washington and the United Mine Workers of America Constitutional Convention that same year suggest that women miners are an active and vocal minority.

Betty Jean Hall, director of the Coal Employment Project, which has been influential in making mining jobs accessible to women, said opening up mining jobs to women is important, especially in Eastern Kentucky and southwest Virginia — areas where job opportunities for women are limited to waitressing, baby-sitting, clerking or maybe teaching. "If you have the education and your politics are right,"

Mavis Williams, a miner from Cumberland, said she more than tripled her wages when she left her bank job and went to work in the mines. "Men may talk about it get-

ting in their blood," she said, "but it's the money."

In the Central Appalachian region women have long been tied to coal. As mothers, daughters, sisters and wives to coal miners, they have been among the most active proponents in the fight for unionization and safety in the workplace.

Their common struggles have given rise to a rich music, and samples of it, as performed by Sarah Ogan Gunning, Florence Reese and Hazel Dickens, among others, are included in this film.

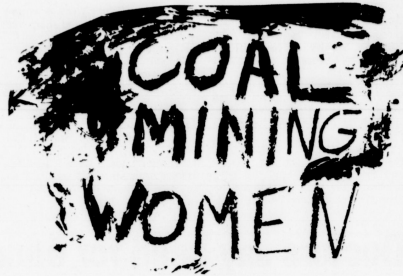
According to Barbara Angle, a disabled miner in West Virginia, an important aspect of women in the mines is the different perspective they bring to their jobs. A different, she believes, benefits all miners.

Hall shares that belief. She said that although it can't be documented yet, safety conditions tend to improve when women enter the mines, and she predicts that will continue.

"Women have been raised to naturally look out for the safety of others," she said. "When women speak out about safety conditions, the men will back her up."

Angle also suggests that women, as miners, will be even more important as a force for unionization. "Most women seek work in union mines, because they are better protected there," she said.

The film includes a narrative his-



tory of women in the mines dating back 150 years ago to Great Britain, tracing their eventual exclusion there and its extension when the mining industry developed in this country. Also noted are the superstitions that developed to support this exclusion.

While their entry into this traditionally male field in recent decades is an important gain for all women, one woman's comment stands out:

"I don't know if it's making history. I'm just making a living — that's the way I look at it."

"Coalmining Women" rates \*\*\* 1/2 on the Kernel four-star scale. It is being shown with "Lord & Father," another documentary, at the Kentucky Theater. Check schedule for times and dates. Unrated.

DAVEENA SEXTON

## HOT DATES

• Today — **Strong Wind, Wild Horses Back in Town**, a presentation of Modern Dance/Kentucky, will be performed at the Lexington Opera House at 8 p.m. Tickets are \$5 for children and senior citizens; \$6 for adults.

• Today — **Mr. Jack Daniel's Original Silver Cornet Band** will perform at 8:15 p.m. in Memorial Coliseum. Tickets are \$10 for the general public and free to full-time UK students.

• Today — **Neil Young** will be in concert at 8 p.m. in the Commonwealth Convention Center, on the corner of Fourth and Jefferson streets, in Louisville.

• Tomorrow through Apr. 10 — **Kentucky Art 1983** will be exhibited at the Center for the Arts. The opening reception will be held from 5 to 7 p.m.

• Tomorrow — **Pianist Mine Miller** will give a faculty recital at 8 p.m. in the Center for the Arts.

• Tomorrow — **The Play Step-**

**ping into Tomorrow**, starring Yolanda King and Attallah Shabazz, will be performed at 8 p.m. in Memorial Hall. For more information call 257-5641.

• March 6 — **Musick's Recreation**, sponsored by the Chamber Music Society, will be performed at 8 p.m. in the Center for the Arts.

• March 6 — **The Choir of Men and Boys will present Music of Great Churches** in a Choral Evensong at 7:30 p.m. in Christ Church Parish on 166 Market St.

• March 7 — **The Carl Ratliff Dance Theater** will perform at 8 p.m. in the Center for the Arts. Tickets are \$5 and \$4.

• March 7 — **The Freshman Trumpet Class** will give a recital at noon in the Center for the Arts.

• March 7 — **Jeff Lorber Fusion with Kenny G.** will perform at Breeding's. Tickets are \$8 in advance and \$9.50 day of show.

Compiled by K. OSBORNE

## Neil Young treats fans to undying style of rock



NEIL YOUNG

CINCINNATI — It has been written often that modern rock 'n' roll concerts, for the most part, have gotten stale — tranquilized audiences come to have seven or eight public climaxes, and the bands perform with too much polished detachment.

Wednesday night in Riverfront Coliseum, Neil Young, in his latest incarnation, performed a solo show that defied any of the conventions of modern rock. It was a mixed-media event; there was a video screen behind the stage that showed everything from old Buffalo Springfield tapings to images of Young himself singing harmonies timed perfectly with the live music.

The concert was roughly divided into halves. The first part, highlighted Young's acoustic, folksy side. The stage consisted of a black grand piano with a crystal chandelier over it on one wing, a battered upright on the other, and in the center, a stool with a collection of guitars around it.

Dressed in worn jeans, high-topped white sneakers and a seedy black sportcoat, Young divided his time between the instruments, belting out such classics as "Old Man," "After the Gold Rush," "Heart of Gold" and others in his powerful, wavery-voiced style and accompanying himself on harmonica.

Stomping his feet for rhythm, Young mixed in some traditional folk songs and a few new (or at least unrecorded) tunes, all of which brought the nearly sold-out house down.

Between songs, Young strolled languidly around the stage, swaggered on long necked Budweisers and bantered with the audience as if performing in an intimate club.

He introduced "Heart of Gold" as "one of those songs you heard on every radio station no matter where you turned the dial. I had one of those once. I got sick of playing it, but I guess I'll play it for you guys."

The audience sang along, nearly drowning out Young's sound system, which was one of the clearest ever heard at a big arena.

After performing "Old Man," Young said, "I feel a lot more like him now than I did then." Indeed, the lines of age showed on his haggard, side-burned face. But when he sang, Young's voice was as intense and strong as

any young man's (even if he did forget his lyrics a couple of times).

Some of Young's most brilliant songs are now well into their second decade. His genius is his ability to write timeless lyrics; songs like "Sugar Mountain," "Helpless" and "Ohio" reach deep into one's emotions.

The refrain at the end of "Sugar Mountain," "you're leavin' there too soon," was picked up by the crowd after Young stopped singing. Even after he left the stage, the crowd kept singing, finally erupting in thunderous applause. Such is the power of Neil Young.

The second part of the show focused on music from Young's latest album, *Trans*. This record is an electronic exploration, with most of the lyrics outlining Young's view of the coming Age of Computers.

He performed four songs from the record: "Transformer Man," "Computer Cowboy," "Computer R Age" and the modernized version of "Mr. Soul."

The new songs were well-received well by the audi-

ence, but it was the old stuff they really wanted to hear. Still, the *Trans* music was much better live than it is on record.

Absent were many of Young's best electric songs, although he played "Down By The River" in truncated form on acoustic guitar.

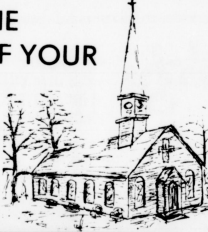
Young used a vocoder during these songs, which, when fed through a synthesizer, makes his voice sound like an electronic, out-of-tune flute. He donned a pair of punk sunglasses with a pilot's microphone attached for this set, and when performing his new songs, Young's latest transformation into a robot-like prophet was quite evident.

Neil Young is one of the most original figures rock 'n' roll has produced, and Wednesday's concert was another example of his ability to remain constant with the times. He has his finger on the pulse of America and has since the '60s.

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# Turkish student combines water polo with dental career

By KEVIN STEELE  
Reporter

From the University of Istanbul to UK, he carefully balances his time to include his education in dentistry and his training for international athletic competition.

He talks with pride about his native country, with interest concerning his professional dental career and with modesty about being a world-class water polo player and captain of his national team.

Galip Gurel is a visiting dentist from Istanbul, Turkey. He came to UK in April 1982 to spend a year making observations in the Dental School and to learn more about his specialty in dentistry. He is with the department of prosthodontics, which is the branch of dentistry that specializes in replacing lost teeth.

"The United States has new and easier techniques," Gurel said. "I have this great chance to see those different techniques with the different instruments, so hopefully I will try and take them back to Turkey."

Although no athletic scholarships exist in Turkey, Gurel, 25, began playing water polo and studying dentistry when he entered the University of Istanbul in 1975. He has been on the national team eight years since he started playing.

The sport was not Gurel's first experience with world-class competition. He began swimming at age 10, and by age 14, he held his first national swimming record.

By the time he graduated from high school at age 17, he had held national records in the 200- and 400-meter individual medleys, the 100-meter butterfly and all relay events.

He made the transition from swimming to water polo competition out of necessity. "That was the sport that I would be able to play and go to dental school at the same time."

He trained at a private club in Istanbul while going to college. "In Turkey the lack of facilities hampers potential young athletes from progressing as easily as those in the United States," Gurel said. "I was lucky — we had a very nice club in Istanbul. It is one of the best clubs in Turkey."

Fortunately, Gurel's swimming club emphasized studies and work, not just athletic ability. "On my team (the club) will never allow a student to play on the team unless he succeeds in his lessons. School comes first."

Gurel agrees with that policy and sets a fine example of the academic athlete; his club tries to produce. Dental school in Turkey lasts five and a half years and upon graduation from dental school Gurel was a doctor at age 23.

After graduating in 1981 and working for one year at his parent's private dental practice, he was invited to come to the United States by UK prosthodontics associate professor Behruz Abadi. Abadi was in Turkey giving a talk and had graduated from the same school as Gurel in Turkey.

"I am lucky to be in such a good Dental College," Gurel said. "Everybody here was so friendly to me, more friendly than I expected since I came from a foreign country, so I never thought about changing universities."

He spends most of his time in the department of prosthodontics observing the technical lab work. This includes firing and constructing the dentures. The observations are a valuable learning experience.

"Most dentists do not do the lab work," he said. "So it is to my great advantage that I am learning both the lab as well as the clinical procedures."

Gurel will return to his country in June to put his new knowledge to practice, but also to lead the Turkish national water polo team in the Mediterranean Olympics in July and other international competition this summer.

The international water polo season for Gurel involves training during the winter months and competition starting at the beginning of summer and lasting until the end of November.

"If you go to a tournament, you usually play four games in one weekend," Gurel said. "We play once and sometimes twice a month."

Gurel has never competed against the United States but has competed many times against Italy, Yugoslavia, Spain, Hungary and Rumania, considered the top teams in the world.

He said he is eager to begin the competition but has mixed views about leaving. "In a way I am looking forward to going back, but I will miss a lot of my friends here," he said. "But my family is back there."

Gurel hopes to compete for five more years. Part of the enjoyment from competing stems from meeting athletes.

"The competition is great. It is a real tough sport, and when you get angry you can really hurt someone bad because there are no referees in the water. But you always develop good friendships with the other competitors no matter what country they are from or no matter how rough the game has been."

The greatest thrill, however, is the patriotism involved in international competition.

"When I go out on the introductions as a Turkish national player, the feeling is something different," he said. "Even if I played for a hundred years, that would still get me psyched up. I could go for that for 200 years and never get tired of it."

The Mediterranean Olympics, in Casablanca, Morocco, this year, will last three weeks. The competition includes all the countries bordering on the Mediterranean Sea.

Gurel jogs five miles and does aerobic exercise three days a week, practices water polo twice a week and lifts weights every day.



JACK STIVERS/Kernal Staff

Galip Gurel, at UK this year to observe new dental techniques, continues to practice water polo while visiting the United States. Gurel will return to Turkey this summer to lead the Turkish team in the Mediterranean Olympics and convey his professional knowledge to dentists in that country.

## Bengals lose tight end Ross to USFL's Boston Breakers

CINCINNATI (AP) — The Cincinnati Bengals apparently will lose tight end Dan Ross to the rival United States Football League in 1984.

Bengals Assistant General Manager Mike Brown said the Bengals declined yesterday to match a contract signed by Ross with the USFL Boston Breakers.

Ross is under contract with the Bengals through next season. Through agent Tom Toner, Ross reportedly agreed to a contract starting in 1984 that would pay him \$1.6 mil-

lion over four years.

"Tom Toner told me that Dan has signed a contract with the United States Football League Boston Breakers, and that we have the opportunity to buy out that contract. We've declined to do so," Brown said yesterday.

Ross was not at home yesterday and could not be immediately reached for comment.

It would mark the first time the USFL had signed a player still under contract with a National Football League club.

Ross, 26, was a second-round draft choice out of Northwestern in 1979. He became an integral part of the Bengals' controlled passing attack that led them to Super Bowl XVI.

Backing up Ross at the tight end spot are veteran M.L. Harris and Rodney Holman, the Bengals' third round draft pick last year.

"We do have good players at that position besides Dan — M.L. Harris and Holman," Brown said. "We'll have two years to replace Dan. We'll work on it in the draft this year and next year."

## Ex-Wildcat guard excels in Sweden

STOCKHOLM, Sweden (AP) — For those who have been wondering, former Wildcat star Mike Flynn is alive and well and averaging 26 points a game for Sweden's top basketball team.

"It's my third year here and I've really enjoyed it in Sweden," Flynn said recently. "It's not the NBA, to be sure, but we enjoy it."

The 10-team Swedish league is an amateur operation for native Swedes, but a professional organization for the two Americans allowed to each team.

"I get my regular salary plus, like other American players, the use of a car and a furnished apartment," said Flynn, a 6-foot-4 point guard for the Stockholm-based Alvik team.

"But," he added, "we have to pay for food and gas and long-distance phone calls. And that gets expensive. People in the States take for granted how cheap food and gas is."

Some prices may be higher than in the U.S., but there are many positive aspects of playing in Europe, Flynn said. The best one, of course, is getting the chance to play.

"I'll be 30 this summer and I feel very fortunate that I'm still playing basketball and getting paid for it," said Flynn, who played for the Indiana Pacers after leaving Kentucky in 1975.

"Of course, I'd like to get another shot at the NBA, but I've given that dream up," Flynn said. "I'd like to play another year or two over here, then go to law school at UK and become a lawyer."

Another advantage of playing in Europe is the chance to mix with other cultures, said the Jeffersonville, Ind., native.

"We got Eurail passes and got on the train in Stockholm and went everywhere," Flynn said. "We went to France and Germany and Spain, even behind the Iron Curtain. It was a chance you just wouldn't get playing in the States."

Flynn may be doing a bit more traveling before next season. He scored 33 points in each of two European Cup games against Spain's powerful Real Madrid team, performances that didn't go unnoticed by talent scouts for other teams.

"There's a chance I might be playing somewhere else next year," said Flynn, although he didn't specify which teams have expressed interest. "We'll wait until after the season, in April or May, and then sit down and talk. If nothing happens, we'll probably be back here next year."

