

## Senate abolishes future Saturday final exams

By DARRRELL CLEM  
Senior Staff Writer

Saturday finals will soon be a thing of the past at UK. Under new rules adopted yesterday by the University Senate, Dec. 15 this year will be the last day finals will be held on Saturday, and classes will begin one week earlier on years when Labor Day falls on Sept. 3 or 4, when finals week would otherwise run as late as Dec. 21 and 22.

Malcolm Jewell, a Senate member who explained the proposal to the Senate yesterday, said, "In order to cope with that problem, we've been

starting exams on Saturdays. Nobody likes that solution.

"We got some complaints" this semester, he said. "We've either got to start earlier in the summer than we want to or finish later in December than we want to."

The rule changes also mean that the spring semester would begin and end one week earlier on the same years, to preserve the "gap of 23 days" that separates fall semester finals from the beginning of spring semester classes.

Both an amendment to leave unchanged the spring semester schedule and a motion to send the propo-

sals back to the Senate Council for further study failed to pass.

Jesse Harris, chairman of UK's psychology department, proposed the amendment to leave intact the spring schedule, which would extend the time of between semesters by one week. "I would propose an amendment that we leave the spring semester alone," he said.

Senate member Jesse Weil agreed. "I rather like an extended period, to get on with research," he said. "That time in January is very valuable."

But Tim Freudenberg, Student Government Association president, said the "week in (late) spring

would be appreciated more by students" who plan to look for summer jobs.

The motion to return the proposal to the Senate Council was filed by S. Zafar Hasan, dean of the College of Social Work. But Council member Brad Canon said, "I don't see what it is that the Senate wants us to look at that hasn't already been looked at."

Jewell said the Senate Council had considered alternatives to changing the class schedules, none of which were feasible.

One alternative would be to shorten the length of the semester, he said, but "we immediately rejected"

that idea, which could affect the University's accreditation.

Another solution would be to begin classes "a couple of days" earlier, on Mondays instead of Wednesdays, but Jewell said "that doesn't get us out of exams much earlier" and "interferes" with students who are still moving into residences.

"The only way to really cope with this problem is to start class a week earlier," he said. By scheduling finals close to Christmas, "I think we have created a situation in which there (are) pressures for students and faculty to schedule finals the last week of classes," instead of during finals week.

On years when Labor Day falls on Sept. 3, fall semester classes will now run from Wednesday, Aug. 22, to Friday, Dec. 7, and finals will be held from Dec. 10 through Dec. 14; spring semester classes will resume on Jan. 9 and run through April 25, with finals being held from April 28 to May 2.

On years when Labor Day falls on Sept. 4, fall semester classes will run from Aug. 23 through Dec. 8, and finals will be scheduled from Dec. 11 through Dec. 15; spring semester classes will be scheduled Jan. 10 through April 26, and finals will be held April 29 to May 3.

See SENATE, page 6



### Nap sack

Karen Sego, an agriculture sophomore, found studying for finals a little bit tedious yesterday in M.I. King Library. Sego

placed her backpack on the table in front of her and proceeded to take a nap.

By RICK ELKINS-Kennel Staff

## Medical Center sets improvement goals

### Nursing units, patient rooms targeted in \$1 million 'catch-up' renovation

By FRANK STEWART  
Senior Staff Writer

To provide quality patient care in a comfortable, pleasant environment, the UK Medical Center will pour more than \$1 million into renovating and upgrading the hospital, according to Carolyn Bacdayan, director of planning for the University hospital.

"We wanted to enhance the environment, its look and function, to complement the high professional care we have here," she said.

"We're redoing all of the medical and surgical in-patient nursing units," Bacdayan said. Renovations have been long overdue, she said, because the nursing units on floors five through eight have not been maintained since the construction of the hospital in 1962.

"This is playing a lot of catch-up," she said. "It modernizes it in atmosphere for workers, patients and visitors."

According to Bacdayan, construc-

tion on the eighth floor was completed last December at a cost of about \$18,000, and renovations of the seventh floor and sixth floor north are now in progress, with projected completion dates of March and April of 1985. Work in each area was estimated at a cost of between \$300,000 and \$400,000.

Bacdayan attributed the difference in renovation costs to new innovations the hospital wanted to implement and to the bidding climate at the time of the two renovations.

The fifth and sixth floors are expected to be updated by next summer.

"We put changes off for a very long time," she said. "Many years we didn't have the revenue to plow back into upgrading and renovating."

Much of the renovation involves updating the patient rooms. The hospital was designed with four-bed wards, which, according to Bacdayan, are no longer appropriate. She said one improvement will in-

See MEDICAL, page 6

## Cheerleader may appear on NBC's 'Today' show

By TIM JOHNSON  
Staff Writer

On Thursday or Friday morning, Holly Bankemper, captain of the UK cheerleading squad, may make an appearance on NBC's "Today" show.

But believe it or not, that would not be the highlight of the week for the psychology senior.

"I'm really honored to have the chance to appear on the 'Today' show," she said. "But I'm more excited about going to Hawaii for the national competition."

The possible appearance on "Today" will be a promotional advertisement for the competition, according to Becky Regine, assistant tournament director at Universal Cheerleading Association, located in Memphis, Tenn.

"Right now, we're not sure that we will even appear on the show," she said. "But there is a really good chance we will. The main reason we

are going to New York is to promote the competition in Hawaii." Bankemper will leave Lexington tomorrow and will spend three days in New York meeting with Associated Press and United Press International reporters, as well as trying for the "Today" show. She will then leave New York on Saturday morning and arrive in Honolulu that afternoon.

Bankemper is one of three cheerleaders who will be traveling to New York. Marti Glaze, from the University of Alabama, and Pete Scott, from Ohio State University, will also be going.

"The entire promotional trip is sponsored by Ford Motor Company and sanctioned by the UCA," Regine said. "Ohmeyer Productions at NBC wanted a representative from last year's defending champion. So we got Marti from Alabama. They wanted someone from Ohio State because of their appearance in the Rose Bowl on NBC. So we got Pete Scott. We needed one more attrac-



HOLLY BANKEMPER

tive person, and since UK won their region, we decided on Holly."

The ten cheerleading squads that will be competing in the nationals will represent four different regions; the South, the Northeast, the West and the mid-American. The schools are UK, University of Pittsburgh, Penn State University, University of

See CHEERLEADER, page 5

## Patterson School head revises enrollment, program in '70s

By CAROLYN EDWARDS

Editor's note: This is the second in a three part series on the Patterson School of Diplomacy.

Not a student or a secretary — just a small box of files, two rooms in the Patterson Office Tower and some money.

That was all that was left of the Patterson School of Diplomacy when Vincent Davis arrived as the new director.

In the five years after Amry Vandenbosch retired as director in 1965, another permanent director had not been appointed. Instead, the school was allowed to fall apart under the leadership of several "acting" directors, according to Davis.

The answer to the disorganization came when Davis was brought onto the scene in 1970 by Otis A. Singletary, who had recently become president of UK.

Singletary had examined the Patterson School when he first arrived and saw that it needed help. He decided to find a permanent director and revive the school by stressing the master's degree as its only level. He wanted it to be known for its professional training method for careers in international relations.

Targeted training would include international banking, diplomacy, international business, international journalism, international journalism and many other careers stressing an international focus.

Singletary created a committee to seek candidates for the director position. The committee found a promising candidate in Davis, and in March 1970 he was brought to UK for a consulting trip. Two months later, on May 13, UK extended an offer which Davis accepted.

Davis' educational background in international diplomacy and commerce made him an obvious candi-

date for the position. He graduated from Vanderbilt University in 1952 and then served four years as a naval officer in the Korean War. At Princeton University, he earned a master's degree in Public Affairs from the Woodrow Wilson School of Public and International Affairs and a doctorate in International Politics.

Davis had professional background in teaching, consulting and lecturing for government, private and academic organizations. He taught for two years at Princeton, then moved on to teach at Dartmouth College and at the Graduate School of International Studies in Denver.

He worked as a visiting professor of foreign relations at the Naval War College in Rhode Island before coming to Lexington to become the director of the Patterson School.

See DIRECTOR, page 6

### INSIDE

Eddie Murphy fans will like his latest movie, "Beverly Hills Cop." For a review, see DIVERSIONS, page 2.

The Lady Kats are still ranked in the Top 20 in a national poll and will take on National College tonight. For more, see SPORTS, page 3.

UK's Food Service is just like mom's home cooking, according to one columnist — bad. For commentary, see VIEWPOINT, page 4.

### WEATHER

Today will be mostly sunny with the high in the mid 50s. Tonight will be mostly clear with a low of 39 to 43. Tomorrow will be mostly cloudy with a 20 percent chance of rain developing by the afternoon.

## Tinsel town

### Residence hall students dash through a blizzard of finals in seasonal spirit with decorating joy

By SAILAJA MALEPATI  
Staff Writer

Finals and end-of-semester blues can cause many students to lose their Christmas spirit, but residence halls are doing their best to keep some of the spirit alive.

"A lot of the girls become homesick around this time of year. They would like to be home decorating their house and tree," said Angela Gartin, a computer science sophomore and a resident adviser at Boyd Hall.

For this reason all of the residence halls on campus organize various activities to help create a more "homelike" atmosphere.

"We had a party with eggnog and other refreshments to decorate the trees," Gartin said. "We had a really good turnout, and a lot of people seemed excited about it. There was a lot of enthusiasm, and it always helps when more people get involved."

"The trees and lights are usually



By TIM BAYB-Kennel Graphics

passed down year after year, but we (the residence hall) are allotted some money for decorations, and we usually add some new things every year," said Pat Gormely, an education senior and an R.A. at Kirwan II.

Along with the annual tree decorating get-together, most of the residence halls sponsor Christmas dances as well. Kirwan II had an extremely good turnout at their dance last Saturday night, according to Gormely.

"The guys usually initiate the party, while the girls' floors have activities such as secret Santa," he said.

The secret Santa program, according to Gartin, is when residents on each floor exchange names

and get secret Santa pals. The participants then leave small knickknacks such as candy bars and little notes throughout the week for their secret pal. At the end of the week "we have a party, and the secret pal exchange presents," Gartin said.

Door decorating is also common among most students who live in residence halls. "We decorated our door like a present with wrapping paper," said Nancy Kutter, an undecided sophomore. "We also strung lights on the window and doorway and put garlands along the bookshelves."

"Everyone on the floor came in and looked at our lights, and they all seemed pretty impressed," Kutter said.

Decorating her room has helped make finals week a little more bearable, Kutter said. "When we turn on the lights, it makes it so much more cheery. It makes the dorm room seem a little bit more like home."

# DIVERSIONS

Gary Pierce  
Arts Editor

## 'Beverly Hills Cop' hits both ends of the critical spectrum

### Police film has nothing to offer except Murphy

Get ready, Eddie Murphy fans. The slick comic — with enough tricks up his sleeve to become a magician — wreaks havoc on hoodlums and cops in typical Murphy fashion in his latest film, "Beverly Hills Cop."

But beware non-Murphy fans. Aside from Murphy's ad-libbing and childish pranks, "Beverly Hills Cop" lacks a lot of laughs, substance and a supporting cast.

Murphy plays a Detroit cop who travels to Beverly Hills to find the killer of his close friend. Once in Beverly Hills, Murphy runs into trouble with the powerful art dealer he accuses of the murder and the by-the-book police of Beverly Hills.

Working under cover, Murphy proves that his coming brilliance resulted in "48 Hours" and "Trading Places" can highlight any film he stars in. Murphy imitates everyone from a customs inspector to a florist to a homosexual with herpes. It's enjoyable to watch Murphy coast through these encounters, but it's not hilarious.

In fact, little about this movie

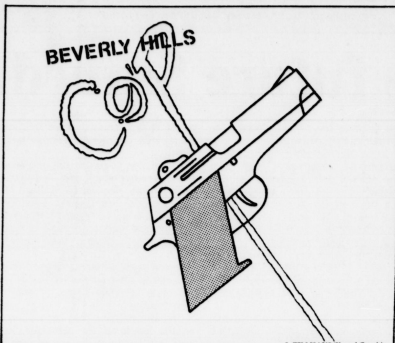
The film was originally conceived as a serious drama. Take away Murphy's injected humor, and you have a typical murder story.

causes more than a chuckle here and there. Sure, it's funny when Murphy stuffs a banana in an exhaust pipe, lures the cops who tail him into a sexy bar or offers a curbside picnic of beer and sandwiches. But without Murphy, "Beverly Hills Cop" would die a quick death.

The film was originally conceived as a serious drama. Take away Murphy's injected humor, and you have a typical murder story. It's simply a one-man show.

The only other cast member worthy of mention is Judge Reinhold ("Porky") as Billy, the naive but rambunctious young cop.

Murphy tones his vulgar language



J. TIM HAYS/Kernel Graphics

down a bit in "Beverly Hills Cop," although four-letter words still color the dialogue. And the violence and blood comes mainly at the end, not dominating the action as critics have suggested.

