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# Ashburton should be completed by July

Reconstruction of Suffolk University's 12-story building at 8 Ashburton Place, Beacon Hill is ahead of schedule and most of the \$7.9 million project is expected to be completed by July of 1981. The building should be open for Fall classes in September of 1981.

According to Richard Bridge of the architectural firm of Knight, Bagge and

Anderson, floors 4 through 12, which will house classrooms for the School of Management, the College of Liberal Arts and Sciences and administrative offices, should be completed by July.

"Demolition, steel erection and concrete pourings are 98 per cent complete and the sheet metal ductwork has been installed on the 6th floor through the 12th

floor and is about 45 per cent complete," Bridge said. He added that installation of the drywall, fireproofing and concrete block is well underway as is work on the steel stairs and electrical installation.

Bridge said that construction on the two sub-basement floors, mezzanine, and first and second floors, all of which will

house a new library, and third floor cafeteria should be completed by November.

Renovation of the 150,000 square foot property, once the site of the famed Boston City Club and more recently the United Way of Massachusetts Bay, Inc., is being done by Vappi & Co. of Cambridge.

## SUFFOLK JOURNAL

Volume 36 Number 18

SUFFOLK UNIVERSITY, BEACON HILL, BOSTON, MASS. / (617) 723-4700 x323

Friday, January 16, 1981

### To err is human, but for a computer . . .

by Nancy Rezendes

Students have not yet received their fall semester grades due to delays which included professors failing to meet their deadline in filing grades.

According to Registrar Mary Hefron grades will be late for a number of reasons. "Grades were not turned in at the proper time," said Hefron. When asked how late professors were in turning in grades, Hefron said she still had not received four sets of grades as of last week.

In addition to this, Hefron said that the registrar's office "only had two weeks to process the grades and the flu cut down the number of staff working on getting grades through."

Concerning when students will receive their grades in the mail, Hefron said "I don't know." When asked how many weeks it would take, her comment was "I don't know."

However, Assistant Registrar Gail Brickley said "Data Processing is working on them now." When asked how many weeks it would take, Brickley said "I don't



DIRECTOR of the Career Placement Center Michael Rubino comments on the grade situation and its effect on graduates applying for jobs.

think it will be a matter of weeks." Brickley would not give an exact date of when grades will be sent out.

In the meantime, "students will have to check with their professors to find out their grades," said Hefron. "They cannot go to the Registrar's Office," she said.

Asked if the delay in grades would hurt those students applying for scholarships, Hefron said she didn't know. However, a spokesperson from the financial aid office said that the delay in grades would not hurt them. "The only time grades are needed is in the case of academic probation," the spokesperson said.

In addition, the delay in grades will not hurt seniors who are applying for jobs. According to Michael Rubino, director of the Career Placement Center, "Most employers will take the word of the applicant on his or her grades. If the employer has any questions about the grades then he can contact the registrar's office. There's no affect on employment whatsoever," said Rubino.

### Suffolk's jubilee begins in February

by Alice Whooley

History Department Chairperson Dr. John Cavanagh predicts a "zippy" time for all at the kick-off event for Suffolk University's 75th Jubilee year.

The first event will take place on February 5 in the cafeteria from 3 - 5 and the entertainment featured will be Folksinger Jim Plunket. According to Cavanagh, who is also a member of the jubilee committee and president of the subcommittee for the kick-off birthday party said that the event will feature an "authorative" wine punch, as well as a "lavish board buffet." Cavanagh suggest that people, "starve themselves for the feast."

A birthday cake will also be there and there will be some substantial door prizes.



HISTORY DEPARTMENT Chairperson John Cavanagh predicts a "zippy" time for Suffolk's Jubilee.



ASSISTANT DIRECTOR of Development Ellen Foley is hoping for a large student turnout.

There will be a first prize, a second prize, and three third prizes. Students, faculty, and administrators are welcome at the event. Another member of the kick-off birthday committee, Assistant director of development Ellen Foley emphasized that they are really hoping for a large student turnout.

Both the SGA and the Council of Presidents have been accepting ideas from their members for Jubilee events. Foley said that any organization that wanted to tie their events in with the Jubilee was welcome to. This would also enable them to use the jubilee banner. SGA president Mary Singleton said, "I feel that this is great exposure for Suffolk. These events and the fact that there will be many different dignitaries in appearance will give Suffolk the exposure it deserves, because it's a good university. Foley said that this will be a year long celebration encompassing the whole university."

Singleton was actively involved in the Jubilee float which appeared in the 35th Boston parade this September. Foley said, "we were very lucky. We had a very good spot and since we were near the front of the parade people were very fresh. People were very receptive and everything went very well."

Other Jubilee events that have been scheduled include a 75th Anniversary reception for Beacon Hill residents on February 25, a black heritage lecture by Byron Rushing on February eight, the inauguration of Daniel H. Perlman as seventh president and a charter day/inaugural reception, and a champagne reception for the graduates of 1980 and their families on June 14.

Foley said that this is the first time there has been such an extensive anniversary celebration at Suffolk although there was a dinner dance, which was rescheduled three times, for the 25th Anniversary.

in this issue

Arts

Supplement

inside

### Two SGA members resign

by Greg Beeman

Sophomore Class Representative Sheila Ahern has resigned from the Student Government Association (SGA) and the position of treasurer, which Ahern held, has been filled by Junior Class Representative Darren Donovan.

Ahern's resignation was announced at this week's SGA meeting by SGA President Mary Singleton, who said Ahern resigned for "personal reasons."

Donovan was the only nominee for

treasurer and was elected by a unanimous voice vote.

Singleton said the election for another sophomore representative will be held with the freshman elections, which are scheduled for Jan. 27 and 28.

A matter which brought about much more discussion and debate was the question of what the SGA should do with \$3000 which had been allocated for course evaluations, which the SGA has decided

See SGA page 8



## Guida's replacement still hasn't been named

by Greg Beeman

The Student Activities Office is without an office supervisor as a replacement for former supervisor Fran Guida has not yet been hired.

Student Activities Director Duane Anderson said Suffolk's Personal Office is still accepting applications.

The new supervisor will handle all of the

duties Guida performed, as well as the scheduling of rooms for the entire university, including the auditorium and the cafeteria, Anderson said.

Anderson said the position should be filled by the end of the month and he will consult a group of student leaders in the making of the final decision.

## NEWS FROM THE ATHLETIC OFFICE

Suffolk rams basketball vs babson college

**SUFFOLK RAMS BASKETBALL VS BABSON COLLEGE FRIDAY NITE 1/16 8:00 PM AT THE CAMBRIDGE YMCA — MASS AVE, CENTRAL SQ., CAMBRIDGE. PARTY IMMEDIATELY FOLLOWING THE GAME AT THE "PORTLAND EXCHANGE" — PORTLAND ST. (OPPOSITE THE BOSTON GARDEN). ONLY THE FANS ATTENDING THE GAME WILL BE ADMITTED AND THERE IS NO CHARGE. SUPPORT THE RAMS BASKETBALL**

## S.G.A. NEWS

There will be speeches for candidates running in the Special Freshmen Election, Thursday, Jan. 22, 1981, in Ridgeway Lane Building RL3

Elections will be held in the cafeteria for this position on Tuesday and Wednesday Jan. 27th and Jan. 28th, 1981 from 10:00 a.m. - 2:00 p.m.

There is also the position of Sophomore Representative open. Petitions are available in the Student Activities Office today, Jan. 15, 1981.

They must be returned to the Student Activities Office no later than 10:00 a.m., Thursday, Jan. 22, 1981.

Elections for this position will be held in the cafeteria on Tuesday and Wednesday, Jan. 27th and 28th, 1981, from 10:00 a.m. - 2:00 p.m.



JUNIOR CLASS Representative Darren Donovan, organizer of Suffolk's Globe Santa effort, was happy with results.

## Efforts termed successful

by Greg Beeman

Suffolk's Globe Santa fundraising

effort raised \$408 for the cause and was "a big success," according to Junior Class Representative Darren Donovan, who organized the effort.

The money was raised through a "Jail Day" and a kissing booth. Donovan said the events were organized with the help of the Tau Kappa Epsilon fraternity and the Suffolk Cheerleaders, whose efforts were headed by Karen DiMartino.

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## editorials

## Suffolks 75th

In this, Suffolk's Jubilee year, it is important not only to have pride in the history and the current status of the college but, to want to strive to make it better.

We are sure that even the founders of Suffolk, who had very high goals for its future success, had no idea that Suffolk would expand to the extent that it has or branch out into as many different directions. This achievement and expansion is crucial to any university. If a university stops growing and flourishing then they are not able to be the recipients of new ideas.

It is important as students that we not only attend 75th jubilee celebrations but, remember the spirit in which they were planned. We must not only glow in the pleasure of the university's past achievements, but use this time to make this university a better place. You can be a part of that change whether you intend to join the Quiet in the Library Committee or run for student government next year and fight for more activities space in the Ashburton Place building.

It is important to remember that before long the class of '81, '82, and '83 will soon be a part of Suffolk University's history. When Suffolk has its 100th birthday celebration they will be able to point the achievements these classes made in making Suffolk University a better place for the school's current enrollment.

Skiing  
Ridgeway

Although it is touching to see students helping each other down Ridgeway Lane the possibilities and the treacherous, icy conditions that remain there every year are disheartening.

A student shouldn't have to risk life and limb every time they walk up the Lane to a class. In the past there has been some debate whether the university or the city was responsible for the upkeep of the lane. It doesn't matter, either way something must be done to make Ridgeway Lane a safer place.

Many students returned from their Christmas vacations with ski injuries. An additional injury to someone who is already hobbling along with a cane or a walking cast could be very serious. There are also an increasing number of older students whose bones are more brittle and breakable.

It is essential that something be done about these conditions before something tragic happens.

## letters

## Christmas thoughts

Editor,

I write this letter in deep appreciation for your efforts to grapple with the meaning of Christmas a time when the world seems to be in pain. In your editorial you remind us all of the depression that might lie in our future, the crunch of final exams, the ugly death of John Lennon. I would add to that the phenomenon of repression in the world and the escalation of life-defying weapons that impact upon our world. And then we celebrate Christmas, a time for happiness, families, God, and gifts.

As I ponder the possibilities for this new year for myself, I write to you and the rest of the Suffolk community to remind you that the greatest gift that God has given us is the means to guide our destiny. As you and Suffolk community gather up the many sweaters, jordache jeans and records that your families have given to you, I ask you to apply yourselves to the service of your neighbor, in Boston and throughout the world. That's how you really get a chance to use the good gifts you've received.

Thank you for your time,

Br. Paul Eckler,  
Campus Minister

## Be aware of aid

Editor:

January has been declared Financial Aid Awareness Month by Gov. Edward J. King. I urge all students who are not receiving financial aid to take advantage of this proclamation and apply for financial aid.

There are several federal programs available including Basic Educational Opportunity Grants, Supplemental Educational Opportunity Grants, College Work Study and Guaranteed Student Loans. In addition, the Commonwealth of Massachusetts also offers a number of financial aid programs.

The deadline for applying for Mass. State Scholarship is February 15, 1981 and other financial aid applications must be submitted by March 1, 1981. For more information drop by Suffolk's Financial Aid Office at 100 Charles River Plaza, third floor.

Sincerely,  
Dennis Callahan  
Freshman Class President

## Quiet thanks

Editor:

I would like to take this time to applaud the dedicated work of the Students for a Quiet Library movement. The goal of these students is to make our own Suffolk University library a quiet study area for all students. The effects of this effort was seen during finals week when the library was transformed to an area where students could study uninterrupted by distracting or boisterous students.

Among the many volunteers who gave up their study time to monitor the library during finals week was the organizer of the students for a Quiet Library, Carla Berardi. Miss Berardi's involvement in this student service stretches back many weeks and into many meetings with interested faculty and library administrators. Through her efforts and the efforts of others like her a quiet library can be a reality.

Suffolk University owes a debt of gratitude to the Students for a Quiet Library which can be paid back by viewing the library not as a social setting but, as a serious research facility.

President of the Junior class  
Barry Fitzgerald

Globe  
Santa  
thanks

Editor:

I would like to convey my deepest thanks to all those who generously donated their time and energy to make Suffolk's Globe Santa fundraiser a tremendous success.

These students' efforts are especially commendable because the event was held so close to finals week and the holiday season.

Their work in helping families less fortunate than their own made the holiday season at Suffolk a little brighter. Thank you.

Sincerely,  
Darren J. Donovan  
Chairman  
Globe Santa Fundraising Committee

The Suffolk Journal welcomes  
students for the spring semester.

## The Journal

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a new

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to RL19

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Letters provide an open forum for you to air your opinions, criticisms, and thoughts about the Journal, or the Suffolk Community.

Letters must be submitted to the Journal (RL 19) before 5 p.m. on Fridays to make the following issue.

## SUFFOLK JOURNAL

"... every issue of the paper presents an opportunity and a duty to say something courageous and true; ... to rise above fear of partisanship and fear of popular prejudice."  
— Joseph Pulitzer

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"Top college newspaper in New England."  
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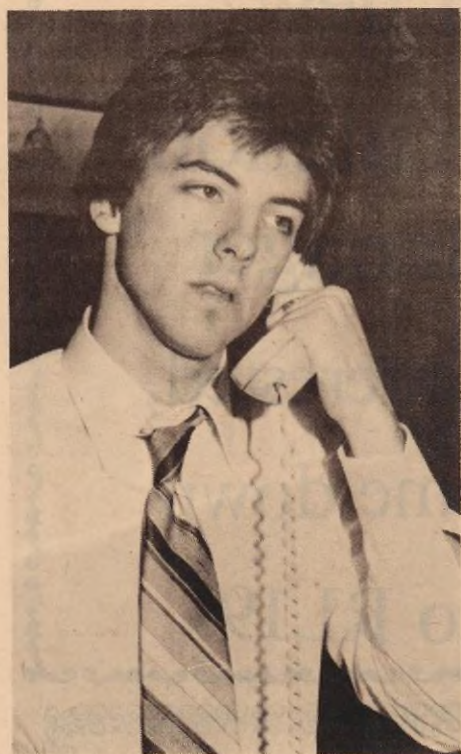
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## side tracks

# Political action for two SGA Members



SGA TREASURER Darren Donovan

by J. C. Constantakes

Five days from today a new President will be running the country. President James Carter will end his four year term and President-elect Ronald Reagan will begin his. The race between the two ended in November, and two Suffolk students who campaigned for Carter during the election said they would do it again if asked.

Student Government Association (SGA) Treasurer and Junior, Class Representative Darren Donovan and Sophomore Class Representative John MacDonald spent six days in Buffalo, New York in October and November campaigning on Carter's behalf. Although the election is over, both foresee getting involved in other campaigns as well as other politically oriented activities in the future.

Both Donovan and MacDonald went to New York with Massachusetts Senator Joseph Timilty as Volunteer Effort Co-ordinators, and what they call "trouble shooters."

Both feel that the experience has helped them in their political positions they hold at Suffolk. Donovan, a Braintree Town

Meeting Member, Braintree Town Democratic Committee Member, and Notary Public, said that the experience taught him valuable lessons in "leadership, assertion and decision-making." Donovan said that the two were paid to organize the volunteers, co-ordinate the phone bank, and make sure literature was handed out. Donovan said that he was confident that his experience would also help him with the Student Services Committee he heads, because of his exposure to working with others on political issues.

MacDonald, a Legal Aide to Timilty, said that his political work proved rewarding because it gave him a chance to "learn the structure of a (national) campaign" and the complications that arise. MacDonald also said that he had learned things he could incorporate into his position as Sophomore Representative. MacDonald, who has worked on other political campaigns, said it gave both himself and Darren a chance to work with and meet other "very political persons."

Both said that they wished the trip were longer, but with scholastic responsibilities, it was shortened to a six-day venture. Both say they will try and stay politically active, in school and out.



MacDONALD AND DONOVAN — future Pres. and V.P.?



SOPHOMORE CLASS REPRESENTATIVE John MacDonald and Donovan



MacDONALD, MASS SENATOR Joseph Timilty, Donovan

## 12-Year-Old Fiction: Love on a Swing Set

Authors' Note

The following story was written about ten years ago while I was vacationing at Backberry Inn in New Hampshire. It was there I met Bob Ritchie. Shortly, we discovered we shared many interests, one of which was to write a book and become rich. Soon, we two twelve year-olds, decided to collaborate on our first short novel. We used our surroundings and created "Love on a Swing Set." The names were changed to protect the guilty.

I am reprinting the story just as we wrote it ten years ago. I hope you enjoy sharing this bit of nostalgia.

by Dan Murnane and Bob Ritchie

Love on a Swing Set.  
Chapter 1 (only 1)

The first time Chuck and Maureen saw each other, it was love at first glance. They looked at each other and in an instant went to the swing set to swing. They swung and they swung until it grew dark. Then before they departed they had an enlightening talk. They found out each other's age, each other's address. They found out Chuck was 16. She was 13 years old.

Chuck an avid swimmer suffered as Maureen was thrown in the pool fully clothes. To show his love he held her under. But Maureen wanted to have another chat but Chuck was getting saddle sores from the swing. Also he was a bit dizzy after two and a half hours of swinging. His family was asking about him and someone checked on him.

They yelled he was coming but said no he just fell off the swing. Chuck was maddly in love with her — and wanted to give her his favorite beloved rock, black and white, he always slept with it.

Maureen said that was too valuable to give away. And at that moment a tall skinny man in a green bathing suit came. They stopped talking as the man walked by. Chuck called Maureen, as he walked away, I have one thing to tell you. You have bad breath, real bad breath. why Maureen, I don't know what to say. I thought you'd want to know she said. I do and I'm glad you told me said Chuck. I'll try to do something about it. OK she said. If you do something about it we should have a good time together.

But alas all good things must come to an end as Hercamire enters the scene without using a door (figure that out) Hercamire, clad in a blue written on cap. Maureen stares as he gracefully walks into a wall. Now Chuck has compition but of what kind.

The next time they saw each other was at — an exciting scat game with german cards as a blonde woman calls "27". The heavy guy with a poker hand mumbles, "oh brother" and goes out. A loud funny lady just made it with "16". Nobody really can see through the smoke of a pipe. Maureen and Chuck are saying little nothings to each other because they are not speaking to each other because of Hercamire.

Well Chuck still liked Maureen even though she said Hercamire was cute and a

good person. So that night he sat under her window on the swing set. That night as Maureen looked out her scenic toilet window she spotted Chuck. She decided to open it and have a talk. Just as she opened it the slugger from South Boston walked by. Hello Chuck, Maureen said, I thought we might have a talk. Well they talked and talked and talked, as he swung and swung and swung, until Mrs. Creamy, the player, cheerleader, joker of the baseball team and South Weymouth walked by. Then they talked and swung some more into the darkness.

Till in one big swoop Chuck was on his tail. After this he took a big riding from the swing. Many people were secretly watching him. He did not know till he fell off again and someone said, "there he goes again" Chuck took a big riding for this too, but not from the swing. Every now and then a window would shut (guess who's) when someone came out to the yard. When a group of fine young men came out to razz the pants off Chuck one hearty fellow in a black jersey went down the slide just to be different.

Maureen was not to be seen again that night. But next morning at breakfast she came. Chuck wanting to make sure Maureen still liked him winked. Then for some unknown reason she winked backed. (aha a new break through in code.)

At the swimming pool Chuck showing off literally went head over heels and banged his back Then with all his heart screamed bloody blue murder. Then back at the barn 3 scats were called in fifteen minutes. Two were right after each other. But certain people were to busy to notice.

That night at supper, the lady in the white apron came out and said hello to them.

Right after supper they went for a walk. They talked about many things, but it was mostly about each other.

The walk didn't last too long because they wanted to go back and swing. On the way back the two ladies who look quite a bit alike passed them

Right after that they came to the swing set and sat down. They started to swing and had love on a swing-set.

They loved and fell off.

THE END



John Alabiso Cupid



## Lost without her, he retained what he found

by James Macdonald

In school they use to dissect each other's lives. Returning to school this year, Mark knew it would be different. She was not around anymore. She was at another school now and Mark, standing before the waves of faces, felt he was the one at another school. Funny, he thought, how much a person can mean to you in such a short time. Mark remembered the way her long hair, just covering her rear end, swayed almost to the beat she walked. She was tall to begin with but with high heels Mark always had to look up to her eyes. Her childlike features gave her a type of innocence. How many times had he said, "hi!" to her before he actually talked to her, he wondered. He remembered they were just out of High School then and had believed that college would be the same only a little more difficult. He soon discovered his mistaken belief. The reading, term papers, and assignments at first were almost to burdensome.