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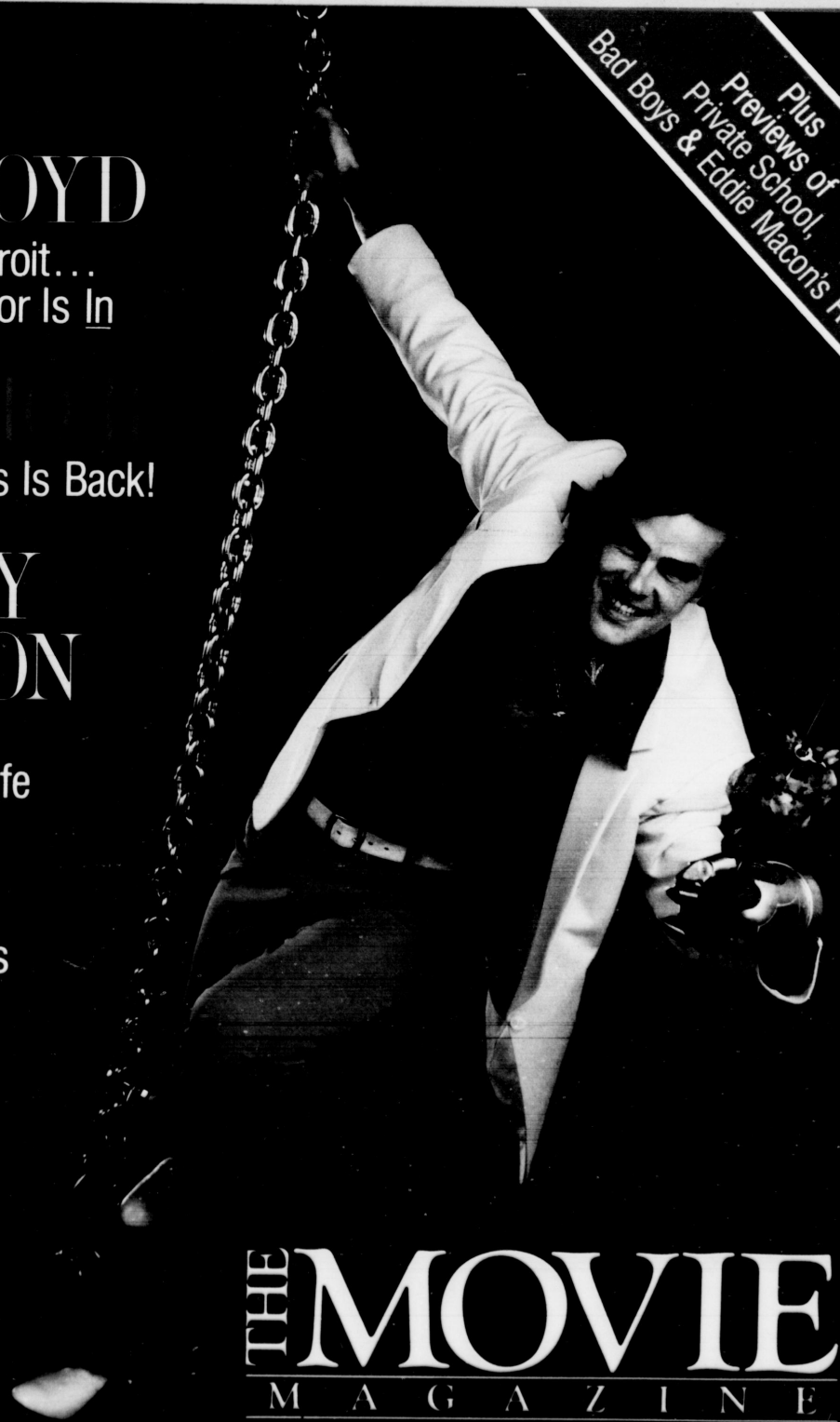
# MONTY PYTHON

Tells Us the  
Meaning of Life

# UNITE

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Plus  
Previews of  
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# THE MOVIE

M A G A Z I N E

VOL. 1, NO. 2 SPRING 1983



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# THE MOVIE

## M A G A Z I N E

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on his sword, for Los Angeles photog-  
rapher David Alexander.*



### letters

In reference to your article on *The Dark Crystal*, what other producer's dream has no agents to call, star salaries to pay, temperamental actors to placate, or any actors at all?

Answer: cartoons.

But like *The Dark Crystal*, cartoons can still be delayed by other headaches. Just look at poor Mickey's *Christmas Carol*. A 9½-week strike botched the meeska mooska mousketeer screen return. For other reasons *Twice upon a Time*, the George Lucas/Ladd Company-financed cartoon, has been delayed until Easter.

Also, there's nothing fantastic about *Sting II* being made 8 years after the first one. *The Black Bird* was made some 40 years after *The Maltese Falcon*. And if 2010: *Odyssey Two* comes to the screen there will be at least a 15-year sequel lag.

*Movie Magazine* has been writing, but sloppy analogies. But I'm confident your credibility will improve as you become more professional.

Don Gworek  
Buffalo, NY

When is a sequel not really a sequel? (This puzzle will keep us buzzing for days.) *Sting II* is a sequel because the characters have the same names and refer directly to action that took place in the first *Sting* (as does *Psycho II*, featured in this issue). *The Black Bird* was more homage to, rather than a continuation of, *The Maltese Falcon*; it was a spoof, with no real relationship to *The Maltese Falcon* other than lip service. As for 2010: *Odyssey Two*, we're told that it's not strictly a sequel, because none of the characters or situations remain from the original, but that it will — with any luck — capture the spirit of the Kubrick/Clarke classic.

As for your confidence in our becoming professional — hey, we're overwhelmed.

I just finished Volume 1, No. 1, of *The Movie Magazine*, which was included in today's issue of the *Poly Post*. I loved it. It's extremely well written, professional and entertaining. I wish you success with the publication.

The idea of including the publication in student papers seems an inspired marketing technique. Obviously, staff members and faculty read the publication also.

Mae Augarten  
California State Polytechnic University  
Pomona, CA

**E**rrata: In the last (which is also the first) issue of *The Movie Magazine*, we neglected to note that the cover photo of Meryl Streep was taken by Douglas Kirkland/Sygma.

Also, James H. Burns wrote the previews of *Sting II* and *Videodrome*.

Mail your comments, complaints, kudos and kibbitzing to *The Movie Magazine*, 1680 North Vine, Suite 900, Hollywood, CA 90028.

## THE MOVIE

### M A G A Z I N E

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**At last! What we've all been waiting for! Monty Python's *The Meaning of Life*, in which are answered many meaningful questions, in which we see lots of blood, men in women's clothing, women with very large mammaries, and all the usual tasteful Pythonesque weirdness.**

BY IAIN JOHNSTONE

Principal photography on the new Monty Python comedy-epic, *The Meaning of Life*, began on July 12, 1982 — the two hundred and ninety-second anniversary of the Battle of the Boyne — a coincidence of no significance whatever. The location was the International University of Europe, Bushey, Hertfordshire on the outskirts of London and, being graduates, it only took the six Pythons a few days to find their way there.

The previous Monty Python films, *Monty Python and the Holy Grail* and *Life of Brian*, had clear and identifiable themes; but what is the plot of *The Meaning of Life*? A careful cross-questioning of all six Pythons leaves the reporter no closer to the answer.

**John Cleese:** This whole Meaning of Life thing is a cheap, last-minute attempt to salvage some shape out of a rag-bag of unconnected sketches, if you want the truth.

**Reporter:** And if you were to lie?  
**Cleese:** If I were to lie I would say that the whole business of conflict is absolutely central to the crises we face, not only the nuclear crisis, but all the social crises that we face in the last quarter of the 20th century, and this, I think, is in many ways the essence of the film.

**Terry Jones:** Well it's all human life really, it's everything from birth to the grave. It ends actually beyond the grave, so it's more of a philosophical work than a plot. It is the answer to most people's questions about life, but rather oriented toward fish. It's rather aimed at a fish sort of audience. I don't know if you quite realize the vastness of the shoals of herring and haddock in the North Sea alone. We thought if we could tap that audience we'd really be on to a money-spinner. That's what this is — a fish film aimed at fish.

**Eric Idle:** It's a fish-eye view of humanity, really. It starts in the tank of a restaurant where fishes wait to be eaten by human beings

like you and me, and they swim in and out of the film, making comments, witty after-dinner remarks, or, in their case, before-dinner remarks.

**Terry Gilliam:** At last a film for ichthyophiles. Actually we're warning ichthyophobes away from this film. We feel that honesty in advertising is very important on these projects.

**Graham Chapman:** We start just prior to fertilization, I suppose, and then move on through the fertilization of the ovum until we reach, more or less, the fetus, and then birth shortly followed by death. Well, there's an intervening stage called life, but then we're on to the important bits again — death, and the consequences of it. It's all human life.

**Michael Palin:** The meaning of life itself is a very strong philosophical concept. Why are we here? What are we doing? Why are you wearing that ostrich costume? The bits of the puzzle are going to come together and we'll be able to give you what I think is the definitive answer to the meaning of life. I don't think many



films have done that before — *Brigadoon* was the nearest I've seen.

Monty Python is probably the most over-educated group of performers in history. Gilliam went to Occidental College, Los Angeles. Palin and Jones went to Oxford. Cleese, Chapman and Idle went to Cambridge. It was there at Cambridge's famous Footlights revue club — which had already launched David Frost and Peter Cook — that these three were diverted from staid professional

careers into the realms of humor.

All five men made their living by writing for radio and television in Britain. David Frost, an international star by the age of 23 and an entrepreneur by the age of 25, spotted their talents and gave them parts or writing jobs in the innumerable shows he was making for British television.

John Cleese was the first to emerge as a household name — in the award-winning "Frost Report" — and BBC television offered him





*Left, Palin, Cleese and Chapman (left to right, in uniforms) inspect a very nasty bit of special makeup which is supposed to make us feel sick and queasy — as do many of their sketches.*

*At far left, Terry Jones in drag this time, in one of his favorite roles, a frumpy British housewife. Eric Idle looks spookily like an American television religious figure.*

*Below left, this is not a scene from Oliver! Learn "The Meaning" nationwide March 25.*



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his own series with his writing partner, Graham Chapman. Cleeve invited the other four who had made reputations for themselves on Independent Television's "Do Not Adjust Your Set" to join them.

So in May of 1969 the six men sat down to digest a cheap curry in the Light of Kashmir restaurant in Hampstead and devise a new program called initially "It's" and then "It's Not" and then "A Horse, A Spoon and A Basin," and then "Owl Stretching Time," and then "Gwen Dibley's Flying Circus" and finally, and immortally, "Monty Python's Flying Circus."

Which brings us, and them, to a wet and windy mountain top near Strathblane in Scotland where they are attempting to recreate the Battle of Rorke's Drift, another episode in *The Meaning of Life*. It's a crucial moment in the Boer War with too few British soldiers facing too many Zulus. Unfortunately, today the reverse is the case. It is the Zulu revolt of August 12th, 1982. The local black students and their friends have decided that the temperature — a few perilous degrees above freezing — is a little too chilly to don loin-cloths. Producer John Goldstone is nonplussed. "I don't understand all this unrest among the warriors. We made it clear they would be in Zulu costume."

If the militant black Glaswegians

had read the script they would have learned that the satire was directed not against the natives, but at the great divide between officers and men in the British army. While the other ranks are being annihilated by the painted hordes, the officers sip brandy and are only distressed when they find one of their number has been bitten during the night, not by a mosquito, but worse — a tiger has carried off his leg.

Graham Chapman plays Dr. Livingstone, the medical officer who comes to treat him: "Been in the wars have we? Any headache, bowels all right? Well now let's have a look at this leg of yours... there's a lot of it about, it's probably a virus, give it plenty of rest, keep warm, if you're playing football or anything try and favor the other leg."

In *The Holy Grail* the team played a body of medieval knights and in *Life of Brian* they donned the sandals and cassocks of the Holy Land, but in their new film they are able to revert to a panoply of modern characters similar to but more excessive than those which inhabited their television series. The names alone give a clue to the variety: Mr. Creosote, Mr. and Mrs. Hendy (the bland, all-accepting American tourists), Fiona, Debbie, the Grim Reaper, Troopers Sturridge, Blackitt and

Spadger — not to mention the all-seeing chorus of fish who observe and comment on the follies of mankind.

The fact that the story is too diffuse to relate and the theme too vast to encapsulate can only be a plus. Nothing stimulates like the unexpected. But having addressed their over-educated minds to the vexing problem of "what is the meaning of life," what conclusions have the Pythons come to?

*Gilliam:* Never be late for supper, clean your plate and don't wet your bed. If you get past that, everything else is easy.

*Palin:* Basically make real tea rather than tea-bag tea, to eschew instant coffee whenever one can get the real thing and not to live in Surrey, which is not the easiest thing in the world to achieve. But other people feel more strongly about it than I do. They feel one should not live in Surrey or Middlesex even.

*Chapman:* We don't know. We tried everywhere. We asked everyone, asked a lot of people questions — academics, politicians, fruiters, everyone, but no one had a clue as to what the meaning of life was. I think we asked the wrong question.

*Idle:* It's a trade secret. If I tell you, you'll tell someone else. What do you want to know? What is the plot of *Hamlet*?

**Part of the fun of being a Python is that you get to dress up in women's clothes. Hard to tell, but it's our guess that Chapman is wearing the garter belt, while Jones waves funny arms about, and the less said about the third member of this trio, the better.**

*Reporter:* The plot of *Hamlet* is the angst of a young man who is wronged by his mother.

*Idle:* The meaning of life is the angst of a young man who is wronged by his mother.

*Jones:* It is revealed at the end of the film, so I mean, obviously I can't say now, otherwise people wouldn't bother to go and see the film. But it is revealed at the end of the film.

*Cleeve:* The meaning of life is something that I have, in fact, discovered. But frankly, if you want to know, it will cost you.

*Reporter:* How about five shillings?

*Cleeve:* No, no, I'm talking big money. I mean, what we're doing in this film, as you must realize, for the price of admission, is instructing people in all they actually need to know in order to have a fulfilling and indeed deeply spiritual life and if that isn't worth the price of a cinema seat, well...

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# E.T. Phones Home

in Japanese, Portuguese, French, Italian, Spanish . . .  
(maybe even Russian someday)

BY PAUL ROSTA

When it played in Italy, the audience cheerfully sat in the rain to watch it at an outdoor theater. At the Cannes Film Festival, the world's film royalty gave it a ten-minute standing ovation. And in Japan, the lucky employees of a giant corporation received tickets for it as a year-end bonus.

Millions of people in the United States already know that only one film in recent memory could create this kind of response. Seven months after becoming an instantaneous part of American folklore, *E.T.: The Extra-Terrestrial* opened in theaters around the world and rapidly caused as much of a sensation as it did in the United States. Although the diminutive astronaut was first sighted in the United States last June, most other Earthlings had to wait months for their close encounter; moviegoers all over the world were well-prepared for the arrival of the visitor from far away.

The first showing of the film outside the United States took place at the Cannes Film Festival in May, about the time of its American premiere. After two press screenings, *E.T.* played for a select gathering of film notables at the Palace of Fine Arts. The black-tie audience gave the film a ten-minute standing ovation, and when Steven Spielberg made the director's obligatory appearance after the show, the crowd didn't want to let him leave the stage.

Throughout the summer before its foreign release, audiences caught tantalizing glimpses of *E.T.* at major festivals in Mexico, France, Italy, Norway, Sweden and the United Kingdom. At the Venice festival, the second screening was held at an outdoor arena. The spectators were drenched by a summer storm, but their spirits were hardly dampened. "They sat there under their umbrellas," marvels Robert Rehme, President of Universal's Theatrical Film Group, "loving every minute of it." Somewhat more clement conditions prevailed for *E.T.*'s royal premiere at the Empire theater in London. Not only did filmgoers manage to stay warm and dry, they were also graced with the presence of the Prince and Princess of Wales. A royal showing in Spain, with King Juan Carlos in attendance, benefitted UNICEF, appropriately enough.

As if they were worried that *E.T.* wouldn't be able to speak for himself, the director and several members of the acting company made overseas pilgrimages to spread the word of his approach. No ambassador for the interplanetary wanderer was received with greater enthusiasm than the youngest — Drew Barrymore, who plays one of *E.T.*'s youthful allies. Dispatched to Japan last summer, the heiress to the royal family of the American theater promptly became a favorite of the Japanese press, especially the photographers. After one of them had the inspiration to outfit the young actress in a kimono, Miss Barrymore's doll-like features could be seen all over Japanese newspapers and magazines.

Nor were journalists in other lands slow to take a shine to *E.T.* "You could fill this room with clippings about *E.T.* that appeared in the press world-wide," says Rehme, indicating the boundaries of his spacious office. It probably would have taken someone as ingenious as Elliott to hide his friend's arrival from the newshounds. Many European publications couldn't wait for *E.T.*'s international release to start showing him off in their pages. Instead of holding off until official press kits arrived, impatient journalists simply pirated pictures from the dozens of American newspapers and magazines that published articles and photographs about the film. When huge color spreads about the movie started appearing Universal decided to compensate, says Rehme. "We went back and shot original photography with Steven Spielberg and *E.T.*, and gave them original material."

The enthusiasm of some other *E.T.* fans left something to be desired.

Before *E.T.* was released abroad, some less-than-legitimate businessmen got their hands on prints of the film, and started churning out black-market video cassettes. The film's distributors put 140 private investigators on the trail in Great Britain, the site of the greatest concentration of the video larceny. As a result of the sleuths' efforts, says Rehme, the problem is now under control.

Although there were many tempting sneak previews, legal or otherwise, of the outerspace visitor, audiences had to wait until last November or December before the bashful spaceman made his first full-fledged appearances. In all innocence, *E.T.* seems to have sparked a feud of interstellar proportions among countries vying for his affections. In France, says Rehme, *E.T.* is already the most popular American film ever to open, and he confidently predicts that it will soon be the most popular film, period. Nine hundred thousand French movie-goers can't be wrong, and that's about how many times the turnstiles spun in the first five days of *E.T.*'s release. More than a third of those connoisseurs were in Paris alone.

Not to be outdone by its perennial rivals across the English Channel, the Empire struck back. During the first three days of *E.T.*'s release, moviegoers in the United Kingdom launched an unprecedented attack on attendance records resulting in new marks at nine theaters in six different cities during the first three days of its release. The Germans were almost, but not quite, as supportive, breaking eight attendance records in its first three days. Everywhere you go — Spain, Finland, Sweden, South Africa, Belgium — the tales of *E.T.*'s broken records start to sound like, well, a broken record. Ironically, the old champion for the first-three-days' showing was *Jaws*, starring, of course, one of *E.T.* director Spielberg's toothier acquaintances.