If it's Eddie Murphy you want, "Beverly Hills Cop" is your answer. But if you're looking for entertain-

### Excellent cast and script make 'Cop' arresting

"Beverly Hills Cop" has the season's winning recipe for a successful movie comedy: one hot star in Eddie Murphy, a bubbling script that spoofs Beverly Hills' big-bucks lifestyle and a sprinkle of choice supporting actors. The result is a satisfying sugarplum for Christmas moviegoers.

The laughs are fast and frequent. Murphy, who captivated audiences in "48 Hours" and "Trading Places" is better than ever.

The script, which is secondary to Murphy's performance, finds our hero stirring up trouble as an unlikely Detroit police detective named Alex Foley. When his old buddy is murdered, Alex's boss not only refuses to put him on the case but sends him on vacation.

Alex, determined to solve the crime himself, tracks his friend's path to Beverly Hills, and that's when the fun starts. In well-worn jeans and windbreaker, he starts his sojourn by getting arrested.

"See, this is the nicest, cleanest police car I've ever been in," he tells Beverly Hills' finest on the way to the station. "It's better than my apartment."

This begins a series of encounters juxtaposing the Murphy character's gritty, street-smart chutzpah with the slick, polite exteriors of Beverly Hills.

But "Beverly Hills Cop" is not a one-man Eddie Murphy show. Under the direction of Martin Brest, the supporting performances are uniformly superb and complement Murphy without his being upstaged. Judge Reinhold and John Ashton, the two beleaguered Beverly Hills policemen assigned to keep tabs on Murphy, have some priceless moments.

If there is a scene stealer in the film, it's Bronson Pinchot as an art salesman with a baffling accent who shows how an offer of espresso "with a twist of lemon" can be turned into a big laugh by the right actor.

"Beverly Hills Cop" is rated "R" for its large doses of profanity and abundant violence as the good guys and bad guys shoot it out on a Beverly Hills estate.

LINDA DEUTSCH  
Associated Press

## Radio station targets upscale crowd

By PHYLLIS MENSING  
Associated Press

PHILADELPHIA — Heading to the Allentown hospital at 4 a.m., Dr. Tamar Earnest was roused gently out of her sleepiness by the classical piano music pouring from her car radio.

The music, she said, gave her a sense of calm alertness as she went to help a young accident victim.

"Doing surgery to Vividly is my idea of happiness," said Earnest, part of the loyal following of WFLN, Philadelphia's only full-time classical music station.

"It's just the kind of mood you want. If the other doctors have on a rock station, I make them change it."

While other stations have segued to rock 'n' roll, to contemporary, to country music, WFLN, in its 35th year on the air, hasn't changed its tune.

"We've been faithful to our audience and they've been faithful to us," said Harry Haas, station manager and vice president.

Surveys by Arbitron, the national ratings service, show the WFLN audience averages around 290,000 listeners a week compared to 900,000 for rock stations in Philadelphia. But though the WFLN fans are smaller in numbers, they are among the most dedicated, and the most affluent.

The station's listener profiles show an audience ranging in age from 30 to 60, in what Haas calls an "upscale" category.

"They are well educated, and because of that, they are well-jobbed," Haas said. "They include a lot of professionals, a lot of medical types, market types, independent business people."

That's by design. When WFLN went on the air in March 1949, founder Raymond Green, a violinist who had worked in intelligence in the Army — where he roomed with Clark Gable, among others — knew the kind of audience he wanted.

"We decided to use classical music as a format for attracting people of better-than-average intelligence, and we infiltrated it with news as much as possible," he said.

"We're the kind of a station you have to listen to. We're not a background music station. That, I think, is one of the reasons our commercials are so effective. The commercials come on, and people are still listening."

Green said, "Sometimes we have as many as 300 advertisers in the course of a month. They're supporting the arts. That to me is a great accomplishment."

"We have never had a dollar in support from a taxing entity. We've always shown commercial support for the arts."

WFLN publishes a program guide so listeners know when specific works will be played, and its programming is the result of extensive research.

"Generally, at drive time, from 6 to 10 a.m. and 4 to 7 p.m., things tend to be shorter and lighter," said program director Dave Conant. "The more serious standard fare, like symphonies, is scheduled from 10 to noon, 1 to 4 and 8 to 10. Overnight it's a mix."

Haas adds, "We can't take baroque and play it at 2 p.m., or we'd get shot. But we can put it somewhere and let people know where to find it."

After he was discharged from the Army in 1946, Green served as radio director of the NBC Symphony under conductor Arturo Toscanini, and went looking for a city with no classical music station. He settled on Philadelphia, where he got financial support from five others to start WFLN.

"When I grew up, my father was adamant that music was not a way to make a living," Green explained. "I had to work in a bank. With the experience of the bank behind me, it gave me the ability to put administrative things together — and the Army didn't hurt, either."

When the station began, Green said, only 14 percent of the homes in Philadelphia had FM receivers. Working with several companies, he was able to get FM receiv-

ers for cars, and, at one point, had a radio made for only one channel, WFLN.

"We sold about 7,500 of them in 30 days," Green recalled. "Every doctor and every dentist in Philadelphia bought one. But the Federal Communications Commission ruled it illegal."

WFLN was the first station in the area to use compact disc recordings, which produce sound through laser beams, although most of its music is still played on standard turntables.

Green said about 17 percent of Philadelphians are interested in classical music at least two hours a week — up from 14 percent in the 1940s and 1950s.

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Andy Dumstorff  
Sports Editor

# SPORTS

## Still ranked After first loss, the Lady Kats take on National College

By ANDY DUMSTORFF  
Sports Editor

The UK Lady Kats, who will be ranked 14th in the nation when today's Associated Press Top 20 poll is released, will take on unranked and unknown National College tonight in Chicago.

The Lady Kats, who were ranked 14th last week after winning six straight games, suffered their first loss last Friday night to Indiana 65-64.

The Hoosiers, who jumped out to a 15-point lead at the half, shot 14 free-throws in the second half while the Lady Kats, now 6-1, shot only one. The Lady Kats outscored the Hoosiers by 14 from the field, but were outscored by 15 from the line.

"We had some bad calls in crucial situations," UK coach Terry Hall said. "That's not why we lost, but it affected the game."

According to Hall, her team lost because of the lack of intensity.

"Our defense has been carrying us," she said. "But we had no intensity this game. We had played six

games in nine days and were mentally tired.

"Finals coming up also had to affect the girls. And, naturally, having two starters out was a factor. Our lineup had begun to gel, and by removing even one player from the lineup, your flow and consistency is affected."

Hall held regular starters Diane Stephens and Debbie Miller from the lineup because the two had a minor violation of curfew. When Stephens and Miller entered the game, the Hoosiers had already built up an 11-point lead.

One of the side effects in the game, Hall said, was increased pressure on All-America candidate Leslie Nichols, who wound up fouling out with six points. "Leslie tried to do too much with the others out of the game," Hall said.

Nichols is averaging 19.8 points per game.

Hall said that placing 14th nationally pleased her and made it easier to overlook the Indiana loss.

"I told the kids I'm not quite as mad," she said. "I'm really not sur-

prised we didn't drop out of the Top 20 because I think there are voters out there who realize that we are a good team."

Since the Lady Kats returned from Bloomington, the team has worked out twice and shown improvement over last week's slack attitude, according to Hall.

"We have had two practices and have worked hard since the loss," she said. "I think our intensity has grown."

Going into tonight's contest, Hall is expected to use the same starting lineup she has used in five of UK's games — Stephens and Sandy Harding at the guard position, Nichols and Karen Mosley at the forward spots and Miller at center.

Hall said National College is not a very strong team that doesn't really play a strong schedule.

The NAIA school is expected to run a zone style game, Hall said, "because they won't be able to match up to us."



Lady Kat Sandy Harding, a probable starter tonight when the 14th-ranked Lady Kats take on National College, brings the ball up court in a game earlier this season.

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## Campus safety calls for student action, not useless words

All talk and no action is a common approach to campus problems, and campus safety is no exception. Various student organizations have crusaded, campaigned and promised to institute changes to improve safety. So far, all they have done is assess and reassess the problem. The real problem now is getting someone to actually do something about campus safety, other than remind us that it is lacking.

Keeneland Hall house council has done just that by establishing an escort service for the women who live in the residence hall. The council members never talked about it publicly, but their thoughts have been turned into positive actions.

Unlike previous proposals for patrols and escort services, the Keeneland program, which is based on an earlier program that originated at a South campus hall, is the epitome of organization with an unusually large number of volunteers. More than 15 residents are involved in the service.

Sunday through Thursday, one male resident is on call for every half hour from 9 p.m. to midnight. There are alternative escorts who can be called as well.

All that remains is for the women of Keeneland to use the service to its fullest. The house council has distributed an escort schedule, with the names and numbers of the available men, to the women in Keeneland. This list is compiled of people living right down the hall who have expressed a concern for the safety of fellow residents.

While this program is only serving the residents at Keeneland, there are hopes to expand the program across North campus. Other residence halls should look into forming of a similar program.

Not only should other students recognize this effort, but the University should also view this initiative on the students' part as demonstrative of their continued concern for campus safety.

Securing the entire campus is probably not a feasible goal, but individual groups can make a definite contribution on their own while the administration examines some permanent changes to further safety through their resources.

A small portion of the student body has initiated a small progressive movement that could be the basis of some substantial changes here.

There has been enough talk. It's time for a little action.

## LETTERS

### 'Heartless column'

Just a brief note to comment upon the guest opinion "Some action should be taken to remove the 'street people,'" written by Shon Marple and printed in the Dec. 5 Kentucky Kernel.

It was a stupid, ignorant and heartless column in which the author demonstrated a callousness and insensitivity that I hope is not characteristic of students pursuing a career in journalism at UK. If Marple would like for me to explicate my remarks, I hope she will contact me.

Richard La Brecque,  
professor of education

### 'Intolerant' opinion

I am writing in response to Ms. Marple's opinion on the street people (Dec. 5 Kentucky Kernel). I find it really sad that she is pleased with the phony, plastic Christmas decorations and frills that litter Lexington streets every December, yet is so intimidated of the misfortunate people

who have no place to call home except a cold park bench.

I too have walked downtown and have encountered these "undesirables." I have to admit that they make me uncomfortable because I really don't know how to react. But God help us if we are to start getting rid of all of the people we don't wish to be around.

This is Christmas time, not a time for us to adorn our homes and businesses with silly plastic Xmas trees and snowmen and to raid the shopping malls in a desperate attempt to get something before it is too late.

While it is very hard to feel good will toward a drunkard who accuses you and asks for some change, or someone who steals your coveted parking place at the mall, it is absolutely imperative that we do so. We are all in this boat together. For Christ's sake, let's learn to live with one another, and forgive the tramps if they sometimes get in the way of the tinsel.

Colin R. Campbell,  
history sophomore

Readers are encouraged to submit letters and opinions to the Kentucky Kernel.

Persons submitting material should address their comments to the editorial editor at the Kernel, 113 Journalism Building, Lexington, Ky. 40506.

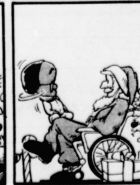
All material must be typewritten and double spaced. To be considered for publication, letters should be 350

words or less, while guest opinions should be 850 words or less.

Writers must include their names, telephone numbers and major classifications or connection with UK. No material will be published without verification.

Editors reserve the right to edit letters for clarity, style and space considerations, as well as the elimination of libelous material.

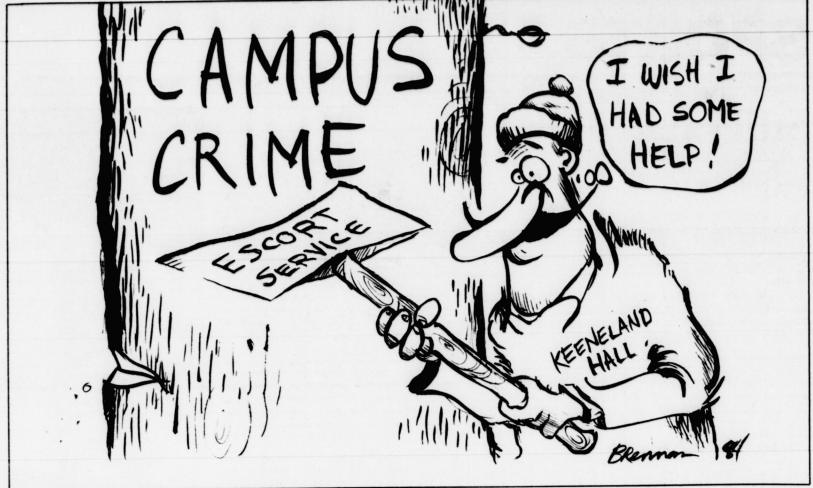
## BLOOM COUNTY



## by Berke Breathed

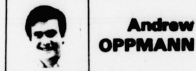
## BLOOM COUNTY

## by Berke Breathed



## Old Christmas spirit can be rediscovered

"And so, this is Christmas. And what have we done? Another year over, and a new one just begun..."  
John Lennon



**Andrew OPPMANN**

As the semester draws to a close, so does my perception of time. The weeks seem to speed by at a rate equal to the sense of dread in my gut caused by the arrival of finals week.

For the last three years, I've missed the anticipation of Christmas, the contemplation of the yuletide season and the festivities surrounding it. Christmas season has been reduced to a mere handful of days for me.