"Do you mind if I sit here?" he asked her in the cafeteria a year ago. Maybe his luck had finally changed she was alone he thought. "Sure," she replied. After sitting down, he asked her "are you a freshman?" "Yes," she said. "By the way, I'm Mark." "I'm Sharon." "So how do you like it here so far Sharon?" "Well, it's not like High School. I don't think I've ever read so much in my whole life." "Me either, but I think I really like it here. Are you going to the Rat on Friday?" he asked her. "What's a Rat?" "You know, the school has parties every few weeks, sometimes at Rielly's and they alternate music from disco to rock and roll to other types." "Well maybe I'll go," she replied. "What time does it start?" she asked. "Around two thirty," he said. Mark looked for her at the Rat but she never showed. Though he was there with friends, his spirits were still lowered.

The next time he saw Sharon he said, "I looked for you everywhere at the Rat but you didn't show." "I'm sorry, I had to work," she said with an embarrassed look. She was truly sorry. Her apology raised him off the ground so his feet just barely scraped. She did care for him, "let's go to the Red Hat," he asked her. "What's that?" she asked. "Listen, we've got to give you some culture. The Red Hat is a bar practically on campus." "What campus?" "Well you know what I mean," he said. "But I don't drink." "Oh, well you don't have to drink, you could have a coke or something." "No thanks." She had now emotionally hurled him onto the ground. First the Rat, then his second offer to the Hat, maybe his luck was still the same. Seeing his smile had been lowered to a frown she replied, "well maybe just for a coke." "Great!" he said.

They went to the Hat at least once a week from then on. There they met a lot of people. When Mark went to the Hat

without her he felt funny, like he had forgotten a book or something. Sharon had stopped wearing her high heels and now Mark could look straight into her eyes. The next semester they signed up for a lab and lecture together for Chemistry of the Environment. They were told it was easy but, with no background in Chemistry, the class seemed like a lot of work. One lab while cutting open a baby shark, Sharon turned to Mark and said, "can you imagine being a doctor and actually doing this to people?" "In a way we do this to each other," he said as she gave him a probing look. "We all dissect the things we say to each other, even some of the things we do, you don't have to listen to a person's words to understand what they mean, sometimes a gesture will do just fine." "Mark the philosopher," she said, placing this thought in his mind ready for dissection. "I understand what you mean even though I wasn't listening to what you were saying," she said kiddingly.

With Sharon, Mark now used the elevators a lot. Before he had always used the stairways but she would always press the elevator button and bring them to their lab on the fifth floor. She had taught him a lot, not only about herself or other people but about himself, things he never knew. Maybe it was because she had raised his confidence that he began to grow, become a better person. She meant so much to him he was shocked when she told him, while walking to Mt. Vernon, that she was transferring to another school. "But why Sharon?" He felt like a heavy cloud just making it over the hill. "Don't feel bad I'm leaving, I'll miss you too but we'll still see each other just less often." He now understood what she was like. Like a breeze she touches people then moves on. She retains the memory of what she shares with them exchanging it with other people at other times. People no matter how close they get to us can never stay he realized, no matter how hard we try to hold onto them it's like trying to grasp the wind.

Mark put aside what he was thinking when Kate, who was standing beside him said, "hello Mark, earth to Mark." He looked at Kate there before him and said, "Oh, Hi Katie. I was just thinking about this person I use to know." "Why, did they die?" she asked him. "Yes and no." "What do you mean?" "What do you mean?" he answered. "I mean how can they be dead and still alive?" "Maybe she's gone but still with me." "Okay, are you feeling all right." "Yes, I'm feeling fine." "Would you like to go to the hat? Why I bet you've already been there." "Yes, I've already been there," he said thinking of the times he'd spent there with Sharon, now walking down the street with Kate holding tight onto his arm as if she was keeping him off the ground.

## We are looking for new faces!

If you're interested in writing feature stories for the *Journal*, come to **RL19** — Thurs., Jan. 22 at 1:30

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## Notes from the Financial Aid Office . . .

### January is Financial Aid Awareness Month

Governor King and the Mass. Association of Student Financial Aid Administrators (MASFAA) have declared January to be FINANCIAL AID AWARENESS MONTH. In recognizing a need for greater awareness, the Office of Financial Aid will begin publishing a series of articles each week on student financial assistance.

Application packets (FAF and Suffolk application) are now available for next year (1981-82). The deadline for completed applications is MARCH 1, 1981. If you have not received one in the mail, please drop by our office and pick one up. Financial Aid Office staff members will gladly assist you and answer your questions.

On January 1, 1981, a new federal loan program was established — PARENT LOANS FOR UNDERGRADUATE STUDENTS (PLUS). Parents of undergraduate students may borrow up to \$3000 per academic year for each student. The aggregate loan limit for each dependent student is \$15,000. Interest is set at 9% and repayment must begin 60 days after disbursement. Further information and applications may be obtained at your bank or commercial lender.

If you have any questions about student financial aid, you are welcome to contact our office. It is staffed by people who are dedicated to helping students and someone is always available to answer your questions. Please call us at X361 or drop by our office on the 3rd floor of 100 Charles River Plaza.

## SPRINGFEST TALENT SHOW ORGANIZATIONAL MEETING THURS., JAN. 22 - 1pm Fenton 430

- This year's variety show will be discussed and planned.
- We are looking for performers (singers, dancers, instrumentalists, actors - actresses, comedians, etc.)
- Also needed: new ideas for comedy and production numbers.
- Videotaped highlights of last year's Springfest will be shown.

*All Interested students are invited to attend*



## arts & entertainment

# Resnais' witty tale of rats and men

*Mon Oncle d'Amerique*. A film directed by Alain Resnais, written by Jean Gruault based on the work of Dr. Henri Laborit, starring Gerard Depardieu, Nicole Garcia, Roger-Pierre and Marie Dubois. In French with English subtitles. At an exclusive engagement at the Orson Welles Cinema.

by Jeff Putnam

Alain Resnais' excellent new film, *Mon Oncle d'Amerique*, commences and terminates with walls. Its final shot tracks down an impoverished city street until it focuses on its discovery of a grove of trees situated among the tenements; tall, lush trees set against the light blue of a morning sky — an oasis amongst the squalor of modern life. As the camera slowly zooms closer, paradise is lost. The garden dissects one of the gloomy old buildings; everything is out of proportion. A quick series of jump cuts disproves the illusion; the trees, the sky — this restoration of life itself — is merely a mural, painted on the brick wall of the crumbling edifice. The paint is faded and chipped, rent by the passage of time, and the mortar, which once served to unite the bricks, oozes from the wall's crusted crevices like pus valiantly attempting to combat infection.

The film's opening shot begins tight on a blurry photograph from someone's past and pans wider, swirling over another photograph and another, until it has attained enough distance to discover that its subject is a wall of photographs; vivid remembrances of the past — the documentation of life itself. When this collage is reprised later in the film, everything is in proportion; it becomes apparent that these photographs are individual scenes from the lives of the film's characters. This wall is neither a mere restoration nor a mere documentation of life; it is life: depictions of *les neiges d'antan* which live in the minds and souls of those to whom they belong. Safe from fading and deterioration, and the cruel terrorism of time, these memories are the very skeleton of the personality — the mortar of the soul and the pus of the intellect — the very blood which courses through the veins of every human being.

French behavioral scientist Dr. Henri Laborit (who has studied extensively human behavior and was instrumental in the development of drugs to control emotions) asserts that memories compose the personalities of all individuals. Coupled with instinctual drives (eating, drinking, copulating) and the skills of instruction (manners, morals), memories construct the patterns of human behavior. That second wall — that montage of memories — is the foundation for the development of the



ROGER-PIERRE (left) and Nicole Garcia (center) in 'Mon Oncle d'Amerique'

characters of *Mon Oncle d'Amerique*; Laborit, himself, is the guide for this tour through the development and interactions of the personalities of Jean Le Gall, Janine Garnier and Rene Ragueneau — *Mon Oncle d'Amerique*'s major characters.

Laborit is the *auteur* of this film, which has been constructed on his behavioral writings by director Resnais and screenwriter Jean Gruault. His narration and numerous interjections establish him as the puppeteer of *Mon Oncle d'Amerique*. Laborit's dexterous string-pulling, filtered through Resnais and Gruault, is markedly less apparent than Ingmar Bergman's ham-handed chain-tugging in his recent *From the Life of the Marionettes*; the character structures of *Mon Oncle d'Amerique* have been built upon rock — the patterns of behavior which become the individual; while Bergman's were built upon sand — the diffuse moralistic plot into which mere stick figures were crammed.

Both films deal with despair: Bergman's existential *angst* of man as man, a twisted maze of drives and emotions; Resnais' behavioral anguish of man as animal, a "grab-bag" of instincts, learning and memory. *From the Life of the Marionettes* pitted man against man — man against self — resulting in the sweltering *angst* which caused its protagonist to murder a prostitute; Bergman's fictional psychologist explained that Peter had to kill the whore in order to possess her, because only in possessing another can one begin to possess one's self — and complete self-possession may only be accomplished in suicide. Bergman's concept of self is of a self which must be continually expanding, possessing the selves of others; but once such usurpation is accomplished, the self must terminate to consummate its combination. Fulfilling oneself is

tantamount to denying one's self.

Laborit's concept of self is nearly antonymical to Bergman's: The latter's is one of denial, the former's is one of survival. The fulfillment of the self, for Laborit, results in dominance — in survival — but Laborit is far more than a Darwinist; he is not concerned with the fittest, he is concerned with the anguish of those whom Darwin's dictum ("the survival of the fittest") damns. Laborit specifies two modes of recourse for those inhibited by those who dominate them: conflict until overthrow or suicide. There must be no submission; in denying the right to dominate, the individual denies its right to exist.

*Mon Oncle d'Amerique*'s three major characters are introduced with brief facts of their existence — birthdate, social position, schooling, interests, occupations — and photographic images (memories) of their pasts — electric trains, rubber ducks, illustrated adventure stories; we watch them develop from childhood to adulthood, guided by Laborit's patterns of behavior. Jean (Roger-Pierre), born on an island belonging to his family in Brittany, grown up groomed for success by his grandfather; in his 40s, Jean serves as the director of cultural programming for French radio. Janine (Nicole Garcia), was cultivated through the communist teachings of her blue-collar father, but turned to acting as a means of satisfying her need for self-gratification through applause; after a one-hit career, she works as a stylist for a textile corporation. Rene (Gerard Depardieu), born to a devout Catholic peasant family, studies correspondence accounting courses under his bedclothes until his father unscrews the light bulb in his bedroom; Rene eschews the agricultural for the industrial, leaving home and working his way to the top in a

textile firm.

Though from disparate backgrounds — Jean, suburban *bourgeois*; Janine, urban proletariat; Rene, rural peasant — Resnais' characters intertwine in the machinations of the plot. Jean attends a performance of Janine's play, and becomes so enthralled with her performance that he leaves his wife for Janine, who, ultimately, unable to find dramatic work, becomes a troubleshooter for the sprawling corporation which consolidates Rene's company. But their plot interactions are not their sole unifying force; each emulates their movie idols — Jean, Danielle Darrieux; Janine, Jean Marais; and Rene, Jean Gabin — and each dream wonderously of their *oncles d'Amerique*; their mythological repositories of faith and hope.

Laborit's explanation of unification, however, is the true basis for their intertwining. "We are others," he muses. The individual personality is an aggregation of memories; as others influence, instruct, react to us, they become part of us, and we, them. Only in this manner do we possess others, but in possessing and incorporating them into ourselves, we do not deny their existence. On the contrary, we fortify it by assimilating ourselves into the personalities of others. Whereas Bergman's world deteriorates into droplets of alienation and disenfranchisement, Laborit's and Resnais' world generates into an ocean of interaction and association.

Jean, Janine, and Rene exist as human variations of the laboratory rats which Laborit sends through his mazes and experiments with electrical shock. Indeed, when Jean leaves his wife for Janine and Rene grapples with the clerk sent to replace him at the factory, all are costumed as white rats, conditioned through the experiences of human interaction. Despite this exemplification of Laborit's assertions, *Mon Oncle d'Amerique* concerns itself not with the relation of fact and fiction, of reality and art, of science and literature, but with reality and individual perceptions of reality; how and why these aggregations of memories — and by extension, we, the viewers — perceive reality. Whether such perceptions entail idolizations (of film stars) and fabrications (of *les oncles d'Amerique*), or whether they enable us to see an oasis in the ghettos or just chipped paint and oozing mortar, these perceptions are as individual as the eclectic entities which perceive them.

Merely to discuss *Mon Oncle d'Amerique* as a behavioral dissertation greatly diminishes its excellence. Resnais'

See page 7

# Sweeney Todd wreaks sweet revenge

*Sweeney Todd*, a play by Harold Prince, based on the version by Christopher Bond, with music and lyrics by Stephen Sondheim, starring Angela Lansbury and George Hearn is now at The Metropolitan Center until January 31, 1981.

by Colleen Doyle

*Sweeney Todd*, Broadway's smash hit comes to Boston with a delightful sense of humor, music and drama. This amusing play captivates the audience with its vocal brilliance, morbid plot, and superb stars.

This violent drama tells the story of Ben Barker, alias Sweeney Todd, "The Demon Barber of Fleet Street." Unfortunately, Todd was sent up the river on trumped up charges. He returns home to London after fifteen years to gain his revenge on the judge who entenced him and stole his daughter.

Sweeney Todd, (George Hearn) known for his close shaves, sought his revenge by using his razor for other purposes than shaving faces. Mrs. Lovett (Angela Lansbury) was the women responsible for his revenge tactics and re-establishment of his Barber Shop. Lovett (the pie maker) also devised the way in which to dispose of the bodies goulshly. She very cleverly uses the corpses as filling for her pies, which was a surprising success among the ownpeople.



ANGELA LANSBURY in 'Sweeney Todd'

The Tony award winning *Sweeney Todd* tells the story of Todd's search for revenge of the town officials, and the recapture of his daughter, Johanna, from the Insane Asylum.

Most amusing is Todd's relationship with the desperate floozie, Mrs. Lovett. Her comical songs ("The Worst Pies In London", "God That's Good") and her

humorous mannerisms accompanied with Todd's reactions make this comedy thriller a pleasure to see.

The most outstanding feature of the production was the operatically-trained voices. The vibrant sound and lyrics allowed for easy listening. Straying from other musicals such as "Carousel", "Funny

Girl" and "Hello Dolly", the singing wasn't vivaciously constant and the dances few and simple. The melodies and lyrics were bold, strong and powerful accenting the British/American Folk Opera's setting in dreary London England in the late nineteenth century.

*Sweeney Todd* is most unique. It isn't a love story, or an elaborate musical, nor the triumphs of an underdog, but the tale of a murderer and his accomplice. Oddly, the audience loves these incredible characters. Ultimately, most bad guys receive their fate, as do the unscrupulous. Their charm, warmth and humor wins the viewers and their fate saddens them.

The play flowed with professionalism. Every word, movement and note was accurately calculated. The set design was superb, totally sufficient and accomodating to the marvelous cast (who should be equally commended for their contribution to the production.) However, the continuous rotations of Mrs. Lovett's Pie Shop did become increasingly annoying.

*Sweeney Todd* is highly recommended. Take it in, to find how the barber and the pie maker commit their crimes and dispose of the bodies. The music, acting and atmosphere is first rate. A thoroughly enjoyable play.



# A Christmas menu fit for Scrooge

by Jeff Putnam

Ah, Christmas! Time of presents and surprise; of family gatherings and the glow of a young child's eyes. Time of holly and turkeys; of last minute shopping and the yearly glut of holiday movies.

Christmas is a time of tradition, and one of the most recently established traditions is its use as a receptacle for the most highly priced cinema packages of the year. With increasing regularity, the holiday moviegoer is not so much viewing a genuine expression of cinematic art as he is witnessing the fulfillment of a business transaction.

The familiar lament that "Hollywood no longer makes films, it makes deals" has become cliché, but has not lost its veracity. All it takes for a film to be made is for a wealthy independent producer to commission a script, hire a director and a few marquee stars, and then work out a distribution deal with a major studio; and while the stars have normally the least creative input into the film, it is their names which finally sell the finished package to the public. The films of Christmas 1980 were sold on the popularity of Gene Wilder, Richard Pryor, Robin Williams, Bo Derek, Marlon Brando, George C. Scott, Neil Diamond, Laurence Olivier, Jane Fonda, Lily Tomlin, Dolly Parton, Clint Eastwood, Bob Newhart, Gilda Radner, Richard Dreyfuss, Goldie Hawn, Chevy Chase and Robert DeNiro.

And if each film could be described as a package, then Christmas is the obvious season for them to be presented. Unfortunately, all but one or two of this year's offerings were deceptive packages: big, empty boxes wrapped in finely designed paper. This year's exceptions were Brazilian Carlos Diegues' *Bye Bye Brasil* and Martin Scorsese's *Raging Bull*. The former, a spellbinding travelogue, moralistic farce, social satire, and assessment of entertainment forms, was unified in the powerful central performance of Jose Wilker, as the leader of a carnival troupe trekking across Brazil; the latter, a scathing examination of the pathology of American violence, embodied in former middleweight boxing champion Jake LaMotta, was a brutally beautiful excursion into the mind motoring LaMotta's fists (DeNiro's perfect performance — gaining over sixty pounds to portray the controversial pugilist — further augmented his stature as America's greatest living actor).

Robert Altman's adaptation of E.C. Segar's cartoon, *Popeye*, came closest to approaching the supremacy of *Raging Bull* and *Bye Bye Brasil* (neither of which were designed for mass audiences), but was only mediocre at best. Altman's attractive direction was typical of his best films (*M\*A\*S\*H* and *Nashville*) and Robin Williams and Shelley Duvall offered dimensional characterizations of cartoon caricatures, but *Popeye* was defeated by Jules Feiffer's inert script and Harry Nilsson's inept score. Nonetheless, *Popeye* was the best of this year's have-nots, easily eclipsing the next best film *Any Which Way You Can*, Clint Eastwood's sequel to his most popular film, 1978's *Every Which Way But Loose*. *Any Which Way You Can* had so much going for it — action film, middle-class satire, Eastwood's self-deprecating performance, occasionally inspired lunacy, and of course, the orangutan — that it was a shame that it repeatedly fell back onto the flaws of its predecessor: Ruth Gordon, Sondra Locke, fist-fights and a gang of motorcycle pansies. *Any Which Way You Can* wallowed in mediocrity — and loved it.

Ingmar Bergman's *From the Life of the Marionettes* (like Diegues' film, not released with the intentions of reaping major holiday profits as were the season's American films) found its own niche, somewhere between mediocrity and vapidness. Made in Germany, where the Swedish director has been living in tax exile for the past few years, *From the Life of the Marionettes* synthesized the angst of the director's previous films with the guilt of the current West German cinema into a stultifyingly vague film concerning the murder of a prostitute and the reflections of the murderer's friends, family and acquaintances. Aside from its vagueness, *From the Life of the Marionettes* suffered from its lack of a cohesive central figure; Peter, the murderer, remains sadly undeveloped despite the fact that all of the discussion in the film centers on him. Peripheral characters, as well as Peter's wife, mother and psychiatrist, are examined by the murder's investigator, who appears on screen only once; Bergman's film was an existential *Citizen Kane*, its problem was that Peter was no Charles Foster Kane.

The remainder of the Christmas releases were just another chapter in the demise of the American commercial cinema — a cinema once founded on the technical genius of Griffith and Ince, the conceptual genius of Chaplin, Keaton, Ford and Welles, and most recently, the combination of such genius in Scorsese, Coppola, Lucas, Spielberg and DePalma, but now founded on vapidness. American films of this season fell into two categories of vapidness: misconceived wastefulness and insipid vacuousness.