But the world champion *E.T.* boosters may yet turn out to be — ready for this? — the Japanese. First it was automobiles, then it was transistor radios, and now the Japanese show every sign of borrowing the fine art of *E.T.* mania from the United States and raising it to a new height. Like tickets to plays or concerts in the United States, tickets to motion pictures in Japan may be purchased well in advance, and the Japanese took only a week to order 1,300,000 of them. In nine big-city theaters, which don't seat more than a thousand or twelve hundred people, the film did so well that "they must have been sitting on one another's laps," says Rehme. Fifty thousand lucky Japanese saw the film courtesy of the Mitsubishi company. The executives of the huge corporation decided that a free ticket to *E.T.* was a suitable bonus for a year's hard work.

So that audiences around the world can capture the full flavor of the film, *E.T.* has now been dubbed into such major languages as French, German, Italian and Spanish. Those who are beside themselves with curiosity about how *E.T.* phones home in Japanese will be disappointed, though, since prints distributed in Japan are supplied with subtitles, as are prints in Sweden and Finland. Japanese subtitles can also be found in Sao Paulo, Brazil, of all places, which has a sizeable Japanese population. Because the lingua franca of Brazil is Portuguese, several prints in Sao Paulo bear traces of three tongues. The characters' mouths move in English, the voices have been dubbed into Portuguese, and the film appears with Japanese subtitles.

Astute observers of international affairs will have already noticed that only people in free-world countries have so far been able to make the acquaintance of *E.T.* But Rehme promises that *E.T.* will part the Iron Curtain someday soon. No matter where *E.T.* goes next, though, he's sure to be welcomed with open arms.



# Psycho II

## Anthony Perkins Is Back in the Long-Awaited Sequel to Hitchcock's 1960 Thriller

BY ZAN STEWART

An astute craftsman who possesses abundant resources, actor Anthony Perkins has displayed his talent in all manner of dramatic and comedic roles throughout his distinguished and lengthy film and stage career. On the screen, he's graced such diverse works as William Wyler's *Friendly Persuasion* (1956), where he was Gary Cooper's Quaker son, and Alan Rudolph's sadly neglected *Remember My Name* (1978), where he performed with his wife, photographer Betty Berenson.

Perkins is master of the self-conscious twitch, the nervous, awkward stance of a desperate, misunderstood boy/man. He's played a number of weirdos, from *Pretty Poison's* helpless neurotic to the cold-blooded husband of Sophia Loren in *Five Miles to Midnight*, the hapless homosexual photographer opposite Diana Ross in *Mohogany*, and the anxious secretary in *Murder on the Orient Express*. Throughout these roles Perkins was always appealing — though sometimes perversely so. Most women who watched him believed (and still do) that his characters (and, by extension, Perkins himself) would be just fine and dandy with a little compassion and mothering, some good food (he's so thin...), some love.

Among those numerous roles, there's no doubt that Perkins' most memorable, and perhaps most effective, work was done in Alfred Hitchcock's *Psycho*, the gruesome thriller shot in 1960. As Norman Bates, the shy, stuttering and violently repressed owner and sole caretaker of the Bates Motel, Perkins deftly incorporated the elements of sly humor and grisly terror that Hitchcock loved into a performance that kept viewers entranced.

Twenty-two years later, it seems few have forgotten Perkins Bates on *Psycho*, so, by popular demand, we have *Psycho II*. The sequel is a co-production of Universal Pictures and the Oak Media Development Corporation, headed by Bernard Schwartz. Schwartz is the project's executive producer, and Hilton Green, who was the first assistant director of the original

*An exact duplicate of the 1960 original, the reconstructed Bates mansion sits gloomily on Universal's back lot. The film opens nationwide in the spring.*





*Psycho* and worked with Hitchcock many times, is the producer, Australian filmmaker Richard Franklin, in his American film debut, directed from an original script by Tom Holland.

Though Perkins' dedication to his craft is unquestioned, he would be the first to admit that his first priority is his family — Berenson and their two children, Osgood and Elvis. The four share a spacious, ranch-style home tucked away under the cover of evergreens in the Hollywood Hills. In his living room, where colorful native American rugs and draperies contrast pleasingly with the broad, brown planks of a hardwood floor, the actor relaxes and talks about the sequel.

On the one hand, he mused, who would have thought there was any more to tell, what with Norman safely tucked away in an institution; but, on the other, "Maybe after a twenty-two-year wait," he says, "it makes the story easier to perpetuate, to get a natural re-start. I mean, it's no good if Norman escapes and makes his way back to Fairville, and the motel. I think you have to start with as reasonable a concept as the original which, though gothic and bizarre, was basically a small town story that had its basis in the commonplace ingredients of our society, like people owning motels and operating small businesses."

*Psycho II* begins with Norman Bates being released from custody and judged fit for society. He returns to Fairville and his motel, the operation of which has been casually overseen by a local bank. Norman also takes a part-time job in a diner, where he meets Mary, played by Meg Tilly. Mary is down on her luck and is suddenly without a place to live, so Norman offers her a room at the motel, free of charge.

But, and this is a whale of a *but*, while Norman's been away, the bank has allowed the Bates Motel to operate as an adult motel, catering to one-hour rentals, and Perkins, slipping humorously into character, adds, "Norman doesn't care for that."

Recapturing the persona of Bates, Perkins says, wasn't too hard. "I just got under the skin of the guy." Perkins also had the support of Franklin and Holland, two very cooperative and confident talents.

"In a couple of instances," Perkins elaborates, "Richard and Tom and I would talk and I'd say, 'Well, Norman just wouldn't do something like this,' and they

were quite open about changes. I've found that the bigger the talent, the more that all concerned are secure with their materials and their talents, then the more likely it is that the field is open for discussion. Hitchcock was that way. He had all the confidence in his own work in the world."

As does Perkins in Franklin, whose most recent work was *Road Games*, an Australian release starring Stacy Keach and Jamie Lee Curtis. "He seemed ideal for the job," the actor comments. "Here's a young guy who's passionately interested in the thriller genre, who's made a couple already, who went to the USC film school and who's a disciple of Hitchcock's. In fact, he knew him very well, and knew all of Hitchcock's films as well, plus he has that sense of humor that Hitchcock had."

The original *Psycho* was a quick, 30-day shoot and Perkins says the sequel didn't take much longer. All filming took place on Universal's Studio City lot, where the Bates Motel, and Norman's home behind it, were reconstructed using the first film and some blueprints. Sets were also arranged as close to the original as possible.

The efforts of production designer John Corso and set decorator Jennifer Polito paid off and Perkins complimented them when he said that being on the set was "just like going home." Also making the star feel comfortable was Vera Miles, reprising her role as Lila from the original film. Working with Miles, Perkins says, "was very good, better than the first time."

To achieve the tone and feel of a psychological thriller, cinematographer Dean Cundey (who worked with John Carpenter on *The Thing*, *Escape from New York*, and others), and director Franklin studied films of the German Expressionist movement which employed exaggerated sets and deep shadow areas, as exemplified by the

classics of F.W. Murnau, *S Sunrise* and *Nosferatu*. They also screened such works of Hitchcock's as *The Lodger*, the 1926 piece about Jack the Ripper that in many ways resembles *Psycho*.

Transferring the black and white aura into color is a tricky business, but, Perkins says, this was achieved "by using a lot of primary colors, a lot of bright colors and deep dark blacks. So often, when a picture seeks to have a black and white feeling, colors will be muted, as with the use of pastels to cut down the contrast, with an eye to achieving the grayness of black-&-white. But the predominant color in black-&-white is black, so you need that intensity. I like to call this process black and color."

The commercial viability of *Psycho II* brought out Perkins' observations on the current state of filmmaking. "Yes, there's certainly an audience that's eager to see this *Psycho II*, and all that's required is that it be good. This is sort of a throwback to the Forties, when people went to see pictures, just as long as they were good."

"Then, your worry wasn't whether the film could be sold because there was a built-in audience. People either went to the movies or they didn't, there wasn't anything else to spend their entertainment dollar on."

"Today, there are too many things to spend money on, and this means that a lot of good films, fine films with strong casts and good stories, don't get seen. That's discouraging."

"So with *Psycho II*, the burden is squarely where it belongs, with us, the people who made the film. We know there are no excuses for *Psycho II* not to make it at the box office and with the critics, because there are people out there eager to like it. Our picture simply has to be good."



Norman Bates (Anthony Perkins) spies an old friend hiding in the cake (top left) ... Mary (Meg Tilly) comforts desperate Norman (top right), but no one comforts poor Lila (Vera Miles, below). Perkins confers with director Richard Franklin (below left); Franklin, an Australian graduate of USC, has "that sense of humor Hitchcock had."



previews

# Bad Boys

BY BILL BRAUNSTEIN

There are hardened criminals housed in St. Charles, a correctional institute located in Chicago, not unlike others scattered across the country. Some are in for manslaughter, but they also serve time for crimes like burglary, auto theft, drug peddling, armed robbery and rape. While St. Charles may sound like a typical prison, it's not. It's a reformatory. The 400 young people who make up its population are all teenagers.

It is against this real-life backdrop that *Bad Boys*, a sobering no-nonsense tale of teenage violence in the Eighties, takes place. "St. Charles had the traditional correctional look, the look of reality, I wanted for this film," says *Bad Boy's* producer Bob Solo. And it is this realistic look that will set the movie's tone when it debuts March 25.

The filmmakers spent six days at St. Charles while filming in Chicago last summer and actually employed about 40 residents of the institution as extras. Striving for an authentic, gritty look, director Rick Rosenthal chose to heighten the film's realism and impact by casting actors with relatively unfamiliar faces — the exception being Sean Penn (*Taps*, *Fast Times at Ridgemont High*).

Penn plays Mick O'Brien, a 16-year-old Chicago street kid who masterminds, along with his best friend, a plan to steal the drugs a Puerto Rican gang, headed by Paco Moreno (Esai Morales), is trying to sell to a black gang. When the plan backfires, O'Brien and his friend are caught in a crossfire between the two gangs.

O'Brien is placed in the Rainford Juvenile Correctional Facility where he comes in contact with a sordid assortment of teenage criminals. Eventually he befriends a 15-year-old arsonist named Horowitz (Eric Gurry).

O'Brien slowly and painfully attempts to put his life in order with the help of two correctional officers, Ramon Herrera (Reni Santoni) and Gene Daniels (Jim Moody). All goes well until Moreno is finally caught and



Possessed of a broad comic streak in his private life, young actor Sean Penn (*Tim Hutton's* best buddy in *Taps* and the lovable goof *Spiccoli* in *Fast Times at Ridgemont High*), turned deadly earnest for his slot in *Bad Boys*, holding character even after the day's shooting was wrapped. Above, Rainford Juvenile Correctional Facility, the reform school setting of *Bad Boys*, has its work cut out. A burly cafeteria worker seems to have weathered too many remarks about his turkey noodle surprise.



thrown into the same facility as O'Brien. It is there that the two, driven by mutual hatred, confront each other in what becomes a final showdown.

The inspiration for *Bad Boys* came from a simple one-line idea from producer Bob Solo. Meeting with screenwriter Richard DiLello to discuss the project, Solo told him, "I'm looking for a Jimmy Cagney story set in a modern-

day reform school." From there, DiLello was on his own. Two weeks later he returned with a 10-page outline of the film and was then given the final go-ahead to write the actual script.

After about a year of writing, DiLello completed a first draft, which portrayed the hardnosed lifestyle of teen delinquents. He is almost apologetic about the fact that during the actual writing, he did very little research. "I basically made the whole thing up," he says. Later, after visiting a maximum security reform school and a youth offender processing center, and speaking with a judge and a parole officer, he was surprised to learn that his script was remarkably true to life. "My imagination turned out to be far more accurate than I ever anticipated," he says, laughing.

DiLello's only other published written work (he was a professional photographer early in his career) was a book he wrote in 1971 called *The Longest Cocktail Party*, based on his experiences in London as the Beatles' press assistant. Considering that his association with the Beatles took place during the "peace and love" Sixties, it's ironic that his film deals with teen violence.

"I feel that this movie is a plea for sanity," DiLello says. "It deals with a very violent world and in a very realistic way with young kids who because of illiteracy and lack of parental guidance throw their lives away. What we are trying to say is that these people have a choice in life, but it is up to them to do something about it."

Of all of *Bad Boy's* actors, Reni Santoni (*Dirty Harry*, *Dead Men Don't Wear Plaid*) is the only one to stand out as a seasoned actor with many film appearances to his credit. The others are all newer. There are no less than three screen debuts among the other leads, with other cast member's careers also in the beginning stage, including the film's star, Sean Penn.

There were newcomers behind the cameras as well as in front of them, and Rosenthal himself is a prime example. *Bad Boys* is only the second major film that Rosenthal has directed, the first being the commercially successful *Halloween II*. And the screenplay for *Bad Boys* is the first one to be sold by DiLello.

For Rosenthal, *Bad Boys* presented the opportunity to work on a project that he could call his own, unlike *Halloween II*, which he feels placed him under artistic and creative constraints, since he was working with characters that had been established by another director. Rosenthal, whose other credits include directing the TV pilot for last season's short-lived suspense anthology *Darkroom* and the TV-movie *Five on the Mountain*, believes that *Bad Boys* will make audiences sit up and take notice because of its realistic, unglorified depiction of street fighting.

"I think that although *Bad Boys* is a violent film, because it depicts a violent world, its theme is ultimately anti-violent. But I think that kids who go to see it will ultimately respect it because it doesn't pull its punches."

Eastman Kodak Company, 1982

# Kodak film



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# previews



Shades can't dim Kirk Douglas' fanatic gleam. A lawman looking to square the problems of his past by a successful manhunt, Douglas fuels Eddie Macon's Run with a complex, nearly maniacal characterization.

## Eddie Macon's Run

BY STEVEN BARNES

**A** lone man, unjustly imprisoned, running for his life and his dreams across a desolated desert landscape . . .

A tough cop, blackballed into a dead-end position on the Texas Department of Corrections, who sees a chance to recoup his dignity and salvage his career . . .

A small Texas town, scarcely

*Texas lawmen, at least of the modern era, seldom appear on film as sweet and understanding types. This pair, trying the classic bad cop/worse cop ploy on John Schneider's locks in Eddie Macon's Run, spring from the smile-as-you-club-'em fraternity.*

changed since its origins 200 years ago, descended upon by a Hollywood film crew determined to transform it into an enormous sound stage . . . Filmmaking is a speculative, volatile business, with careers and millions of dollars riding on the quasi-mystical balance of dozens of factors.

With *Eddie Macon's Run*, a pot of gold has been wagered on the abilities of screenwriter/director Jeff Kanew to work the elusive miracle.

Dramatic elements in dynamic balance are the keys to film success. *Run's* human components are the interacting talents of screen veteran Kirk Douglas and *Dukes of Hazzard* star John Schneider.

Schneider portrays Eddie Macon, who escapes from the Huntsville Prison in Texas in a desperate bid to rejoin his beloved wife and child. Kirk Douglas plays Carl Marzack, former New Jersey police officer whose uncanny knowledge of criminal psychology makes him the natural choice for a manhunt.

Working with a star of Douglas' magnitude and experience has to be an exacting experience. According to director Kanew "Kirk is amazing. His character, Marzack, is intimidating, with a mad gleam in his eye, but he is much more than just a 'heavy.' There is an element of humor in Marzack's character that Kirk emphasized. Whenever he comes on the scene, you never quite know whether he

is going to smack somebody or sing a song," Kanew said. "He is right on the nose in terms of technical things and adjusts easily in terms of performance."

But Kanew feels Douglas' co-star was no slouch either. "John has learned a lot from the fast pace of filming a weekly TV show. The intensity of that experience has given him a similar level of craftsmanship. They are both in terrific physical shape and were able to handle their demanding roles."

They may have survived their roles, but what of the town of Laredo, Texas? In a motion picture, the location is as important a component as any human actor. Laredo's surrounding deserts were utilized for Schneider's grueling running sequences, its outlying ranches and homes used for external and internal sets.

"Laredo had everything that was right for the movie," says producer Lou Stroller, "including extremely cooperative and friendly people. Jeff and I decided that we could do everything there. Logistically, being in one location was important for a film like this. It saved a great deal of time and money."

Every action-adventure movie needs a car chase, and *Eddie Macon's Run* utilized the streets of downtown Laredo for theirs. Hundreds of people choked the heart of Laredo's major metropolitan district to watch stuntmen performing their trade: running stop signs and red lights, missing collisions by a hair's breadth and, in general, doing all of the things that any good, law-abiding Laredan would never dream of.

The film company received permission to film on both sides of



The fruit of the prickly pear cactus, called nopales south of the border, sustains prison escapee John Schneider in a harsh land. As Eddie Macon in *Eddie Macon's Run*, the cactus is almost his only friend.

the Laredo/Mexico border as well, which provides a gritty authenticity unavailable in studio backlots.