By the time students get home and unpack their bags, the 25th of December has come and gone, leaving an uneasy anticipation of the next semester and of course — the grades from the previous term cheerfully delivered by the University by Christmas eve.

What used to be a very meaningful and happy period of weeks in my life has become lost in a wave of final exams worth 35 percent or more of the course grade.

This year, I thought, it was time to do something about it.

**Christ-mas** /krist-mes/ n. often attrib. [ME *Christemasse*, fr. OE *Cristemasse*, lit., Christ's mass] (bef. 12c) 1: a Christian feast on December 25 or among the Eastern Orthodox on January 7 that commemorates the birth of Christ and is observed as a legal holiday 2: CHRISTMASTIDE — *Christ-mas-sy* or *Christ-massy* /me-se/ adj. Webster's Ninth New Collegiate Dictionary

What exactly is Christmas? Noah Webster summed it up in 50 words, but it doesn't really suit my needs.

Christmas is more than a celebration of the birth of Christ. It is a period of good will, a hope of peace and a prayer for a new beginning and appreciation of happy days.

It is the faces of kids opening presents in the morning. It is the smile of appreciation on the face of a fa-

"By the time students get home and unpack their bags, the 25th of December has come and gone, leaving an uneasy anticipation of the next semester and — of course — the grades from the previous term cheerfully delivered by the University by Christmas eve."

ther who got aftershave lotion for the fifth consecutive year and it is the repetition of Christmas carols in elevators.

Christmas has become more than a period of days — or just one day. It is a spirit and a mood, not necessarily controlled by the calendar. Before resolving to be consumed by the onslaught of finals, I resolved to make time for the Christmas spirit.

I took the time to go downtown and look at the colored Christmas lights covering the trees installed at Triangle Park for the holiday season, the handful of stores with holiday trimmings and displays.

I watched "The Grinch Who Stole Christmas" for the ninth time and spent next to my last dollar on yuletide gifts. I thought about my grand-

ma, who would slip me \$20 to buy a Christmas present for me and then would take the gift, wrap it, put it in the family pile and ask me to act surprised.

The strains of Christmas hymns through the scratchy voice of my grandfather, sitting in his traditional pew at the Hopkinsville First United Methodist Church, started to ring in my mind.

The same old artificial tree awaits decorating at my house, and for the first time in quite awhile, I can't wait. Rediscovering the meaning of Christmas, like cramming for finals, just requires some memory work.

Contributing Writer Andrew Oppmann is a journalism senior and a Kernel columnist.

## UK needs meal plan for after 6:30 p.m.

Civilized persons do not eat their evening meal before 6:30 p.m.

Admittedly, my degree of civilization is questionable, but I do not like to be forced by the inflexibility of the University Food Services to eat before 6:30.

OK, so here it is 7:30 p.m., and I'm hungry. I can rest assured that the Student Center Grill will be open for one more half hour.

What delight I feel when I think that this facility is open and willing to serve me. Serve me burgers, (minimum 375 calories each), fries (approximately 245 calories), fried fish (I don't even want to think, but I know it's more than 450 calories, even more with those products) and fried chicken chunks.

But wait — the Grill offers healthy alternatives. Yogurt. I love yogurt. I love yogurt for breakfast. I love yogurt at lunch. I love yogurt as a snack. I love yogurt as dessert after dinner.

I don't love yogurt as dinner, especially in winter. Yogurt is cold and light. Kind of like snow you eat. Although the Grill offers two varieties: Breakfast yogurt (220 calories) and regular yogurt (190 calories) I feel constrained by having this as my only choice for an evening meal at a civilized hour.

(The tossed salad offered at the Grill will not be mentioned as an alternative here because this salad sits under cellophane and is comprised mainly of lettuce and tomato which offers some roughage nutritionally and a marginal degree of vitamin C, but no energy-producing proteins.)

It's 7:45 and I still can't find anything I can eat. I can go around the corner and punch for some "health food junk food." Nuts, high in fats and calories. (A lunch punch worth of "health food junk food" from the ice cream counter has no less than 1,900 calories, at least 185 calories per ounce of nuts.)

### Contributing COLUMNIST

There's frozen yogurt, which also resembles snow. There's ice cream, which despite the sugar content is almost preferable to burgers, nuts, yogurt and salad, because it's made with milk and is more filling than yogurt.

But I'm dreaming of hot tomato soup (120 calories) with 2 crackers (16 calories each) and a 3/4 oz. (90 calorie) slice of Swiss cheese. And I'm wondering why the only "keepable" food that food service offers is made by somebody called "Hostess" or "Grandma."

I'm wondering if I can make it to the South campus grill where I can get some soup. I'm wondering if my boyfriend will appreciate me taking the after-dark rape risk to save myself some calories. (My boyfriend worries more than I do about the rape risk. I'm too busy worrying about calories, so that he will still be around to worry about me walking around alone after dark.)

I've got 15 minutes to make up my mind. I could go to the library deli and get the best salad on campus — if I had any cash. I could have cashed in for Tab at Blazer. That is, if I hadn't been covering a meeting of the SAB and writing a story on deadline.

The Kentucky Kernel recently printed a two-part series on University Food Services which objectively reported a general student satisfaction with the food at UK. I specifically disagree.

The Kernel reported that the only major student complaint about the food on campus is that it isn't just like "Mom's home-cooking."



My complaint is that University Food Service is just like my Mom's home-cooking. My mom does great things with Domino's pizza (she puts it on plates).

The Kernel series also outlined a "food account" program used at other schools whereby students deposit an amount, and eat whenever they want until the balance of the account is depleted. This is not a bad idea.

It always amazes me when a server at the Grill looks at me in disbelief when I punch my meal card and order a coffee and a yogurt and then don't order up the balance of the punch in Ho-Ho's.

It's not that I like to waste money, it's just that there is nothing I can eat offered at the Grill, which is the only Food Services location open at the hour I am hungry.

Sometimes all I really wanted was the coffee, but ordered the yogurt so that I wouldn't feel like a total spendthrift.

The food account system would allow the student to have just one

cup of coffee, without wasting a valuable "punch." (For those of you who have 30 cents cash for a cup of coffee, I realize this is irrelevant.)

It would allow the student who is hungry one day — at 3 p.m. or 8 p.m. — to eat at that time without wasting money.

The food account program, which is employed at University of Louisville and Eastern Kentucky University, would allow all students flexibility. The people who would not benefit are those who like to overeat at regular times of day, people who can't add and subtract and people who can afford to supplement their University Meal Plan with food from the real world.

If their numbers are taken collectively, the fat, mathematically incompetent and rich students comprise a majority. And I can just hear this majority saying "Stop complaining, Kokie. Do something about it."

I'll be living off campus next semester. Look for me in the produce aisle at Kroger's.

Staff Writer Kokie Urch is an undecided freshman.



SPECTRUM

From Staff and AP reports

'Winter Blues' hits campus

'Winter Blues,' a modern dance presentation, will be performed by UK dance students at 4 p.m. tomorrow in Barker Hall.

Senator spent \$2 million on race

LOUISVILLE — Sen. Walter "Dee" Huddleston, D-Ky., who lost his bid for re-election by 5,269 votes, spent a little more than \$2 million on the campaign, according to his post-election financial report.

The post-election report of Republican Sen.-elect Mitch McConnell was published. The report of the Committee to Re-Elect Senator Huddleston, covering the period from Oct. 18 through Nov. 26, showed that \$230,683 was spent on the Democratic candidate's behalf during the final three weeks before the Nov. 6 election.

Huddleston raised \$145,346 during the period. Individual contributions made up \$76,572 of this amount, with political action committees accounting for \$65,984 of the total.

The Huddleston committee's net operating expenditure for the calendar year amounted to \$2,000,702, while net contributions for the same period were \$1,285,944.

Bus crash injures 24

CINCINNATI — Twenty-four people were treated at hospitals yesterday after a city bus slammed into the back of another bus, sending passengers sprawling, authorities said.

Twenty passengers and the two bus drivers were treated at four area hospitals for stiff necks, pulled muscles, cuts and bruises, and were released, hospital spokesmen said. Two passengers were admitted to University Hospital in good condition.

Police said the two Queen City Metro buses were traveling north on a city street just before 10 a.m. yesterday when the first bus stopped and the second slammed into its rear.

A Queen City spokeswoman said the crash was under investigation, and no cause had been determined. However, police officer Ray Zoz said the driver of the second bus told police the collision occurred as he was going to change lanes.

Police said the driver, Albert Ward Jr., 40, was cited for following too closely.

Businessmen to promote equality

WASHINGTON — As President Reagan denounced discrimination in South Africa, several American businessmen said yesterday they are using their investments to promote racial equality in that white-ruled nation.

"We continue to think we are part of a constructive force for change in that country," said Roland Williams, a spokesman for Ford Motor Co., in Dearborn, Mich.

The business community generally agrees with the Reagan administration's view that U.S. companies in South Africa, where 5 million whites wield political and social control over 22 million blacks, can encourage changes in apartheid, the South African system of racial separatism.

CROSSWORD

Crossword puzzle grid with clues for Across and Down. Includes a 'PREVIOUS PUZZLE SOLVED' section with a grid of numbers.

Photo service gets new location in Student Center

By CORI SHEETS Reporter

UK photographic services has a new home for the making of student ID cards. Vacating its former location in the basement of Kastle Hall, the service has moved to 106 Student Center.

"For reference purposes, we are asking students to come to the Student Center ticket office. It makes it easier to find. It's located to the right of that office," said John Herbst, director of student activities. However, he said, during busy times, such as the beginning of semesters, the service will move to a more central location and operate with extended hours to accommodate those students who work or have classes all day.

For the first week of each semester, the service will be located in 206 Student Center and will be open from 9 a.m. to 6 p.m. Also, for the last two days of pay fees, Jan. 28 and 29 for the spring semester, the service will be open until 6 p.m. Otherwise, it will be in 106 Student Center.

Herbst said the move was coincidental. "They had lost one of their staff, and for years, Dean of Students Joe Burch has discussed working with the processing of student ID cards," he said. The photographic services previously made IDs on Monday mornings and Thursday afternoons. The new service is open from 10 a.m. to 4:30 p.m. Monday through Friday.

"We did this primarily as a service to the students. Since it is open longer, we expect a student who loses an ID to report it immediately to the dean of students, located at 313 Patterson Office Tower, and replace it," Herbst said.

Herbst said photographic services falls under his direction "because of privileges that go with it, such as free tickets to all intercollegiate athletic events, check cashing and admission to Seaton Center." These privileges are available with a full time, validated ID and a student activities card.

Government lauds Kuwaiti toughness against hijackers

By ALEX EFTY Associated Press

NICOSIA, Cyprus — A freed American hostage said Arab hijackers who held a jetliner at Tehran airport tortured him with cigarette burns to try to force him to say he was a CIA agent, Iran's news agency reported yesterday.

The ordeal was "sheer hell... terror for six solid days," the British pilot of the commandeered Kuwaiti Airways plane was quoted as saying.

The standoff, during which two Americans were killed by the four hijackers, ended just before midnight Sunday when Iranian security men disguised as a doctor and two janitors overpowered the sky pirates and rescued their last seven captives — two Americans, the British pilot and four Kuwaitis.

Kuwaiti leaders later thanked Iranian authorities for the final assault, but Kuwait newspapers continued to suggest yesterday that the Iranians had colluded with the terrorists. Iranian President Ali Khamenei denounced those allegations as "baseless," Iran's Islamic Republic News Agency reported. The Iranians said they had delayed the rescue attempt in order to first win the release of as many passengers as possible and to tire out the hijackers.

In Washington, President Reagan sent a message to Kuwait's emir, Sheikh Jaber al-Ahmed al-Sabah, praising his "firm stand" in rejecting the demands of the skyjacker — whose nationality is not yet publicly known.

The terrorists had called for release of 17 people imprisoned in Kuwait for bombing attacks last year. Those bombings were carried out by Shiite Muslims sympathetic with Iran's revolutionary government.

White House spokesman Larry Speakes said no message was sent to the Iranians after the airplane assault. The State Department did, however, express gratitude for the rescue of the two Americans, who the White House said were expected to leave Iran today.

State Department spokesman John Hughes said the United States expected Iran to "carry out its obligations" either to put the hijackers on trial or to send them to Kuwait for trial.

Cheerleader

Continued from page one

North Carolina, University of Alabama, University of Mississippi, Ohio State University, UK cheerleading squads, the University of Utah and the University of Wyoming.

Seven of the ten teams will vie for the championship, according to T. Lynn Williamson, UK cheerleading adviser. The four region winners will automatically be in the finals of the competition, with the remaining six teams competing for three positions, he said.

"I am very confident of the routine itself and the team's preparation," Williamson said. "But with these types of competition, everything must be perfect. One small mistake and you blow it."

"We are unbeatable," Bankemper exclaimed — but then he was being modest. "We'll just try our best and put it all together and bring home the championship."

Company chairman sends Indian victims sympathy

DANBURY, Conn. (AP) — The chairman of Union Carbide Corp. acknowledged yesterday that a chemical plant in India had previous safety problems but said none involved the poisonous gas that leaked last week, killing at least 2,000 people.