While the first category is generally more bearable, it is certainly no more acceptable. *Stir Crazy*, which reunited stars Gene Wilder and Richard Pryor in their first film since *Silver Streak*, was a dreary caper comedy which worked sporadically as a parody of prison movies. Sidney Poitier's direction gave his stars



THE WORST: JAZZ SINGER

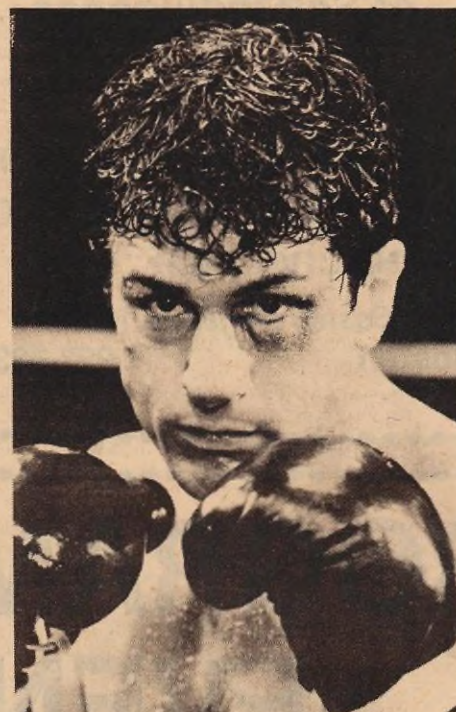
plenty of space to work, however, for the last hour or so, the two had too much space between them, preventing them from combining their considerable comic talents. John (Rocky) Avildsen's adaptation of screenwriter Steve Shagan's novel thriller, *The Formula*, was too ambitious, cramming an espionage thriller about synthetic fuel, murder, drugs, Nazi war criminals and terrorism together with



BYE BYE BRASIL

Avildsen's penchant for mythicizing and comfortable performances by George C. Scott and Marlon Brando. It was not that *The Formula* did not try (it certainly did), but that it tried too hard.

Another film of this category was Richard Donner's *Inside Moves*, a comedy-drama about a group of gimps who gather at Max's Bar to drown their sorrows in the bathos of Barry Levinson



THE BEST: RAGING BULL

and Valerie Curtin's script. If *The Formula* had too much plot, *Inside Moves* had too many characters: a crippled attempted suicide (John Savage); a lame basketball aspirant (David Morse); his girlfriend, a drug-addicted whore (Amy Wright); a blind bigot (Bert Remsen); a horny black in a wheelchair (Bill Robinson); and a double amputee, who makes jokes about his lack of hands (Harold Russell). With all of this abnormality abounding, *Inside Moves* lost its base in normalcy — in reality. A British import which found its way into this category was *The Mirror Crack'd*, the third of a series of Agatha Christie adaptations by producers John Bradbourne and Richard Goodwin. *The Mirror Crack'd* boasted the gimmick of starring washed-up American actors of the 1950s and 1960s (Elizabeth Taylor, Rock

Hudson, Tony Curtis, Kim Novak) spoofing their own images, placing Christie's mystery on a back burner; its problem was that it was not satisfied that Christie's novel was gimmick enough.

Bridging the gap between misconceived wastefulness and insipid vacuousness was *Seems Like Old Times*, Neil Simon's latest venture into the heart of obsolescence. The lackluster comedy featured Goldie Hawn and Chase in their first roles together since *Foul Play*, which, like this picture was written beneath their as yet unmined talents. Far more important than the inability of Hawn and Chase to find suitable material is the fact that Simon is unable to generate intelligent material any longer. *Seems Like Old Times* was facile, predictable and everything that his films since *The Odd Couple* have been: sadly un-funny. The combination of the wastefulness of Simon's once-prolific talent and the vacuousness of *Seems Like Old Times* made that film particularly disheartening.

But even *Seems Like Old Times* could not match the general vapidness of the remainder of the Christmas movies: *Flash Gordon*, Dino de Laurentiis' splashy, sexy remake of the old serial with non-actors Sam J. Jones and Melody Anderson as Flash and Dale Arden; *A Change of Seasons*, a moralistic mush about a middle-aged couple, their lovers, their daughter (Mary Beth Hurt, whose feisty performance was the film's only bright spot), her lover, and the father of the husband's lover; *First Family's*, Buck Henry's tasteless directorial debut — a parody of past chief executives and their families; *9 To 5*, a dismal comic (supposedly) look at sexism at the office, starring Jane Fonda, Lily Tomlin and Dolly Parton (actually, Tomlin's and Parton's performances were worth seeing despite its overall low quality), which lost all of its steam in the first few minutes before degenerating into a typical (for writer/director Colin Higgins) mindless caper comedy; and, the worst of all, *The Jazz Singer*, the abysmal remake of the first successful sound feature starring Neil Diamond in the title role (which was very misleading since the movie had nothing to do with jazz, and followed the plot of the original very rarely).

It is films like these that turn the holiday moviegoer into Scrooge. Merry Christmas? Bah humbug!

## Mon oncle, nos oncles

continued from page 6

typically intelligent and witty editing (always his strength) and Gruault's brilliantly terse script take themselves just seriously enough to retain the gravity of Laborit's assertions. This masterful blend of whimsy and gravity imbues *Mon Oncle d'Amerique* with its considerable power: Rene, as portrayed by the bear-like Depardieu, is so stocky that in order to hang himself, he must first consume sleeping pills before fastening his necktie to a window latch, so that, as he sleeps, his weight will eventually strangle him; neither device succeeds, however, and Rene is revived by a paramedic, who claims that it was Rene's strong construction which saved him; although the paramedic implies the obvious — Rene's physical construction — in Laborit's terms it is Rene's intellectual construction which staves off death. As "we are others," so

long as we remain ingrained in the personalities of others, we will never die; it is Rene's life, as a link in the chain of humanity — as just another brick in the wall — which prolongs itself.

Depardieu, the French DeNiro, offers a perfectly balanced performance of comic and tragic dimensions as Rene — easily one of his greatest characterizations; Roger-Pierre's self-effacing haughtiness lends humor to the film's starchiest character; and Nicole Garcia's Janine is bright, witty, intense, fragile, doubtful — a cornucopia of personality, she's the greatest screen heroine since Annie Hall.

It may seem a trifle premature, only two weeks into 1981, but *Mon Oncle d'Amerique* could prove to be the greatest film achievement of the year. Its scope is so great that it is certainly the film against which all others must be compared.



FROM THE LIFE OF THE MARIONETTES



# ... SGA

Continued from page one  
not to conduct.

Sophomore Class Representative William Haynes suggested the money be divided between the Junior/Senior Week Committee, the Freshman/Sophomore Week Committee and the Social Committee.

To this Junior Class Vice President Philip Sutherland responded, "How did we get a Social Committee?": "We're not supposed to be doing social events, that's reserved for the Program Board," he said.

Singleton explained that Sophomore Representative John McDonnell requested the Social Committee be formed when Singleton was seeking committee suggestions and she approved the committee.

Freshman Class President Frank Sullivan said the money should be left "open." "You can't just give three clubs \$1000," he said.

Junior Class Representative Douglas White said the \$3000 should be put in the SGA's general fund so that the SGA can "go over what we really need." Donovan and Junior Class President Barry Fitzgerald agreed that the requests for the money should be reviewed individually.

Singleton proposed the requests be submitted to Donovan at the next Finance Committee meeting and this was agreed upon by the membership.

In other action, the SGA:

— received a report from Singleton announcing a party celebrating Suffolk's 75th anniversary sponsored by the 75th Anniversary Committee. It will be held in the cafeteria on Feb. 5 and will feature entertainment by Jim Plunket.

— received a report from Carla Beradi, a member of the SGA's Library Committee, stating the efforts to curb library noise during the week of final examinations "went well."



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## Notes from The Athletic Office ...

FREE SWIM EVERY MONDAY, THURSDAY AND FRIDAY 2PM — 3PM AT THE LINDEMANN HEALTH CENTER POOL ON STANIFORD ST. — 2 MINUTE WALK FROM SCHOOL. LOCKERS, SHOWERS, PROVIDED.

CHARLES RIVER HEALTH CLUB — \$50.00 MEMBERSHIP FOR SUFFOLK STUDENTS — WEIGHTS, JACUZZI, HEATED SWIMMING POOL, SAUNA, NEW MODERN FACILITY — VERY CONVENIENT LOCATION. HOURS — MONDAY — FRIDAY 12-5PM

INTRAMURAL BASKETBALL: ONE-ON-ONE TOURNAMENT SPONSORED BY MILLER BEER — FINALISTS WILL COMPETE WITH OTHER COLLEGES AT HALFTIME OF BOSTON CELTIC GAME. TOURNAMENT COMPETITION WILL BE ON TUESDAY, JANUARY 20TH.

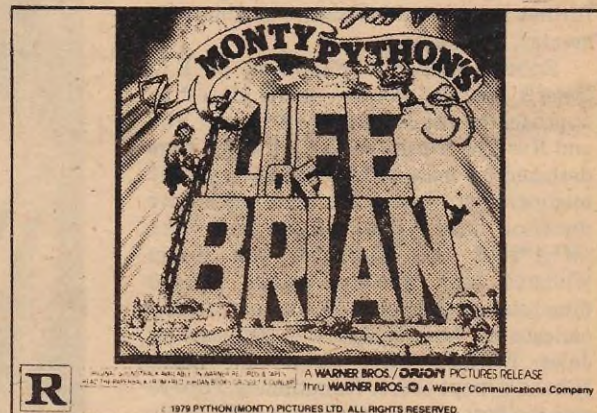
BASEBALL — TEAM BENEFIT PARTY: JANUARY 24TH AT "COURTSIDE" 266 FRIEND ST. (OPPOSITE BOSTON GARDEN) ENTERTAINMENT, DANCE, PARTYING! TICKETS \$3.00 LIMITED AMOUNT AVAILABLE.

TENNIS BEGINNERS CLINIC: STARTS TUESDAY, JANUARY 20. PROFESSIONAL INSTRUCTION BY COACH ROSSI — EVERY TUESDAY AND THURSDAY AT 1PM AT THE CHARLES RIVER TENNIS CLUB. FREE TO SUFFOLK STUDENTS.

BASEBALL TEAM MEETING: TUESDAY — JANUARY 20TH, 1981 — 1PM

## PROGRAM COUNCIL EVENTS ...

Vincent Conte, president of the Program Board regretfully announces the resignation of Special Events chairperson Licia Firmani. Any interested students should come to the Student Activities Office or The Program Council office RL17. There are also committees that are in need of interested students to help plan events and also publicize them.



### FILMS

#### SPRING SEMESTER

- Jan. 22 Life of Brian
- Jan. 29 Halloween
- Feb. 12 Time After Time
- Feb. 26 Reefer Madness
- March 12 Night of the Living Dead
- March 26 Clockwork Orange
- April 16 The Kids Are Allright — The Who
- April 28 The Song Remains The Same — Led Zeppelin

Is your club or organization planning a party or event? Don't forget to let the Program Council know so that we avoid simultaneously planning events.

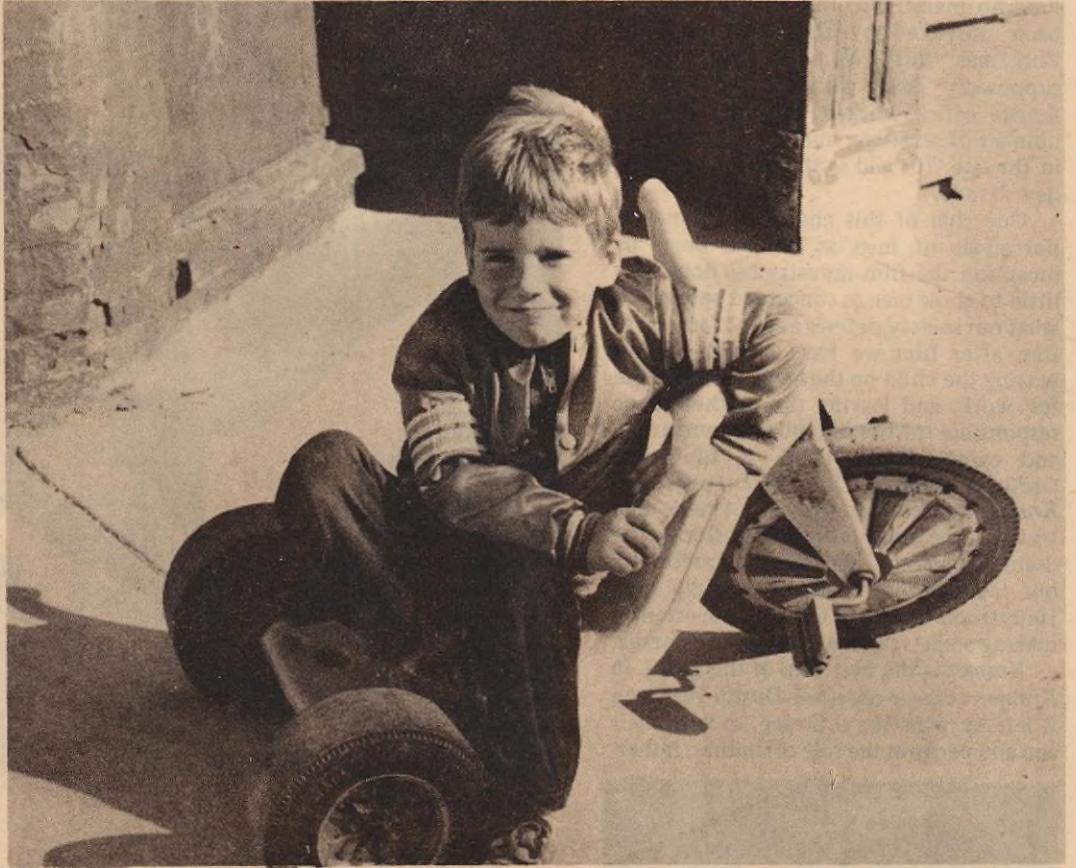


# SUFFOLK JOURNAL



**ICE SAILING — SUNSET LAKE**

GAIL SPRING



**CHRISTOPHER**

GAIL SPRING



**THOMPSON'S ISLAND**

CAROLYN DALY



**HOTEL ANDERSON**

GAIL SPRING

## ARTS SUPPLEMENT

**Inside: Retrospectives of the year in music and film**



# Hollywood's sensitive leading men

by Alice Whooley

The film industry has finally terminated its long standing love affair with the "macho man." No, this analysis has not been provoked by the dated piece of Christmas fluff *Nine to Five* which supposedly deals with the problems of female office workers but, the growing number of sensitive, humane roles for men in the late '70s and in the first year of the new decade.

One clue of this change is the recent portrayals of men as fathers. Since its inception the film industry has done very little to show men as concerned parents, or what our society defines as good fathers. In film after film we have seen the father patting the child on the head, leaving them for work, and leaving the mother to be responsible for the disciplining, nurturing, and caring of the child. In films like *Ordinary People*, *One Trick Pony*, and *Kramer vs. Kramer* we see not only men trying to be good fathers but often as the dominant parent. The family structure in our society is changing rapidly and Hollywood is slowly but very persistently making some very real changes in this area.

*Kramer* is the best film of this genre. In *Kramer* a career-obsessed Dustin Hoffman is left by wife Meryl Streep, to raise their son and perform the role of mother, father,



WOODY ALLEN

During the late '60s and early '70s the majority of male film roles dealt with a buddy relationship with other men. Films like *Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid*, *The Sting*, and to a lesser extent *All the President's Men* dealt with the surface ingredients of male friendships. Recent films about the bonds that exist between friends in a much more human, revealing, and thoughtful way, like *Breaking Away*, *Big Wednesday*, and *A Small Circle of Friends* deal with the importance of male comradeship during the adolescence years and how much these friendships effect who we are.

In *The Deer Hunter* we see how important the friendships in a small Pennsylvania steel town are. *The Deer Hunter* is an excellent film to take into consideration when reviewing the progress male film characters have made. The film's hero Robert DeNiro is reflective, intelligent, and unafraid to express his emotions. Yet, he never appears unmasculine even though none of these are characteristics we have traditionally associated with film heroes. These characters, like DeNiro's, are strong because they are assured enough in their masculinity to be vulnerable.

In the film *Coming Home* Jon Voight plays a Vietnam veteran who is crippled in a war related accident. Voight becomes a man through his accident. In one of the best scenes in recent film history Voight

addresses a group of high school students telling them that carrying a gun, or going to war, or being a jock isn't what makes someone a man.

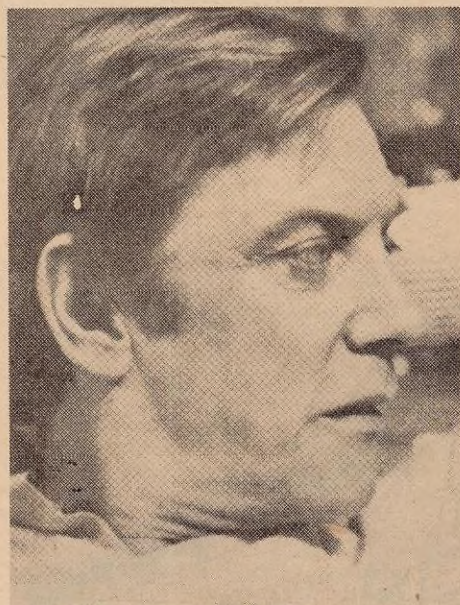
The atrocities of the Vietnam war forced us to reassess our values as Americans, and as woman and men. Although television is still forced in the trap of *Eight is Enough* and *Three's Company* and still offer us Lenny and Squiggy (from *Laverne and Shirley*) as male role models, cinema as an art form has grown, has changed its conceptions of men, and taken some risk in this area. Although many feel that the '70s were a quiet era after the drastic, noisy upheaval of the '60s, many important transitions did take place. Many of these changes have come in the areas of the definitions of what is a man and what is a woman. The male is no longer always the dominant character. In *Norma Rae*, Sally Field plays a mill worker who fights for a union in her small southern town. Her husband grows to accept her fight. The part of the union organizer was played with sensitivity by Ron Leibman. He was a man who cared about a cause and cared about the people in that community. His part was not canonized or overly-sentimental but, showed a caring and committed man who was carrying on a tradition of caring and commitment that his family has left behind him.

By watching how love stories in the

cinema have changed we can see more progress. The woman is not always ready to rush off into a romance and the man is sometimes patient, understanding and willing to wait until she can make up her mind. In *An Unmarried Woman* Jill Clayburgh's lover Alan Bates is willing to continue to love her even though she can only give so much of herself. In *The Goodbye Girl* Richard Dreyfuss is able to realize that when you court a woman (Marsha Mason) who has a child you also sometimes have to court the child (Quinn Cummings).

Men are also shown to be able to be supportive to their partners. In *Annie Hall*, Alvy Singer (Woody Allen) pays for Annie Hall's (Diane Keaton) analysis, helps to launch her singing career, and helps her move into new directions as a person and as a professional. When the relationship terminates it is Allen who tries to reunite himself with Keaton. When she decides not to return to him he is not recriminating or blaming. Instead he is hurt — an emotion that men have rarely been able to express in films before.

The relationships in these films are not overly romanticized like some of the earlier romances were. They deal with the problems of committing oneself to another person as well as the bliss of love. In



DONALD SUTHERLAND

and provider. The filmgoer watches Hoffman grow from frantic and clumsy to a sensitive, giving father who develops a real bond between himself and his son.

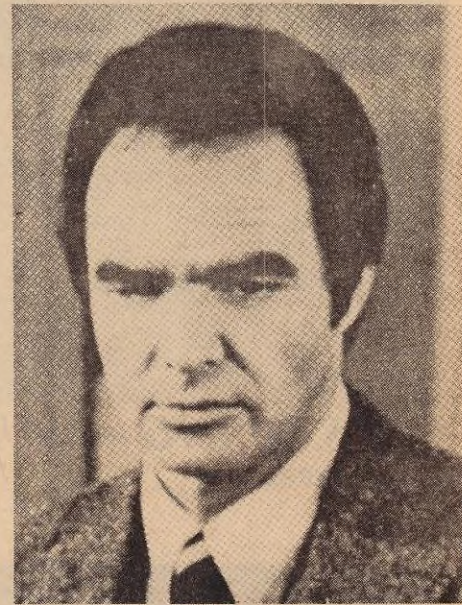
*Kramer* deals eloquently with the problems of single parenthood and through Hoffman's friendship with Jane Alexander we see both sides of this dilemma. *Kramer* abandoned the myth that it is always the woman who is the better parent. In *Kramer* Meryl Streep's character is far too overwhelmed with her own problems to be concerned with her sons.

*Ordinary People* is the story of a traditional family, but there is a tremendous strain between the mother and the son. After a sailing accident in which his older brother is killed he tries to commit suicide unsuccessfully. *Ordinary People* deals with his re-entering into society (i.e. high school, sports, dating etc.). Throughout the film his mother (Mary Tyler Moore) is unable to make any real contact with him. It is the father (Donald Sutherland) who convinces him to go into therapy to make his transition easier and who is throughout the film concerned with his son's adjustment. Although the Sutherland character is far from an idealized father figure he is able to show affection and parental love — something the Moore character is unable to do. In the past we have always seen movies with women being closer to their emotions, struggling to keep the family together. Screenwriters are at last offering us a more diverse, honest portrayal.

Even in the film *The Seduction of Joe Tynan*, the father figure (Alan Alda) often forsakes his family for his career but, is still vulnerable and unashamed to admit how much his family means to him. In one scene he talks to his daughter through a door she has locked after an argument between them. He expressed his love for her in this very touching and emotional scene. Here we see a man in a very strong, important position (a senator) unafraid to express his feelings and appear weaker.