Kanew, having directed only one feature film (1978's *Natural Enemies*, starring Hal Holbrook and Louise Fletcher), here has graduated from editing and directing film trailers for such films as *The Graduate*, *Shampoo*, *All the President's Men*, *One Flew over the Cuckoo's Nest* and *Annie Hall*.

The elements of his screenplay are classic — a manhunt wherein an implacable tracker bears down on an innocent man — and can be traced at least as far back as Victor Hugo's *Les Miserables*. The setting, too, is classic — small-town Western America. A success here could elevate writer/director Kanew into that privileged group of filmmakers which bankers and studios will automatically trust.

The film opens March 25.

# Inflation is threatening the evolution of higher education.

—Charles Darwin  
Naturalist

Inflation is making everyone struggle harder for survival these days. So why should we be particularly concerned over what it's doing to higher education?

Does it really matter to the rest of us if colleges can't buy all the books they need? If laboratories don't have all the latest equipment? If courses on subjects we've never even heard of have to be dropped? If, in fact, a number of colleges actually have to go out of business?

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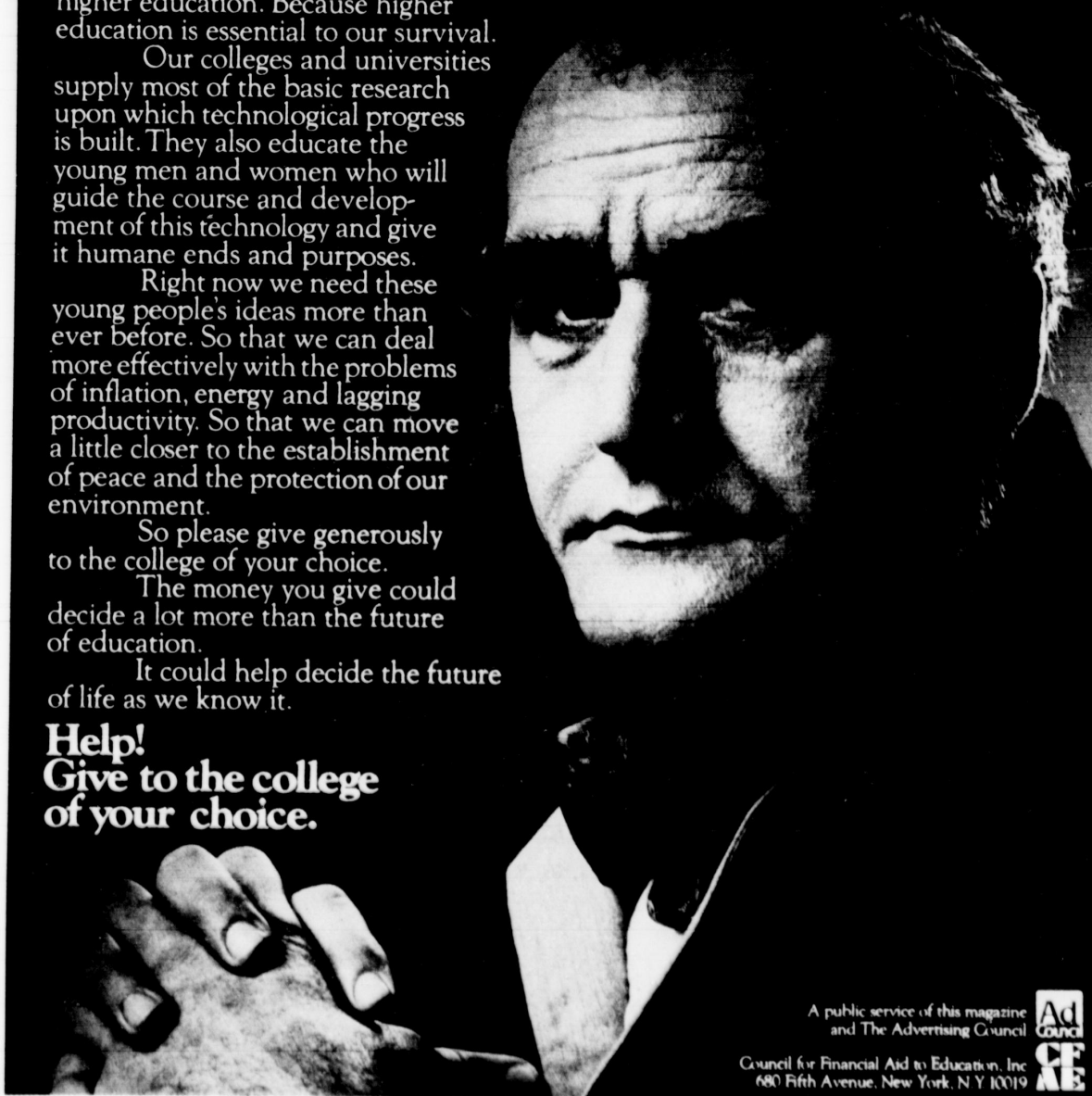
Right now we need these young people's ideas more than ever before. So that we can deal more effectively with the problems of inflation, energy and lagging productivity. So that we can move a little closer to the establishment of peace and the protection of our environment.

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# Doctor Detroit Will See You Now... & vice versa

BY GENE SISKEL  
Chicago Tribune movie critic

**D**AN AYKROYD tells the first joke on himself: "What's blue and sings alone?" he asks. "Dan Aykroyd."  
That Aykroyd can tell such a joke indicates he has been able to deal with the death of his best friend and show business partner, John Belushi.

"More than missing the work we might have done together, I miss him — a friend whom I could call any time of the day or night. He was always happy to see me, and I was always happy to see him. There was very little friction between us. I can't think of any argument that ever lasted more than 24 hours.

"It was one of the great friendships of the decade, if not the century," Aykroyd says with a big grin, "and it will go down as such, I think.

"John and I knew that it wouldn't last forever. We used to say, 'The fast die young; leave a good-looking corpse.' In the back of his head he knew that one day he might hear that I had been killed on my bike, and I knew that one day I might hear that he had gone out through his own physical clumsiness or the way he actually went.

"Look, we both worked hard and played hard. After the funeral my father told me something. He said he had been prepared for years to get a call saying, 'Your son is in a box.'"

"I think John and I are typical of our generation," he says, by way of bringing the subject to a close. "We live life to the fullest (now). We don't wait cautiously and plan our lives. Maybe if we were Sons of Harvard we'd be more cautious, but that's not who we are. I ride a motorcycle, and if it weren't against the law I'd ride without my helmet."

Why did Belushi die and Aykroyd survive? Aykroyd himself may not have the answer, but to those who knew both men, the answer is obvious. Aykroyd is more of a thinker and a writer than a free spirit. His humor is more restrained and cerebral than physical. He has a machine-like mind that spits out facts, not food in a food fight.

"I've had some wild times," he says "but I'm pretty cautious, even though I take risks. I've been instructed by my doctor to stop drinking. He told me to cool it, because of some blood indicators. And I have cut down, but it's awfully hard not to throw back a beer or two."

Aykroyd's film and TV career has not slowed down a bit. He can be seen on an occasional TV special hosted by the likes of Steve Martin or any other comic of the *Saturday Night Live* mold. And Aykroyd, 33, is receiving top billing in his next movie, *Doctor Detroit*, a comedy due for nationwide release May 6, in which Aykroyd plays a Jekyll-and-Hyde role, a college English professor who masquerades as a jive-talking pimp in an effort to protect a string of prostitutes from getting beaten up.

Aykroyd's character is named Cliff Skridlow, and Cliff's specialty in English

literature is the subject of chivalry. One day while jogging down the street, Cliff bumps into a pimp named Smooth (Howard Hesseman), who has wiggled his way out of an unpleasant confrontation with local mobsters by blaming his problems on a nonexistent "big, bad dude" named Doctor Detroit.

After Cliff spends some time in a hot tub with four of Smooth's finest women, he agrees to become the fictitious Doctor Detroit in an effort to save the damsels in distress. Chivalry and all that.

Exterior filming on *Doctor Detroit* took place last summer in Chicago.

In Chicago Aykroyd is regarded as an honorary citizen because of his friendship with home-town boy Belushi and because Chicago was the location of Aykroyd's greatest film success, *The Blues Brothers*, which became a significant moneymaker despite an outrageous production cost and many negative reviews.

Aykroyd has had leading roles in the movies before *Doctor Detroit* — *The Blues Brothers* and *Neighbors* — but *Doctor Detroit* represents the first time he is being asked to carry a movie without the chemistry and good will guaranteed by Belushi. Hollywood executives will be looking to the success of *Doctor Detroit* to see if Aykroyd can be liked by an audience — which can be crucial for a movie star — as much as he is admired for his abilities as a mimic.

Aykroyd knows the issue well, the difference between being liked and being admired. It's the difference between playing the lead character or his oddball buddy. It's a difference that can be worth \$500,000 a picture.

"Unlike John I don't play characters that the audience (loves). I'm flattered enough that they just want to see me. I don't mind being the Frankenstein of comedy, if that's what I am. I have friends who have love in their hearts for me, so that I don't need to get that kind of response in terms of screen roles. I'm a mercenary — a hired, contracted agent — and I just do my job, sir, and that's it."

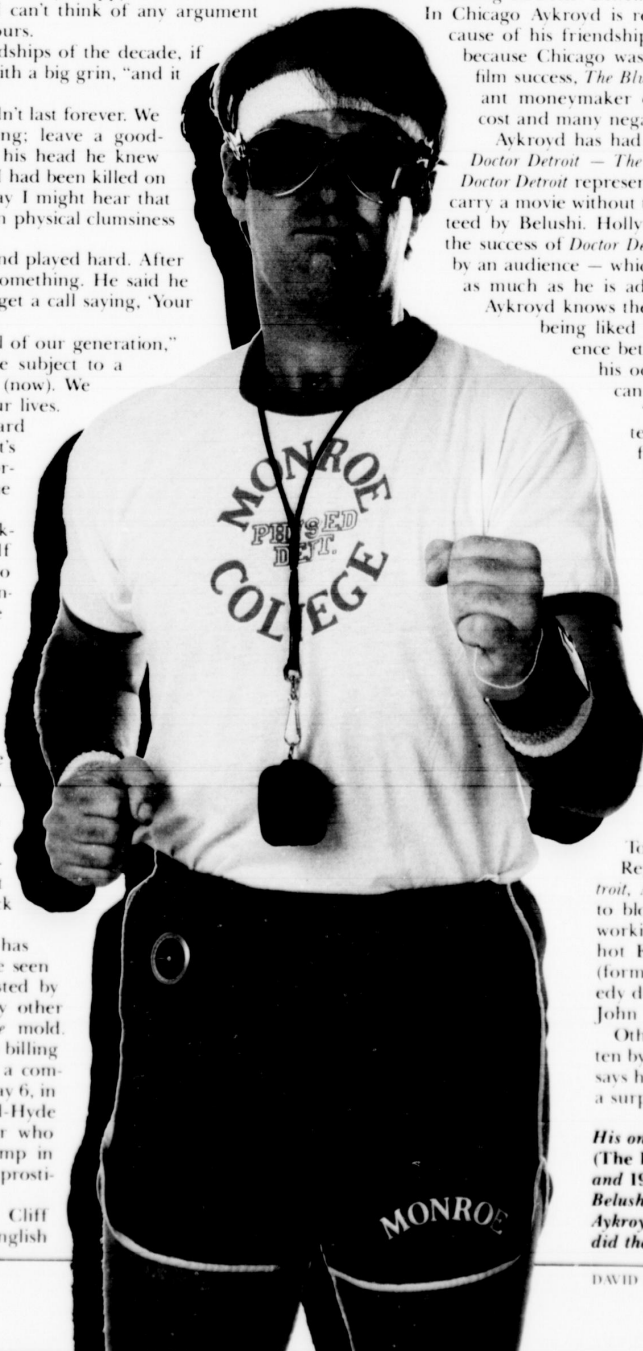
Aykroyd gives his "yes, sir" response in a rapid-fire speech pattern that sounds a lot like a cross between his TV pitchman on *Saturday Night Live* — "Isn't that amazing!" — and his mimicry on the same show of the officious-when-challenged Tom Snyder.

Regardless of the success of *Doctor Detroit*, Aykroyd's movie career is not going to blow away. This winter he was busy working in New York City with the red-hot Eddie Murphy on *Trading Places* (formerly titled *Black and White*), a comedy due for summer release, directed by John Landis (*The Blues Brothers*).

Other film and television projects written by Aykroyd are in the works, too. He says he likes TV — and this may come as a surprise — for financial reasons.

**His only previous starring roles (*The Blues Brother*, *Neighbors*, and *1941*) also starred the late John Belushi. Will audiences embrace Aykroyd alone as heartily as they did the Aykroyd-Belushi duo?**

DAVID ALEXANDER



*That's Aykroyd in the middle, taking instruction instead of giving it. After splashing around with these four beauties, the good doctor decides to don shining armor and shield them from a beastly gangster. All in the name of chivalry, of course.*

"It's a better living for me. It's much better from a salary point of view. In films, all of the grosses go to the producers. In TV (with syndication rights and reruns), the talent has a chance at fair compensation. So the key for me now is to create new TV and to extend my royalties so that if I want to pack it in someday, I can."

Would Dan Aykroyd really pack it in someday? He's a difficult man to get to know. He's been called both "the Funny Man of a Thousand Faces" and "the Man in the Shadows." Born in Ottawa, Canada and raised in Hull, Quebec, Daniel Edward Aykroyd has lived a life in good-natured rebellion against his father, a straight-laced Canadian government transportation official.

Both Dan and his younger brother Peter, 30, took the comedy route in rebellion, with Peter also working in the Second City comedy revue troupe in Toronto where Danny got his big break.

"The guy who put my life on a different path," Aykroyd once told *Rolling Stone* magazine, "was my friend Dave Benoit. I love him dearly. He's a low-class merchant seaman — by his own admission.

*Mild-mannered university professor Cliff Skridlow, a timid schlub of a romantic (left), encounters the oily pimp Smooth (Howard Hesseman, center), and ends up in that hot tub with four of Smooth's "employees." Very soon Doctor Detroit/Mr. Hyde emerges from Dr. Skridlow/Dr. Jekyll — although in several disguises, one of them a Southern diplomat (right).*



He turned me on to music, let me smoke my first joint, introduced me to a woman I had a little thing with when I was 14, and awakened me to the hip scene around '67 in Ottawa, this whole underworld I never knew existed. I decided I was dropping out and I've never looked back."

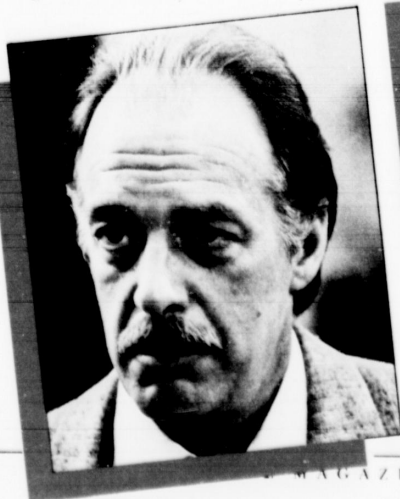
Aykroyd turned his back on the seminary education his father wanted as well as an assortment of straight jobs. His involvement at Second City led to linking up with John Belushi at the original Chicago Second City cabaret theater (alma mater of Mort Sahl, Mike Nichols and Elaine May). Both, of course, were selected as two of the original *Not Ready for Prime*

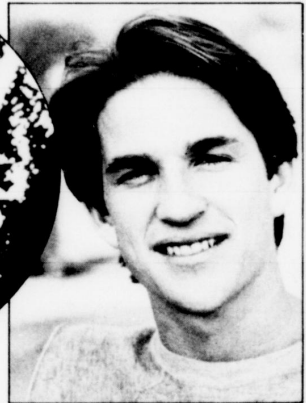
*Time Players* on *Saturday Night Live*, where Aykroyd developed his wicked impersonations of Tom Snyder, Jimmy Carter and Richard Nixon. He also created with writer Tom Davis the much loved *Coneheads*, and with Steve Martin he developed those wild and crazy *Czech Brothers*.

Catching Aykroyd in a pensive mood is not easy. That rapid-fire pace appears to be most constant, at least while he is at work on a movie. But he does reveal a side of himself in response to that old chestnut of an interviewer's ques-

tion. "What do you know for sure about life?"

"What do I know for sure?," he says, haltingly. "Well, you come on this planet, you're born alone and you die alone. It's a solo journey. Sure, you can give love and take love, but basically life is a solo trip. You can be a receiving dish for all sorts of data, but ultimately the place to find all your answers is within yourself. You have to provide your own solace. I know that it's not very original, but I do believe it. I really do."





## Private School

BY ERIC ESTRIN

One of the top-grossing films of 1981 featured a lucky young man discovering his emerging sexuality with the help of a sensuous older woman, played by Sylvia Kristel. It was called *Private Lessons*, and it earned a measure of critical respect (not to mention more than \$50 million) for handling its potentially exploitive subject matter with an appropriately light-hearted touch.