Warren M. Anderson, chairman of the board of Union Carbide, expressed "deep sympathy" for the victims and said the company and its Indian subsidiary are donating \$1.8 million to an emergency fund for victims of the lethal methyl isocyanate gas leak at the central India city of Bhopal.

"There have not been a lot of cases" of safety problems at the Bhopal plant, Anderson said, adding that the company has a "tremendous, wonderful reputation for safety."

He was asked about reports of previous gas leaks at the plant in December 1978 and late in 1981 and an accident in December 1981 in which one worker died after inhaling lethal gas.

He acknowledged the incidents, but said the fatality occurred because of the worker's failure to follow safety procedures.

Safety inspection reports by Union Carbide at the plant from May 1982 through June 1984, which were released by the company, indicated concerns in several areas of the plant. However, company officials refused to comment on specifics or the significance of the reports.

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## •Medical

Continued from page one

clude replacing all multiple bed wards with private and semi-private rooms.

Of the 486 licensed beds the hospital was built with, 29 were private beds. "That has handicapped us enormously," she said.

Many patients prefer private rooms, but priority is given to patients who are extremely sick or require isolation. At times the hospital must use semi-private rooms as private rooms, "which means we don't have that bed for a patient," Bacdayan said. "So we really need to keep in mind the addition of single rooms for isolation purposes and

medical necessity as well as patient preference."

The renovation process will provide 86 private rooms and 32 isolation rooms. The rest of the rooms will be semi-private or critical care units.

Bacdayan said the rooms are being modernized in appearance and function with the installation of bead wall units. "The old room looked cluttered and confusing," she said, but the wall units consolidate all the services to patients, such as electrical supplies for the nurse call, gases, and television.

The renovation will include

new patient furniture and carpet in the corridors.

Reclining chairs will allow patients to "get their feet up" and provide a nicer place for visitors to spend time, she said. The carpeting contributes to a more comfortable environment by reducing the amount of noise.

In addition to the patient rooms, more renovation must be made to update the nursing units, Bacdayan said. These renovations include providing nurses with a private area to fill out their reports and forming adequate storage space for the in-

creased equipment needed for modern patient care.

Although the improvements are necessary changes, Bacdayan said they were not easily made.

"Doing renovation in a hospital staying open totally for business is complex," she said. "We can't just go in to a floor and say 'OK, folks, we're closing this down.' We need to spread the renovations out and close only one wing."

Constant communication and cooperation are needed to assure that patients are not inconvenienced and patient care is not disrupted, Bacdayan said.

Despite the precautions the hospital staff takes, some patient inconveniences remain, however. Bacdayan said the hospital capacity is reduced by about 20 beds during the renovation process, and patients in wings which are being renovated must be moved to allow the work to proceed. However, she said the hospital minimizes this disruption by moving the patients only once.

"These are conditions most contractors are not used to working under," Bacdayan said. But she said the hospital has been satisfied with the work of local architecture firms,

Johnson-Romanowitz and McLooney/Ommi.

"We've been very pleased with the product they've given us," she said. "We have had a lot of compliments from patients and families. We're really excited."

"I think (the renovation) has had a very positive impact on the patients and the physicians," said Dr. John van Nagell, director of gynecologic oncology. "It presents a personalized environment for the care of patients. I think patients feel comfortable and happy while they're here."

## •Senate

Continued from page one

Fall semester classes on years when Labor Day falls on Sept. 3 or 4 have in the past begun on Aug. 29 and Aug. 30 respectively, pushing fall semester finals closer to Christmas.

In other action yesterday, the Senate also opened preliminary discussions on a report by the Ad Hoc Committee on Faculty Alternatives which calls for expanding early retirement plans for University faculty.

The report outlines plans to allow faculty members to retire between the ages of 62 and 65 and receive lump sums on premiums "for the re-

maining years until normal retirement age. . . ." Group health and life insurance would also continue for these years.

Another plan would allow faculty to retire before age 62 and to receive premiums "based on the salary at the time of retirement," with fringe health benefits continued until the faculty member reaches the age of 65 or "up to a maximum of ten years."

The report also outlines phased retirement plans which would allow faculty members to work part-time until retirement and to receive full-time salary level fringe benefits.

Faculty members could also contract with the University to retire with full pension and remain teaching summer or evening classes. Still another option would allow early retirees the use of UK research facilities in "obtaining research grants."

Committee chairwoman Jean G. Pival said changes in administration regulations would be needed to allow early retirement with benefits. Currently, she said, "We can retire at almost any time. The problem is . . . in a sense, we quit" the University by retiring early. Current regulations "discourage early retirement," she said.

## •Director

Continued from page one

Once here, Davis' tasks included building up the school's slackening enrollment and saving its reputation. "It had virtually collapsed," he said. "Students wouldn't go to a school like that."

Davis said it took three years for him to get the school back into shape. "For the first year and a half, it was embarrassing," he said. Only three students were in the program during that time. But Davis had long range plans


for the Patterson School. The school's enrollment was his first priority. He wanted to be admitting 20-25 students each fall, a goal which took him five years to meet.

Once the school's enrollment began to increase, Davis concentrated on his next mission, establishing a reputable program in diplomacy. "My first mission was to spread the word that the Patterson School was alive and

wanted to get well," he said. Davis began to host professional symposiums at UK with hopes that "these professionals would come away with a good idea of the Patterson School."

Davis maintains his optimistic philosophy, which has boosted the school's reputation since he arrived. "I want people to kind of fall in love with us," he said. "And really want to catch fire with us."

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# Newsweek On Campus

December, 1984



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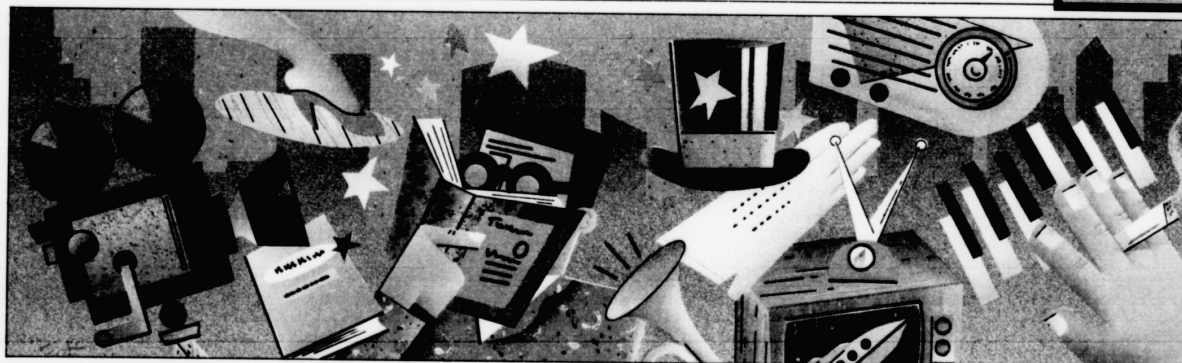


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**TODAY'S CHEVROLET**





**T**his is the first special issue of NEWSWEEK ON CAMPUS, a year-end and year-ahead preview of arts and entertainment. We know that the sheer volume of things to do at this time of year can be daunting. Which movies to see? Books to read? Music to listen for? TV shows to watch? That's why we've expanded our regular coverage of popular culture to take in a wide array of coming attractions—beginning now and continuing into the new year. We'll tell you which live up to their hype—and which don't. We'll also introduce you to some new people and products you'll hear about in 1985.

This special project was organized by Bill Barol. Barol and Ron Givens were the principal writers. Robert J. George designed the magazine, and Kyle McLellan edited the photographs; Willardson & Associates produced the cover.

Enjoy the issue . . . then go out and have a good time.



## Movies

**Michael Keaton—he's funny, he's appealing and he's going to be a big star; Hollywood is betting on it. Plus: Eddie Murphy, "Dune," the sequel to "2001," Harrison Ford, and more.** *Page 7*



## Music

**Frankie Goes to Hollywood invades America, singing about sex and violence, and leaving outrage in its wake. Plus: Van Morrison, the Blasters, Pieces of a Dream, and more.** *Page 13*



## Television

**Martin Short helps resuscitate "Saturday Night Live." Plus: "Masterpiece Theatre" goes Indian; Shmenges John Candy and Eugene Levy; "The Sun Also Rises," and more.** *Page 19*



## Books

**After hitchhiking across the galaxy for three books, Douglas Adams comes back to earth. Plus: Sam Shepard's collection of plays, a "Godfather" sort-of-sequel, and more.** *Page 25*



## Up & Coming

**What's going to be big news next year? Could be Steve's ice cream. Might be comedian Paula Poundstone, or novelist Jay McInerney. Maybe Photen. Who knows?** *Page 30*

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## LETTERS

### Business School

I was dismayed to see the first issue of this year's *NEWSWEEK ON CAMPUS*. Last year you featured an article on the difficulties blacks face in assimilating in universities, a story on gay rights on campus and another on Asian-American students. October's cover story, by contrast, deals with "Getting Into Business School." Does this mean social consciousness is now out of style? Please return to responsible reporting and leave such insipid emptiness to Seventeen.

ERIK SEEBASS  
University of California  
Berkeley, Calif.

"Sending In the Clowns" was right on target in discussing the consuming and dehumanizing life of medical school!

DENA R. HALL  
Little Rock, Ark.

### Women and W&L

To help him find out how serious a matter the education of women is, I extend an invitation to that veteran professor at Washington and Lee who said "The education of women is a trivial matter" (EDUCATION): visit Wellesley or any of the Seven Sisters and broaden your narrow mind.

CATHERINE DORAN  
Wellesley College  
Wellesley, Mass.

The professor's comment is not just a slur against women, it is a slur against Washington and Lee University.

AMY BETZ  
Columbus, Ohio

Thank you for the article on Washington and Lee University. I had considered applying to their law school but have decided against it—I could never attend a school where even one professor believes that the education of women is a "frivolous matter."

GERALDINE BLAZEJEWSKI  
College of Notre Dame of Maryland  
Baltimore, Md.

### Careers and Families

I appreciate and respect Lisa Brown's desire to combine "solid career plans" with eventual motherhood (MY TURN); but even as she asks career-oriented women not to judge those who desire a family, she assumes that women who choose not to marry or bear children have omitted an in-depth analysis of their "true needs and desires." As a "fiercely independent" woman, I ask that she accord my intelligence and awareness the same respect and acceptance that she asks of me.

DAWN ROBERSON  
Wichita, Kans.

As the husband of a woman who shares an exciting career in a coronary-care unit

with the ecstasies of motherhood, I found Lisa Brown's prophetic words encouraging and enlightening.

STEPHEN J. SANDOR JR.  
Fairmont, W. Va.

I really enjoyed "Why I Want to Have a Family." The time has now come for the Renaissance woman: we have come to accept ourselves as women, we value our femininity and view motherhood not as a burden but as an addition to our rich lives.

CHRISTINA J. LIEF  
George Washington University  
Washington, D.C.

To assume that all feminists look down on motherhood would be a grave error. As an active feminist, I feel that children *are* the future and that our progress would be short-lived if we couldn't pass our values on to succeeding generations. But this requires a real commitment—to take parenthood seriously and to practice what we preach.

WENDY S. TAJIMA  
Graduate School of Management, UCLA  
Los Angeles, Calif.

### The PCC Pill

"A Second Chance at Birth Control" (MULTIPLE CHOICE) should have been titled "The First Chance to Abort."

HELEN C. LOUGHREY  
University of Maryland  
College Park, Md.

The IUD and "postcoital contraceptives" are not contraceptives but abortifacients. They do not prevent conception; rather, they destroy the life conceived. To lump these pills and devices with contraceptives obliterates the very real difference between contraception and abortion.

JOHN M. GRONDELSKI  
Fordham University  
Bronx, N.Y.

### College Rodeo

I was disappointed to read your coverage of intercollegiate rodeo because, unlike other college sports, rodeo involves blatant cruelty to animals (SPORTS). Horses and bulls "buck" because of the irritating bucking strap cinched tightly around their groins. Steer wrestling and calf roping often result in the bruising of cartilages in the larynx and trachea as well as torn ligaments and broken bones. What kind of leaders of tomorrow will such insensitivity shape?

GREGORY GORNEY  
Bowling Green State University  
Bowling Green, Ohio

### Classical Music

Cheers to Charles Passy for "Getting Hooked on Classics" (MUSIC). Let's hope the article can help put to rest the myth that classical music is only of interest to music students or that there's some reason why a



person can't listen to, and love, both classical and popular music.

DOUGLAS E. EWELL  
California State, Fullerton  
Fullerton, Calif.

There's more to rock than meets the ear. But this doesn't mean I don't like classical music: I dearly love the works of Beethoven and Bach, but would you play Vivaldi at a dance?

RUSSELL LAUGHLIN  
Vancouver, Wash.

### Gay Rights

The whole issue of gay rights is ridiculous. So what if two girls are lesbians—do they have to tell the whole world about it? And if they do, why should we have to accept it? Form a club if you feel the need to—so what if your university doesn't recognize you? Texas A&M refuses to recognize Greeks but we exist and prosper nonetheless. Don't expect a Nobel Peace Prize or a gold medal for admitting you're gay.