ALAN ALDA



BURT REYNOLDS

*Manhattan*, Allen again plays the supportive role to Keaton and is strangely supported by teenager Muriel Hemingway. In *It's My Turn* Michael Douglas doesn't promise Jill Clayburgh eternal love after their weekend romance. A man can't change his way of life or the personal habits it has taken a lifetime to attain.

Even in *The Main Event*, a lightweight comedy, boxer Ryan O'Neal allows Barbara Streisand to help him get back in the ring after an absence. When the relationship takes a romantic turn it is Barbara Streisand who is the aggressor, not O'Neal.

The romances of the '70s and the early '80s showed men as confused and scared of the changes that are swiftly occurring to women. In his best performance to date, Burt Reynolds is extremely touching as the middle-aged man trying to deal with a new divorce in *Starting Over*. After he decorates his new apartment he sits uncomfortably in the livingroom gingerly trying to get used to his new surroundings.

None of these men are flawless film idols to be put on a throne and worshipped. Instead they are struggling through these very confusing times. They give us examples to emulate ourselves in certain situations that are becoming everyday occurrences in today's society. If a film character can help a filmgoer through a romantic relationship or a divorce, or to renew a friendship, than the film was well worth the cost of admission.

Our society has broken down many age-old cliches and false pretenses in the past twenty years. It is important that the art forms reflect this. It is becoming increasingly expensive to make films and increasingly expensive to attend them. Important filmmakers are realizing that people don't want to go to the movies to see what they can watch on old late shows. The majority of people want to see films that reflect their lives. These new, more honest portrayals of men in the cinema proves that the film industry is growing up and taking a good look at itself.



# The Greater Boston Budget Movie Guide

by Dave Mullins

With the cost of plays and sporting events averaging \$20-\$30 a ticket, movies continue to present themselves as one of the best and most inexpensive methods of entertainment. They far outdistance other entertainment forms because they are plentiful in quantity and diverse in quality and content.

Still, moviegoers express concerns over movie ticket prices, now escalating toward five dollars per person. New York City movies theaters have already reached the \$5 mark. Here in Massachusetts, only special movie productions have cost more than \$4.

Today's social couple must consider consumer price comparison as a common event before an evening at the cinema. The days of 35 cents admission are gone, and now for couples attending movies, \$10 is an average price to pay for two admissions and refreshments.

Despite this inflationary trend, a large undercurrent exists; the revival of the neighborhood theater. More importantly, accompanying the revival is the budget movie admission. Neighborhood theaters are often undercutting their large movie palace rivals by half, that is their admission price is often one half of what the larger houses charge.

In the interest of averting spiraling movie costs, the *Suffolk Journal* presents the Greater Boston Budget Movie Guide: a listing of theaters in the Greater Boston area that subscribe to the low admission policy. It is our wish that you use this guide as a reference tool to help lower your entertainment costs.

The qualifications for the guide were twofold. First, the theater had to be located in the Greater Boston area. This area was defined as being within an area bounded by Rt. 495, extending from Newburyport on the North Shore to Plymouth on the South Shore. The second qualifications was the admission price. All the theaters had to charge \$2.50 or less per person for admission. This would mean a savings of 50cents to \$1.50 per person over the larger movie houses.

Be forewarned that despite the better admission prices, not all of these theaters will be beneficial. The savings you receive in admission prices may, in some cases, not be equal to the amount of money spent on gasoline to get you to the theater. The resulting decision is left to you to determine if the trip is worth it. Many of the theaters on the guide are accessible by rapid transit.

Many qualifications play a main part in selection of an evening's movie entertainment at one of these

neighborhood theaters. One is the virtue of patience, as not all the biggest and newest movies will always play at your local cinema.

The reason behind this involves two concepts from the movie distribution world known as first run, or "showcase," and second run, also known as a nationwide release.

The concept of first run movies is when a brand new movie is released and the distributor books the film for a specific style of movie house, otherwise referred to as a "showcase" screen or movie house. This theater is often the large seating capacity style, with modern facilities, unlike some of the older structures in the neighborhood or local cinema. The idea behind this concept, which also sports a hefty admission price, is that the public will pay more for modern facilities, and the opportunity to see the newest movies.

After a period of time, depending upon the successes (or lack of) of the movie, it is put into what is called nationwide release, meaning simply instead of playing in 20 major movie houses (showcase houses) in the nation, it is removed and is expanded to play in hundreds of smaller theaters at one time. This works well for all parties, as the distributor continues to keep his movie in circulation and make money while the consumers get lower priced admissions.

The showcase house benefits because they now make room for another new film.

Another interesting concept is that of a repertory programming schedule. This involves presenting a mix of current movies, old films and the best of imported foreign films distributed in the United States. Many of these theaters program their films into double features, charging one admission price for two films, again another good movie value.

Many Greater Boston movie houses fall into the first run category and are owned by large corporations who control chains of movie theaters. Here are Greater Boston's most prominent:

**Sack Cinemas:** Admission policy Matinee \$2.00 before 2 p.m. Owns theaters in Boston, Somerville, Leominster, Brockton, Danvers, and Natick.

**General Cinemas:** Admission policy \$3.00-\$4.00, evenings depending upon theater. Bargain matinees \$2.00 before 6 p.m. Mon.-Sat. Sunday and Holidays \$2.00 until 2 p.m. General Cinemas owns theaters in Chestnut Hill, Framingham, Braintree, Burlington, Peabody, Brockton, Hanover, Saugus, Stoneham, Waltham, and Cambridge.

**Showcase Cinemas:** Admission prices \$3.50-\$4.00 evenings, matinees \$2.00 first show only. Showcase owns theaters in Boston, Lawrence, Dedham, and Woburn.

| CLIP AND SAVE   |                                   |   |          |                  |  |
|-----------------|-----------------------------------|---|----------|------------------|--|
| TOWN            | THEATER                           | PRICE   | TEL. NO. | COMMENTS         |  |
| Arlington       | Capitol                           | \$1.50 all times                                      | 648-4340 | b,f,d            |  |
| Arlington       | Regent                            | \$1.50 all times                                      | 643-1197 | d,f              |  |
| Belmont         | Studio Cinema                     | \$1.50 all times                                      | 484-1706 | d,f              |  |
| Beverly         | Cabot St. Cinema Theater          | \$2.00 (movie only)                                   | 927-3677 | b,d,e,f          |  |
| Boston          | Publix                            | \$1.75 until 6 p.m., \$2.75                           | 482-1288 | b,c,e            |  |
| Boston          | Symphony                          | \$1.50-2.50   | 262-3888 | b,c,e,g          |  |
| Brockton        | Brockton E. Twin Cinema           | \$1.50-\$2.00 until 6, some features \$1.75 all times | 588-1891 | a,b              |  |
| Brockton        | Main St. Repertory Cinema         | Adults \$2.50, Children \$1.50                        | 588-5944 |                  |  |
| Brookline       | Cinema Brookline                  | \$1.75 all times                                      | 566-0007 | e,f              |  |
| Cambridge       | Harvard Square Theater            | \$2.00 before 6, \$3.00 after 6, Sat., Sun., Hol.     | 864-4580 | b,c,e            |  |
| Cambridge       | Cinema I and II                   | \$1.50 all times                                      | 547-8800 | d,f              |  |
| Canton          | New Oriental Theater              | \$1.50 all times                                      | 828-8924 | d,f              |  |
| Dedham          | Community Cinemas I & II          | \$1.50 matinees, \$1.75 evenings                      | 326-1463 | d,f              |  |
| Dorchester      | E.M. Loew's Park                  | \$1.50 all times                                      | 436-2100 | c,d,f            |  |
| Everett         | Park Theater                      | \$1.50-2.50   | 389-9729 | b,c,d,f,g        |  |
| Franklin        | Cinema                            | \$1.75 all times                                      | 528-0620 | a                |  |
| Gloucester      | Cape Ann Cinema/ North Shore Twin | \$2.00  | 281-1990 | a                |  |
| Hingham         | Loring Hall Theater               | \$1.50 all times                                      | 749-1400 | d,f              |  |
| Ipswich         | Strand Theater                    | \$1.75 all times                                      | 356-5300 | a                |  |
| Lexington       | Cinemas I & II                    | \$1.50-2.50   | 862-3260 | b,d,f,g          |  |
| Littleton       | Flicks                            | \$1.50 M-T, \$2.50 F-S                                | 486-8060 | d                |  |
| Malden          | Granda Theater I, II, III         | \$1.50 Mon-Thur                                       | 324-3033 | d,f              |  |
| Medford         | Cinema I,II, & III                | \$2.00 Fri-Sun, Hol.                                  |          |                  |  |
| Milton (East)   | Milton Art Cinema                 | \$1.50-3.00   | 395-9499 | a,g              |  |
| Natick          | Flick I, II, III                  | \$1.75 all times                                      | 698-2335 | g                |  |
| Needham         | Cinemas I & II                    | \$1.50 mat, \$1.75 evenings                           | 653-5757 | b,d,f            |  |
| Newburyport     | Cinemas I & II                    | \$1.75 all times                                      | 444-6060 | b,d,f            |  |
| Newton Corner   | Brandt Studio                     | \$1.50-2.50   |          | a,b,d,g          |  |
| West Newton     | Paramount I & II                  | \$1.50 all times                                      | 965-5530 | d,f              |  |
| North Reading   | Cinemas I, II, III                | \$2.50 evenings                                       | 964-6060 | a,b,d            |  |
| Norwell         | Cinemas I & II                    | \$1.50 all times                                      | 664-2211 | d,f              |  |
| Norwood         | Queen Anne Cinema                 | \$2.50 all times, less depending on feature           | 871-0313 | a,d,f            |  |
| West Peabody    | Cinema                            | \$1.00 all times                                      | 762-8320 | f                |  |
| Pembroke        | Kings Plaza Cinema                | \$1.00 twilight, \$1.50 evenings and matinees         | 535-3322 | f                |  |
| Quincy          | Cinemas I & II                    | \$1.50-\$2.50, depending on feature                   | 826-5650 | d,f              |  |
| Quincy          | Wollaston Theater                 | \$1.50 all times, Ladies Night \$1.00                 | 773-4600 | d,f              |  |
| Quincy          | Strand                            | \$1.50 all times                                      | 472-1424 | d,f              |  |
| Randolph        | Cinemas I & II                    | \$1.50 all times                                      | 963-8664 | d,f              |  |
| Salem           | Salem Theater                     | \$1.50 all times                                      | 744-0400 | b,d,f            |  |
| Saugus          | Cinemas I&II                      | \$1.50 all times                                      | 321-1345 |                  |  |
| Scituate        | Playhouse I & II                  | \$2.50 M-T  | 545-0045 | a,d,g            |  |
| Somerville      | Somerville Theater                | \$1.50 all times                                      | 625-1081 | b,d,f            |  |
| Somerville      | Broadway Theater                  | \$1.50 all times                                      | 625-5316 | b,d,f            |  |
| South Boston    | Broadway Cinema I & II            | \$1.75 all times                                      | 269-0230 | d,f              |  |
| Stoneham        | Cinemas I&II                      | \$1.50 all times                                      | 438-4050 | a,d,g            |  |
| Stoughton       | Cinema                            | \$1.50 all times                                      | 344-4566 | d,f              |  |
| Swampscott      | Surf Cinema I & II                | \$1.50 all times                                      | 598-0071 | d(no matinee), f |  |
| Waltham         | Cinemas I & II                    | \$1.50 all times                                      | 898-1064 | d,f              |  |
| Wellesley Hills | Community Playhouse               | \$1.50 weekdays, \$2.00 weekends                      | 235-0047 | d,f              |  |
| West Roxbury    | Village Cinema                    | \$1.50-2.50   | 325-0303 | d,f,g            |  |
| South Weymouth  | Cameo Theater                     | \$1.50 all times                                      | 335-2777 | d,f              |  |
| Winthrop        | Kincade Theater                   | \$1.50-2.50   | 846-5562 | d,f,g            |  |

## Greater Boston Budget

### KEY TO MOVIE GUIDE

- a. Plays both first and second run movies
- b. Has repertory programming
- c. Plays double features
- d. Plays mostly evening performances, with one matinee showing on weekends.
- e. Has full days worth of shows
- f. Plays second run films mostly, with some special matinee features
- g. Admission price depends on feature

## Movie Guide



## Pretenders tops list

# 1980's best albums: a New Wave obituary

by Richard Creedon

1980 marked the definite end of the New Wave, pretty much casting rock music into a complete lack of direction. Ironically, rock did, on the whole, improve during the year, despite there being no real trends or styles of any significance left to influence the music of new or established artists.

Disco has pretty much expired, dying virtually unnoticed. Local radio stations which had become all-disco a few years ago had already incorporated pop and top forty into their programming at the beginning of the year and played less and less disco as the year wore on.

The New Wave has splintered into so many different directions that it no longer exists; indeed there are countless groups and styles which are branded "New Wave" which possess no similarities, thereby rendering the phrase meaningless. Bands born during the original New Wave explosion changed their sounds drastically or called it quits. The Clash pushed forward as the last surviving punk band with *London Calling*, which, while of the year's best albums, was small on punk, and bigger on other things — reggae, pop, and even jazz.

Talking Heads' *Remain in Light* sounded more like producer Brian Eno than the Heads, and the heavy percussion seems more designed to make the album sound different than its predecessors than any other reason. Joe Jackson also discovered percussion and adopted a completely different sound, but remained closer to his original sound and to a market appeal.

The Shirts, whose debut album was one of the most promising of the New Wave bands, turned to heavy touring and wrote their songs around their stage act, discouraged by poor record sales. The Jam continued to capture their native English audience, but seem not to be able to click in the States.

Many new bands released initial albums which were called "New Wave" but had sounds and styles which were far from new. The Vapors combined simple peppy melodies with a mod awareness, Robin Lane and the Chartbusters droned away with hummable neo-classical tunes, the Pretenders became an instant smash with some very infectious pop, and Rockpile (Nick Lowe and Dave Edmunds' band) released perhaps the biggest disappointment of the year in *Seconds of Pleasure*, a combination of covers of 1950s rockabilly tunes and original '50s style songs (disappointing not for the kind of music, but for its lifelessness).

Heavy metal prospered with the mass discovery of AC/DC, an obnoxious Australian quintet who grabbed the metal throne with *Back in Black*. The top spot was vacated earlier in the year by Van Halen with their *Women and Children First*, which failed to appease even their die-hard fans. Pat Benatar emerged late in the year as the queen of toned-down metal, at the same time obscuring Deborah Harry of Blondie as the most popular female vocalist in rock.

The remaining dinosaurs pushed their embarrassing (suggesting maybe that these artists are finished) albums on the public — Chicago, Rod Stewart, Alice Cooper, and particularly the Rolling Stones, whose *Emotional Rescue* however, contain some merit in the form of two hit singles ("She's So Cold" and the title cut).

Bruce Springsteen's *The River*, which was excellent in places but very dull in too many others, was released amid the usual Christmas flood of insulting packages such as *The Eagles Live*, *Aerosmith's Greatest Hits*, and *Fleetwood Mac Live*.

Finally, the local rock scene had a prosperous campaign with a flood of excellent singles from the Neighborhoods, the Gremies, Pastiche, Mission of Burma, the Maps, DeeDee Stewart and the Amplifiers, while debut albums were released by The Elevators, the Nervous Eaters, Robin Lane and the Chartbusters, and the long-awaited album from Human Sexual Response.

As compared to 1979 and other years, there were more good albums to choose from in compiling a ranking of best albums, and here are my choices for the ten best of 1980:

10) *The Joe Jackson Band. Beat Crazy. A&M.*

Joe Jackson's second album, *I'm the Man*, was criticized for sounding exactly like his first, *Look Sharp*. There were no changes or experimentation.

Jackson's third, *Beat Crazy*, goes somewhat overboard in an attempt to depart from his past work. An EP released shortly before the album and containing Jimmy Cliff's reggae number "The Harder They Come" hinted at the changes that were forthcoming on the LP. Jackson, like other English New Wavers, is getting heavily into percussion and the black sounds.

On his previous two albums, each member of Jackson's band actually had his own distinctive sound. Now it is Jackson's voice and melodies, rather than the band, which dominate the music, in which most of the emphasis is placed on simple



ELVIS COSTELLO AND THE ATTRACTIONS

percussion methods.

Unlike his first two releases, the album varies greatly from song to song, from the arresting title cut to the humorous "Biology." His lyrics also vary a little more, but he has not lost his biting ability, as he shows in "One to One," in which he takes a poke at feminists:

*You're beautiful when you get mad  
(Or is that a sexist observation?)*

9) *The Jim Carroll Band. Catholic Boy. Atco.*

Jim Carroll's career has somewhat of a movie-script story to it. He grew up in the decadence of New York City and fell into the use of heroin. Having authored autobiographies, he got interested in rock as a means of his storytelling. His band got



CLASH

a job playing backup for Patti Smith who liked them. Smith introduced them to her boyfriend, Blue Oyster Cult keyboardist Allen Lanier, who helped the band get going and played on their album, *Catholic Boy*. Carroll is now away from drugs, and is concentrating on writing and performing.

Oh, yes, the album. The sound is raw, scratching guitars with a minimum of production — almost primitive sounding, unrefined rock and roll, with an everpresent influence of Lou Reed. The emphasis of Carroll's songs is his lyrics, which deal with childhood experiences, growing up, sex, violence, and the attitude encased within his leathery hide.

The frantic "People Who Died" dominates the album, and is just one example of Carroll's extremely graphic

yet. The record holds up well from start to finish, and there are no weak cuts.

The problem with this, as with the band's previous albums, however, is that there also are no really outstanding cuts, and Parker still needs a monster single to break big. Bruce Springsteen provides backing vocals on "Endless Night," and Danny Federici of his E Street Band plays organ throughout. The piano vacated by Andrews is played by rock's premiere session pianist Nicky Hopkins.

Characteristic of Parker's writing, there are the sneering lyrics in some cuts, such as "Devil's Sidewalk."

*I thought I'd reached the other side  
When someone opened up their mouth  
to talk*

*They said "You ain't where you think  
you are  
You just landed on the devil's sidewalk"*

6) *Martha and the Muffins. Metro Music. Virgin.*

The opening lines of Martha and the Muffins' debut album are "I know it's out of fashion / and a trifle uncool / But I can't help it / I'm a romantic fool."

This is the focus of their album — the music is not chic or ahead of its time, the lyrics are not biting social commentaries, the sound is not progressive or plush with production. It is simple, enjoyable, and, above all, *fun* pop music.

Despite the surface simplicity of the Muffins, there is a kind of awareness about their songs. The *two* songwriting, keyboard - playing, and singing Marthas (Lady and Johnson) seem to be winking at the listener throughout the album. So which is Martha and which is a Muffin? "Indecision" makes you ponder this joke, then makes you realize that it's not important.

*I find I have two faces  
And my head is in two places . . .  
A dual personality my mind permits  
I only have one body — it just can't do  
the splits*

The hit single "Echo Beach" opens the album, but it holds up well through "Revenge," "Paint by Number Heart," and "Hide and Seek," all which add up to the year's most "fun" album.

5) *The Clash. London Calling. Epic.*

Though virtually the only original punk band still recording "punk," or recording at all, the Clash have ventured into many different musical fields. The 19-song *London Calling* contains a variety of rock, punk, jazz, pop, reggae, and sprinklings of numerous other influences.

There are many powerful cuts, most propelled by Joe Strummer's growl: "Death or Glory," "London Calling," "Working For the Clampdown," and a cover of "Brand New Cadillac," the album's most vicious cut.

The Clash are still loud and nasty in their criticisms, especially of English politics, as on the desperate title cut, and bass player Paul Simonon's chilling "Guns of Brixton."

*When they kick at your front door  
How you gonna come?  
With your hands on your head  
Or on the trigger of your gun?*

The album's main flaw is that it is often uneven, and might have been better as a 14-song single album. The weaker spots are

see page 11



GANG OF FOUR



# Magic (and not-so-magic) moments of 1980

by Dave Mullins

At this time each year it is common practice for each critic to produce a list of the best and worst films he has seen during the previous year. This is not a difficult practice for most, but what if you held the post of second string critic, or for that matter, third string, or even fourth.

The truth is unless you are forced to review a big name, heavy-budgeted production you usually don't, until the production is playing in your local neighborhood cinema, usually at least six weeks after the movie first opened. And with a large course load, a heavy work schedule and an even heavier tuition bill, I didn't attend the big movies unless I had the screening pass in my hand.