In selected cities, on April 22, that film's producer, R. Ben Efraim, will release *Private School*, a movie geared toward the same core audience of young film-goers and involving many of the elements of its predecessor. Though it's technically not a sequel, *School* was penned by the same screenwriter (Dan Greenburg, this time with an assist from his wife, Suzanne O'Malley) and features a guest performance by Kristel as Miss Regina Copuletta, a sex education teacher at the exclusive Cherryvale Academy for Women.

Starring Phoebe Cates (*Fast Times at Ridgemont High, Paradise*) and relative newcomer Matthew Modine as the young couple trying to successfully consummate their first love in the midst of peer pressures, petty jealousies and other standard adolescent concerns, *School* promises to deliver the same type of innocent, teasing sexuality that made *Lessons* such a hit with the student-aged audience.

Producer Efraim cheerily admits this is a formula film and gladly points to the massive amounts of research he conducted to develop the formula. "Our elaborate testing showed that the most important element in appealing to the young audience is what the

movie's about — the overall concept. Then, we wanted to do something different [from the previous film] but with the same approach. We found that young females were not into the young boy/older woman relationship of *Private Lessons*, and I wanted to find a way to get them excited, too. So we set the movie in a private school for girls."

Lest he be accused of sacrificing the heart and soul of his movie to satisfy the numbers, Efraim has assembled a top quality cast and crew to assure that his view — or the view of the test sample — becomes reality. In addition to Cates and Modine, the film stars Ray Walston (*Fast Times*) as the lecherous chauffeur Chauncey; Richard Stahl (*9 To 5, Under the Rainbow*) as a funny drunk; and a batch of attractive young newcomers discovered, in many cases, through an exhaustive nationwide talent search.

In the role of Jim Green, for instance, who plays opposite the Cates character Chris Ramsay, the producers wanted a young man who could project shy vulnerability as well as masculinity and strength. They found him in Modine, who recently made his film debut in John Sayles' *Baby, It's You*.

In deciding on Modine, Efraim took the word of dozens of girls who viewed videotaped screentests and wrote down their comments for tabulation. The same procedure was followed, using a male test audience, to fill the role of Jordan Leigh-Jensen, Chris' Cherryvale rival whose pursuit of Jim puts him in a confusing, if somewhat enviable, bind. Betsy Russell, a stunningly sexy San Diego native with television experience (*T.J. Hooker, The Powers of Matthew Star*) got the call.

The film also features Michael Zorek as horny Bubba Beau-

regard, and Jonathan Prince (of TV's *Mr. Merlin*) as unofficial scorekeeper in the extra-curricular sexual highjinks. When Bubba dresses as a girl to get a first-hand look at the crowded girls' locker room, one of the bodies prominently on display belongs to Lynda Weismeyer, *Playboy's* July 1982, Playmate of the Month.

A different sort of visual stimulation occurs in one of the film's more outrageous comic sequences, when a classic, vintage limousine careens recklessly through a school "Parents' Day" gathering and bounds 50 feet through the air, winding up in the swimming pool. The maneuver was rigged and performed by stunt coordinator John Meier.

Veteran director Noel Black (*A Man, A Woman and A Bank*) oversees the action, which was photographed by Oscar-winning cinematographer Walter Lassally (*Zorba the Greek, Tom Jones*).

Producing along with Efraim is Don Enright, son of the successful film and television impresario Dan Enright, who is Efraim's partner in Unity Pictures Corporation. Efraim and the elder Enright formed Unity after the success of *Private Lessons*, which they worked on for Barry & Enright Films. After anticipated high marks at the box office for *School*, they plan to graduate to other "Private..." films, beginning with something called *Private Education*, which will take place at a resort.

"Young audiences are in a sense very predictable," says Efraim, explaining why he's confident that *School*, which cost only \$3 million to make, will gain box office honors this summer. "Once you get the reading [of test data], it's going to be valid. In other words, when you're dealing with frequent film-goers, if you listen to what they tell you, you're gonna be successful."

Because rock music plays such an important part in young people's lives, Efraim promises an

Left, a bawdy comedy requires the right sort of bodies. Phoebe Cates (in the *Cherries Jubilee* leotards) and friends (from left to right) Kathy Wilhoite, Betsy Russell and Kari Lizer enliven *Private School* even in the quietest moments.

Producer R. Ben Efraim (in the circle), architect of the financially successful *Private Lessons*, has brought his star from that film (Sylvia Kristel of *Emmanuelle* fame) to the mythical *Cherryvale Academy for Women* to assist her charges (she's a sex ed teacher) with a rather ribald upbringing.

Above, Michael Modine passed a tough test for *Private School* — his screen test was evaluated by dozens of teenage girls. In the story, his test is to choose between a pair of lovely rivals.

exciting, progressive score to accompany the film. Included are several hit songs by as-yet-unnamed major groups, as well as original material. Even Phoebe Cates gets into the act with two numbers of her own.

And because his testing indicates that viewers want to see plenty of flesh, Efraim says he has loaded *Private School* with "possibly more nudity than any picture ever made in America — far more than *Porky's* or *Animal House*, but not as raunchy. There's a fine line between offending your audience and making them comfortable with what they see on the screen," he says. "That innocent kind of sexuality is our trademark."

Efraim easily uses the logic of the marketplace to dismiss questions about whether the abundance of young nudity might push his film across the line into exploitation. "I don't think it could be considered exploitation in any way," he says. "I have nothing but respect for the audience, and I'm expressing it by finding out what they want to see."



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# Ampersand



*From King Kong's Paw  
To Oscar's Arms*

JESSICA  
LANGE

*Triumphs at Last*

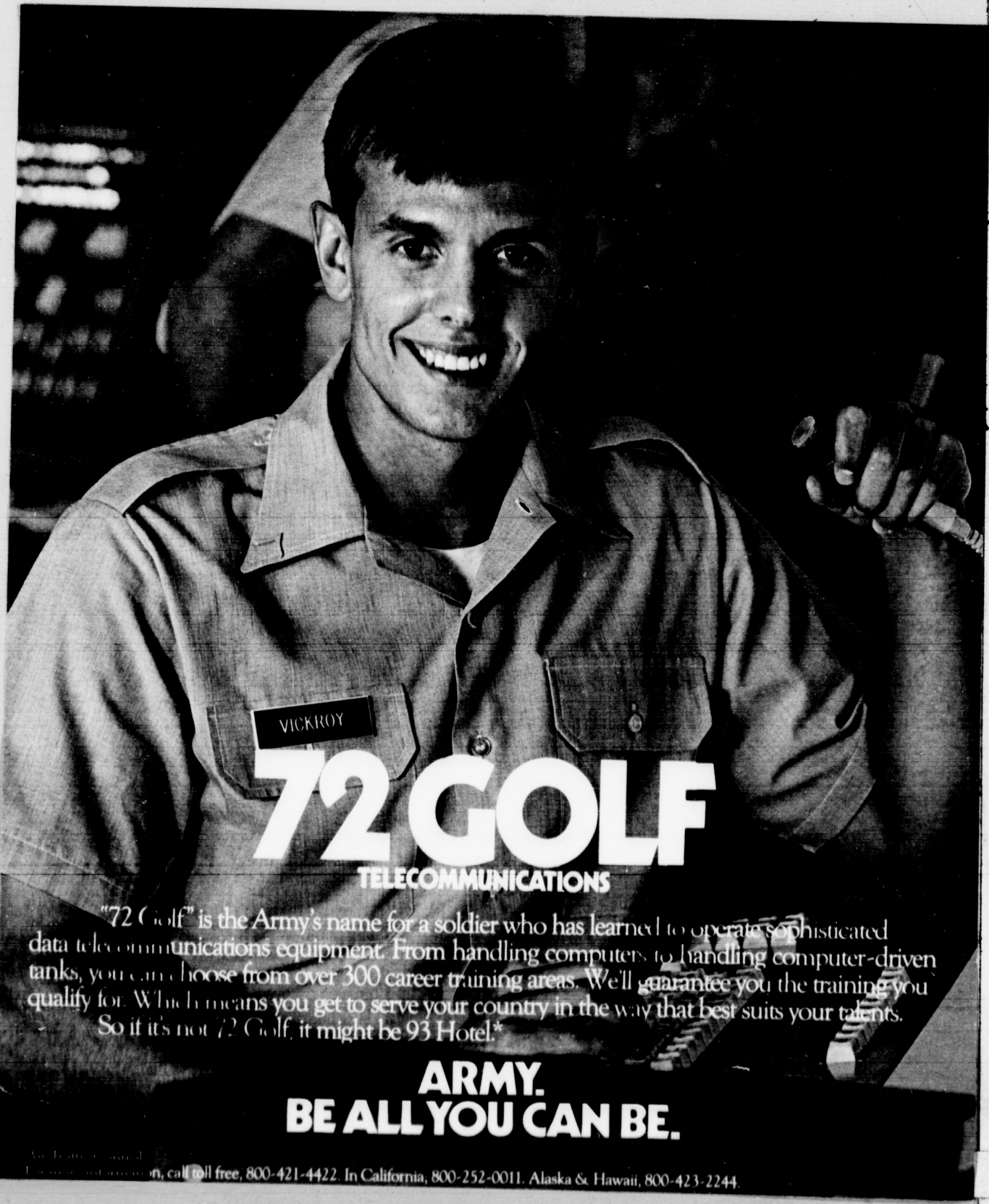
*Night Shift's Surprise Star*

MICHAEL  
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&

THE WAITRESSES

*A Side Order of Rock & Roll*



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# Ampersand

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The lovely Ms. Lange was made even lovelier by veteran Hollywood snapper Herb Ritts/Visages.



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# IN ONE EAR & OUT THE OTHER

What can I say? Your so-called "Amperсанд jokes" just aren't all that funny to me. Especially when a "joke" makes light of a rather grim image — a penguin with a javelin through its head. These images of violence to animals — plus unspoken (in this issue, perhaps) violence to people, making fun of any sort of "difference" from the so-called norm, make *real* misery just that much easier for us to accept.

What's the matter with the lowest form of humor — puns? These beasts do violence to words, and the English language (or even other languages). A sort of planned spontaneity: The China Syndrome. Dishentry.

We've got to change our consciousness, and the media-manufactured fashion is not much help.

In struggle,  
Jean Guertler  
State College, PA

"The China Syndrome. Dishentry"?  
Ho ho, ha ha, hee hee, ho hum.

The *Beyond* insert in the last *Amperсанд* was terrific; will this be a regular feature, I hope?

Sam Jartin  
Phoenix, AZ

Yes — *Beyond* will appear in the October and January/February issues of *Amperсанд*.

I'm awfully sorry to read that you get no graft, bribes, or tokens for your brilliant research and reporting (aw heck, what am I brown-nosing you guys for?), but I wanted to thank you for your interesting and informative *Style* Section in the December 1982 issue. I always wondered what I was doing wrong when I tried to make popcorn, so, at my last party, I decided to follow your suggestions and got mixed results. I didn't have a lid with a steam hole, as you recommended using, but I did (notice, past tense) have a plastic colander which I used vicariously; I think that was my problem. I now have plastic-coated utensils, palms, and popcorn (about two pecks of the stuff). But it wasn't a total loss; I strung the popcorn together and decorated my Christmas tree with it. Being plastic-covered, I can use it again next year!

I also agree with most of your choices of party records, but as you said, the list you published is not all inclusive. May I suggest a few of my favorites? Thank you: *Chronicle* by CCR, *The Wall* by Pink Floyd, *Wings over America*, *Grand Funk Live*, *Heavy Metal Soundtrack*, *Woodstock Soundtrack*, and *Layla* by Derek and the Dominoes. Not only are these great party albums, but they have the added advantage of being multi-record sets, which means less jumping up to change albums. The best party album of all, however, is *Freeze-Frame* by the J. Geils Band (I know it's been hyped as such, but it's true). I hasten to point out that I'm not receiving any graft, bribes or tokens either.

## BOID



Well, thanks for the opportunity to chat and I'll be looking forward to your Second Annual *Amperсанд* College Style Section.

Robert Briggs  
Iowa City, IA

Send us your comments, complaints, compliments (especially your compliments), your philosophy of life or even your SAT scores. We like to get mail — any mail. Send the goodies to: In One Ear, 1680 North Vine, Suite 900, Hollywood, CA 90028.

## More Jokes

We received dozens of disgusting, sick jokes about lepers, herpes and dead babies. We found them all hilarious, but good taste prevailed. We think But keep trying, folks. These lucky three earn twenty bucks apiece for their alleged humor. You can, too. Send those yucks to *Amperсанд* Jokes, 1680 North Vine, Suite 900, Hollywood, CA 90028.

**1. How many executives does it take to screw in a lightbulb?**  
I'll have to get back to you on that.

Peter Butterfield  
Los Angeles, CA

**2. Why did Menachem Begin really invade Lebanon?**  
To impress Jodie Foster.

Keith McCarthy  
Albuquerque, NM

**3. And in the Most Wholesome Joke category:**  
**Good Interview Skills**  
A young college student had just completed his interview training from the university placement office. The office emphasized the importance of presenting yourself in a very positive manner. The next day he had an interview with a local business firm and here is part of their conversation: "Are you in the top half of your class?" asked the interviewer. "No sir," replied the student, "I am one of those who help make that top half possible!"

Patrick Donadio  
Athens, OH

BY STEVEN GINSBERG

## Ciminogate

MICHAEL CIMINO, the director responsible for the \$44 million *Heaven's Gate*, the biggest bomb in movie business history, is up to his old tricks again. He signed on to do Paramount's new coming-of-age musical story, *Footloose*, then abruptly left the production. Here's the dirt: Cimino signed in December to direct the script by *Fame* lyricist Dean Pitchford, under strict budget controls. Cimino then promptly took a two-week vacation and meandered back to work to prepare for the designated April 22 starting date. But suddenly Cimino didn't like what he had. He reportedly wanted to be paid \$200,000 to rewrite the film, found producer Daniel Melnick difficult to work with, and was lax in coming up with locations that would allow the film to be shot for its allotted \$7,500,000 (we should all have such problems). Paramount and Melnick were stewing; Cimino's agent, Sue Mengers, made it clear Cimino couldn't work under those conditions. The powers-that-be would not back down, so Cimino left, rumored to be looking for the director's job on Diane Keaton's next movie, *Modern Bride*.

## Gag Me with a Like, Court Order

WE REPORTED LAST TIME that Frank and daughter Moon Unit Zappa have hit upon what insiders say is a \$100 million merchandising bonanza from the infamous "Valley Girl" single (gag me with a bank account). Well, just in case anyone out there is considering getting in on the action — forget it. The Zappas have just zapped a group called Valley 9000 Prods. with a lawsuit for planning its own *Valley Girl* movie. They're telling the court that the val trademark was theirs long before Valley 9000 ever planned their own pic (yeah, fer sure).

## Please, Not Again...

THE PERENNIAL *Airport* pictures are taking off yet a fifth time with a new one called *Airport 2000*. This time it'll take place in the future with computers, new gadgets, and experiences the filmmakers say "may ac-

tually happen with space vehicles." (Ahem.) Jennings Lang, who proudly produced three of the first four *Airport* films, is back in the saddle, with cult low-budget picmaker Larry Cohen writing the script. And George Kennedy, the star of the first *Airport* movie in 1975 and all those thereafter, returns in this one — playing the same character he created in the original. That'll make him approximately 87 years old when the airplane takes off again.

## Hello Yentl...

THE WORD going around Hollywood is that Barbra Streisand had to guarantee \$4 million of her own money to finish *Yentl*, the overbudget film about a Jewish girl looking for an education that Streisand directed, co-wrote, co-produced and starred in. Though that normally spells trouble, the word is that Babs redeems herself admirably in her first official outing behind the lens. Doubters will get a look at the picture in theaters this Christmas.

## Goodbye, David

OVER THE YEARS many people have claimed to have had trouble figuring out exactly what David Bowie really looks like behind his various stage personas. That'll be even more difficult next month when Bowie is seen on the big screen as a vampire in *The Hunger*. The sometime rock star is viewed only briefly as his ever-youthful self before he promptly ages to a pruney 98-year-old facsimile of Dracula's father (urgh).

## Trouble with Kristy

THERE ARE ALL kinds of rumors flying around about teenager Kristy McNichol, whose mysterious illness has caused the shutdown of her picture, *I Won't Dance*. Her studio, MGM, attributed her health problems to fatigue, stating the actress has a "chemical imbalance" that caused her to have varying "highs and lows" in her personality. The movie, in which Kristy plays a girl longing to play music opposite co-star Michael Ontkean, started filming in Toronto in early November. It then moved to France later in the month, broke for the holidays and was supposed to resume early this

year in the French Alps, but never went back into production.

## Type Casting

REMEMBER VETERAN CBS newsmen Eric Sevareid, probably the only television reporter who can remember when Walter Cronkite was young? After a distinguished career he retired from the airwaves in 1977 but will be back before the public in a small role in the film *Jigsaw Man*. Costarring with Sir Laurence Olivier, Sevareid plays (guess what?) a news-caster.