KARL GROMELSKI  
Texas A&M University  
Bryan, Texas

I am a militant heterosexual who feels that homosexuality is a deviation that must be eliminated. Homosexuals who *want* to give up their deviant life-style *can* do so.

DAVID BROCK  
Portland State University  
Portland, Ore.

Gays are unique among the oppressed: we are able to "hide" our minority status by appearing heterosexual. This doesn't improve our social status. Before we can be accepted by the majority, we must accept ourselves.

JERRY RICHARDS  
Tucson, Ariz.

If some people do not like gays flaunting their sexuality, that is only one side of the story. What about me, the gay man, who has to hear about heterosexual boyfriends and girlfriends from my friends, who hears about heterosexual marriages, who sees heterosexual men and women being physically intimate in public? And I'm not expected to be repulsed or angered by this, even though I have to deal with heterosexuality not just being flaunted, but propagated on television and radio, in art, advertising and movies. I will gladly shut up about my sexuality when heterosexuals shut up about theirs.

RICHARD ANTON  
Chicago, Ill.

**Letters to the Editor**, with the writer's name and address and daytime telephone number, should be sent to: **Letters Editor, Newsweek On Campus, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.** Letters may be edited for reasons of space and clarity.

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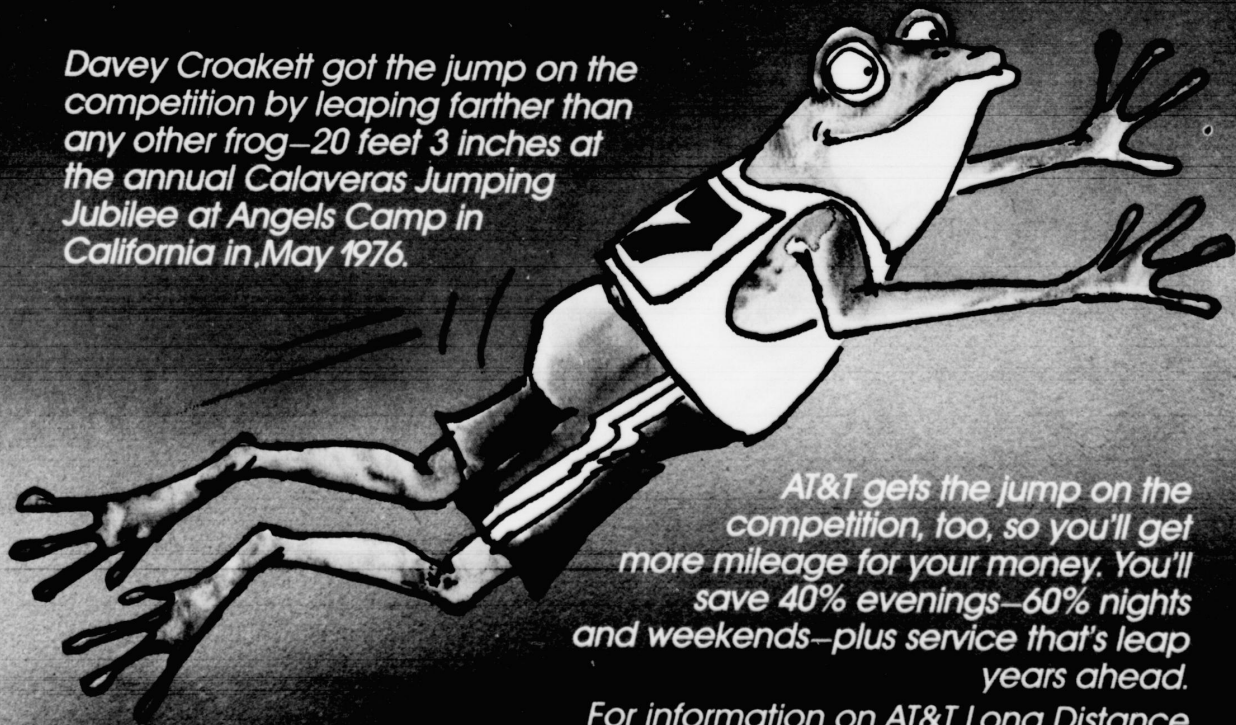
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# Movies

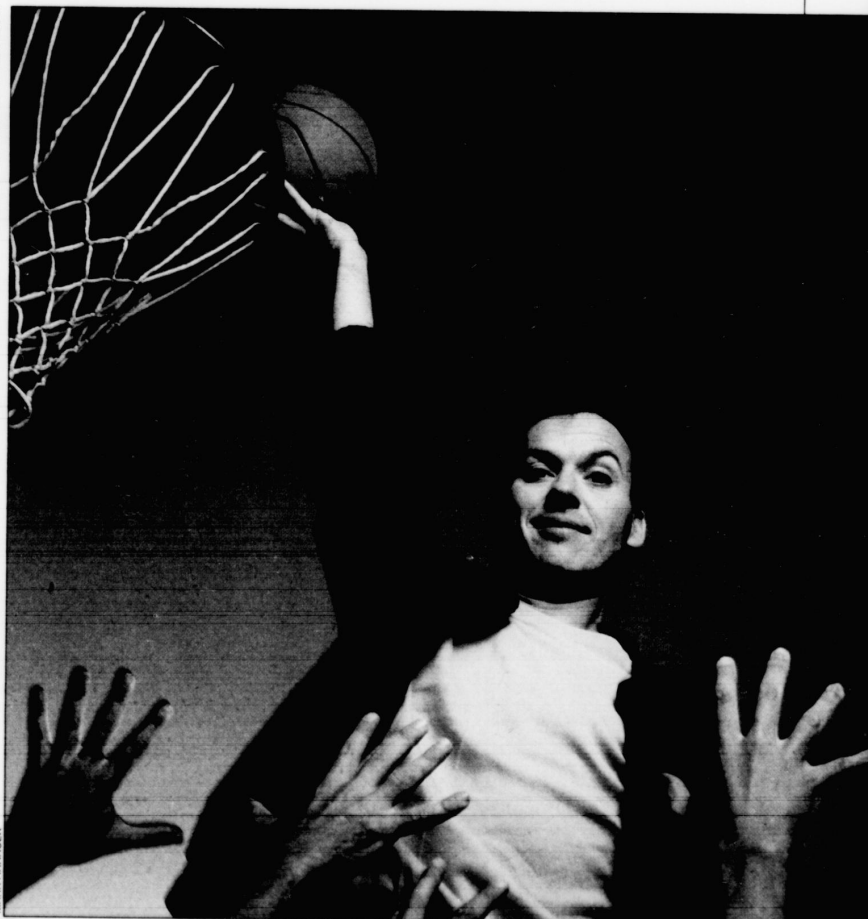
Michael Keaton vaults to the A list; Mel Gibson and Sissy Spacek on the farm; Bowman and HAL in space; Harrison Ford goes Amish; Eddie Murphy tracks a killer to Beverly Hills; science-fiction classic 'Dune' on screen at last; Tom Selleck versus rampaging robots; the strange twilight world of 'Brazil.'

## Keaton Scores

**M**ichael Keaton desperately wanted the part. After reading the script for "Night Shift," Keaton *knew* he was Billy (Blaze) Blazejowski, Henry Winkler's manic partner in a prostitution ring headquartered at a morgue. The odds were not on his side: 400 actors—from Randy Quaid to Tubesinger Fee Waybill—sensed the same destiny, and none had landed the role. Just before the audition, director Ron Howard offered Keaton some advice. "So far, people are either going for it or playing it cool, like Cary Grant," Howard said. "I would strongly suggest the former." With that, Keaton clamped on his Walkman, cranked up Bruce Springsteen's "Tenth Avenue Freeze-Out" and exploded into the room. Jumping on producer Brian Grazer's desk, Keaton provided both the play-by-play and the action of an imaginary basketball game in the hyperdrive style of Billy Blaze. "The guy was like a live nerve ending," recalls Grazer. "Ron and I just looked at each other, and we knew this was it."

As Blaze came roaring to life, so, too, did the career of Keaton. Though "Night Shift" barely saw daylight at the box office, Keaton's critically acclaimed performance vaulted the former stand-up comic and onetime valet parker into a hot property. "With one role Michael was bankable," says Keaton's manager and partner, Harry Colomby. Not quite. It was Keaton's next role, in the surprise smash "Mr. Mom"—\$70 million at the box office—that sold Hollywood's star makers; soon after "Mr. Mom" opened, Twentieth Century-Fox signed Keaton to a four-picture deal designed to keep the young actor on the lot and away from the competition. In his debut role, Keaton stars in "Johnny Dangerously," a gangster spoof due this month. As head of the Moronie mob, a crime family with its own dental plan, he plays a tough guy with a heart of gold, a naive sophisticate who sports a designer uniform in prison and eats sushi in the jailhouse cafeteria.

Keaton's studio deal, normally reserved for such proven talents as Richard Pryor and Eddie Murphy, elevates him to



Fast break: With four-picture deal in hand, a young actor leaps for the top

the A list of comic actors. Like Pryor and Murphy, the 30-year-old Keaton does not have to rely on one-liners to be funny. He possesses two invaluable comic assets: a face that makes you laugh and perfect timing. "There are certain lines and rhythms that have been working in comedy for hundreds of years," says "Night Shift" director Howard. "Michael's real gift is to make an old joke sound hip." Beyond his talent for snaring laughs, Keaton is also one of the few funnymen who can successfully play the romantic. While researching "Mr. Mom," Fox executives discovered Keaton was rating high with female audiences. "He's pretty enough and rough enough to appeal to both sexes," says Tom Sherak, president of distribution and

marketing at Fox. On the set of "Mr. Mom," costar Teri Garr was constantly fighting back the laughs. "I've always wanted to be as funny as he is," she says.

Keaton's charisma may escape the public at first glance. His putty face—punctuated by circumflex eyebrows and a parakeetlike mouth—lacks the classic good looks that usually accompany stardom. His persona is more goofy boy next door, slowly charming his way into your heart, than a commanding screen presence. And if his name is not yet a household word, that may be partly intentional. Keaton rarely does publicity for his movies and is uncomfortable doing inter-



## Movies

views—a stark contrast to his on-screen accessibility. “I’ve enjoyed it,” he says, tentatively, of his rapid rise. “But it’s possible not to. It’s all kind of overwhelming.”

With three features in two years, Keaton’s rapid success is the kind of story Hollywood might reject as unbelievable. If anything, he is living proof that resumés don’t always count. Born in Coraopolis, Pa., the son of a civil engineer, Keaton dropped out of Ohio’s Kent State after his junior year to work small-town clubs, where he honed his offbeat self-deprecating style. Posing as a folk singer, he would take the stage only to discover his case empty. “So I would panic like I’d lost my guitar,” he remembers. “I’d just play my case like some nervous folk singer who had to have some sort of act.”

**I**n 1974 Keaton took his act to Los Angeles.

While working comedy clubs at night, Keaton landed small roles on TV sitcoms by day. His big break came when he was chosen to star with Jim Belushi in a TV series called “Working Stiffs.” It lasted four episodes, and Keaton started thinking seriously about giving up show business and leaving L.A. Then he landed the shot at “Night Shift.” “It’s a lot easier to be broke, though, in California than in the East,” he says. “The beach is free.”

Going broke is no longer among Keaton’s worries. His main concern now is to avoid the typecast trap so prevalent in Hollywood. In April he switches from shtikman to stickman in his first dramatic role as a hockey player in “Touch and Go.” He also says he is deeply concerned with providing for his wife, actress Carol McWilliams, and his young son, Sean. “Everyone will be taken care of,” he deadpans, “unless my son decides that six Ferraris aren’t enough.” When asked what other career he might have pursued, Keaton pauses reflectively to consider the question. “I know one thing,” he promises. “I’d sure have this Middle East thing cleared up.”

DAVID T. FRIENDLY

**“When I played David Bowman in ‘2001,’ I took the HAL computer apart. In ‘2010’ he’s been put back together and we’re alone again on the space station Discovery. He says, ‘I’m afraid.’ Boy, did I get a weird feeling then.” —Keir Dullea**

## Detroit to Rodeo Drive

The early favorite to be this year’s Christmas box-office smash is “Beverly Hills Cop,” a slick urban adventure from director Martin Brest (“Going in Style”). The advance word has executives at Paramount Pictures practically chortling out loud with glee, but it wasn’t always thus. The picture’s beginnings were troubled; in development for several years, it was originally

show signs of old age, downplayed his involvement in the ill-fated “Best Defense” film when that project began to spring leaks, formed his own production company at 22 and nailed down a five-picture deal with Paramount—and then renegotiated the deal late this year for even more money.

Based on early speculation, it looks like Murphy has made yet another smart move. “Beverly Hills Cop” is an action picture like “48 Hrs.,” like “Trading Places” it’s a comedy of displacement, setting Murphy as a street-tough De-



“Beverly Hills Cop”: This year’s Christmas-season hit?

written as a vehicle for Sylvester Stallone. But Stallone and the production company split up when it became clear that the star intended to rewrite the script from the top down. That’s when the producers decided to go for the gold, uttering the single magic phrase that just about guarantees them happiness, tranquility, long lives and expensive college educations for their children. “Get us Eddie Murphy,” they said.