So I accepted my position, gracefully fitting movies in my already busy schedule. I became the consummate weekend critic, visiting the strangest places to see movies, and in turn often seeing the strangest films. Drive-ins became a favorite weekend haunt, as well as Sunday appearances in Cambridge.

The result of this year long venture is a rather odd and peculiar list of movies, many of which haven't been seen by you, or for that matter haven't been seen by anybody, and that is why they disappeared. Movies from 1979 were also included because they too were visible and constantly shown during 1980.

So there they are, the year's best and worst of the lesser known films, with a few big name films thrown in for the hell of it. They range from Mullins' Magic Moments all the way down to the Sominex Selection.

With that idea implanted, let's proceed to the best of unknown in 1980, a.k.a. Mullins' Magic Moments of 1980.

*Mullins' Magic Moments* (in no particular order)

1. *Dressed To Kill*
2. *Hide In Plain Sight*
3. *Creature From The Black Lagoon (in 3-D)*
4. *House of Wax (in 3-D)*
5. *Dial M For Murder (in 3-D)*
6. *Fright Night at the Orson Welles*
7. *Gloria*
8. *The Black Stallion*
9. *Ordinary People*

My reasoning:

*Dressed To Kill*, out of all the horror movies I saw, was the slickest and most chilling production. Brian DePalma's homage to Hitchcock proved that Angie Dickinson is not merely bound to television, that Michael Caine can act (unlike his performance in disaster movies), and that Nancy Allen looks good in black lace negligee. The ending was the best that I had seen out of all the hundreds of horror films shown this year.

*Hide In Plain Sight* — This film never got the big budget promotion that it deserved. James Caan's stirring performance as a father who has lost his children was bettered only by the quality script. Caan's first chance at directing as well, *Hide In Plain Sight* made you think about the witness relocation program, and that it can cause as many problems as it creates. What it feels are new lives. While not a totally emotional movie, *Hide In Plain Sight* does an important thing: it makes the viewer stop and think about what he or she would do in the same situation.

*Creature From the Black Lagoon* — This film played on a double bill with *It Came From Outer Space*, another feature directed by Jack Arnold, a veteran of black and white horror features. Both films were released 3-D version, and I saw them with hundreds of screaming adults and children on a Sunday afternoon at the Brattle Theater, complete with Buddy Holly style 3-D glasses. The line outside to see the next showing extended outside the theater and onto Brattle Street. It is simply a fun set of movies, with thrills, chills, no overuse of blood, and action that comes out of the screen at you. It even manages to evoke your sympathy for the creature.

*House of Wax* — Vincent Price stars in this feature, also released in 3-D version, of an artist who creates statues more life-like than people imagine. It also stars Charles Bronson in his first feature film role as the assistant. Price is the curator of a wax museum who is maimed in a fire. He sets out on a killing spree avenging his injuries, and the suspense builds as the audience is shown just how Price disposes of the bodies. The makeup and 3-D effects combine to provide classic entertainment. I saw it at the Coolidge Corner Cinema in Brookline in another crowded theater.

*Dial M For Murder* — This is the third 3-D feature that graced local screens this year, and it was every bit as good as the others. Directed by Alfred Hitchcock, it starred Ray Milland and Grace Kelly, in a humorous but thrilling story about a man's attempts to kill his wife. The acting is terrific, and the 3-D effects add dimension to the setting, making the room in which the murder is committed seem life sized. As Grace Kelly thrusts her hand into the audience, you actually feel as if you can grab her hand and help. Another presentation of the Coolidge Corner Cinema in Brookline.

*Fright Night at the Orson Welles* — This was a collection of seven different horror films compiled into one 12-hour marathon. The features ranged from the eerie contrasts of black and white to the vivid bloody realism of color. It opened with George Franju's *Eyes Without A Face*, the story of a woman receiving face transplants by a conniving doctor. Following that hairy experience were Terrence Fisher's *Frankenstein Created Woman*, which told of a female monster, to *Targets*, starring Boris Karloff as a sniper's target. Sandwiched between those were *Twitch Of The Death Nerve*, the inspiration for *Friday The 13th* and *Daughters Of Darkness*, featuring female vampires. The bloodiest features of the festival were of course the more recent color films, and most recent representatives were Dario Argento's *Suspria*, with a hypnotic use of color in its tale of witchcraft at a girls' school, and *Humanoids Of The Deep*, the latest release by Roger Corman featuring half-human, half-tadpole creatures which kidnapped nubile young women (only the best looking and best endowed) and mated with them.

*Gloria* — Another movie that fell because of a lack of respect, *Gloria* became a vehicle to showcase the talents of Gena Rowlands, wife of director John Cassevetes. The story of a veteran mob woman, *Gloria* features one of the year's best female performances in Rowland's role. The story evokes both toughness and tears as it follows the exploits of Gloria and the young Puerto Rican she protects from the Mob. The movie shows the ability to stir interest despite featuring few other characters other than Gloria and the young boy.

*The Black Stallion* — This film could qualify as one of the large budget productions mentioned earlier, but I was so supportive after seeing it that I felt it deserved a place on the list. This film could be considered a children's classic years from now, and probably will be playing matinees from now until then. But don't let the G rating fool you, this film is for adults as well. It shows the true love between a boy and a black stallion, culminating in a horse race that revives the career of an aging former trainer. The photography is spectacular, and the color brilliant. It managed to build excitement in me the same way *Rocky* did.

*Ordinary People* — I went to this movie thinking I might be bored with all this representation of middle class values. Actually, the characters communicate on a normal level and the portrayals by Donald Sutherland, Mary Tyler Moore, and Tim Hutton are a reason why this movie is successful. This film managed to produce numerous opinions and feelings in my mind, and it gives an example evident in *Hide In Plain Sight*; it makes the viewer think about what he or she would do if they were in the same situation. I didn't like being left hanging in the ending, but I was grateful for being intelligently entertained for the rest of the film.

Those were the best, but, alas, there were other movies released and shown during the year, and to continue in a downward spiral, I now offer the next category — my personal list of "I Didn't See The Light" films. These are films that were not good films according to established critics and friends, yet in my peculiar sense of taste found them intriguing.

*Terror Train* — By all rights, another poor horror film. It gave away the identity of the killer way too early. But the idea of a final senior class party being a costume party and held on an old steam train fascinated me when you begin to realize that the killer could be behind any one of hundreds of different masks. One of the more creative ideas of the year.

*Patrick* — An Australian horror film, Patrick had the year's best killer, and some

of the year's strangest attempts at humor. The title character, a.k.a. the murderer, is a comatose barely living vegetable who kills through use of strong brain waves.

*Motel Hell* — I'm sorry, but I couldn't resist Rory Calhoun's smile and the satire behind the real ingredient used in Farmer Vincent's Smoked Meats. The dialogue contained some of the more biting satire of the year, with so much "between the lines" humor. On top of this, its mix of black humor and horror was highlighted by a great job of casting. Farmer Vincent could easily act as a spokesman for Pearl Drops Tooth Polish.

*The Blues Brothers* — Easily the best musical of the year, yet its critics call it wasteful, stupid and racist. I laid back in my seat and totally enjoyed what I thought was a celebration of old time rhythm and blues music while chuckling at the antics of Joliet Jake and Elwood. Why can't movies like this be taken as fun?

*Zombie* — This movie got quickly labelled as just another copy of *Dawn of the Dead*, but this Italian import took a more serious approach toward an attack by flesh eating creatures. It called the problem a disease, and moved the setting to an island. Its problem was that many people and critics couldn't handle non-stop gore and disgust in living color. It easily won honors as the most gruesome film I saw this year.

These are only a few intriguing concepts that caught my imagination. Hundreds of other ideas often come out of extremely poor or marginal films. But what of films that don't interest you from the very beginning? You know, those wonderful movies that you demand to be paid to go see. I have my list of definite "No Shows."

1. Anything with Robby Benson — enough said.

2. *Blue Lagoon* — If I want child pornography at my local neighborhood theater, I would have petitioned to have the joint go x-rated.

3. *Happy Birthday, Gemini* — If I could only understand the reason behind the title.

4. *Willie and Phil* — a poor excuse for group sex without actually showing it.

5. *Raise The Titanic* — What? And lower my dignity!

Then again, I could bore you with this list if I let it stretch any longer, so without further ado, the moment you have been waiting for. Notice as the films get worse the descriptions get shorter. You learn quickly that the more you talk about bad movies the more people get depressed about even bothering to go see movies at all.

Drum roll please. Presenting the Sominex Selection:

1. *Where The Buffalo Roam*
2. *Silent Screem*
3. *Up The Academy*
4. *He Knows You're Alone*
5. *Last House On The Left*
6. *The Amityville Horror*
7. *Grease*
8. *Death Ship*
9. *The Boogey Man*
10. *The Fifth Floor*
11. *Don't Go In The House*
12. *Prom Night*
13. *Gums*

The author will now explain:

*Where the Buffalo Roam* — Bill Murray failed in this attempt to create humor out of the legend of Hunter Thompson, gonzo journalist. It contained decent performances by both Murray and Peter Boyle, but it couldn't improve upon a script that was full of poor attempts at intellectual and political humor. Not even a panel of journalists and political analysts could have explained some parts of this film to the public.

*Silent Screem* — One of many poor low budget horror films. This one should have remained silent. First time director Denny Harris offers us Cameron Mitchell and Avery Schreiber acting more like Keystone Kops than California policemen. They solve all their crimes in slow motion. The only screams were those of patrons screaming for their money back.

*Up The Academy* — I will say no more other than that this movie was produced by *Mad Magazine* and that it followed after *Animal House* and also dealt with life at a college, this time a military school. What, me worry? Yes, about the people who also wasted their money seeing this.

*He Knows You're Alone* — A slash and gore special with the now expected shock fright technique, and the usual murders of teenagers and young adults. Blood flowed

like tap water, and the director expected this type of action to keep the audience in suspense. The result was boring and predictable, and the wedding night killer was a poor copy of *Halloween's* feared killer.

*Last House On The Left* — This was brought back as a revival when it should have been buried. It is a prime example of the influence of drugs, because obviously the cast and crew were using them when this movie was being made. Five convicts escape and terrorize a family, and especially two girls. That was supposed to be the plot. It was actually a sadist's idea of home movies.

*The Amityville Horror* — How can such a good and terrifically scary book make such a poor movie? Why can't James Brolin act frightened as his house rebels against him? Why does he look bored? For the answers to these and hundreds of other questions, tune in tomorrow for another chapter in the continuing saga "Hollywood, As The Garbage Turns."

*Grease* — This shouldn't qualify, but it keeps re-appearing each year, and I hated it the first time, so I'll keep including it on this list. Just not convincing.

*Death Ship* — A collection of unemployed character actors sink when a cruise ship is rammed by a mysterious black Nazi warship. Only the expensive actors surface to be picked up by the ship, which appears out of nowhere, and absolutely no reason is given why. The public is expected to believe and take everything for granted with no explanations. I want an explanation as to how a director feels he can scare an audience without first setting up the audience.

*The Boogey Man* — To begin with, this film was created and distributed by The Jerry Gross Organization (definite pun intended on my part). I don't know enough adjectives to be able to really explain how bad this movie was. It wasn't even acceptable by drive-in standards. A bad cross between a ghost story and a demon possession, Boogey Man deals with the spirit trapped inside a mirror. Nevertheless, the mirror travels around and subsequently finds ways to murder people, and since the killer inside the mirror is a pervert, we are shown hundreds of mindless T and A shots. The mere fact that a distributor was able to book a movie this bad into major movie theaters is a terrific case against blind bidding. Also my award winner along with *Silent Screem* for the Promotional Hype Award.

*The Fifth Floor* — This movie dealt with the images of the poor sane girl trapped inside a mental hospital. Hollywood's idea of horror inside a mental institution was enough to put audiences to sleep. Even wanton violence would have made this more interesting. Better yet, they could have shown a documentary on what conditions are really like inside a mental hospital and really scare some people.

*Don't Go In The House* — a pyromaniac's delight of a plot featured a strange man who tried to burn the evil out of women, just as his mother had tried to do with him years before. This totally tasteless and very boring production featured such wonderful scenes as when this idiot dresses up his charred victims in Victorian clothes and yells at them. I paid five dollars at the drive-in and got 2 hours of needed rest. So much for summer barbecues.

*Prom Night* — a very bad and boring horror story, a sort of *Saturday Night Killer*. Boring individuals in white suits and tuxedos meet for the Senior Prom, with disco music everywhere and hundreds of stereotypical characters. Isn't there always one thug who shows up to the prom in jeans? Isn't the female lead in these stories always the principal's daughter? Even current scream queen Jaime Lee Curtis couldn't help this production.

*Gums* — It never fails that numerous times during the year these X-rated parodies of popular movies of fairy tales appear. I can forgive the hundreds of *Erotic Adventures Of* . . . as long as I could be assured that this movie parody of *Jaws* would never surface again. Instead of a man-eating shark, this movie featured a man-eating mermaid, and that's as much as I can say without being censored. To save money, they even used puppets at the end.

As I conclude, I wish to notify you that after this year of movies, my brain and eyes can no longer be donated to medical science. Sympathy cards can be addressed to me in care of the Suffolk Journal office.



# Adisenchanted remembrance of the films of the past year

We've got new idols on the screen today.

Although they make a lot of noises, They've got nothing to say. I try to look amazed, but it's an act; The movie might be new, But it's the same sound track. Passion is no ordinary word.

—Graham Parker, 1979.

by Jeff Putnam

Here I sit, just a few frames into 1981, sifting through the memories of disenchantment of the year passed; watching the dying embers of the flame that was once (and not so very long ago) the American cinema flicker and falter in the cold, gray oblivion of 1980.

"Genius," Edison once said, "is one percent inspiration and ninety-nine percent perspiration"; the two have become mutually exclusive in defining the American cinema. Filmic genius is inspiration; the recipe for the contemporary American cinema concentrates on perspiration — the ugliness of an art forsaken. The American moviegoer has metamorphosed into a Kafka-esque character: blithely, indifferently, inevitably embracing the blemishes and deformities of the medium — the lemming who must pay for the right to plunge into the sea.

The state of the American cinema — the cinema for so many years — is a sorry one. Its dynamism lost amidst the puffery and the paucity which have become its hallmarks, the fallen national art form has become a grandiose humpty Dumpty, toppled by an internal turbulence fueled by the film studios' profane scramble for profits, pandering their celluloid trash under the affixed epithet of "entertainment." The American films of 1980, and (to be honest) for most of the



THE BLACK STALLION

later portion of the 1970s as well, have been anything but entertaining.

While the studios are certainly guilty for their own decline in quality product, they can hardly be blamed. They are simply catering to an hedonistic audience, hungry for more of what they've already been fed ... and too inert to demand a change of menu. Thus, the studios feel justified in thrusting cheap (in terms of both budget and aesthetics) replicas of previous successes upon an audience, which they have in fact created for themselves. A pair of 1978 films, John Carpenter's *Halloween*, an often startling horror film, and John Landis' *National Lampoon's Animal House*, a sophomoric campus comedy, reaped sizable profits (the latter has become the highest-grossing comedy in



FAME

film history, in excess of \$52 million) upon diminutive investments, and have become models for a new age in American films.

Studio heads frantically strove to replicate the success of those films this past year (both films were re-issued as well) spawning a plethora of low-budget, low-quality imitators targeted toward the most ignorant and gullible of all audiences — youth — thereby rendering aesthetic quality moot. *Halloween* promulgated such sordid siblings as *Silent Screem*, *He Knows You're Alone*, *Fifth Floor*, *Terror Train*, *Prom Night*, *Motel Hell*, *The Awakening*, *Death Ship*, *Humanoids from the Deep*, *Don't Answer the Phone*, *Friday the 13th*, *The Boogey Man*, *The Attic*, and Carpenter's *The Fog*; *National Lampoon's Animal House* precipitated the unnecessary existence of *Caddyshack*, *Up the Academy*, *Roadie*, *Gorp*, *Cheech and Chong's Next Movie*, and *Hollywood Knights*.

Of course, not all of the cinematic wastefulness this past year was of the shoestring budget variety; there were also the over-blown and over-budgeted disasters: Landis' *The Blues Brothers* and Jerry Jameson's *Raise the Titanic* (a Lord Lew Grade production) each cost upwards of \$30 million, and Michael (*The Deer Hunter*) Cimino's \$35 million fiasco, *Heaven's Gate*, was pulled out of its exclusive New York engagements after being crucified by the press and hooted by audiences. Far this side of such Olympian expense, but trash nonetheless, were the releases all too typical of recent years: the simple-minded, mass appeal films, whose sole raison d'être is to harvest profits (*Oh Heavenly Dog*, *Oh God — Book II*, *Little Miss Marker*, *The Nude Bomb*, *Somewhere in Time*, *Just Tell Me What You Want*); the films attempting to capitalize on their stars (*The Changeling* — George C. Scott; *The Hunter* — Steve McQueen; *Hopscotch* — Walter Matthau and Glenda Jackson; *Private Benjamin* — Goldie Hawn; *The First Deadly Sin* — Frank Sinatra); and the films attempting to achieve an aesthetic plateau, but missing miserably (*My Bodyguard*, *Little Darlings*, *The Great Santini*, *Resurrection*, *Times Square*, *The Ninth Configuration*, *Breaking Glass*, *Nijinsky*). But the trashiest of all 1980

releases, without doubt, was *Caligula*, *Penthouse* publisher Bob Guccione's expensive debacle recreating the Roman decadence during the reign of the emperor Caligula; director Tinto Brass and screenwriter Gore Vidal had their names removed from the film disgusted with Guccione's finished product. *Caligula's* chief claim for vindication was in presenting an allegory concerning the abuse of power (Vidal's premise), but its sole effect was in bringing *chic* hard-core pornography to the masses, resulting in its being "Banned in Boston" for a few weeks this summer. While such censoring might not have been justified, it certainly was beneficial in ridding the screen of insidious rubbish.



9 TO 5

1980 was a year of surprises. The biggest of which was the financial and critical success of *Airplane!*, a breakneck spoof of airborne disaster movies, *Saturday Night Fever*, *From Here to Eternity*, *Knute Rockne — All American*, and hare Krishna, written and directed by Jim Abrahams, David Zucker and Jerry Zucker (the trio who wrote *Kentucky Fried Movie*). *Airplane!* had more life and inspired lunacy than any other American movie of the year, surprising everybody at the box office, earning \$20,500,000, second only to *The Empire Strikes Back* in 1980 receipts. *The Empire Strikes Back*, no financial surprise (\$44,000,000), surprisingly rejected the cartoon morality of its predecessor, *Star Wars*; director Irvin Kershner and executive producer George Lucas (who directed *Star Wars*) imbued the caricatures of *Star Wars* with conflicting dimensions of personality. If *Star Wars* was an eclectic mash of '30s science fiction and television westerns, *The Empire Strikes Back* was a stylized moralistic adventure.

There were also more subtle surprises. Carroll Ballard's *The Black Stallion* combined such familiar children's fiction devices as a boy, a horse, a desert island, and a horse race into the most visually stunning film of the year, brilliantly photographed by cinematographer Caleb Deschanel (*Being There*). *Simon*, written and directed by Marshall Brickman (Woody Allen's collaborator on *Sleeper*, *Annie Hall* and *Manhattan*) was the most uproariously funny American film of the year — a brilliant showcase for the comedic talent of star Alan Arkin as a professor brainwashed by a sinister think tank (led by Austin Pendleton) and sent across America as an electronic messiah. Cassavetes, heretofore cerebral and self-conscious to a fault, toned down such inclinations, making *Gloria* sleek, streamlined and one of his best films.

One of America's premier, yet often underrated, directors, John Huston (his

first feature was *The Maltese Falcon* in 1941) contributed one of the best American films of 1980: *Wise Blood*. Huston's film was everything that Flannery O'Connor's original work was: a bitter satire of American middle class morals and religious beliefs. Not often does a film approximate the literary quality of the work upon which it is based, but, throughout his career, Huston (who has also adapted Dashiell Hammett's *Falcon*, Stephen Crane's *Red Badge of Courage*, Herman Melville's *Moby Dick* and Rudyard Kipling's *The Man Who Would Be King*) has always managed to effectively rework the ideas of other artists without cannibalizing them, and *Wise Blood*, one of his best films, is no exception.