PAUL NEWMAN will be in front of and behind the cameras as director-star of *Harry & Son*, a drama about a construction worker and his family. Now filming in Florida, the film costars Newman's real-life wife Joanne Woodward as the mother of a young pregnant girl (Ellen Barkin of *Diner*) who has been involved with Newman's son (Robbie Benson).

IN HIS NEW FILM, *Iceman*, now filming in Canada, Timothy Hutton plays an anthropologist involved in the discovery of a prehistoric being frozen in ice. Australian Fred Schepisi (*Barbarosa*) directs him with Lindsay Crouse (*The Verdict*) playing his love interest. Hutton, who desperately wanted to graduate from student roles, is said to have gotten \$1,000,000 for this one, which includes lovingly dub *E.T.* on the *Rock*.

## Break into the Big Time, Part II

LOOK FOR *Amperсанд* contributor Bill Plympton, pen-and-ink man par excellence, to become a household word soon. (Like Spiro Agnew, only more respected.) Plympton, sometime guitarist for Ben Day and the Zipatones (who can forget their "Ten Commandments of Art"?), will soon be a regular contributor to both *Playboy* and *Esquire*. Of course, we saw him first.

## Break Away from the Small Time

THE GO-GO's are currently trading lawsuits with their label, IRS Records, according to a report in the *Los Angeles Times*. Emily Shenkin, the musical group's attorney, insists that the label (which is devoid of other significant hitmakers) isn't paying the Go-Go's all they're owed. IRS answered Shenkin's accusation with a suit against the band, as well as a temporary restraining order preventing the band from using the alleged non-payment as an excuse to dump the label.

Barring an unexpected surge of interest in such past IRS stars as Wazmo Nariz (who wore multiple neckties and sang "Checkin' out the Check-out Girl") and Skafish (whose main accomplishment was to out-guess Wazmo), the label will be in deep trouble without the Go-Go's on board. Meanwhile, a court order prevents either side from commenting on the case.

(Continued on page 15)



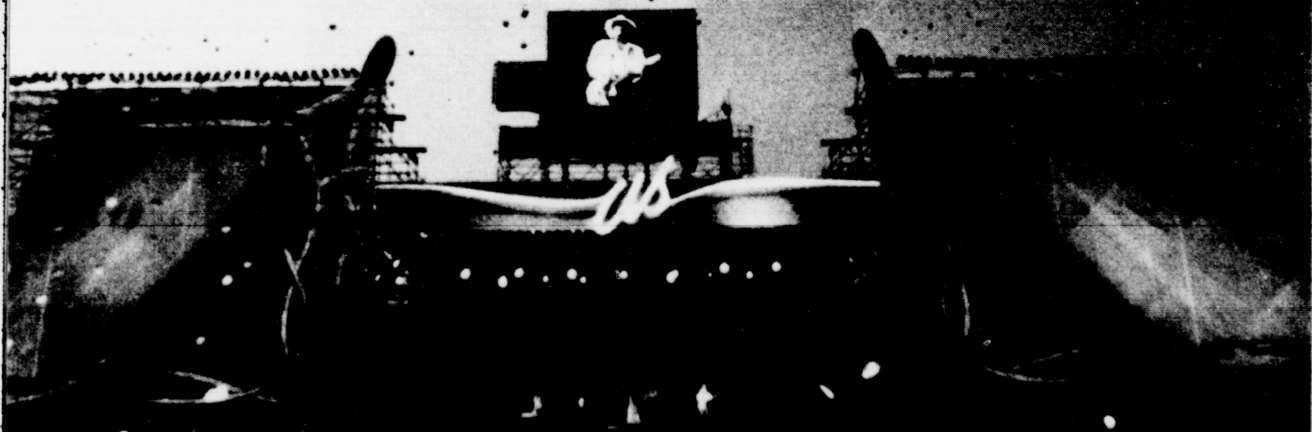


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## Songs from Behind the Times

# The Waitresses

BY LINDA EKLUND

The Waitresses line up at a museum (left to right): Dan Klayman, keyboards; Chris Butler, lead guitar; Tracy Wormworth, bass; Mars Williams, sax; Billy Ficca, drums; and Patty Donahue, lead vocals. Also in concert (bottom).



ANN SUMMA



"I can't screw around anymore," says Chris Butler, 33, founder, guitarist and songwriter for the Waitresses. "I guess I ought to love you."

Butler is musing — not confessing — about the social impact of herpes; how a virus has come along to reinforce monogamy and caring. Once a Kent State sociology major — present on the green when National Guardsmen murdered demonstrating students in May, 1971, Butler is fascinated with the forces that push and pull people's lives. He calls his talent "a knack for writing down a lot of people's frustrations."

Settled into an old gray armchair in a friend's Manhattan loft apartment, the brown-haired and brown-eyed Butler, wearing old jeans and a down jacket, looks too "nice" to be involved in rock & roll. Even if the pennies in his penny loafers are, under close inspection, a pair of slugs.

Back in 1977, because his Akron, Ohio band couldn't assimilate songs as fast as he wrote them, Butler made a tape of his newest lyrics on a home eight-track, playing all instruments. One result was "Comb" on Clone Records, the first single by the Waitresses.

"I think that tape was hip as hell," he says. "The best thing I ever did, if you really want to know. My cat

passed on it and I had to throw it away. Sorry."

When England's trend-conscious Stiff Records ("If it ain't Stiff, it ain't worth a f---k") decided to record Akron's burgeoning music scene, Butler and his friends quickly invented more bands. The Waitresses placed a cut on the resultant *Stiff/Akron* compilation LP, but it was another Butler concoction, Tin Huey, that won a major label contract from the exposure. After one LP on Warner Bros. with Tin Huey, Butler revived the Waitresses. Part of his writing knack turned out to be a convincingly feminine slant on life. Many fans initially believed the group was an all-woman band.

Singer Patty Donahue, a friend from Kent State, helped make "I Know What Boys Like," which venturesome little Ze Records of New York released in 1980. It was a striking success at dance clubs and on radio. Michael Zilkha of Ze lobbied the bigger labels for an LP contract, eventually convincing Polydor to take a chance. "They loved it, but it still took six months to get a deal," says Zilkha. "It will take still more time before they get massively popular, but they will because their songs ring true; they're believable."

"I agree," says Butler, without a trace of swagger.

*Wasn't Tomorrow Wonderful?*, the Waitresses' first album, was released by Polydor early in 1982. By year's end it ranked number 70 in total

sales, according to *Rolling Stone's* compilation. Among critics it was considered one of the very best releases of the year. On it, Donahue turns Butler's written character into a slightly dippy but cheerfully non-submissive persona — a heroine who sorts through the home front for clues to a reliable "self" while washing a sweater, fixing the toilet, learning the reason for a three-pronged outlet and repairing her own stereo. Former *National Lampoon* writer Anne Beats tapped the Waitresses to create a theme for *Square Pegs*, her TV comedy about some struggling-for-identity high school students. "Square Pegs," the tune, features off-balance rhythm and droll lyrics ("One size does not fit all"). It was included on an EP, *I Could Rule the World If I Could Only Get the Parts*, which came out late in 1982 and is currently flirting with Top 100 status.

Where *Tomorrow* scrutinizes a private landscape, a kind of pop romance laid barren, *I Could Rule* addresses more public ideas. The character jointly created by Butler and Donahue has matured a great deal from the barroom tease of "Boys Like."

"I tried to grow the character up," concurs Butler.

On the Waitresses' next album, due in March and tentatively titled either *Mood Swings* or *They're All out of Liquor, Let's Find Another Party*, our heroine has smacked up against new limits. But she's more determined than ever. "The odds are lousy, about a zillion to one," sings Donahue on an early mix, but "a girl's gotta do it." In another song she challenges a young friend to "go for the stars across the rim... Maybe you can pull it off... Ever entertain the thought that you might?" As if to underline a message, Donahue outruns the music that flies off loonily around her. She squeezes words and wordplay in and around the instruments like a rocket dodging asteroids.

Imagination and risk-taking are two of Butler's major lyrical themes. Calling himself "appalled" by the apparent conservatism of America's younger generations and somewhat distressed at the lack of human warmth shown by the synthesizer-pop bands now emanating from Britain, Butler laments that "Pop music doesn't provide the same collective thrill." He seems to be militating for more exuberant outlook, iconoclasm and willingness to grow.

Still living in a one-room Greenwich Village apartment, Butler finds his "radical elder statesman" relationship to the pop music audience a peculiar thing. "What I can't believe," he says, "is I went through, I would say, most of my life feeling extremely alienated because I was really out of step with everything around me... Now I'm a reactionary. I'm behind the times, thank God."

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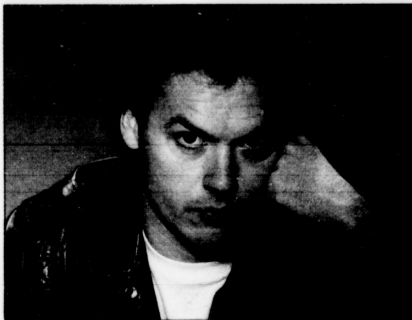
FORD DIVISION

# Michael Keaton

HIS BRIDE WORE DONALD DUCK EYGLASSES!

BY DEBBIE MARKLEY

**Walking past a set of old New York to the Burbank Studios commissary, Michael Keaton confides mischievously, "See the studio water tower over there? One day, I felt like being different, so I climbed up the tower to have my lunch. I got up about a couple hundred feet — and there's Dustin Hoffman eating his lunch! He said, 'Ob, yeah, we do this all the time. Robert Redford's over there.' I walked around the tower and found Redford, Jon Voight and Sally Field, all munching away.**



"And every once in a while," he adds, grinning, "we'll go up there and wait for people to walk by in really expensive suits and then we'll spray 'em down with a water hose. You know some people have no sense of humor?" Keaton asks, incredulous.

Tall tales from an actor critics are calling the comedy discovery of last summer. The 30-year-old's career is on a fast track since his film debut in the comedy hit, *Night Shift*. His portrayal of Billy (Blaze) Blazejewski, a high-energy, fun-loving, budding entrepreneur, was so deftly performed that it seems an alter ego of the milder but equally unpredictable Keaton.

Since *Night Shift* premiered last summer, Keaton has been busy. He is currently filming a new comedy by John Hughes, of *National Lampoon* fame, playing a laid-off auto worker in Detroit who becomes a househusband while his wife supports the family. Teri Garr, Martin Mull, *Taxi*'s Christopher Lloyd and Ann Jillian costar.

"The tentative title is *Mr. Mom*," Keaton reveals, taking a sip from his Coke in the commissary. "The subject isn't really very new but the script is *very* funny. It should be out this summer. Hey, did you know that since Coca-Cola bought Columbia, all you can get here is Coke? Coke or Tab."

Keaton recently was a guest host on *Saturday Night Live* and shows up regularly on *Late Night with David Letterman*, one of his favorite shows, along with *SNCTV*. He is also

trying his hand at screenwriting and developing movie ideas with his manager/partner, Harry Colomby, in their new office on the Burbank Studios lot.

Lowell Ganz and Babaloo Mandel, the *Night Shift* writers, let me sit in with them a few times and contribute," Keaton says. "I think some people got wind of that and decided to take a chance on me to develop some comedies. The new office is part of the deal. I've never had an office before — it's fun!"

The role of Bill in *Night Shift* was also fun for Keaton. "When I first got the script, I had only read six or seven pages and I thought — *I knew* — that I had a good grasp on this guy. I decided to really commit to this role. During auditions, because the character has so much energy, I was all over the office — singing, dancing. Right before I'd be called in, I'd go outside, put a Walkman on my head, pump in Bruce Springsteen and get into the character. I'd come in and just use the whole office."

In the movie, Keaton and Henry Winkler play a couple of bored morgue attendants who become "love brokers" for a stable of pimpless hookers. Winkler's character, Charles "Chuck" Lumley III, is a quiet, unassuming doorman of a man whose predictable life is shattered when Keaton's Billy Blaze arrives at the morgue. Bill is an "idea" man who constantly tapes his flashes of brilliance into an ever-present recorder ("Hold it! Feed mayonnaise

to live tuna"), forever rocks out to "Jumpin' Jack Flash," and whose zest eventually rubs off on Chuck.

The role became almost another personality to Keaton, who was allowed by director Ron Howard to freely explore the comic possibilities. Keaton successfully managed to carry the character to hilarious extremes without driving it over the edge of credibility. While filming takes, Keaton often refused to give the same reading twice, for the sake of keeping his performance fresh.

"Spontaneity is what I really want to achieve, that's such a nice compliment," Keaton says. "I had so much freedom from Ron and the cast. I got to know the character so well that the things that came to me were right with the character."

"Ronnie will be *real* successful as a director," Keaton adds enthusiastically. "He's such a straight shooter. You trust him so much that when he starts telling you what he wants you to do, you really listen. He doesn't hold you down but he also knows just when to pull you in."

"Henry was also great, really helpful. He would see what I was trying to do and he'd say, 'yeah, you're on the right track, just take it this much further.'" One idea that Keaton suggested for the film turned a pleasant comedy bit into a gem. In the scene, Winkler is cornered on the New York subway by a saxophone-playing beggar. When Winkler deposits a few coins in the beggar's cup the sax only becomes louder.

Irritated, Winkler pulls out a few bills. The bit ends, thanks to Keaton's inspiration, with Winkler frantically writing out a check to the screeching sax man.

How does Keaton feel about being "discovered"? "Well," he says, embarrassed, "I feel good about it. I hope it's true. The thing to remember is that it's only one movie so far and even though I'm pleased with what I did in it, I'm trying different things now and hoping it works out."

"And, what really matters," he adds, "is that you like what you do, have some laughs. Every so often, I like to check myself, remind myself that life should be fun. The problem with *this* business is, it becomes so insular. People start thinking that everything revolves around 'the business.' But I don't think the starving kids in Cambodia are wondering which film is going to win the Academy Awards. It's so good for me, anyway, just to get totally away sometimes for a better perspective."

Away for Keaton could mean Coraopolis, Pennsylvania, where he grew up as Michael Douglas, the youngest of seven children. Early on, he wanted to be a performer. "When I was five or six, I used to do an impersonation of Elvis Presley. I thought he was the *greatest* when I was five! I would take these Hershey bar wrappers — I guess because they matched the color of my hair — and would cut out sideburns, lick them, stick them to my face and do Elvis."

Comedy was a natural path. "My whole family is hilarious," he says. "The only reason it's me here and not them, is that I was the first one to figure out I could make money at it."

Keaton began to seriously consider a comedy career while attending Kent State and majoring in speech, "one of the vaguest majors I could find. It got me in the area of sports — some of my friends were sports broadcasters — and I could take some theater classes and still not commit to anything."

"It was around this time that I started to take notes on ideas — anything from short story to observations to comedy ideas. Flying back from Mexico once, they checked me out at the border because I had very long hair then and those Henry David Thoreau glasses, the ones with the round wires. They thought I was a doper, which I'm not, but they took me into a back room to search. Going through my things, they pulled out this slip of paper, where, as luck would have it, I had written down an idea for a hashish commercial. I remember thinking — what are the chances of this happening?"