To put it mildly, Murphy has been hot in the last couple of years, starring in box-office giants like “48 Hrs.” and “Trading Places.” Just as important, he’s been smart. He left “Saturday Night Live” when the long-running late-night comedy program began to

troit detective in the odd, beautiful world of Beverly Hills. “You know,” he marvels to two Beverly Hills street cops as they drive him away in a black-and-white, “this is nice. This is the cleanest police car I ever saw.”

**Concept:** In the end, of course, Murphy’s detective, Axel Foley, will get his man, in this case the killer of his buddy Mikey. Along the way he’ll ruffle feathers on Rodeo Drive and get thrown (literally thrown) out of an expensive hotel. For all its twists, the plot can be summed up in one phrase: Eddie Murphy goes to Beverly Hills. In Hollywood, a story that can be described this simply is known as “high concept,” and “high concept” has come to mean big money.

## Big Thud on Arrakis

OK, everybody come in and sit down at the table. The Christmas turkey is here, and it’s a nice big one: “Dune,” opening later this month, filmed by director David (“Eraserhead”) Lynch at a reported cost of \$42 million.

The story of a mammoth battle for liberation on the dust-choked planet Arrakis, “Dune” has been a science-fiction cult favorite since its publication in 1965. Almost since then, filmmakers have been talking about a screen version, but two previous attempts—one by director Haskell Wexler in 1972 and another by moviemaker Alexander Jodorowsky in 1975—never materialized. Now we know why. Based on the version that has finally come to the screen, it looks like “Dune” is simply too monstrous a story to tell on film. Author Frank Herbert spun layer on layer of information in the book and its four sequels, finally creating an outer-space world that was rich in detail and whole unto itself. He thinks the movie is a good re-creation. “It’s very loyal to the book,” he says. “David Lynch has created some marvelous visual metaphors.”

But visual splendor—and there is some—aside, Lynch proves unwilling or unable to develop dramatically “Dune’s” wealth of material and so simply dumps a load of text into the viewers’ laps in the vain hope that they’ll be able to follow the plot. The results are disastrous. One character, the daughter of the Padishah emperor, appears in a prologue, explains a bit of background on the interplanetary conflict that’s about to unfold and vanishes for the rest of the movie. Clumsier still are the interior monologues of hero Paul Atreides: “Someone is trying to kill me,” we hear him thinking, his eyebrows knitted.



*'Dune': Nineteen years and \$42 million in the making, a cult favorite lets the fans down*

"But who? And why? Does it have something to do with the spice?"

Lame plotting isn't the only problem. As Atreides, newcomer Kyle MacLachlan is handsome, square-jawed and about as charismatic as a side of lox. A talented cast, including Kenneth McMillan and Brad Dourif, is wasted; only Sting, as a grinning psychopath, shows some animation. The special effects by Carlo ("E.T.") Rambaldi are surprisingly tame. Toto's music is an ear-splitting nightmare, overloud and pretentious. There's some fairly entertaining gore, but even the sight of McMillan's pustule-ridden face being drained with long needles can't redeem this one. Followers of the "Dune" cult will be disappointed with the movie. Newcomers would be better off taking their \$5 and buying the book.

## Gilliam's Gray Void

About "Brazil," opening in March, a few particulars are known. The film was directed by Terry Gilliam, late of the Monty Python troupe; playwright Tom Stoppard worked on the screenplay; Robert De Niro and Python's Michael Palin are in the cast. The story, set in the present in an undisclosed location, depicts an anti-Utopian world where computers control everything and a bloated, incompetent bureaucracy holds all the power. Whoever wrote the publicity material seems to have taken a perverse delight in its obscurity: "[The movie] is not about Brazil, the country, except that it is inspired by the human condition; in that sense it has as much to do with Brazil as any-

where else." Thanks a lot.

Director Gilliam isn't much more helpful. "Brazil" sounds like it's about a gray bureaucratic world, which it is," he says. "But it's also about late-night shopping and romance and fantasy and people humming funny tunes." This isn't helping at all. Maybe we can glean a clue or two. Since Gilliam may be best known for his grotesque animations on the old "Monty Python" shows, is "Brazil" a horror film? Sort of. "It's quite terrifying, although it begins quite funny," Gilliam says. "In fact, it's funny all the way through, but the funny becomes harder to laugh at."

The admixture of comedy and horror may unsettle some audiences, Gilliam warns, but that's life: "People are quite happy to have their entertainment predigested for them and kept simple, like McDonald's hamburgers. What intrigues me is trying to combine comedy and a nightmare and a love story—all the things that are inherent in life—and keep those things all juggling in the air and still keep the audience."

## Real Life On the Farm

To the list of this year's "saving the farm" movies—including "Places in the Heart" and "Country"—now add "The River," starring Mel Gibson and Sissy Spacek, which opens this month. Shot on location in Tennessee, the film

details the heroic struggle of farmer Gibson to hold off a land developer on one flank and raging floods on the other. Moviegoers who weren't quite convinced by Jessica Lange's Saint Joan of the Prairie in "Country" or were put off by the near-mysticism of "Places" may find "The River" the most satisfying movie of the three.

The Garvey family is woven of Hollywood's most familiar cloth. The father is steadfast, hardworking, devoted to his wife and kids; the mother is determined to stand by her man come what may. There's a familiar antagonist, too—Scott Glenn as the unscrupulous developer Joe Wade, who is still carrying a torch for Mae Garvey. But none of these charac-



*'The River': Best of the lot*

ters is one-dimensional: when times get hard on the farm, Tom Garvey goes off to the city to work as a strikebreaker in a steel mill, an experience that leaves him soul-scarred; Joe Wade is kind to the Garvey kids. The film's ending manages to be both stirring and realistic and to avoid the kind of phony hope-mongering that other farm pictures trade in. The cast is excellent—and, yes, Gibson's Southern accent is perfect. Except for one gratuitously lyrical scene (watch for the deer in the steel mill), "The River" is right on the money.



*'Brazil': A sort of horror film, set in the present—maybe*





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Keir Dullea (left), HAL: Reunion of a great screen team from the '60s

## Pals Again In Space

It's nine years later and the space station Discovery drifts lonely and abandoned somewhere near Jupiter. That's the point at which director Peter Hyams picks up the story in "2010," the sequel to Stanley Kubrick's sci-fi epic "2001." A joint U.S.-Soviet mission is sent up to reclaim the vessel and discover the fate of astronaut David Bowman. Got it? Now forget it. The real fun promises to come from one short scene: the reunion between one of the great screen teams of the past—Bowman and HAL.

When last seen, at the end of "2001," astronaut Bowman (played by Keir Dullea) was headed smack into the heart of space and time; HAL the killer computer, disassembled and apparently doomed, crooned a deathly version of "Bicycle Built for Two" as his circuits ran down. Both, it seemed, had breathed their last on the big screen. But that was in 1968, before the movie sequel became commonplace. Sixteen years later, Bowman and HAL are together again. Things have changed in deep space, Dullea reports. Bowman, for one; he's been altered forever by his close-up look at the cosmos. In Arthur C. Clarke's novel "2010," he appeared only as a disembodied entity; in the film, Dullea reports mysteriously, the character is "on a different plane."

Dullea calls his cameo appearance in "2010" a "lonely exhilaration," a "time warp to

the past." "It was remarkable to work with HAL's voice again," he says (the voice belongs to Canadian actor Douglas Rains). "It was all done off-camera. You just see the empty halls of Discovery with these two voices bouncing off the walls." The reunion sequence was also, he says, the strangest experience of his movie career: "I took HAL apart in the first film. In this one, he's been put back together and we're alone again on the ship. He says, 'I'm afraid.' Boy, did I get a weird feeling then."

## On the Lam, On the Farm

Moviegoers are used to seeing exotic locales in the films of Australian director Peter Weir—and the losing struggles of people caught in the sweep of history. "The Year of Living Dangerously" took place in



'Witness': Violence and intrigue against a homespun background

1965 in Indonesia, a country riven by political unrest; "Galipoli" painted a picture of the bloody Turkish campaign fought vainly by the British Empire in World War I. Weir's first American film breaks this mold: it is set against a homely background, among people who resist the changes that progress brings. "Witness," scheduled for February release, focuses on the Amish society of the Pennsylvania Dutch country. Harrison Ford stars as a Philadelphia police detective who stumbles onto corruption in the department; forced to flee the city, he takes refuge on an Amish farm.

**Contrasts:** "There is a group of people living here much as they lived 300 years ago," Weir says of the Amish, who follow strict religious teachings laid down in the 17th century and still limit their contact with the outside world. "The contrasts with the media age are a natural for drama." Maybe so, but the project presented at least one problem: how to make a movie among people who don't care for the modern world? It proved to be easier than anyone expected. One hurdle was cleared when a former member of the Amish sect signed on as technical adviser; another, when a good part of the community agreed to rent out buggies and farm equipment for use in the film. Of course, there were still a few purists. Several Amish men were observed lying in tall grass watching the production through binoculars.

## Killer Robots On the Loose

There's something poetic about the life-and-death struggle we'll see in "Runaway," coming this month—clean-cut, lovable Tom Selleck (the hero, of course) and rocker Gene Simmons of Kiss (the villain) duking it out on the big screen. In his third movie performance, Selleck plays a chaser of renegade robots who's not unlike TV's "Magnum P.I."—a well-meaning good guy who isn't quite per-



'Runaway': Selleck and pals

fect. "At times he messes up," says Selleck. "His single-mindedness clouds his judgment." Simmons is evil genius Charles Luther, who plans to screw up the world by turning peaceable household 'droids into murder machines. Says Simmons, "I don't really consider myself a bad guy. It's just that I take offense at Selleck's character for prying into my business."

The idea of robots gone wild is an intriguing one, but Selleck hopes the message doesn't get in the way of the story: "It's really an action picture," he says. Well, you bet. But killer robots roaming the streets of Vancouver, B.C.? Not so far-fetched, says director Michael Crichton: "The level of robotics in 'Runaway' is very primitive. We don't have anything that's superintelligent. They're machines and they're sort of stupid."

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# Music



British pop sensation Frankie Goes to Hollywood goes to America; seminal pop weirdos Vanda and Young return; new life for old R&B; Van Morrison live in Belfast; Philadelphia jazzmen, wise beyond their years; the Blasters' American Music; Def Leppard and Jim Steinman team up; rock on the road.

## Just Five Little Boys

Comparisons may be invidious, but they're easy. So as the British pop band called Frankie Goes to Hollywood mounted its first assault on the United States—via a 23-city concert tour this fall—the comparisons positively howled around them. Like the Beatles, they're a refreshingly cheeky and free-spirited bunch who hail from Liverpool on the banks of the Mersey. Their first two singles, "Relax" and "Two Tribes," spent a total of 14 weeks at the top of the English charts—making them the first group since Gerry and the Pacemakers (also a Merseyside band) to snag back-to-back chart toppers on their first two releases. Frankie's debut album, "Welcome to the Pleasuredome," drew orders of 1.1 million copies, the largest advance sale in the history of the British record business. And just as the Beatles' influence jumped from the pop charts to the boutiques to the streets, so, too, does Frankie's. Thousands of young pop-music fans all over the British Isles have donned oversized Frankie T shirts bearing slogans like "Frankie Say Arm the Unemployed," and "Frankie Say War! Hide Yourself."

There the comparisons end. Where the first wave of Merseyside bands made music that was sweet, bouncy and cut to fit the then-conservative outline of teen culture, Frankie Goes to Hollywood has built its reputation via those two adult staples of cultural outrage: sex and violence. Singers Paul Rutherford and Holly Johnson are gay, and "Relax"—both song and video—made Frankie's gay sensibility plain to the world at large. A throbbing, high-tech, hard-rock funk tune that oozes sensuality, "Relax's" catchy chorus promotes the pleasures of guilt-free sex: "Relax . . . when you want to come," implores lead singer (and lyricist) Johnson. Off the record, Johnson adds, "I like to think we're slightly subversive."

Several months after its release, the British Broadcasting Corp. agreed. It banned "Relax," conveniently adding fuel to Frankie's fire. (Even Culture Club's cross-dressing Boy George was offended by the song's explicitness.) "We never did anything," insists Rutherford. Frankie's



Frankie's Gill, Nash, Johnson, O'Toole, Rutherford: 'Slightly subversive'

image coordinator, backup singer and occasional spokesman. "That was the media. I mean, we're just simple little boys. We are! Really!" But later, Rutherford allows: "We only do what we want to do and do it, like, for the giggle. It felt erotic, but we didn't think anyone would freak out."

**T**wo Tribes," an even more glossy, punchy, nasty and, yes, controversial tune, concerns the confrontational politics of the United States and the Soviet Union, strongly suggesting a world on the edge of blowing up. The song featured a repeated intonation by actor Patrick Allen: "Mine is the last voice that you will ever hear. Don't be alarmed." The accompanying video exacerbated the song's impact:

Ronald Reagan and Konstantin Chernenko look-alikes were shown in a boxing ring before a baiting, bloodthirsty crowd. Their fierce sparring is the closest rock video has ever come to "Raging Bull." The BBC restricted the video to nonprime-time. In the United States it became a dance-club hit, an MTV staple and spread the word about Frankie Goes to Hollywood. "The song was saying, 'Hey, listen, we're the little guys down here and we don't even get a say and it's all about our lives, really, and we're the ones that are going to take it in the end,'" says Rutherford. "It's a little clichéd, it's a little hippie."