Martin Scorsese, the most talented of all modern American directors (including Francis Coppola), continued to explore the psychopathic, violent underside of American society in his biography of former boxing champion Jake La Motta, *Raging Bull*. Scorsese, actor Robert DeNiro, with whom Scorsese also examined America's gruesome subculture in *Mean Streets* (1973) and *Taxi Driver* (1976), and original screenwriter Paul Schrader, who wrote *Taxi Driver*, personify violence in La Motta; the boxing scenes, among the most lyrical ever filmed, become religious paeans to the violence which La Motta embodies. Scorsese, who dipped slightly with his ill-conceived tribute to the 1940s musical, *New York, New York*, and has been dormant since his documentary *The Last Waltz* (1978), re-establishes himself as the leading American director with *Raging Bull*.

1980 was a milestone year for young talent. Brian De Palma and Jonathan Demme emerged as major directors with *Dressed to Kill* and *Melvin and Howard*, respectively — the two best American films of the year. The former, who had hinted at brilliance occasionally during the past decade (*Greetings, Carrie*), finally established himself as one of the foremost American directors with *Dressed to Kill*, an exquisite evocation of Hitchcockian technique and an erotic nightmare of chilling vision; the latter, who surfaced from Roger Corman's stable to direct *Handle With Care* (1977), has cemented his position as the American cinema's leading satirist (the best since Preston Sturges in many regards) with *Melvin and Howard*, a glorious debunking of the American Dream.

Claudia Weill may be the most important female director America has yet produced if her initial Hollywood feature is any indication; *It's My Turn*, about the tangled life of mathematics professor Jill Clayburgh, was funny and warm and anything but sentimental and proselytizing. The recent Hollywood trend of "women's films" (*Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore*, *Julia*, *The Turning Point*, *An Unmarried Woman*) perished because underneath the liberated subterfuge were men trying to understand the phenomenon of being female; Claudia Weill understands and rationalizes that phenomenon and her films (*Girl Friends*, *It's My Turn*) celebrate that realization.

The other major young talent to emerge this year is David Lynch, whose second feature, *The Elephant Man* (the first is the obscure *Eraserhead*), was an occasionally brilliant film noir biography of the grotesquely deformed John Merrick, so disfigured by neurofibromatosis that he was banned by local authorities from appearing in local nineteenth century sideshows. Lynch's film falls slightly short in revealing what's within the deformities of his subject (portrayed beautifully by John Hurt), but it atones by offering claustrophobic glimpses of a Dickensian London, shrouded in the spell-binding black-and-white cinematography by Freddie Francis.

Along with the masters (Altman, Cassavetes, Huston, Scorsese) and the fresh talents (DePalma, Demme, Weill, Lynch), there were those who simply refused to go away: talentless directors like Larry Peerce (*Why Would I Lie?*), Gilbert Cates (*Last Married Couple in America* and *Oh God — Book II*), Randal Kleiser (*Blue Lagoon*), John Landis (*The Blues Brothers*) and Colin Higgins (*9 to 5*); the writing team of Robert Zemeckis and Bob Gale (the former directs, the latter produces their infantile films, like this year's model, *Used Cars*); Roger Vadim, who helped to forge in the 1960s the morality that his 1980 film *Night Games* choked on; Neil Simon,

whose screenplays have become increasingly facile and predictable, who seems locked into gag-writing no matter his subject, and who wrote two rather dismal films this year — *Chapter Two* and *Seems Like Old Times*; and, of course, Smokey and the Bandit. The American cinema is in dire need of a revitalizing purge, of getting rid of its deadwood (like those listed above and many, many more) and nurturing its oaks and its acorns.



THE SHINING

Inasmuch as the year marked a significant decline in the ever-failing American cinema, 1980 was a banner year of growth internationally. West Germany solidified its position as the world's most important national cinema, as its leading filmmakers Rainer Werner Fassbinder,



XANADU

Werner Herzog, Wim Wenders and Volker Schlöndorff continue to explore the thriving capitalistic society of their country, a product of one of the world's greatest catastrophes — the second World War. Schlöndorff's adaptation of Gunter Grass' *The Tin Drum*, though certainly not the best of the West German explosion, received the 1980 Academy Award for Best Foreign Film.

Fassbinder's *In A Year of 13 Moons* was a brilliant, biting character study/allegory about a transsexual's intense struggle with guilt and identity, by the most prolific director of modern times; Fassbinder has directed approximately thirty films in little more than a decade. Reinhard Hauff's *Knife in the Head*, a moving melodrama starring Bruno Ganz, concerned a young man (powerfully portrayed by Ganz) shot by the police into a state of near catatonia, who must look at the world around him as an alien. These films in setting their complex dramas against the society perceived by their directors as in a state of subliminal turmoil are vivid reminders of the intellectual power of film when handled by artists, such as Fassbinder, Hauff and the remainder of the West German vanguard. *The Left-Handed Woman*, though made by an Austrian and examining the life of a displaced German woman living in Paris, shared enough with West German films to be categorized with them; writer/director Peter Handke had previously worked with Wenders on *The Goalie's Anxiety At The Penalty Kick* (1971).

A burgeoning cinema which also established itself during the year was the Australian cinema, led by Gilliam Armstrong's *My Brilliant Career*, a film about a liberated female artist in turn-of-the-century Australia, which provided the Australian cinema's breakthrough film — a surprising box office success as well. Bruce Beresford's *The Getting of Wisdom* (which was written

70-year-old Japanese director Akira Kurosawa (*Dersu Uzala*) had released films; both directors made triumphant returns to the screens this year with Kubrick's *The Shining*, a bitter black comedy about marriage, ideals and the imaginary, and Kurosawa's *Kagemusha*, an exquisitely photographed epic of Japanese sixteenth century feudal wars. French New Wave leader Jean-Luc Godard, absent from commercial filmmaking since *Tout Va Bien* (1972), released *Sauve Qui Peut / La Vie* (*Every Man For Himself*), a scathing sexual document and the most visually challenging film of the year.

Swede Ingmar Bergman's *From the Life of the Marionettes*, made in Germany where Bergman has been living in tax exile for the past few years, combined the sweltering angst of his Swedish films with the oppressive soul searching of the West German directors; although the film offered deep introspective studies into a handful of characters on the periphery of a sex murder, Bergman's leaden psychology deadened the film's emotions. Like Bergman's film, Nicolas Roeg's *Bad Timing* — *A Sensual Obsession* was a disappointment; *Bad Timing* was a steamy, erotic nightmare and crime thriller obscured by Roeg's diffuse cinematic style — jump cuts, flashbacks, flashforwards, thumbnail images — which curiously served to simultaneously magnify and obfuscate the film's defects.

Alain Resnais' highly-regarded *Mon Oncle D'Amerique* opened as this went to press and fellow Frenchman Francois Truffaut's *Le Dernier Metro* and Fellini's *City of Women* has yet to open in Boston. Internationally, with the re-emergence of the French New Wave directors (Godard, Resnais, Truffaut), Kurosawa, Bergman, Kubrick and Roeg as well as the



HERO AT LARGE

solidification of the West German cinema and the rapid development of the Australian and Brazilian cinemas, the cinema is vital, powerful, relevant and intelligent — qualities which (except for a rapidly diminishing handful of directors, like Scorsese, Coppola, Woody Allen, Altman, and Huston) are virtually non-existent in the American cinema.

Despite the return of the masters, the emergence of occasional young talent, and the progression of the West German, Australian and Brazilian cinemas, 1980 will be most remembered as a year of major disappointments, whose most significant failures cannot be dismissed as easily as the bulk of its bilge (*Halloween's* and *National* see page 8).

## Putnam's Best of 1980

1. Kagemusha
2. Melvin and Howard
3. Dressed to Kill
4. Chant of Jimmie Blacksmith
5. Raging Bull
6. The Long Riders
7. The Stunt Man
8. The Shining
9. Eholi
10. In A Year of 13 Moons
11. Sauve Qui Peut/La Vie (Every Man For Himself)
12. Bye Bye Brasil
13. Best Boy
14. Being There
15. Loulou

## Putnam's Worst of 1980

1. Saturn 3
2. Xanadu
3. Die Laughing
4. Mountain Men
5. The Blue Lagoon
6. The Jazz Singer
7. 9 to 5
8. Happy Birthday Gemini
9. When Time Ran Out
10. Cruising/Windows (tie)
11. Foolin' Around
12. The Blues Brothers
13. The Gong Show Movie
14. Headin' For Broadway
15. A Change of Seasons: Last Married Couple in America; Loving Couples; Middle Age Crazy; Serial (tie)



# From *Kagemusha* to *Saturn 3*: the

continued from previous page

Lampoon's *Animal House*'s descendants and the typical Hollywood failures). The most disheartening aspect of the American cinema's demise in 1980 was not the demise itself, but watching it in its death throes. The American cinema, when not disgorging its multitudinous bile, shivered and convulsed throughout its debilitating disease, but occasionally showed signs of relapse as it entered rare stages of remission.

*Coal Miner's Daughter*, chronicling the rags-to-riches biography of country music queen Loretta Lynn, was cliché-ridden and tame, but offered an interesting panorama of Appalachia as seen through the eye of British director Michael Apted (*Agatha*). Sissy Spacek's classic performance as Lynn (Spacek is easily one of America's best — and most overlooked — actresses) offered the film strength where it needed it most, especially given the often misguided perspective of Apted in his attempt to capture the mythos of the American success story and the ethos of the American poor.

James Bridges' *Urban Cowboy* and Clint Eastwood's *Bronco Billy* also sought to explore the mythos and ethos of America; American directors are often as nationally introspective and analytical as the West Germans, but the Americans also have to worry about selling their films. Both *Urban Cowboy* and *Bronco Billy* concerned the myth of the old west, transferring the cowboy ethos to present day America; the former created an interesting metaphor for the western ethos in a mechanical bull, representing both the cowboy's desideratum of physical prowess and spiritual stamina and his need to continually prove himself, the latter examined popular culture's infatuation with the cowboy mythos, as it concerned itself with the Wild West Show of *Bronco Billy* (Eastwood), an ex-criminal sincerely adopting the ethos of the west as his own moral code. However, *Urban Cowboy* degenerated into a typical love story, abandoning its bronze metaphor, and *Bronco Billy* became so enamored of the pop sensibility it sought to examine that it devolved into just another example of the phenomenon it sought to analyze.

*Coal Miner's Daughter*, *Urban Cowboy*, and *Bronco Billy* were failures, but were not as sinister as the failures *Fame*, *American Gigolo*, *Brubaker* and *Willie and Phil*; the former trio failed because they ran short of ideas or were misconceived efforts whose ideas were faulty, the latter quartet failed because their makers presented premises bereft of ideas. *Fame* was seductively made by former British commercial director Alan Parker (*Bugsy Malone*, *Midnight Express*), but apart from its setting at the New York High School for the Performing Arts (and its highly uneven disco — cashing in on a fad that had already passed — soundtrack), *Fame* was barren of originality; its characters were one-dimensional stereotypes (the hard-luck Puerto Rican comedian, the fancy-dancing black tough, the shy ingenue, the red-headed introspective homosexual, the chubby ballerina . . . ) and it catalogued every major show-business cliché of the past fifty years (drugs, spurning family for fame, sexually-deviate producer and his sofa screen tests . . . ). *American Gigolo*, Schrader's *West Coast Taxi Driver*, seemed more an invitation to the decadence it wanted to expose than an indictment of the slackening Californian morality; *Gigolo*'s anti-hero, male whore Julien Kay (Richard Gere), drove his sports car through plush landscapes to breathtaking estates to service voluptuous blondes, until, that is, he is framed by a black pimp for the murder of one of his clients and must evade the inept investigation of the Chicano detective assigned to his case; *American Gigolo*, despite the talent of writer/director Schrader (who wrote Scorsese's *Taxi Driver* and *Raging Bull*), not only fails resoundingly in its intention, but it becomes a vile racist slur as well.

The first hour of *Brubaker* was tense and crusading, as new warden Robert Redford masquerades as an inmate to investigate prison injustices, but after an hour or less, *Brubaker* breaks down into a messy action film — a vehicle for star Redford. Once *Brubaker* loses its conviction in its latter stages, its earlier values seem almost mistakes. *Brubaker* does not fit into the class of *Coal Miner's Daughter*, *Urban Cowboy* and *Bronco*

*Billy* because it's not a misconception, it's a mess; it wants to be a prison reform film, an action adventure, and a star vehicle — but winds up none of them. But the most appalling failure was Paul Mazursky's *Willie and Phil* — a misguided, valueless rehash of Truffaut's classic *Jules et Jim*. Mazursky has mined the area of social commentary with sexual overtones before and with infinitely more success (*Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice*, *Blume in Love*). *Willie and Phil* is a prime and unfortunate example of imitation without inspiration; *Willie and Phil* makes it seem that Mazursky — one of America's better directors during the 1980s — does not care anymore.

Slightly more ambitious and successful than this last quartet were: *The Black Marble*, an atypical comedy by writer Joseph Wambaugh and director Harold Becker (whose police drama *The Onion Field* was one of last year's best movies), which contained some memorable moments (a brilliant car chase parody by two grunting middle-aged men through a kennel, for instance), but was ultimately dwarfed by the still-resonant images of the superior *Onion Field*; *The Formula*, John Avildsen's direction of Steve Shagan's self-adaptation of his novel concerning the cover-up of a synthetic fuel formula by the big oil conglomerations, was too confusing and had too many plot twists and loose ends (far too many to even begin to list) but nonetheless provided a showcase for the fine acting of George C. Scott and Marlon Brando; and *The Big Red One*, Sam Fuller's WWII epic had all the guts of his earlier, hard-nosed classics (*Pickup on South Street*, *China Gate*) but was disemboweled when it was cut from nearly four hours to approximately two hours for release — its artistic failure (which was marginal) could not be blamed on Fuller, one of the neglected scions of the American cinema.

Over the course of the year, three first-time directors with considerable experience on the other side of the camera offered their initial releases — two to mediocre success and the other to dismal artistic failure. James Caan's *Hide in Plain Sight* was a tidy (if uneventful) thriller about a man's search for his children relocated with his ex-wife and her criminal husband by the government; though bolstered by a fine supporting cast (Jill Eikenberry, Robert Viharo, Kenneth McMillan), *Hide in Plain Sight* lacked a center as Caan the director downplayed the role of Caan the actor. Robert Redford's *Ordinary People*, like *Hide in Plain Sight*, boasted a talented (and better known) cast — Mary Tyler Moore, Donald Sutherland, Judd Hirsch, Timothy Hutton — but Redford's pretentious direction (endlessly focussing on license plates, napkin rings, and wrinkled hands) deadens the emotion of the angst-ridden family drama and Alvin Sargent's wordy, overly rhetorical script entombs them. Buck Henry's first solo directorial feature (he co-directed *Heaven Can Wait* with Warren Beatty), *First Family* is an inane political spoof which is anything but political, operating on sexual and racist bathroom humor, and ultimately predicated on a sight gag pilfered from Woody Allen's *Sleeper*.

Speaking of Allen, his *Stardust Memories* and Bob Fosse's *All That Jazz* were both failures based indiscriminately on Fellini's *8½* and on the lives of their directors; both dealt with the coming to terms with one's art. Sort of a jokesier version of Thomas Mann's "Tonio Kröger" and a musical *A Portrait of the Artist of the Young Man*, except that whereas Kröger and Stephen Dedalus were able to turn their angst into art, Allen's hero, Sandy Bates (Allen), is left confused and emasculated and Fosse's hero, Joe Gideon (Roy Scheider), dies. Although both contained portions of Mann, Joyce, and Allen/Fosse, it was the Ingmar Bergman-like angst (Bergman has always been one of Allen's chief influences) that shrouded both films, shattering the surrealism of both directors.

Angst, or the chief American variation of it, disorientation, was the prime ingredient of Richard Donner's *Inside Moves*; a collection of losers and freaks just bathed in it at Max's Bar, the central location of Donner's film. There is the crippled guy, who broke his back in an abortive suicide attempt (John Savage); an aspiring basketball player, with one leg shorter than the other (David Morse); his



## ORDINARY PEOPLE

girlfriend, a drug-crazed whore who takes his money and runs off with her pimp (Amy Wright); a blind bigot (Bert Remsen); a wheelchair-confined black (Bill Robinson); and a double amputee, who scoffs at the absence of his hands (Harold Russell). *Inside Moves*' problem is that Barry Levinson and Valerie Curtin's (*And Justice For All* . . . ) script is so overtly humorous (although most of the jokes fall flat) that what they try to pass off as angst seems merely like ineffectual disorientation.

Like *Ordinary People*, *Inside Moves* is indicative of current American movies — pseudo-art for the masses; wrapped up in pretentiously obscure images, written with one eye on an introductory psychology book, and so intent on emulating the atmosphere (be it angst or something else) of foreign movies that all emotion and identity are forfeited. Documentary filmmaker Robert Kaylor's first feature film, *Carny*, is also indicative of the current American film: well-made and busy, with a glistening veneer that shimmers on the screen, but ultimately vapid beneath that veneer.

If any generalizations can be made from analyzing these failures and disappointments, two appear most readily. First, the American film, like the developing cinemas in West Germany and Australia, seeks to define the mythos and ethos of its national heritage, in terms of era (*Urban Cowboy*, *Bronco Billy*), region (*Coal Miner's Daughter*), society (*Willie and Phil*, *Ordinary People*, *Inside Moves*), war (*The Big Red One*) and the individual (*Hide in Plain Sight*, *Stardust Memories*, *All That Jazz*). Second, the American film, like the members of the French New Wave and filmmakers like Stanley Kubrick and Nicolas Roeg, question the very filmmaking technique by parodying film genres (*Black Marble*), altering film genres (*The Formula*), and adopting different narrative devices, like realism (*Carny*).

However, the ultimate ends of both pursuits is the same: disappointment and failure, because the most significant means to those ends are also the same: all of the films discussed herein (with the possible exception of *Stardust Memories*) were designed as profitable packages, with recognizable stars, basic formulaic plots and any one of a number of typical American movie aggrandizements (sound tracks, gimmicks, self-righteousness, sex, violence, dirty jokes). Perhaps if the American cinema were less an industry and more an art, 1980 would have been a year to remember, instead of a year we couldn't forget.

Selecting films worthy of a Ten Worst List of 1980 was easy, limiting them to ten was not. Consider: *In God We Trust*; *Flash Gordon*; *Why Would I Lie*; *Wholly Moses*; *How to Beat the High Cost of Living*; *The Final Countdown*; *The Runner Stumbles*; *The Fiendish Plot of Dr. Fu Manchu*; *Those Lips, Those Eyes*; *A Small Circle of Friends*; *Fatso*; *Tom Horn*; *Where the Buffalo Roam*; *Ffolkes*; *Honeysuckle Rose*; *Foxes*; *Can't Stop the Music*; *Coast to Coast*; *Smokey and the Bandit II*; and *Times Square*.

So, in order to accommodate this year's vast selection of cinematic squalor, this year's Ten Worst List has been expanded to include fifteen films (as has, in all fairness, the year's Ten Best List). The worst films of the year are (in descending ordure):

15. (tie) *A Change of Seasons* (directed by Richard Lang), *The Last Married Couple in America* (Gilbert Gates), *Loving Couples* (Jack Smight), *Middle Age Crazy* (John Trent) and *Serial* (Bill Persky). A popular concern of American filmmakers during the past year was their perception of the simultaneous breakdown of American morals and American marriages; these films had no more moral depth however than the objects of their satire (if they could be called satires). *Serial* and *Last Married Couple in America* reshuffled a bevy of Southern Californian couples; *Middle Age Crazy* contemplated male menopause with as much conviction as last year's *10* (which is to say none at all); and *Loving Couples* and *A change of Seasons* were a turgid pair of movies about a pair of married couples whose spouses openly cheat on each other. Worst of all, these films represent the pinnacle of social satire toward which the commercial American cinema strives.

14. *Headin' For Broadway* (Joe Brooks). Director Brooks (*You Light Up My Life*, *If Ever I See You Again*) styled this laughably inept musical about four young Broadway hopefuls to cash in on *All That Jazz* and anticipate *Fame*. Its amateurish acting (especially Rex Smith as the central "Fast Eddie"), painful score, hackneyed direction and clichéd script contributed to its general shoddiness: a focusless effort by a talentless filmmaker.

13. *The Gong Show Movie* (Chuck Barris). All of the television show regulars — Jaye P. Morgan, Rip Taylor, Mabel King, the Unknown comic, Barris and a plethora of unnatural acts — crawled out of their daytime television pit onto the wide screen to exploit their already drained TV program. Expanded to include a fictional glimpse at the harried life of a television producer / director / host (Barris), as well as a stroll through America's video freak show, *The Gong Show Movie* purported to reflect America's sick drive for fame and success: as if its very existence as a television program hadn't already exhibited such an assertion.