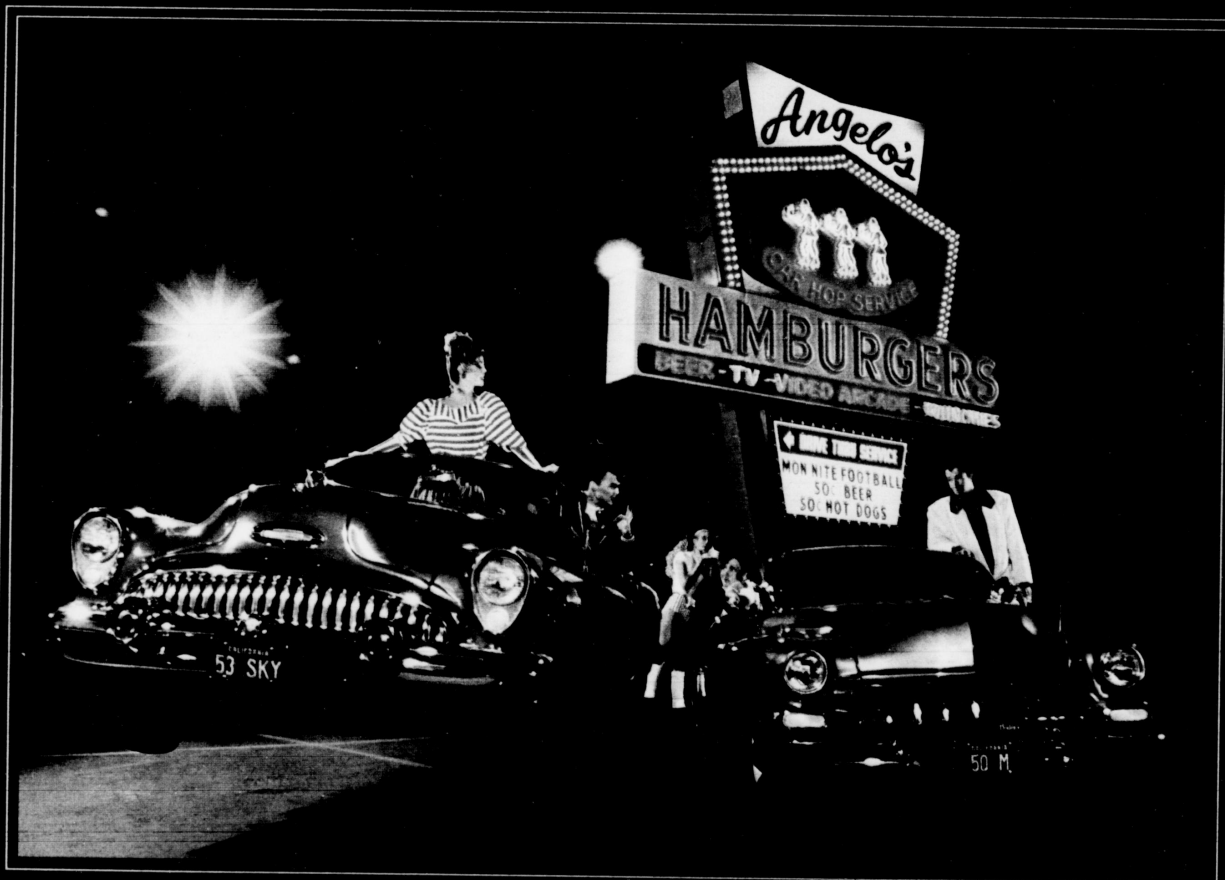
After three years of college, Keaton left to concentrate on performing, testing out material in coffee houses and comedy clubs. One coffee house routine was as a panicky folk singer, rushing up on stage as though he were late, apologizing, opening his guitar case to find — oops, he'd forgotten his

(Continued on page 18)

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In science, yesterday's dogma is today's question mark, and today's fact could easily be overturned by more data tomorrow. Keeping up with the changes may seem a never-ending task, but quite a few authors and publishers are going out of their way to make the task easier, even more enjoyable. Books about science, written for the nonscientist, have become a small industry in themselves.

For the past few months, I've been selecting from some of the best science books of 1982 — with a nod or two at 1981, and even 1979. The average life for a science book is less than five years. After that, it's out of date. Many of these books, however, will have value even ten years from now.

Two topics loom large in recent news stories: the energy crisis, and the debate between some religious groups and scientific and educational institutions. Energy is a major problem of concern to all of us; the debate between Creationism and evolution may not seem as important, but could lead to major changes in the relationship between religion and government, and how scientific knowledge is passed on from generation to generation.

Energy and resource management is the topic of *Earthbound* by Charles F. Park, Jr. (Freeman, Cooper and Co., 1981, 279 pp., \$6.95). Since 1968, Park has been warning politicians and businessmen — and his fellow geologists — that the world is approaching a crunch in resources, not only in oil, but in basic minerals and chemicals. As consumption by world powers grew, and as developing nations demanded their fair slice of the pie, Park predicted, a crisis would soon be at hand. He has since been proven absolutely correct. His analysis of the world situation in *Earthbound* is startling, alarming and enlightening, and no voter — let alone student — can afford to be ignorant of the present state of affairs. *Earthbound* includes charts, tables and statistical projections. It is one of the most important books of 1981 and should not be overlooked.

Controlled nuclear fusion has been one of the great hopes of energy researchers for over thirty years. Still, the difficulties of controlling fusion on a long-term, commercial basis have proven much greater than early researchers had imagined. The history of fusion research, the science and scientists involved, and the politics of super-science are clearly exposed in *Fusion: Science, Politics and the Invention of a New Energy Source* by Joan Lisa Bromberg (MIT, 1982, 344 pp., \$30.00). Bromberg's narrative stretches from 1951 to 1978, and deals only with government research. Despite major achievements — notably the success of the Princeton Large Torus (PLT) in 1978 — fusion is still a long way from being a viable commercial power source. Most experts project 2050 as a date for the first functioning commercial fusion plant. Bromberg's book is insightful and often fascinating, particularly in her descriptions of how government and science interact.

*The Politics of Contraception* by Carl Djerassi (W.H. Freeman and

Co., 1982, 282 pp., \$9.95) is subtitled "Birth Control in the Year 2001," but also touches on the past. If our resources are as critical as Park suggests in *Earthbound*, then the world must reach some consensus on population growth. Djerassi discusses the likelihood of that consensus (or rather, the unlikelihood) and the medical aspects of contraception, now and in the future. There should be surprises in the book even for med students and doctors. (Also from W.H. Freeman is *Vitality and Aging*, by James F. Fries and Lawrence M. Crapo, 1981, 172 pp., \$8.95, which discusses the politics and science of gerontology — how people age, and how society regards and treats the aged.)

*Hazardous Waste in America*, by Epstein, Brown and Pope (Sierra Club Books, 1982, 593 pp., \$27.50) discusses the problem of waste disposal, not only from nuclear power plants, but from all sources in industry and government. The authors list dangerous and potentially dangerous dumps for toxic waste around the country, and detail the astonishing and frightening abuse of our land and water by the unscrupulous, the ignorant and the greedy. Their book is a call to action, and tells how you can defend yourself personally, or with the aid of others, in court against such abuse. An earlier Sierra Club volume, *Radiation and Human Health* by John W. Gofman (1981, 908pp., \$29.95) has gone almost ignored in the popular press, yet it is the best book to date on radiation in our environment, not only from manmade but from natural sources. The topic is complex, but the book is remarkable in its clarity and organization. Still, to acquire any sort of competence, the subject demands hard study, and apparently few press people have either the time or the inclination to be informed.

Scientific ignorance is one of the worst problems in education today, and it may get worse if certain pressure groups get their way. The Creationists, in their desperation to stake a place for their own God in modern society, have taken on poor Charles Darwin and his heirs. Logically, they lose every time, but legally the issue is much less certain. *Abusing Science* by Philip Kitcher (MIT, 1982, 213 pp., \$15.00) is a point-by-point refutation of Creationism, balanced by the modern evidence and theories of evolution. As such, it is a handbook for anyone planning to debate the Creationists on their own ground, and an interesting guide for the general reader.

Less defensive is *The Fossil Record and Evolution*, readings from *Scientific American* (W.H. Freeman and Co., 1982, 225 pp., \$11.95). Heavily illustrated, *The Fossil Record* assembles articles by some of the leading experts in biology, ecology and evolution, and incidentally provides an excellent overview of current thinking.

More specialized, but equally interesting, is R.E. Passingham's *The Human Primate* (W.H. Freeman and Co., 1982, 390 pp., \$14.95). How do humans differ from their closest ancestors, the apes, in psychology, physiology or culture? Not as widely

# SCIENCE:



as was once thought. Human-centered philosophers would do well to read this book closely; may be the best at what he does, but he is by no means unique and without precedent.

Before we leave the Earth completely, a list of several of the best recent books on geological topics is in order. Largest and prettiest, if not the most technical, is *The Mountains of North America* by Fred Beckey (Sierra Club, 1982, 255 pp., \$35.00). Choosing from the work of a wide variety of the best nature photographers, and adding anecdotes of interest to armchair explorers, geologists and mountain climbers alike, Beckey takes us on a tour of some prime peaks in North America. One of the mountains discussed is Mount St. Helens; Williams and McBirney's comprehensive *Volcanology* (Freeman, Cooper and Co., 1979, 397 pp., \$35.50) can fill you in on the whys and wherefores of volcanoes, from abstract theory to the physics of eruptions. *When the Snakes Awake* by Helmut Tributsch (MIT, 1982, 228 pp., \$20.00) is a study — with a list of documented instances — of animals predicting seismic activity, and the scientific basis for such behavior. *The Abyss of Time* by Claude C. Albritton, Jr. (Freeman, Cooper and Co., 1980, 251 pp., \$12.75) is a delightful informal history of geologists and their work, from the extraordinary theories of the beatified Steno in the

seventeenth century to modern times. Quite reminiscent of the best of Loren Eiseley.

If AI (artificial intelligence) is your hope or your nightmare, *Mind Design*, edited by John Haugeland (MIT, 1981, 368 pp., \$10.00) can serve as a guidebook to this fresh new realm. From Turing and von Neumann to modern explorers of cybernetics, these articles touch on the dynamics not just of mind in machines, but in our own minds as well. David Marr's *Vision* (W.H. Freeman and Co., 1982, 396 pp., \$20.00) was published just after Marr's death, and sums up his work on the science of perception in humans and machines. Rigorous and challenging, *Vision* certainly qualifies as one of the best science books of 1982.

If space and the possible dwellers therewith intrigue you, 1982 is a banner year. Cambridge University Press has brought out *The New Solar System*, edited by Beatty, O'Leary and Chaitkin (2nd Ed., 1982, 240 pp., \$12.95) and *The Cambridge Photographic Atlas of the Planets* by G.A. Briggs and F.W. Taylor (1982, 255 pp., \$25.00). The former is a collection of articles by planetary scientists on the recent findings of the U.S. and USSR planetary probes; the latter is a more formal atlas, guaranteed complete until 1986, when Voyager approaches Uranus. Both are beautifully illustrated with maps, photographs and paintings, and both are bargains.

*The Sun, Our Star* by Robert W. Noyes (Harvard, 1982, 265 pp., \$20.00) is a thoughtful and useful update on the current state of solar studies, from the sun's magnetic fields and fluctuations to the potential of solar power.

The notion of life in the universe, other than our own, is not new. Stephen J. Dick's *Plurality of Worlds* (Cambridge, 1982, 246 pp., \$34.50) is an entertaining and scholarly history of the debate over extraterrestrial life from early Greek philosophy to the eighteenth century, filling in a gap in the history of science. More modern views of *Life in the Universe*, edited by John Billingham (MIT 1981, 461 pp., \$12.50) are provided by astronomers, biologists and space scientists. The book is indispensable for those who wish to travel to the stars, either in reality or in their dreams... and points the way to any number of possible futures.

But if the future is not your immediate concern — and you just want to know what that object is on the table next to you — then Fisher and Bragonier's *What's What: A Visual Glossary of the Physical World* (Hammond, 1981, 565 pp., \$30.00) should be just what you're looking for. From space shuttle to cartooning, all the different parts of familiar and unfamiliar objects are labeled, with clear photos and illustrations. Invaluable for the scientist — or the puzzle fanatic.

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you have to live a great novel.  
Too bad Mickey writes murder mysteries.



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double agent, a conary, a  
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DOLBY STEREO

PG PARENTAL GUIDANCE SUGGESTS  
SOME MATERIAL MAY NOT BE SUITABLE FOR



## & OUT THE OTHER

(Continued from page 6)

### All We Are Saying Is, Give Exploitation a Chance

**Y**ET ANOTHER BOOK about John Lennon is due out before long. *The Last Lennon Tapes*, a \$7.95 trade paperback from Dell publishers, will give readers the transcript of BBC interviews with Lennon and wife Yoko Ono two days before his death in New York City.

### HBO, Yall, Or, Cathode Cowboys Croon Again

**B**OTH WILLIE NELSON and Kenny Rogers are capitalizing on the growing pay TV market by taping live concerts to be shown via Home Box Office. Nelson filmed a solo turn in Texas' Austin Opera house Jan. 9-10 while Rogers will tape his March 20 date at the Greensboro, N.C. Coliseum. Add them to an HBO concert list that includes Dolly Parton, Olivia Newton-John and Pat Benatar.

### Burt, Hurt, Asserts Worth

**B**URT REYNOLDS, who has been campaigning for a best-actor Oscar nomination in Hollywood trade papers for his performance in *Best Friends*, keeps telling cronies he's disgusted with Hollywood for not taking him seriously as a thespian. So — he's agreed to do the sequel to his very artsy 1981 hit, *Camionball Riot*. Rather than previous costar Farrah Fawcett, Reynolds'll be joined by Sammy Davis, Jr., Dean Martin and Dom De Luise. Now, why can't Hollywood take him seriously?

### Flickers

**I**T'S REPORTEDLY BETWEEN thrushes Melissa Manchester and Cher for the supporting role in the new Goldie Hawn movie, *Swing Shift*, a tale about a woman (Goldie) working in a factory during WWII (a la *Rosie the Riveter*). The part up for grabs is that of a best friend (who doesn't sing). However, Manchester wants desperately to break into pictures while Cher, who just played Meryl Streep's friend in the not-yet-released *Silkwood*, desperately wants to continue her new-found acting career. May the best singer-actress win.

**D**IRECTOR LOUIS MALLE (*Atlantic City*) is hard at work in San Francisco on *Crackers*, a new film about a group of five strange, low-life types whose lives center around a pawn shop they want to rob. Among the gang members are Sean Penn (the surfer in *Fast Times at Ridgemont High*), Donald Sutherland and Jack Warden; the ever-strange Prof. Irwin Corey has a bit part outside the gang.

**R**ICHARD DREYFUSS and Richard Pryor costar as two deserting military men in *Ain't No Heroes*,

which should start filming later this year. Dreyfuss plays an Italian soldier and Pryor a WW II armyman who meet in the desert and decide to go to Lisbon. Lisbon? Considering the two stars' frenetic acting styles, this could be the Nervous Tic Movie of the Decade. Considering their similar drug problems, maybe it should be titled *Ain't No Nose Candy*.

**A**NYONE IN NEW YORK who tuned into ABC's Home View Network at about 4 a.m. one January night was treated to his/her own showing of the hit film, *The Verdict* — years before its official appearance on television. Apparently a somewhat garbled print of the picture was accidentally unspooled on the airwaves as a result of a test of the network's Sony video recorders and their decoder systems. The film's distributor, 20th Century-Fox, popped its cork and is now investigating the matter. Oops.

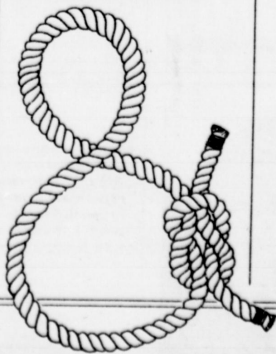
### Grab Your Whip & Get Your Hat...

**S**TEVEN SPIELBERG plans to start filming in May on *Indiana Jones*. It's not a sequel to *Raiders of the Lost Ark*, but simply another adventure for the main character, again played by Harrison Ford. This time filming takes place in China and Indiana as well as in England.

### Who Loves You, Baby?

**N**OW THAT HE'S said he will depart his *Doodlesbury* cartoon strip, Gary Trudeau will concentrate on writing movies. He is already penning *Zoo Place*, described only as a "political" script, and after that he is set to write a film for Robert Redford. Will life imitate art and find Trudeau drawn into the Hollywood system, just like some of his cartoon characters? Or can he emerge from this town unscathed?

**From Pullman, Washington, Mary C. Pellicer's "slightly knotty" Ampersand won our hearts — and thirty bucks. Other greedy artistic readers may earn the same — just send us brilliant, original Ampersands neatly drawn in black ink on sturdy white paper. Be sure to include name and address on the art work, and send the beauties to Ampersand of the Month, 1680 North Vine, Suite 900, Hollywood, CA 90028.**



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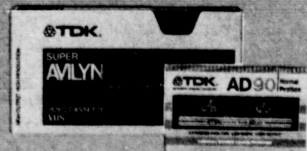
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JESSICA

# LANGE

"King Kong's Joke"  
Has the Last Laugh Now



BY STEPHEN FARBER

As a comeback it might almost rank with Rocky Balboa's. Hollywood loves underdogs, both on the screen and behind the scenes, so the film industry was pleased to see Jessica Lange win rave reviews for two movies released in December. In both films she played actresses — the much-abused Frances Farmer in the biographical melodrama, *Frances*, and a soap opera star who befriends the female incarnation of Dustin Hoffman in *Tootsie*. Now it looks as if Lange will receive Academy Award nominations for both films — as best actress in *Frances*, and as best supporting actress in *Tootsie*. (She has already won the best supporting actress award from the New York Film Critics, the National Society of Film Critics, and the Hollywood Foreign Press Association—the Golden Globe.) If that happens, she will be the first actress to win a double nod from the Academy in 40 years. (Teresa Wright was nominated in both acting categories in 1942; she won the best supporting actress Oscar for her performance in *Mrs. Miniver*.) The accomplishment would be impressive for any actress, but it is especially striking when you remember that just six years ago, Jessica Lange was dismissed as a vapid, untalented sex kitten after she made her movie debut as King Kong's playmate. "I was sort of a joke," Lange admits now. This year the last laugh is hers.