Formed by Johnson in 1982, Frankie lifted its odd moniker from an old New Yorker headline about Frank Sinatra's

## Music

initial venture to movieland. In the early days, the group—including bassist Mark O'Toole, guitarist Brian Nash and drummer Peter Gill—played club gigs and began to cultivate a kinky, risqué image. At one point, Frankie employed the Leather Pets, two scantily clad females who were chained to Gill's drum kit. But Frankie was going nowhere. Their fate took a radical upward turn in 1983, when they were spotted on an English TV show by ace record producer Trevor Horn, who signed them up.

In late October, Island Records released "Welcome to the Pleasuredome," less controversial than the preceding singles and far broader in style. Lyrically, it moves from cynicism ("The World Is My Oyster") to escapism (the song "Welcome to the Pleasuredome") to romanticism ("The Power of Love"). It manages to be hard hitting, playful and just slightly campy. Musically, Frankie reveals a pastiche that borrows from Richard Wagner, Donna Summer and Pink Floyd. Horn balances Frankie's orchestrations, hard-rock power chords and funk rhythms, maintaining an ever-shifting musical perspective. There are also surprising cover versions of Gerry and the Pacemakers' "Ferry Cross the Mersey," Bruce Springsteen's "Born to Run" and Dionne Warwick's "Do You Know the Way to San Jose?" ("I can't bear that song," complains Rutherford. "I think it was a bloody accident.")

Frankie's detractors consider the whole phenomenon just *too much*—too cabaret, too contrived, too close to the Village People. They figure Frankie is just a hype, a flash in the pop-music pan. They suspect that Frankie may be a puppet, with strings cleverly pulled by the reclusive Horn. "We just say 'piss' to all of those people," says Rutherford. "They say what they wanna say. We know what we do. We certainly are as good as the rest of them—if not better—because we're more honest."

JIM SULLIVAN

**"If the music you have to offer is somehow different or unusual, you also have to give the audience what they're accustomed to. First you get their attention—and then you can make them listen to what you're into."** —Pianist James Lloyd, *Pieces of a Dream*



The Blasters: A rich, savory stew of American pop styles

## Homegrown Rock Style

When it comes to art, labels are silly at best. You want proof? Pianist Anthony Davis (page 30) describes his adventurous, eclectic, sometimes atonal, often polyrhythmic free jazz as "American Music." The Blasters apply precisely the same label to *their* music, which is about as far from avant-garde jazz as you can get—a rich, savory stew of red-white-and-blue pop styles that range from Tex-Mex to the blues, from the hills of Appalachia down to New Orleans. Dave Alvin, who plays lead guitar and writes the band's songs, even wrote a tune by that name a couple of years back, and his brother Phil sang it: "We got the Louisiana boogie and the Delta blues/ We got country swing and rockabilly too/ We got jazz, country-Western and Chicago blues/ It's the greatest music that you ever knew . . ."

"Rock and roll grew out of blues, out of hillbilly music, out of ethnic fiddle songs—out of all the folk musics of the past," Dave Alvin told the Chicago Tribune last year. "To a real rock-and-roll band, the sense

of past is mandatory." Before Dave and Phil were professional musicians, in fact, they were avid collectors of old records, mostly blues and country on 78s. But if this suggests that their commitment to music is a dry, dusty thing, forget it. The Blasters' music is lively and unpretentious, and always danceable. Songs like "So Long Baby Goodbye" carom crazily on a rockabilly beat between joy and despair, and are finally so infectious that even stories of broken love affairs leave the listener feeling good.

**Sweat:** In concert, the L.A.-based quintet vivifies its love for American music with the sheer, sweaty joy of performing, the kind that makes rock critics weep for joy. Each of their two previous albums has been ecstatically reviewed. Unfortunately, as so often happens, neither record has been a smash hit. Maybe that's why, on their upcoming "Hard Line" LP (Warner Brothers Records, to be released in late January), the Blasters join forces with zillion-selling son of the heartland John Cougar Mellencamp, who wrote and produced the single "Colored Lights." Could be just the thing to help the Alvin brothers add a richly deserved gold record to their collection.

## Weirdness Down Under

A long time ago, when bands with cereal-bowl haircuts and Britannic accents were all the rage—say, 1967—Australia's Easybeats cracked the U.S. market with a song called "Friday on My Mind." Although it was sweet and a little achy, in the style of the day, there was an oddly menacing edge to the song. Maybe that's what kept it from being a smash. "Friday on My Mind" peaked at No. 16 on the U.S. charts. The brains behind the Easybeats, Harry Vanda and George Young, went on to enjoy some



Vanda and Young: Flash back

small success as songwriters and producers, then disappeared. Fast forward, 1978: a group called Flash and the Pan appeared out of nowhere, playing a spacey brand of surrealist pop that was quite unlike anything else then available. Voices were filtered down to a metallic minimum. Instruments swirled eerily from place to place on the sonic canvas. Oddest of all were the lyrics. They were vaguely unsettling, as if humans had had little to do with authoring them. Vanda and Young had struck again. Flash and the Pan never did make much of a commercial



breakthrough in the United States, although their records sold reasonably well in Great Britain. Could it be that they were just ahead of their time? Their first album had an oddly prophetic liner note: "If you're ready for the 1980s, Flash and the Pan are ready to take you there." Sure enough, by the early '80s a sound similar to theirs would be introduced into the musical marketplace as "techno-pop." Now that sound is all the rage, and Flash and the Pan—veritable godfathers of the genre—are back with a new release, "Early Morning Wakeup Call" (Epic Records, to be released in February). Listen closely and you can hear where the Eurythmics and the Thompson Twins came from.

## Out of the R&B Vaults

The next time you want to drive a pop-music aficionado nuts, drop a mention about "the vaults." The vaults, in this context, is understood to mean any record-company storehouse that holds great recordings unavailable to the public. The Motown vaults are probably the most infamous; there are rumored to be thousands upon thousands of records stashed there that have never seen the light of day. Of course, this is enough to send a Motown fan into apoplexy.

Another of the great R&B labels, Brunswick Records, has had its hits languishing in the vaults for a decade, and admirers of that label's smooth Chicago-soul sound have been forced to scrounge the used-record stores. Now they can stop their rounds. Epic Records has secured the rights to the catalogs of Brunswick and an associated label, Dakar, and in February will release "Chicago Soul: The Legendary Brunswick/Dakar Hits." Barbara Acklin's "Love Makes a Woman," most recently covered by Phoebe Snow, is included; so are Gene Chandler's "Good Times" and the Lost Generation's "The Sly, the Slick and the Wicked." The Chi-Lites weigh in with "I

Like Your Lovin'" and "Let Me Be the Man My Daddy Was," and the Young-Holt Trio is represented with a bluesy instrumental, "Soulful Strut," a hit single. This is a fine primer on one of the '60s' and early '70s' most influential black record companies.

**Vol. 2:** The late Jackie Wilson, a major Brunswick star, will be honored on an Epic reissue of his own in February. "The Jackie Wilson Story, Vol. 2," is the follow-up to one of last year's most warmly received greatest-hits packages. At his peak, in the late '50s and early '60s, Wilson was a commanding singer and an audacious performer—bold enough to cut a soppy ballad like "Danny Boy" and make it his own in a dramatic rendition that flaunted his near-operatic range, sexy enough to drive female fans into frenzies of desire. Most of Wilson's biggest hits—from 1957's "Reet Petite" to "Higher and Higher" in 1966—were included on Vol. 1. This set concentrates on lesser-known nuggets such as "I Got the Sweetest Feeling" and "Tears Will Tell It All." It also includes a medley, recorded live at the Copa in 1962: "Danny Boy," "Doggin' Around," "To Be Loved" and "Lonely Teardrops."



Wilson, Acklin: Chicago soul

## Return of a Rock Original

Vintage rock and rollers are like old friends—maybe they don't come around much anymore, but it's sure good to hear from them every once in a while. Better still to hear them undiminished by time, voices

"Beautiful Vision" and "Dweller on the Threshold." (The sole exception is a lovely, straightforward version of the bluesy old standard "It's All in the Game.") Listeners who came to Morrison in the mid-'60s when he was a street-tough R&B belter, or in the early '70s when he was a gentle folk-rocker, may find thick going in the lyric obscurity of



Van Morrison: A satisfying visit with an old friend

in full cry. That's why Van Morrison's new live LP ("Live at the Grand Opera House") is so satisfying. Onstage in Belfast, Morrison is in fine form—whispering, shouting, muttering his way through 10 tracks, weaving his old hypnotic web of sound. The production is full (Morrison's 10-piece band includes four backup singers and two horns), and the live sound is lovingly reproduced. American fans almost missed their chance to hear this record: Morrison was purged by Warner Brothers Records last year in a major housecleaning and for a time was without an American record contract. During that period, "Live at the Grand Opera House" was available only as an import. When Morrison signed with Mercury/PolyGram Records, the company picked up the LP for American distribution and will release it here in February.

Most of this record's material is late-period Morrison. Wonderful old chestnuts like "Moondance" and "Caravan" are missing; instead Morrison concentrates on songs such as

this stuff: "Rave On John Donne," declaimed in a throaty mumble, just plain borders on the silly. Otherwise, the album is challenging but worthwhile. The power and passion of the performances speak clearly. Van Morrison remains one of rock's true originals, and his voice is still worth hearing.

## Old Beyond Their Years

Pieces of a Dream has this image problem. These are accomplished musicians who have put out three fine albums, treating traditional jazz and steamy funk with equal ease; a fourth LP will be released in 1985. Seasoned performers, the Philadelphia-based trio has opened shows for acts as diverse as the Dazz Band and Count Basie. In concert, bassist Cedric Napoleon and drummer Curtis Harmon anchor a solid rhythm, and pianist James Lloyd puts down a swinging blues-based piano sound

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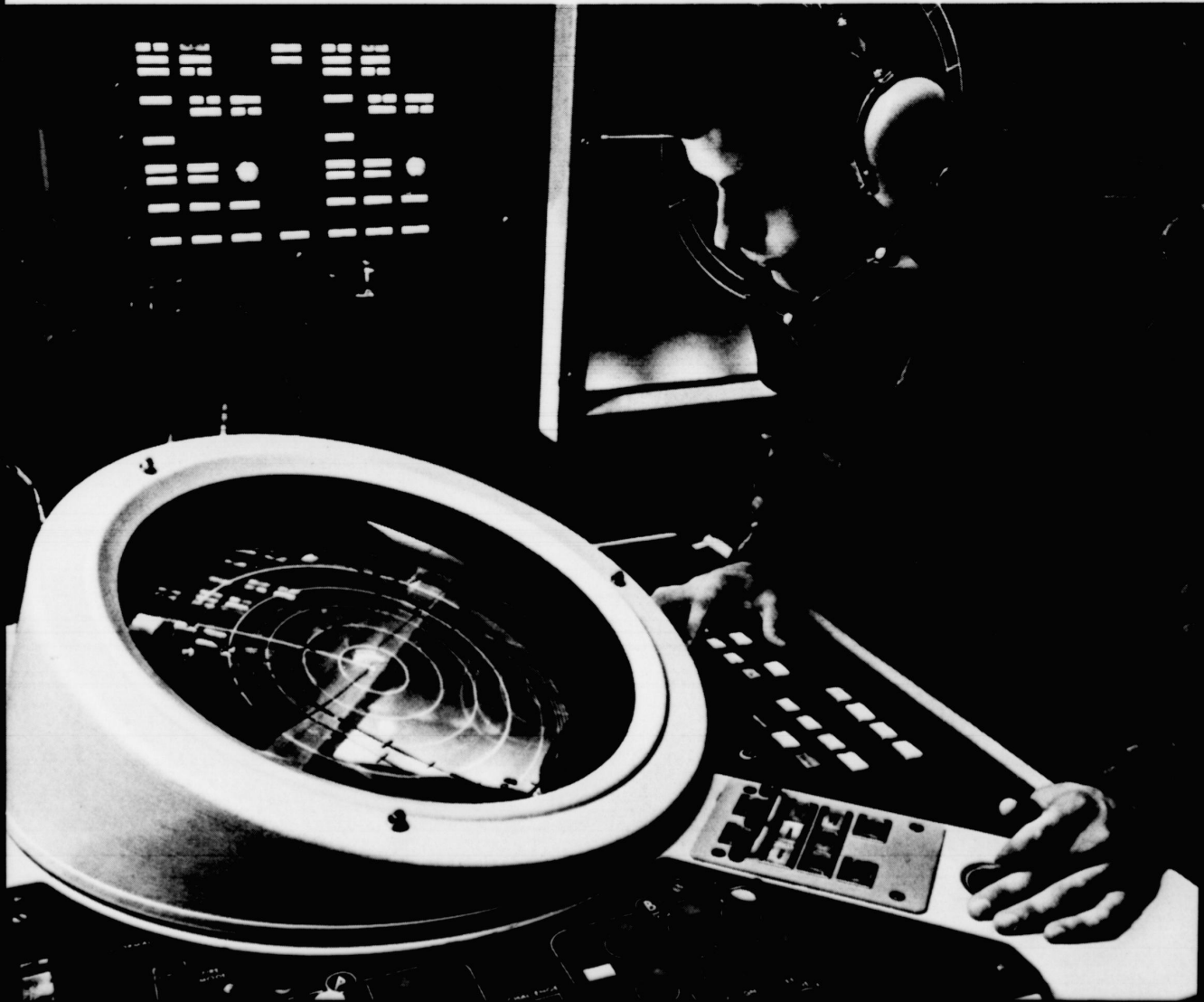
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Pieces of a Dream, with Washington: A taste for jazz—and business

that's reminiscent of Ramsey Lewis and Les McCann. Their friendship is obvious in the seemingly effortless way they play together, and their joy in making music is infectious. So what's the problem? Critics tend to tuck all this information way down in their reviews. What usually comes first is this: Pieces of a Dream is the youngest jazz group in the business. Napoleon and Harmon are 22, and Lloyd is 20.