12. *The Blues Brothers* (John Landis). Landis' wasteful (\$30,000,000 and 1500 automobiles) tribute to America's penchant for violence, racism and mindless entertainment was violent, racist and mindless. John Belushi and Dan Aykroyd led an automobile assault on Chicago, leaving the city a demolished wreck. Landis substituted gross overstatement for humor and calculated outlandishness for spontaneity; *The Blues Brothers* is the perfect example of everything that is wrong with the American cinema. The only things keeping this from moving lower on the list was its token — yet thankful — inclusions (and snippets at that) of such talented blues artists as Aretha Franklin, Johnny Lee Hooker, Ray Charles and Cab Calloway.

11. *Foolin' Around* (Richard T. Heffron). Gary Busey's insipid follow-up to *The Buddy Holly Story* could have been included in the list of *National Lampoon's Animal House*'s progeny, were it not for the usually-talented Busey's participation as a naive college freshman who (predictably) falls in love with engaged rich girl Annette O'Toole, (predictably) culminating in his hang-gliding through the stained glass window of the church during her wedding ceremony — a sophomoric parody of *The Graduate*. *Foolin' Around* not only underestimated its audience, it also underestimated itself: a juvenile film about juveniles, for juveniles and by



# best and the worst of 1980



COAL MINER'S DAUGHTER

juveniles.

10. (tie) *Cruising* (William Friedkin) and *Windows* (Gordon Willis). This homosexual/lesbian tandem was roundly criticized — and rightfully so — by civil rights organizations as demeaning depictions about gays and gay life. *Cruising*, about an undercover investigation of a series of homosexual murders, and *Windows*, about a deranged lesbian sexually terrorizing her best friend, suggested that heterosexuals could mysteriously change into homosexuals overnight if they weren't careful. As if their sexual cretinism was not destructive enough, both films were astounding technical failures as well; *Cruising* was mystically vague and pointlessly allegorical and novice director Willis' (who was the cinematographer for *Kluge*, both *Godfathers*, *Annie Hall* and *Manhattan*) drained the suspense out of *Windows*, to the point of it being irritating instead of frightening.



WINDOWS

9. *When Time Ran Out* (James Goldstone). The title of producer Irwin Allen's latest disaster flop suggested the apocalypse, when in fact it merely concerned a luxurious South Pacific resort hotel and oil field threatened by an active volcano. Paul Newman, Jacqueline Bisset, and William Holden were the big stars on hand to flee the fireworks, which, due to sloppy special effects, were never threatening. Allen managed some success during the 1970s (*Poseidon Adventure*, *Towering Inferno*) but as daily life becomes more catastrophic as we progress into the 1980s, it appears that time has finally/thankfully run out for disaster (and disastrous) epics like *When Time Ran Out*.

8. *Happy Birthday Gemini* (Richard Benner). Benner's cacophonous adaptation of Albert Innaurato's *Gemini*, wrestled with its major thematic basis — growing up gay and Italian — momentarily before degenerating into a shouting match between Madeline Kahn, Rita Moreno (two of America's loudest actresses) and Robert Viharo. The film introduced more flamboyant characters than it could handle, despite Benner's previous competence with the Canadian transvestite comedy, *Outrageous!*. *Happy Birthday Gemini*, to borrow the phrase from that gifted writer, was full of ethnic sound and fury, signifying nothing.

7. *9 to 5* (Colin Higgins). *9 to 5* is the sorriest of all of 1980's releases because it possessed the most potential (despite the involvement of hack writer/director Higgins) — its premise about sexism in the office and its cast (Jane Fonda, Lily Tomlin, Dolly Parton) — but squandered it on an infantile slapstick fantasy, involving the hanging of the evil boss in a harness suspended from a garage door opener on his bedroom ceiling, and another of Higgins' sloppy car chases, which are

regular features of his movies (*Harold and Maude*, *Silver Streak*, *Foul Play*) because once he runs out of ideas — generally about twenty minutes into the picture — he begins to manufacture reasons to get his characters into cars and race them through crowded city streets.

6. *The Jazz Singer* (Richard Fleischer). This remake of the first successful sound feature attempted to pawn singer/songwriter Neil Diamond (who acts worse than he sings) off as a pop music messiah, eschewing friends and family to deliver his heart-felt word to the masses: however, his gospels were immaculately crafted pieces of pop music that had as much emotion as Diamond talent (miniscule). What the producers of this film failed to take into consideration in tailoring it to exploit Diamond's popularity was that the original film really did not need to be remade; it had precious little going for it except for the novelty of sound and a hammy performance by Al Jolson (at least he showed signs of life). Laurence Olivier checked in another take — the — money — and — run performance as Diamond's beleaguered father, who winds up cheering his son at a sold-out concert (at least the father in the original movie had brains enough to die halfway through it); watching Olivier merely going through the motions made *The Jazz Singer* particularly repelling — it combined performances by someone who obviously does not care about film and someone who obviously does not care anymore.

5. *The Blue Lagoon* (Randal Kleiser). Kleiser's second feature (the first was *Grease*) shipwrecked a couple of cute toddlers onto a desert island, who grew up into jailbait Brooke Shields and teen Adonis Christopher Atkins. The pair discovered sex and eventually became a trio, but not before Shields and Atkins (whose predominate talents were obscured by dead leaves and animal skins) had staged a string of parodies (that fell flatter than the desert island they were stranded on) of married life. *The Blue Lagoon's* major selling point was that it depicted nudity and sex the way nature meant them to be, only to have a nude stand-in for Shields. *The Blue Lagoon's* convictions to nature came only when they were convenient.

4. *Mountain Men* (Richard Lang). Lang is the only director talented enough to have two films among the 'ten' Worst of 1980, the other being *A Change of Seasons*. *Mountain Men* had so little going for it that it is hard to imagine how it ever got financed; it featured a pair of washed-up stars (Charlton Heston, Brian Keith), a novice screenwriter (Heston's son, Fraser Clarke Heston), a no-name director and an invisible plot — something about a pair of trappers somewhere in the west sometime in the past. Actual details are irrelevant, as was the movie itself: a real saddle-sore on the you-know-what of art.

3. *Die Laughing* (Jeff Werner). *Die Laughing* was an attempted Hitchcock parody co-written, composed by and starring Robby Benson, the most obnoxious late-teen celebrity since Caligula. The attempt at Hitchcock parody failed because it became painfully apparent that Benson, who played an aspiring singer/songwriter, was more interested in singing than suspense; every chase culminated in a song and every song culminated in a toothy smile, except the last song which ended when villain Bud Cort plummeted through the ceiling in spiked shoes and Kiss make-up. The best catch phrase regarding *Die Laughing* was

that which ended nearly every discussion of the movie (including this one): "you might die at *Die Laughing*, but you certainly won't die laughing."

2. *Xanadu* (Robert Greenwald). Greenwald's repulsive musical conjured up more unintentional laughs than any other movie released this year. There was the one when Olivia Newton-John jumped out of a mural of muses; another when Michael Beck started to rollerskate or sing or dance or speak his unbelievable lines; still another when Gene Kelly motivated his tired legs as Newton-John's dancing partner to the most insipid score of the year; yet another when the special effects took over, whisking Newton-John to Mt. Olympus to talk to Zeus (actually it was just a foggy room with a loudspeaker in it); and finally another (or many others) during the final roller-disco production number. *Xanadu* was a series of laughs; unfortunately the hilarity was a result of its ineptitude rather than its creativity. *Xanadu* has the dubious distinction of being the only musical ever to make *Grease* look good — no mean task.

1. *Saturn 3* (Stanley Donen). As bad as *Xanadu* was, even it was no match for Donen's science-fiction stinker, a scotch-tape and string production that was a miscalculation of grandiose proportions. It proposed to cash in on the combined science fiction and horror film markets merged by *Alien*, but failed to realize that *Alien* was so bad itself that no self-respecting science fiction fan or horror film buff would venture near another, lower quality, hybrid. But to insure some sort of an audience, *Saturn 3* featured Farrah Fawcett in a shower, Kirk Douglas running around bare-assed, Harvey Keitel programming a robot to lust after Fawcett, and Hector, the robot, a cross between a vacuum cleaner and a rapist. Its sets were as effective as any grade school production's (serving only to hold the action) and its plot was just as simple — Hector overloading on lust, killing Keitel, and



SATURN 3

chasing Fawcett all over their space station on Saturn's third moon. It is hard to imagine that one of the men instrumentally responsible for one of this country's most inspired pieces of popular entertainment (Donen co-directed *Singin' in the Rain* over a quarter century ago) could have turned out this piece of galactic tripe, the worst film of 1980 — but then, given the current state of the commercial American cinema, anything and everything is possible.

Selecting films worthy of a Ten Best List was easy (considering that the good films of the year rose to the top like cream over the murkiness of the remainder), restricting them to ten was not. The overall quality of the fifteen best films of the year makes it unfair to ignore a portion of them simply because they don't conform to a Ten Best limit. However, some films of high quality had to be left off the list — like Lynch's *The Elephant Man*, Weill's *It's My Turn*, Hauff's *Knife in the Head*, and Sayles' *Return of the Secaucus 7* — because, while they certainly approached it, they failed to attain the restricted level of excellence of the best fifteen.

The best films of the year, then, are (in ascending ardor):

15. *Loulou* (Maurice Pialat). The first feature of French filmmaker Pialat to be released commercially in this country was an excursion into the sexual relationship of a French couple, brilliantly portrayed by Gerard Depardieu (as the lieabout title character) and Isabelle Huppert (as his intellectual girlfriend, Nelly). Pialat's exquisite *ritardando* pacing brought the couple together slowly, initially physically and eventually spiritually, as the rhythm of Parisian discos and streets throbbed in the background. *Loulou's* emotional thrust was exhausting... but exhilarating as well.

14. *Being There* (Hal Ashby). Ashby's best film, Jerzy Kosinski's adaptation of his own novella, was dominated by the late Peter Sellers' finest performance. As Chance, the gardener, (later slurred to Chauncey Gardiner) whose only sense data was provided by an army of televisions inside the barricaded estate of his lifetime benefactor, upon whose death Chance was thrown into the outside world. Sellers offered a brilliantly controlled, emotionless portrayal. Ashby's similarly controlled direction captured the splendorous symmetry of trees, furniture, men and umbrellas in the rain. *Being There* was an intelligent and whimsical film — intellectual satire at its best.

13. *Best Boy* (Ira Wohl). *Best Boy*, Wohl's Academy Award winning documentary about his 52-year-old retarded cousin Philly, was one of the most likable, genuine American films of the year; uncluttered by a Hollywood commercial sensibility (*Best Boy* was independently made), Wohl's film was a labor of love and concern. Wohl instigated the action of the film by suggesting to Philly's elderly parents (both of whom died before the film was released) that their son would soon be alone and should be placed in a community program to prepare him for life in society. Wohl's film was touching, funny and uplifting — a tale of initiation and a tale of love.

12. *Bye Bye Brasil* (Carlos Diegues). The second Brazilian feature in recent years (the other was *Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands*) to attain mass acceptance in America, *Bye Bye Brasil* was a masterfully planned interaction of plots and themes. Diegues' film concerning a carnival troupe touring the primitive and not-so-primitive regions of Brazil was a spellbinding travelogue, an erotic essay about modern morality, an intense satire of Brazilian nationalism, and a commentary of the need and power of communication and entertainment. The film never lost sight of its complex goals, and above all, retained its power to entertain; Diegues' script was intelligent, his direction vivid, and his cast's performances (especially Jose Wilker as the troupe leader) were masterful.

11. *Sauve Qui Peut/La Vie* (*Every Man for Himself*) (Jean-Luc Godard). Godard's first commercially released film since 1972 was a brilliant impressionistic symphony in four movements; the first three movements provided the exposition and conflict, the final brought them all together in a bitter resolution. Godard's characters were a television producer (Jacques Dutronc), his wife (Nathalie Baye), and a prostitute (Isabelle Huppert), each attempting to transcend their banal existence, and finally succeeding — Baye leaves her job at the television station, Huppert takes a legitimate job, and Dutronc dies under the wheels of an automobile. Godard's film (as have all his films) challenged the structure of film, discarding traditional narrative style and experimenting with technique and imagery; and in so challenging the composition of film, Godard challenges the very composition of life itself.

10. *In a Year of 13 Moons* (Rainier Werner Fassbinder). The most prolific filmmaker of the West German cinema's allegory of contemporary German life, as symbolized in the self-destruction of a transsexual (startlingly well-played by Volker Spengler), is one of his best films, artistically overshadowing his best-known film in America, *The Marriage of Maria Braun* (1979). *In a Year of 13 Moons* was as pessimistic as Ashby's *Being There*, but whereas the latter film channeled its contempt into humorous satire, the former was a gallery of savage imagery (an ominous hanging, an aborted homosexual rape, and a brutal montage of slaughterhouse carnage), pervaded by Fassbinder's penchant for black comedy. In exploring the dark side of a tortured human soul, Fassbinder succinctly allegorized the dark side of a nation.

9. *Eboli* (Francesco Rosi). Rosi's neo-realist excursion into the mountain regions of Italy during the height of Mussolini's Fascist regime presented a world of political and physical desolation. *Eboli's* environment was the primitive, poverty-stricken province of Lucania where painter, writer, doctor Carlo Levi was sent to live out the Abyssinian war as a political prisoner. *Eboli*, the best Italian film since *The Tree of Wooden Clogs*,

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BROOKE SHIELDS IN 'THE BLUE LAGOON'

## Is our favorite medium becoming rare?

by John Alabiso

Television, that new fangled device that revolutionized home entertainment, is entering a significant phase that may revolutionize the styles of the three big commercial networks. Television is in a spiraling decline that will diminish the art of competitive programming.

What? Will America be without prime time? Will America lose her most used toy?

Yes, and no. Prime time will change enough to earn a new title, but America can relax, the exciting and amusing toy will stay but it will not be a great part of entertainment.

But how and why is all this possible?

Pay TV, video recorders, low quality new shows, and poor writing for possibly good shows are the major reasons why TV is undergoing a face lift.

### PAY TV

Pay TV and its immense growth has been able to prevent the major networks from buying recent theatre releases for its viewers. The networks have been getting the short end of the deal since their revenue comes from advertisements as compared to pay TV companies who get their revenue directly from the viewers.

This gives the pay TV companies clout because who is going to take advantage of pay TV movies if they can see them first on network TV? To bring the situation into perspective, network TV is merely providing a service to those who do not go to the movie theatre and can not afford pay TV.

To cite examples, the fall season for network TV included: *The Amityville Horror*; *Avalanche Express*; *The Champ*; *Fast Break*; *Love at First Bite*; *Magic*; *Movie, Movie*; *Norma Rae*; and *Voices*. All these movies debuted in 1979, made it to pay TV in the spring and summer of 1980 before network TV had a chance to air them this past fall season.

Although, the only factor that will save network TV for a few years is that they will be able to present movies that pay TV showed its constituents before the sudden boom in non-commercial TV.

For example, *All the Presidents Men*, *The Exorcist*, *Murder on the Orient Express*, *A Star is Born*, *The Enforcer*, *Rocky*, *American Graffiti*, *Dog Day Afternoon*, *The End*, and *Smokey and the Bandit* are hits on network TV because it would cost pay TV too much money to present them as single runs because their viewers have most likely seen them and will become bored seeing them again.

The ironic point in the situation that demands attention is that pay TV is advertising on commercial channels when the latter rightfully know that it is hurting them.

### VIDEO RECORDERS

Video recorders, which record TV programs onto cassette tapes, are endangering competitive programming because they allow the viewer to tape one show and watch another if undecided.

The single drawback is that they are still expensive to the homeowner. But what happens when they equal the price of a TV as technology lessens costs? What happens is that instead of a second or third TV, families will buy the recorder and then be able to watch their second-choice show when they feel like it. Such possibilities would also decrease the accuracy of Nielson ratings, as rating systems would have to allow a percentage for a second choice.

The greatest disaster is that the Fred Silvermans of the world would not have the excitement of placing "Happy Days" (ABC) versus "Good Times" (CBS). Competitive programming will decrease enough that advertisers will claim that shows do not have the prominence and demand to pay less for time.

If everyone owned a video recorder, the only way for network TV to survive would be to present more sports, news and public affairs programming.

### LOW QUALITY SHOWS

As low quality shows evolve from past successful shows, many shows today are imitations or remakes that fall short of expectations.

For instance, "Hill Street Blues" (NBC) is a comedy cop show that is strikingly similar to "Barney Miller" (ABC). "Secrets of Midland Heights" (CBS) and "Flamingo Road" (NBC) have come to TV through the success of "Dallas" (CBS). "Dallas", in turn is merely a nighttime version of a daytime soap opera.

When networks begin to copy each other the programs will naturally decline because originality is gone. In attempts to be original, network TV has made shows from hit movies such as "Freebie and the Bean" "M\*A\*S\*H" (CBS), "Buck Rogers in the 25th Century" (NBC), "Breaking Away", (ABC) and have gone even as far as

# Balking at Brooke

by Colleen Doyle

Brooke Shields is a young, beautiful, box office hit (topping Tatum O'Neal) at the age of fifteen. She has had her face on many magazine covers and has been the subject of many articles and interviews, but is she all she's cracked up to be?

In many of her interviews describes herself as a typical teen-ager. She attends a private high school, participates in cheerleading, and abides by a ten o'clock curfew. She is raised by her mother / manager, who has arranged for her appearances in such movies as *Pretty Baby*, *Blue Lagoon*, and recently *Endless Love*. Her mother has just signed her with Wella Balsam, (the hair conditioner) and of course there are her well-known Calvin Klein commercials, already on the air.

Although a normal American teenager image is suggested, Shields' success doesn't coincide with this view. Almost every movie Shields has appeared in, has had sexually suggestive scenes or definite inclinations. At the age of twelve, this young actress played a nude scene in *Pretty Baby*. Her character was keeping company with prostitutes and followed their influences; her main objective was to seduce actor/singer Keith Caradine.

A nude double was used for some scenes in *The Blue Lagoon*. Director Randal Kleiser was looking for unknowns for the parts of Christopher Atkins and Brooke Shields. The provisions for the roles were: young looking, (but over eighteen years old) all American, attractive youths who could swim. Shields fit all but one of these provisions. There weren't any problems because the eighteen year old clause applied only if she were to play nude scenes. Since Shields' previous performances included these scenes, they didn't forsee any conflict with her mother/manager. She was chosen because of her reputation as a box office hit.

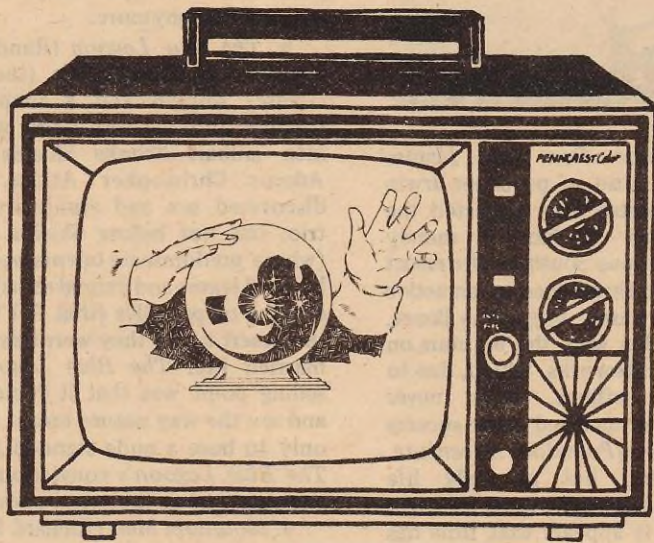
Now Miss Shields can be seen advertising bluejeans for Calvin Kleins. Since she has been doing these commercials, controversy has arisen. It seems that the public is offended by the sexual double-meanings. Brooke Shields has been interviewed on many occasions in reference to this controversy and has claimed she doesn't know what all the fuss

is about. Can we the public, believe this? Though she is only fifteen, she certainly isn't a sheltered child. Anyone playing the roles she has should be able to interpret double meanings. I don't blame her, I feel Shields is the victim of a very greedy mother and a manipulating market. The negative feelings were so strong that the advertising firm carrying Calvin Klein, rejected (dropped) them and the head of advertising for Calvin Klein resigned. Both gentlemen felt the commercials were too sexually suggestive and offensive. One of Klein's commercials were banned from television. It seems that the advertisement could have been suggesting that Brooke wasn't wearing any underwear. It stated; "You know what comes between me and my Calvins? . . . Nothing".