Perhaps her painful experiences in the intervening years helped to strengthen her performances in her two recent movies. Playing in *Frances*, she could certainly identify with the frustration of a gifted, intelligent actress consigned to vacuous roles in forgettable B pictures. "There were a couple of years after *King Kong* that were very discouraging for me," Lange confesses. "It's a strange area for the human spirit when you know that you can do something, and do it well, and you're denied the opportunity. Frances' situation was somewhat different from mine in that she was shuffled along in mediocre projects that did not allow her to display her abilities. I couldn't get work at all after *King Kong*. But there's definitely a parallel. In playing Frances, I identified with her anger, and I got a lot of my own anger out."

Similarly, in *Tootsie*, she does a fine job of conveying the self-mockery and self-disgust of a woman accustomed to being treated as a sex object. Her characterization brings unexpected poignancy and depth to the comedy.

Both performances have a down-to-earth directness that may have something to do with Lange's middle American background. Born in Cloquet, Minnesota, she spent her childhood moving around the Midwest whenever her father changed jobs. At the University of Minnesota on a painting scholarship, she met and married a Spanish photographer, Paco Grande, and traveled with him to Paris, where she studied mime. Back in New York she took acting classes and did some modeling, which is how she came to the attention of Dino De Laurentiis, who was searching for an unknown beauty to inflame his giant ape.

Working on *King Kong*, Lange spent most of her time screaming her lungs out as she struggled in the 1,650-pound paw of the beast. She got a lot of publicity during the production, but it all evaporated after the movie opened to poor reviews and mediocre business. All at once the Hollywood moguls and flacks who had been courting her stopped returning her phone calls. A few directors, however, were impressed with her work. Bob Fosse, Bob Rafelson and Sydney Pollack all found her intriguing, and they were all eventually to hire her. "I had a lot of arguments with people," Pollack reports, "but I found Jessica very interesting in *King Kong*. I was looking for something for her even before I made *Tootsie*."

Two years after *King Kong* Fosse cast her in *All That Jazz*, but her part as the sleek, Fellini-esque Angel of Death who scolds Roy Scheider was a thankless one and did little to advance her career. A comedy caper called *How to Beat the High Cost of Living* opened and closed within a week. During this period her personal life was also in turmoil. She began seeing dancer Mikhail Baryshnikov and eventually divorced her husband; in a reversal of the ordinary sexual roles, Grande sued her for support. Two years ago she gave birth to a daughter, Alexandra, she admitted that Baryshnikov is the father, though they were not married.

At the same time, Lange invited more controversy when she appeared in *The Postman Always Rings Twice*, a steamy film of James M. Cain's tawdry novel of lust and murder in the Depression. Although the film was not well received in this country (it attracted more favorable reviews in Europe), Lange won her first set of enthusiastic notices. Merely winning the part opposite Jack Nicholson was something of a coup,

since many top actresses — including Meryl Streep (Lange's competition for this year's Oscar) — had been considered and rejected.

The film's director, Bob Rafelson, was going against the advice of many friends when he cast her, but he believed she was the best person for the part. "Jessica comes from a very small town in the Midwest," he explains, "which is where Cain's Cora came from. So I felt she had an understanding of the character. Also, she is one of the few actresses I've ever met who is completely unself-conscious about her sexuality. That is not to say she takes it for granted. But I observed, for instance, that when she sits down, both feet are planted on the ground; she doesn't cross her legs. There is almost a peasant quality about her that I found enormously attractive."

Lange feels that the outrage *Postman* inspired reflects a puritanical backlash in this country. She still defends the film and is amused at some of the hysterical reactions it provoked. "I had Paramount send me all the reviews," she says, "which is something I'll never do again. But there was one from a woman reviewer, I think in San Francisco. She was supposed to be reviewing my performance and Jack's performance in the context of the film. She was obviously offended by the sex scenes. But then she said, 'And I wonder how Misha [Baryshnikov] feels about this.' I could not believe it. I thought this woman should be locked up. What does anything in my personal life have to do with this film?"

*Frances* repeated the pattern of *Postman*: bad reviews for the film, ecstatic reviews for Lange personally. Still, the critical response disappointed her. "It hurt a lot," she admits. "I wanted the whole film to be well received. Some of the criticisms are legitimate, but so many critics feel they are experts on the subject of Frances Farmer, and they went in with very set ideas of what the film should be. They didn't review the film we made."

Lange has wanted to make the film for years. She first became aware of Frances Farmer when two actresses in a class she was taking played a scene from Farmer's autobiography, *Will There Ever Be A Morning?* Since then the project has been something of a personal obsession. She identified with Farmer on many levels besides the obvious one of career frustration. She also understood Farmer's persecution for her left wing political beliefs. "Frances was supporting the Lincoln Brigade, and I was a member of SDS (Students for a Democratic Society)," Lange says. "So there were certain parallels in our lives. We were both on the unpopular side."

Lange responded even more strongly to the film's indictment of the psychiatric and medical establishment. "In all the research I did," she comments, "I was just stunned to learn of the freedom that the psychiatric establishment had. They went virtually unchecked for thirty years. The doctor who supposedly lobotomized Frances would tour the country performing operations. He was given total free rein. At times he would lobotomize up to 30 people during a day in a huge state institution. I saw pictures of this. It was literally like a circus. They would just wheel the patients in, he'd have his photographers with him to take pictures. He did the lobotomies without any kind of sterilization, most of the time

(Continued on page 18)



Lange (above, as Frances Farmer, and left, with Dustin Hoffman in *Tootsie*) signed a five-year contract with Dino de Laurentiis to do *King Kong* — after which he reportedly wouldn't release her or loan her out to other projects. Finally, with only nine months left on her contract, Bob Fosse cast her in *All That Jazz*. Dino didn't sue, and Lange's career was re-launched.

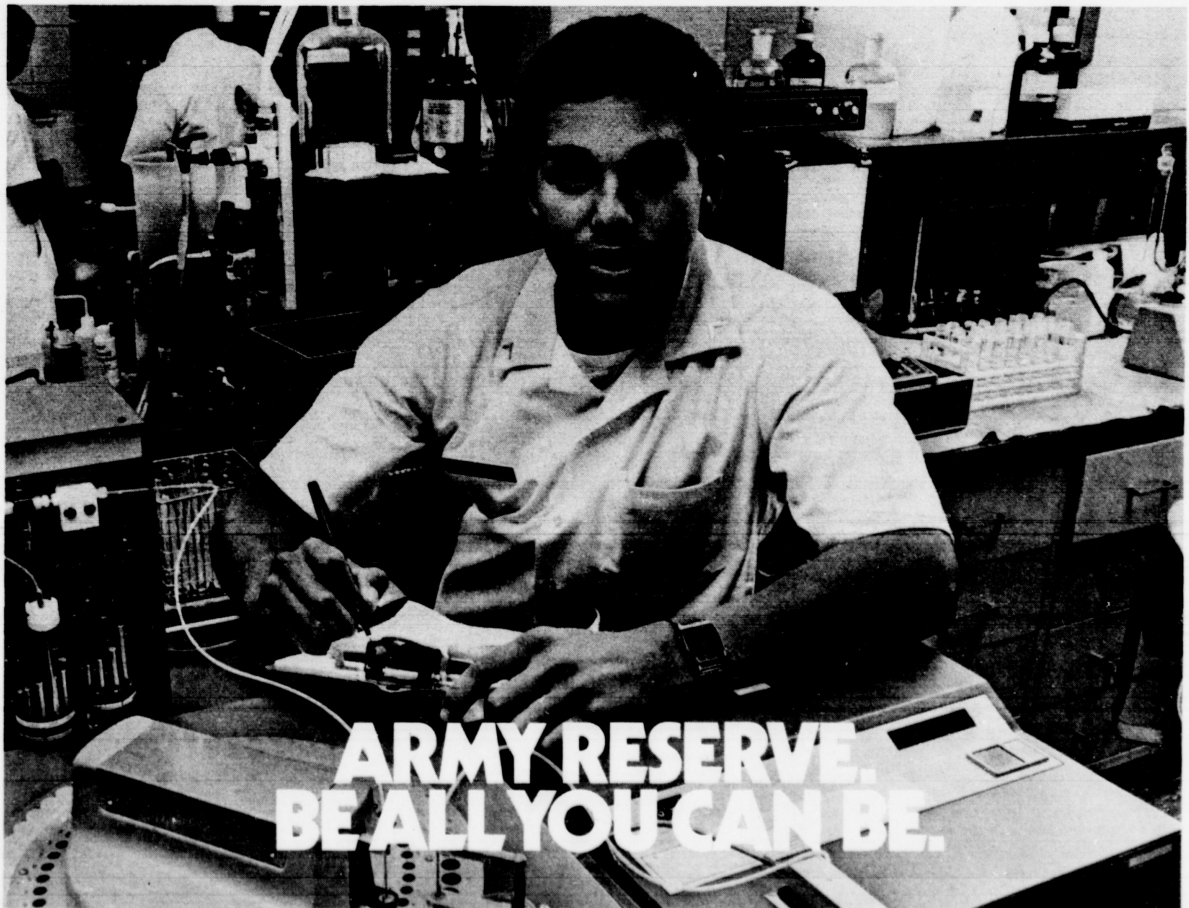
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# LANGE

(Continued from page 16)

never even washed his hands between operations. I read an account by a nurse who was present during one of his visits to a state hospital. The account of it was just terrifying." Playing Frances Farmer, she seized the opportunity to vent her own rage at the medical establishment, at Hollywood, at the system in general. But playing a role at fever pitch for some 18 weeks took its toll on her. "Somewhere along the way," Lange admits, "I lost the power of separating myself from the character. After doing a really dramatic scene for a week or two weeks, it's not easy to walk off the set and drop back into normal life."

For that reason the making of *Tootsie* seemed like a vacation. Even though that film, like *Frances*, went way over budget and over schedule, Lange found it a relief. "I'd go to the set," she recalls, "do my day's work, and then when that day was over, there was no problem in getting back to my life. I am definitely a supporting player in *Tootsie*, and that's what I wanted after *Frances*."

It is ironic in a way that *Tootsie* seems to be bringing her even more acclaim than the demanding *Frances*. Director Sydney Pollack knew from the start that he wanted her in the role of Julie. "The girl I cast," Pollack says, "had to speak a kind of sexual shorthand. I needed someone who would come on screen and the audience would immediately know

that Dustin had to be in love with her. The only way to make it work is to hire Marilyn Monroe, and the closest I could come to Marilyn Monroe was Jessica."

Much has been written about Pollack's conflicts with Dustin Hoffman. But he found Lange difficult to direct in a different way. "Nothing comes out literally with Jessica," Pollack explains. "Sometimes with actors you get exactly what you put in; you give them a direction, and they do just what you tell them. But if you gave Jessica a direction, it would always come out slightly different from the input. It's like a gyroscope that you push forward and it moves to the right. That can be exciting, but it took me a while to get used to it. I read that Jessica studied painting, and you can feel that she's an artist. There's always a little more going on than you expected. Also, she's an extremely private person. In Hollywood, when you're making a movie, everyone goes through this ritual of instant intimacy, which of course is highly suspect. But Jessica doesn't allow that kind of intimacy. I like her and would work with her again, but I still don't feel I really know her."

Lange admits that she prefers working intuitively and does not like to analyze her roles at great length. That is why she enjoyed her collaboration with Kim Stanley, who plays her tyrannical mother in *Frances*. "Kim works exactly the way I like to work," Lange asserts. "She's very private. Nothing is discussed. There's a mystery to the work, and I like that." Working with Dustin Hoffman was at the opposite pole. "Dustin loves to talk," Lange said,

smiling. "He can go on for hours discussing the role. That's okay. Everybody works differently, and whatever it takes to get them revved up, to get the instrument tuned, is fine. It's just great when you coincide with an actor whose methods are similar to yours."

She and Kim Stanley have talked about playing mother and daughter once again, in a production of *The Glass Menagerie* for cable TV. Lange is looking for other projects, but she does not seem frantic about it. She divides her time between an apartment in New York, a house in Connecticut, and a cabin in a desolate part of Minnesota. New scripts are pouring in, but she has not yet found one that satisfies her. "At this point I really would prefer to be known as a character actress," she insists. "To be a 'leading lady' seems somehow limiting. In the Thirties and Forties those leading ladies played great parts from comedy to drama, but now there's no meat to the leading roles. I can't tell you how many scripts I've gotten where the main woman character is a photographer or a journalist. There's no imagination to those leading lady roles any more."

Nevertheless, Jessica Lange seems to be enjoying the fact that she has finally laid King Kong to rest. "Now there's a groundswell of praise for my work, which has never happened before in my career," she says. "That's very pleasant, but I'm not letting it change my life. I'm making it a point to stay away from Hollywood. That's always been my strategy in good times and bad times. It helps me to hold on to my sanity."

# Keaton

(Continued from page 10)

guitar, then desperately trying to fake it by pretending to "play" the case.

His comedy was then a cross between the antics of Steve Martin and Albert Brooks. "People keep asking me what exactly it is that I do and I really don't know. It's not jokes — I guess most of the time I make observations and take them as far as I can take them — sometimes to Portland and back."

While performing, Keaton supported himself with a variety of jobs, including a stint with the production crew of a Pittsburgh PBS TV station. "These guys were insanely funny ex-acid heads," Keaton says, laughing. "They had this group going called 'The Flying Zucchini Brothers Daredevil Circus and the American All-Star One Man Band with Peaches and Cream' and they asked me to join. It was a mock — no, maybe I shouldn't say 'mock' because they'll say 'Whataya mean mock, we were doin' legit!' — kind of acrobatic act. There were about five of us and we would dress up in long underwear with jockey shorts over our underwear or anything we could come up with, and capes — great capes — and we'd do these wonderful quasi-acrobatic acts."

"Like, one guy would get on the floor and there'd be a box behind him and I'd be on a box here. I'd jump off the box to the floor and then off the floor to the box and we'd lay this fish net down about this high off the ground." Keaton laughs at the memory. "Not even any pretense to illusion! It was all under this guise of high adventure."

After developing his improvisation and acting for several years, Keaton decided to concentrate on acting and moved to Los Angeles around 1974. Arriving with no money and no transportation, Keaton found the city to be "one huge, used car lot. I had to get around on buses, which is next to impossible here. I knew very few people and sometimes literally lived off of \$5 a week. I got real thin," Keaton admits. "Yep, lean and mean, as they say."

During his first two years in Los Angeles, Keaton performed at the Comedy Store, studied improvisation at the Second City Workshop with friend Betty Thomas of *Hill Street Blues*, and supported himself with more odd jobs. Before *Night Shift*, he appeared on various television shows, was a regular on the *Mary*

*Tyler Moore* variety show and starred in a limited comedy series called *Report to Murphy*, in which he played a parole officer.

"The series was only for six episodes, and, even though the critics liked it, it wasn't picked up for more. But I'm glad that it wasn't, because I would prefer to do what I'm doing now — more films, with more freedom."

Television did have one lasting effect on Keaton, though. Last June 5th, he married actress Caroline McWilliams; they met as castmates on a TV show. "We were married in this barn in New Hampshire by a lake, on a hillside. We got rained out — totally. My brothers and I were wearing white tuxedos and we looked like the Temptations walking through nature!"

"Before the wedding, Caroline and I were at Disney World and we had bought these Mickey Mouse and Donald Duck sunglasses. I told her, 'Hey, this marriage thing is getting way too serious. I'll give you \$1,000 if you'll wear your sunglasses during the wedding.' She just laughed and said, 'Oh, yeah, sure.'"

"I totally forgot about it. So, we got married. I turn to kiss my mom and everybody's kissing. We get ready to march down the aisle, and Caroline taps me on the shoulder — she's got her Donald Duck sunglasses on! I went crazy!!"

"We had a fantastic time at the wedding," Keaton says with a grin. "We marched out to a great band playing 'The Sunny Side of the Street.' Very uptempo."

Now, in his spare time, Keaton still works out at the Comedy Store and other clubs. His hobbies are varied. "I like to get in crowded elevators where everybody acts like no one else is in the elevator with them. No one ever talks to anybody. After a few floors, one guy will get off. I'll wait a floor or two and suddenly say, 'Was that guy a jerk, or what?' One person will usually laugh, but the others will back up into the corners, thinking, 'He's got a bomb — I know he's got a bomb!'"

Did he ever consider any other profession? "As a kid, I wanted to be a cowboy, but I wore glasses then and whoever saw a cowboy wearing glasses? I mean, can you imagine a cowboy, riding along, pushing up his glasses, squinting out over the sunset, asking, 'Are those Indians over there?'"

"I love baseball. It would have been great to be a player. In fact, our production company is called '6 to 4 to 3' for the double play score in baseball." Favorite team? "Pittsburgh Pirates!"

But Keaton is quite content to be just where he is. "Everything is so much fun right now. *Mr. Mom*, or whatever it's called, should be out soon and there's talk of another one after that but I only believe those things when the wardrobe lady calls up and asks, 'What's your sock size?'"



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