On the lighter side the Calvin Klein commercials have been used by comedy shows, mocking the commercial and more directly, Brooke Shields. Shows such as *Saturday Night Live*, *Fridays* and *The Tim Conway Show* have attacked Miss Shields' innocence and lack of acting ability. Some satires include; "If my 'Clovens' could talk, I could act." "If my 'Clovens' could talk, I could walk." "You know what comes between me and my 'Clovens'? . . . My brains." Are just a few mockeries implying their dislike for the commercials and Shields. Shields has drastically lost her teenage image by appearing lusty, seductive and sexually suggestive. She has achieved *People* magazine's definition of "Top Teenage Tease."

Take a minute to recall Miss Shields popularity. It has resulted from exterior characteristics such as beauty and a slim figure, also the fact that she was twelve years old doing nude scenes and has been involved in a very controversial advertising contract. What about talent???? Her movies haven't achieved the success of other movies such as *Saturday Night Fever* or *Kramer vs. Kramer*, and she certainly won't be up for best actress for *The Blue Lagoon*.

There isn't any denying that Brooke Shields is a very attractive young lady. There also isn't any denying that she can draw a crowd, but are they going to see her because she is a fine actress and because they enjoy her style? Try to remember the last time Shields was commended for something other than her beauty.



comic strip characters "The Incredible Hulk" and "Wonder Woman" (CBS).

Network TV even copies whatever the fad is at the time. For example, the hit movie *Star Wars* prompted the series, "Battlestar Galactica" (ABC) which *Newsweek* labeled "Son of Star Wars."

Another route which seems to work is the spinoff. So far, Norman Lear Productions and Mary Tyler Moore Co. have been the most prolific at it. "Archie Bunker's Place" and "The Jefferson's" (CBS) both from "All in the Family" are holding their own. "Lou Grant" (CBS) has become one of the top shows in TV today, since spinning off of "The Mary Tyler Moore Show."

"Alice" gave birth to "Flo" (CBS), "Soap" unleashed "Benson" (ABC); "Enos" stepped out of "The Dukes of Hazzard" (CBS); and "Knots Landing" evolved from "Dallas" (CBS). Also, "The Tim Conway Show," the only variety show on the air, got its start indirectly from

"The Carol Burnett Show" (CBS).

But when all else fails it becomes time to get creative and that is the real disaster. The networks tend to preoccupy themselves with shows dealing with sex in some fashion. "Three's Company" (ABC) was built entirely on puns of sex.

Ridiculous shows such as "Bosom Buddies", "It's A Living" (ABC), "Freebie and the Bean", "Enos" (CBS) and "Hill Street Blues" (NBC) amplify the fact that creativeness is not a virtue of the networks.

The possibly good shows may be "Breaking Away", "Too Close for Comfort", "I'm A Big Girl Now" (ABC) and "Ladies Man" (CBS) if the writers continue to come up with good realistic scripts. It's when writers start putting out scripts just to meet deadlines that shows lose their attractiveness.

If networks fail to create quality programming, given their competition with pay TV and video recorders, TV will plunge back to a pre-50s obscurity.



# The rest of the best of 1980

## Movies

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augmented that film's pastoral neo-realism with Levi's political impetus (*Eboli* was based upon Levi's memoirs, *Christ Stopped at Eboli*). *Eboli* was a giant — and welcome — return to the neo-realism of the greatest Italian directors.

8. *The Shining* (Stanley Kubrick). Kubrick's improvement on Maine-author Stephen King's modern gothic horror story was a savagely funny black comedy about marriage (Jack Nicholson's demonic pursuit of the hysterical Shelley Duvall could have been subtitled *Outtakes From a Marriage*), as well as a serious experiment with subjectivity and objectivity (it is never abundantly clear whether what happens at the film's end is real or imaginary) and a blazing parody of the horror film genre. Kubrick's shocks were deliberately anti-climactic; lifted from their previous contexts — like *Jaws*, *The Omen* and *The Exorcist* — they took on a bizarre irony. The lengthy film (approximately two and a half hours) has been called the first epic horror film, but

actually it was the first great anti-horror film.

7. *The Stunt Man* (Richard Rush). Rush's swirling carnival ride of a movie took nearly nine years between conception and realization, but *The Stunt Man* is worth the wait. In dealing with the fuzzy dichotomy of art and life — illusion and reality — Rush fashioned a captivating adventure movie as well. Rush's tale of the conflict between a megalomaniacal director (Peter O'Toole) and his reluctant stunt man (Steve Railsback) was one of the most important — and best — movies about movies in ages.

6. *The Long Riders* (Walter Hill). The best western since *The Wild Bunch* concerned the last days of the legendary James-Younger gang, the crusaders of a new anti-social morality. Hill recaptures the legend with painstaking accuracy — playing cards were handpainted, train roofs were worn — using his character portraits to exemplify the legend; the Jameses, Youngers, Millers and Fords were each played by sets of brothers (the Keaches, Carradines, Quaid and Guests, respectively) to accentuate their relationships. Hill's slow-motion violence also served to fortify the legends by

stripping the act of its ugliness and ascribing it artistic qualities — the art of legend.

5. *Raging Bull* (Martin Scorsese). Scorsese's examination of the psychopathic violence inherent in American culture succeeded on many levels: Robert DeNiro's performance as Jake La Motta, former boxing champion, was the pinnacle of his achievements in his decade-long reign as America's best actor; the boxing scenes were lyrical, choreographed ballets; the black-and-white imagery shimmered across the screen; Scorsese's direction was always challenging and unglamorous; and Paul Schrader and Mardik Martin's script was vital, witty and caustic. *Raging Bull* completes Scorsese's trilogy of American violence which began with the brilliant *Mean Streets* and continued with the explosive *Taxi Driver*; the crowning achievement of America's most important and most talented director.



RAGING BULL

4. *The Chant of Jimmie Blacksmith* (Fred Schepisi). Schepisi's exquisite examination of racial tension in turn-of-the-century Australia brimmed with breathtaking power — the first classic Australian film. Jimmie Blacksmith (Tommy Lewis), a half-caste aborigine, embarks on a wild homicidal spree as a reaction to his submission to the middle-class whites; Schepisi's middle distance objectivity captures the bloody carnage of Blacksmith's rage while accenting the social pressures which drove him into his psychopathic frenzy. *The Chant of Jimmie Blacksmith* burns with the rage of its protagonist and the immediacy of a rapidly-developing national cinema; *The Chant of Jimmie Blacksmith*'s most enticing aspect is its promise of things to come up from down under, both literally and figuratively.

3. *Dressed to Kill* (Brian DePalma). DePalma's fascinating and scary melodrama was the best made American movie of the year; DePalma's precise style meshed erotic fantasies and idealized violence into a cold, frightening environment, at once as seductive as its

opening shower fantasy and as breathtaking as its grisly elevator murder. DePalma combined these elements with a Hitchcockian ferocity; Hitchcock has always been an overt influence on DePalma's work and *Dressed to Kill* is an effective synthesis of Hitchcockian devices — the shower scene and the schizophrenic murderer from *Psycho*; the spying camera from *Rear Window*; a museum scene from *Vertigo*; and, as Nancy Allen reaches for it to defend herself, a glistening straight razor recalling the glowing glass of milk from *Suspicion*. DePalma's masterful synthesis of Hitchcock and his own chilling vision in *Dressed to Kill* establish him as one of America's leading directors.

2. *Melvin and Howard* (Jonathan Demme). Demme's brilliant satire of the bankruptcy of the American Dream — the best American movie of the year — recalled the best American comedies, especially those of Preston Sturges in the 1940s. The film's dream-like prologue, in which trucker Melvin Dummar encounters a tattered Howard Hughes on a desert highway, united the ends of the American Dream: failure and success. Dummar and Hughes sing together in a cab of the truck and Melvin scoffs at Hughes' claim of identity; years later, after Hughes has willed Dummar \$156 million which the latter realizes he'll probably never see, Melvin recognizes the fact that the real American Dream is not capitalistic but democratic: that he and the richest man in the world were able to sing together as equals. That Melvin and Howard were able to sing together was the special grace of the film — the best American comedy since Woody Allen's *Annie Hall* (1977).

1. *Kagemusha* (Akira Kurosawa). Kurosawa's first film since *Dersu Uzala* (1975) concerned a series of sixteenth century feudal conflicts between Japanese warlords; the 70-year-old director transforms this turbulent epoch into a personal epic, shifting effortlessly from the macrocosm of battle to the microcosm of the innocent faces of the adolescent pages as they wait to die in service to their master. *Kagemusha* was another chapter in Kurosawa's illustrated history book; it is a continuous parade of awesome images: blazing yellow suns illuminating soldiers on the march; the mingling hues of sunsets and spilled blood; phalanxes of troops adorned in greens and reds and blues; and the most breathtaking of all, a rainbow arched over a stormy beach as an army marches towards its annihilation — this coupling of beauty and violence is the very essence of Kurosawa's overpowering filmmaking ability. *Kagemusha*, the best film of the year, is the realization of the power of the medium: a fulfillment of the dimensions of time and space which is both timeless and vast — the stuff of which dreams are made.



KAGEMUSHA

## Music

continued from page 4

the ones where the Clash dabble into reggae and even soul, but the songwriting team of Strummer and Mick Jones pull the album through its rough spots.

4) *Peter Gabriel*. Peter Gabriel. Mercury.

Titled simply *Peter Gabriel*, as are his two other albums since leaving Genesis, this effort is a deeply personal work that is hard to talk about or even understand.

The entire album, which contains appearances by Robert Fripp, Kate Bush, and the Jam's Paul Weller, is cast in a very dark, almost gloomy mood, from the album jacket to the lyric sheet to the music on the disc. Many of the songs indicate inner struggles, such as "Lead a Normal Life," "I Don't Remember," and the frantic "No Self Control."

*You know I hate to hurt you  
I hate to see your pain*

*But I don't know how to stop  
No, I don't know how to stop*

Other songs are less personal, but equally mysterious, such as "Not One of Us," and the epic hit "Games Without Frontiers." There is no way to characterize or "label" the music on the album, or even on any one song. Many of the songs have a thin, almost hollow sound, particularly the eerie "Lead a Normal Life." Because the album has such a "floating" quality, it is in a sense, timeless. It sounds neither modern nor dated.

3) *Elvis Costello*. *Get Happy!!* Columbia.

There was much speculation among Elvis Costello's listeners before the release of *Get Happy!!* His first three albums were so individual that any of his songs could be singled out as belonging on one of the three. On his tours, Costello was showing an ever increasing interests in the 50's and particularly in black music.

On *Get Happy!!*, Costello wedges two rhythm and blues covers among 20 songs on a single LP. Each song (most of which are under three minutes) is beautifully sequenced and unique. The style can only be called his own — there are no major influences on this album, such as the way the 60s sound permeated *Armed Forces*.

This is also the first album whose sleeve includes the Attractions in the title of the band, and they are in typically fine form, particularly bassist Bruce Thomas. "Opportunity," "Temptation," and, in particular, "B Movie" showcase his talents.

Costello keeps his lyrics pretty much to



CHRISSIE HYNDE

the love/hate subject matter of his other works, and does so with his usual fire as he speaks of a rival in a love triangle, "I'd like to be his funeral director."

2) *Human Sexual Response*. Figure 14. Passport.

Postponed, delayed, pushed forward for countless months, the album most awaited by local music followers was finally released this fall. To people who had never been to a "Humans" concert, the album is startling, almost arresting. For locals who have patronized the band for the three or four years they have played Boston's various dives, the album is an amazing reproduction of their stage act.

The band consists of a bass player, drummer, guitarist, and four vocalists (one female). Their sound defies description. They are artsy but pop, disciplined with precision but flowing with natural expression, serious but silly, intelligent but fun.

As might be expected, their sound is dominated by vocal harmony and interplay. Songwriter Larry Bangor does much of the lead work, while the others croon like a small choir. The lyrics range from philosophizing about sex ("What Does Sex Mean to Me") to sheer nonsense ("Dick and Jane") to famous women, both silly ("Jackie Onassis") and serious ("Anne Frank Story").

What may or may not be justly called a weakness is that the album contains only nine songs (The band furnished costs including studio time from its own funds). Still, it is one of the best and most unique albums to come from any area in a long time.

1) *The Pretenders*. *The Pretenders*. Sire.

Released in January, the debut album from the Pretenders was discovered by the masses in mid-summer with the rise on the charts of the monster hit "Brass in Pocket" and was referred to as "the new Pretenders album."

The initial months of relative obscurity were worth the wait for Chrissie Hynde and her band, whose disc became one of the absolutely huge sellers of the year, and the most successful "New Wave" album and band to date.

The album is the most two-sided record since Neil Young's *Rust Never Sleeps*. The first side consists of guitar-driven, raw, yet melodic, rockers which flooded the FM airwaves throughout the year — "Tattooed Love Boys," "Precious," and "The Wait" give the band its "New Wave" label.

The second side is simply the best 24 minutes of pop recorded in a long time. From the danceable "Mystery Achievement" to the band's signature song "Brass in Pocket" to the modern lullaby "Lovers of Today," this is the side that allowed the record to transcend the status and sales of an ordinary "New Wave" album.

Chrissie Hynde has emerged as rock's number one lady with versatile songwriting talent and a strong voice, and *The Pretenders* will be remembered as the rock album of 1980.



# Q: Is this a film trivia quiz?

## Questions:

1. What was Dave Stohl's favorite record in *Breaking Away*?  
2. What were the names of the three sisters in *Interiors*, and who played them?  
3. What was the full name of the character played by John Savage in *Hair*?  
4. What was the name of the college in *National Lampoon's Animal House*?  
5. Who played Inspector Clouseau's Japanese man-servant in the *Pink Panther* series?

6. What was the name of the high school in *American Graffiti*?  
7. What was the name of the bomber in *Airport*?  
8. What was the full name of the computer in 2001: *A Space Odyssey*?  
9. What was Gene Wilder's occupation in *Bonnie and Clyde*?  
10. What country did Sonny want to go to in *Dog Day Afternoon*?

11. What was the name of the villain in *Murder by Death*?  
12. Who uttered the only word in *Silent Movie*? What was it?  
13. What was the symbol the treasure hunters were looking for in *It's A Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World*?  
14. Who played Annie Hall's brother? Where did the shower murder in *Psycho* take place?

16. What instrument did Jack Nicholson play in *Five Easy Pieces*?  
17. What year did Woody Allen wake up in *Sleeper*?  
18. What was the name of the castle inhabited only by women in *Monty Python and the Holy Grail*?  
19. What was the name of the truck driven by Roy Scheider in *Sorcerer*?  
20. What was the destination of the bus on which Dustin Hoffman died in *Midnight Cowboy*?

21. Where did the original *Invasion of the Body Snatchers* take place?  
22. What was the line overheard in *The Conversation*?  
23. What was the license plate inscription of the limousine in which Peter Sellers rode in *Being There*?  
24. What was the name of the criminal played by Woody Allen in *Take the Money and Run*?  
25. What was Peter Fonda's character's name in *Easy Rider*?

26. What was the name and rank of the character who developed the theory of P.O.E. in *Dr. Strangelove*, and what did P.O.E. stand for?  
27. What time did the subway train in *the Taking of Pelham One Two Three* leave its starting point?  
28. What was the name of the youth organization Jefferson Smith was associated with in *Mr. Smith Goes to Washington*?  
29. What was the name of the kingdom ruled by Groucho Marx in *Duck Soup*?  
30. Who played the teenage girls in *The World of Henry Orient*?

31. What was Rick's last name in *Casablanca*?  
32. Who was the only actor ever nominated for two separate Academy Awards for the same role? For what movie? What were the two awards and which did he win?  
33. What make of car did Annie Hall drive?  
34. Who was the only actor ever to win two Academy Awards for the same role? In which two movies has Paul Dooley played Dennis Christopher's father?

36. What was the name of Jules and Catherine's daughter in *Jules et Jim*?  
37. What was the name of the candidate in *Taxi Driver*?  
38. Who were Robert Altman's *Three Women*?  
39. Who played the wizard of Oz?  
40. What was the name of Sam Spade's assistant in *The Maltese Falcon*?

41. Who directed *Billy Jack* and what was the pseudonym he used?  
42. Who were the two real life policemen that *The French Connection* was based upon?  
43. How many Oscars did Alfred Hitchcock win as director?  
44. Who played Jack Nicholson's wife in *Carnal Knowledge*?  
45. What were the dolphins' names in *The Day of the Dolphin*?

71. John Huston, Ken Hughes, Val Guest, Robert Parrish, Joe McGrath, Richard Talmadge  
72. Nancy  
73. Helen Hayes won Oscars for her performances in *The Sin of Madelon Claudet* (1932) and *Airport* (1970). A difference of 38 years.  
74. Hattie McDaniel (*Gone With the Wind*), Sidney Poitier (*Lilies of the Field*)  
75. Mobile Army Surgical Hospital

55. George Lazenby, *On Her Majesty's Secret Service*  
56. Eric Rohmer  
57. Manderley  
58. Movie theater owner  
59. Chess  
60. Claude Jade  
61. *Happy Endings*  
62. Charlie  
63. Eaten by a whale in *Orca*  
64. Agnes Moorehead  
65. Dead  
66. *Back Bay Mainline*  
67. Roman Polanski  
68. Venice  
69. Positronic ray  
70. Lewis and Clark

## Answers:

1. *Enrico Gimondi Sings Neapolitan Favorites*  
2. Renata (Diane Keaton), Joey (Marybeth Hurt), Flynn (Kristin Griffith)  
3. Claude Hooper Bukowski  
4. Faber College  
5. Burt Kwouk  
6. Dewey High School  
7. A.O. Guerrero  
8. HAL 9000  
9. Undertaker  
10. Algeria  
11. Lionel Twain  
12. Marcel Marceau. "No."  
13. A big W  
14. Christopher Walken  
15. Bates Motel  
17. Piano  
17. 2173  
18. Castle Anthrax  
19. Sorcerer  
20. Florida  
21. Santa Mira, California  
22. "He'd kill us if he had a chance."  
23. ER  
24. Virgil Starkwell  
25. Captain America  
26. Gen. Jack D. Ripper. Purity of Essence and/or Peace on Earth  
27. 1:23 p.m.  
28. Boy Rangers  
29. Freedonia  
30. Tippi Walker, Merri Spaeth  
31. Blaine  
32. Barry Fitzgerald won the Best Supporting Actor Award for *Going My Way*, he was also nominated for the Best Actor Award.  
33. Volkswagen  
34. Harold Russell, *Best Years of our Lives*  
35. *A Wedding, Breaking Away*  
36. Sabine  
37. Palantine  
38. Millie (Shelley Duvall), Pinky (Sissy Spacek), Willie (Janice Rule)

46. When Lauren Bacall opened her mouth to sing in *To Have and Have Not*, whose voice came out?  
47. What was the name of the spaceship in *Alien*?  
48. What were the names of the families in *A Wedding*?  
49. Who played Maria Schneider's fiancee in *Last Tango in Paris*?  
50. What was the first sound picture to win an Academy Award for best picture?  
51. What was the name of the candidate in *Nashville*?  
52. Who was the only other actor to play Inspector Clouseau besides Peter Sellers?  
53. Who was the first American born actor to win an Academy Award?  
54. What was the name of the horse in *Electric Horseman*?  
55. Who was the only other actor besides Sean Connery and Roger Moore to play James Bond? In what picture? (Not counting *Casino Royale*.)  
56. Who directed the movie *Gene Hackman watched his wife come out of with another man in Night Moves*?  
57. What was the name of the mansion where Laurence Olivier brought bride Joan Fontaine in *Rebecca*?  
58. What was Oscar Homolka's occupation in *Sabotage*?  
59. What game did Max Von Sydow play with Death in *The Seventh Seal*?  
60. Who played Antoine Doinel's wife in Truffaut's *Doinel* series?

61. What was the name of the movie starring Francine Evans in *New York, New York*?  
62. What was the name uncle Joseph Cotten and niece Teresa Wright shared in *Shadow of a Doubt*?  
63. How did Bo Derek die in her first feature movie?  
64. Who played Orson Welles' mother in *Citizen Kane*?  
65. Where was poppa in *Where's Poppa*?  
66. What was the name of the underground newspaper in *Between the Lines*?  
67. In *Chinatown*, who played the gangster who split Jack Nicholson's nose open?  
68. In what city did Nicolas Roeg's *Don't Look Now* take place?  
69. What weapon was *Barbarella* sent to retrieve?  
70. What was the name of the vaudeville team comprised of Walter Matthau and George Burns in *The Sunshine Boys*?  
71. Who directed *Casino Royale*?  
72. What was the name of the hippie girl Peter Sellers fell in love with in *I Love You, Alice B. Toklas*?  
73. What was the longest period between winning acting Oscars? Who won them and what were the movies?  
74. Who are the only black performers to win acting Oscars? For which movies?  
75. What do the letters M\*A\*S\*H stand for?

A: Yes.