**Hard Heads:** Friends since grade school, the three began performing professionally before they were in their teens; Harmon's father, a jazz musician, got them started in jazz by playing them records by Oscar Peterson and Milt Jackson. Later he took them to his own gigs to play between sets. Their big break came when saxophonist Grover Washington Jr. took the group under his wing. He has since become their producer and their mentor. Veterans now in their early 20s, the members of Pieces leaven their love for the music with a hard-headed attitude about the realities of the music business. All the talk about their youth, for example, they haven't shied away from more commercial sounds. "If what you have to offer is different or unusual," says Lloyd, "you also have to give the audience what they're accustomed to. You get their attention—and then you can make them listen to what you're into."

## High Gloss, Heavy Metal

Run for your lives! Def Leppard, those only barely post-pubescent heavy-metal kids, are back . . . and my God, they've got Jim Steinman with them! Maybe we should explain. Steinman made his bones as the producer of Meat Loaf's 1977 debut, "Bat Out of Hell." That album's rococo production sound—a bombastic melding of Phil Spector and Richard Wagner—seemed like a good idea at the time but wore thin in a hurry when Steinman repeated it on records for Bonnie Tyler, Air Supply and Barbra Streisand. Are you following this so far? Def Leppard



Def Leppard: Teaming up

made their mark on the American rock-and-roll market with last year's heavy-metal screamer "Pyromania." The LP sold 996 kajillion copies and was certified titanium, and the video for the song "Photograph" ran 17 times an hour on MTV.

**Floss:** The problem is, now they're together—Def Leppard, produced by Jim Steinman. Power-chording Brits meet overblown hack hit maker, coming in April, on a new LP from Mercury/PolyGram Records. Although the combination makes commercial sense, the creative chemistry is hard to figure. What can Steinman, the flossiest producer in the business, possibly do with these snarling, raging head bangers? One can only wonder. Whatever it sounds like, the record seems destined to be a smash. That's showbiz.

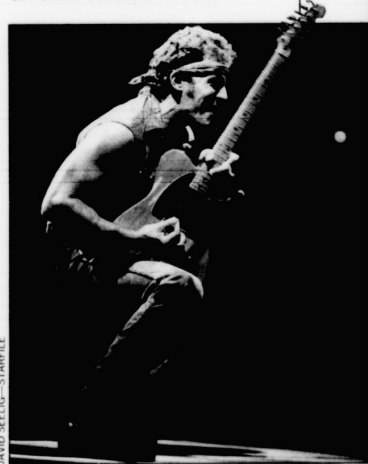
## Rock on The Road

Three of 1984's biggest rock-and-roll tours continue into 1985.

Bruce Springsteen and the E Street Band continue the "Born in the USA" tour in January. This time out, more than ever before, Springsteen has dealt in a hard question: what does it mean to be an American in 1984? His passionate portraits of life in the United States have drawn a host of rave reviews—including one Springsteen didn't want, from Ronald Reagan. "America's future rests in the message of hope in [Springsteen's] songs," Reagan said in September at a New Jersey campaign stop. Onstage the next night the rocker took pains to disassociate himself from the president, suggesting pointedly that he listen closely to the next song in the set—"Johnny 99," the stark story of a workingman driven to crime when he loses his job in an auto plant.

The Daryl Hall and John Oates tour, "Live Through '85," travels to the South in February. No messages here, just solid blue-eyed soul in a combination that's been both commercially successful and artistically admirable since the

New York-based duo began producing their own records in 1980. In the last few months Hall and Oates have turned slightly away from the clean, concise pop tunes that are their trademark and ventured onto the dance floor. Their latest release, "Big Bam Boom," shows the influence of the hugely successful dance-music market: echoey sound, big, thumping beat and longer mixes. It's not a radical change, just a little shifting with the times. Nice to see that two of pop's most consistent hit makers aren't afraid to shift.



Springsteen: Live in '85

Finally, His Royal Badness. Prince and the Revolution appear in St. Louis just before Christmas and in Texas just after. What can we say about Prince? Although relatively tiny in stature, when it comes to the business he's big. Check that. He's huge. Personal details: he's known to be fond of purple and not terribly fond of the press. He has created an entire cottage industry around the Minneapolis pop-music scene. His "Purple Rain" movie and sound track were two of this year's biggest hits. The movie was no bargain except in the onstage sequences, which were genuinely spellbinding; the record was a triumph of raw, furious talent and quirky individual vision. Onstage he is a veritable whirling dervish, a firestorm of funk. Baby, he's a star. Catch him if you can.

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# Television



**Martin Short's comic brilliance goes live on 'Saturday Night'; 'Jewel in the Crown' dramatizes the last years of British colonial rule in India; glorious Hollywood trash; the Shmenges polka down; a TV series that looks and sounds like a movie; 'Robert Kennedy and His Times'; Hemingway, TV style; Horne and Presley croon.**

## Coming Up Short

**W**hen Martin Short was 14, he used to go up into the attic of his parents' home in Hamilton, Ont., and produce "The Martin Short Show." These 60-minute taped programs featured the songs and patter of Martin Short, of course, but also, via recordings, guests such as Jonathan Winters and a great deal of applause. Short's fantasy was so detailed that he even knew where his variety show appeared in the prime-time schedule: Monday evenings at 8:30 on NBC, alternating weekly with "The Andy Williams Show." Yet Short maintains that he didn't have showbiz ambitions as a kid, even though he tentatively picked the stage name "Jackie Rogers" at the age of eight. "If you'd asked me what I was going to be up until I was 21 years of age," he recalls, "I would have said a doctor or a social worker. I started out in premed, but later I realized I didn't like science as much as I admired Richard Chamberlain's work in 'Dr. Kildare'."

Medicine's loss is our gain. Martin Short has become one of the leading lights in the current generation of TV comic actors. After two years with the now defunct and sorely missed "SCTV" show, Short is one of the sextet of new faces brought in to beef up NBC's "Saturday Night Live." It's a new approach for SNL. Until now the show has always tapped unknowns for its cast, but few people have become stars since the departure of the Not Ready for Prime Time Players. (Remember Ann Risley? Charles Rocket?) For the 10th season, SNL's producers retained four performers from the old cast and added some established stars like Billy Crystal, a standup comic who was on the ABC sitcom "Soap." Now SNL is a gang of 10, and the population explosion has made it hard for cast members to squeeze onto the show unless they write something to do themselves. For Martin Short, who won an Emmy for his writing on SCTV, that has meant a lot of hard work. The bulletin board in his office is pocked with note cards, each with a separate idea, like "3 One-Armed Pianists" or "Japanese Menuo."

Though it's too early to know how well



*SNL's Short: A dead-on Robin Williams, a curious nerd and Kate Hepburn's cousin*

the new mix of talents will meld, Short has already distinguished himself as one of the break-out stars. His talent for mimicry has been displayed in a dead-on imitation of Robin Williams and through a new invention, Nelson Hepburn, a hot-dog vendor with the quavering voice and the quivering head of his famous cousin Kate. Short's ability to lose himself in a character enriches his incredible creations, like Ed Grimley, a gentle nerd with a curious sneer and even curiously unicornlike pompadour. Another character, albino singer Jackie Rogers Jr., made an appearance early in the season to plug his book, "Damn You, Daddy, Sir," a tell-all about his father, the legendary entertainer Jackie Rogers Sr. Asked if Daddy ever punished him—say with wire

coat hangers—Jackie replied, "One time—it makes me shudder to think of it—he made me sit in front of a plate full of yams for a good 30-35 minutes."

**C**oming to SNL from SCTV has been a "bumpy" transition for Short. "It's been hard to write for live," he says. "For tape and film you have an endless amount of chances to make something funny. You're able to achieve greater textures of comedy." (John Candy says Short watched SCTV video playbacks endlessly until getting a scene right.) Short says his ultimate goal is to do a Broadway musical: "I love the stage—doing something every night and making it perfect. And the duplication of that perfection

# Television

is even more exciting."

Theater gave Short his start in show business. SCTV colleague Eugene Levy, who acted with Short at Canada's McMaster University, urged Short to join him in Toronto in 1972 for a fling at professional theater. It worked. They won parts in a production of "Godspell" that featured many actors, like Gilda Radner, who have since become famous. When Short reminisces about the "good old days" in Canada, including a stint with the Toronto company of Second City, it sounds like a golden age, led by such performers as Dan Aykroyd. "There's no star system in Canada," says Short, "so you can do anything. It's like the university of showbiz. You're always working."

And so he did, until coming to the United States to work in network television. During the 1979 and 1980 seasons, he was on ABC's "The Associates," which had more doting critics than regular viewers, and ABC's "I'm a Big Girl Now," which had few of ei-



Short as Grimley: Ultimate nerd

ther. Along the way he married Nancy Dolman, an actress on "Soap" and an understudy for the 1972 "Godspell" production in Toronto. (They have a daughter, Katherine, who will be one year old in January.) It was at their wedding four years ago that Short revealed just how much of a trouper mentality he has. After singing a Ricky Ricardo tune, "Cuban Pete," and "Nancy With the Laughing Face," Short turned to his wedding guests and said, "I'd like to thank the audience for coming tonight."

RON GIVENS

**"The name Shmenge has a funny ring to it. There's no real meaning, except maybe nebbish, I guess. You know, you look at somebody and say, 'Well, he's a real shmenge, isn't he?'"**

—John Candy and Eugene Levy, who look a lot like Yosh and Stan Shmenge



Public TV goes Indian: Intimate characters in a historic saga

## A 'Jewel' For Public TV

When it's very good, PBS's "Masterpiece Theatre" can put a serious crimp in your social schedule—once hooked, you cannot bear to miss even one of the weekly episodes. And "The Jewel in the Crown" is "Masterpiece Theatre" at its literate and sophisticated best. Set in India during the last five years of British colonial rule, "Jewel" offers a tantalizing fusion of intimately drawn characters within a historic saga of undeniable emotional power. The 15-hour series starts in mid-December and runs for 14 weeks. Pray that your local PBS affiliate runs it on just the right day or you may have to make alternate arrangements to celebrate Chanukah, Christmas or New Year's Eve.

"Jewel" is based on Paul Scott's "The Raj Quartet," a sequence of four interrelated novels set in India. Scott, who died in 1978, served in the British Army between 1940 and 1946—roughly the time frame of the tetralogy—mostly in India and Malaya. The PBS series begins in 1942 with the ill-fated romance of Daphne Manners and Hari Kumar. Manners, a young Englishwoman who lost her family during the London blitz, has come

to live in India, where she meets and falls in love with Kumar, an Indian brought up in England and forced by circumstances to return to his native, but unfamiliar, land. Their affair violates the delicate web of customs by which the Indians and the British—each with their own intricate class structure—have come to relate to one another. The struggles endured by Manners (played by Susan Wooldridge) and Kumar (Art Malik) illuminate the social, cultural and class conflicts beginning to fragment the relationship between England and India, the "jewel in the crown" of the British Empire.

**Gin:** It shouldn't be surprising that "Jewel" offers riveting performances and a sumptuous concern for production details. The series was produced by Britain's Granada Television, the folks who gave us "Brideshead Revisited." As with other "Masterpiece Theatre" productions, the dialogue for "Jewel" is as clear and bracing as good British gin. Early in the series, for example, Daphne Manners demonstrates her enthusiasm and naiveté in an exchange with a longtime Indian friend, Lady Chatterjee. "I like the smell of India," says Manners. "Daddy used to talk a lot about it." To which the Indian replies, "It's the smell of dung—the smell of India. Your father didn't tell you

that. They burn it." Then, in an afterthought that resonates with other meanings, Lady Chatterjee observes, "Your Mr. Kumar is a mystery—like the smell of India."

## TV Just Like Movies

"Miami Vice" doesn't look like your ordinary TV series. Unlike most shows, where the gaps between action sequences are plugged by close-ups of talking heads, "Miami Vice" draws on imaginative cinematography to create a believable and intriguing environment. The episodes don't look like they were shot on a studio lot for the simple reason that they weren't. "Miami Vice" is filmed, appropriately enough, in and around Miami.

"Miami Vice" doesn't sound like a TV series. When the characters enter a nightclub or turn on their car radios, you don't hear canned, pop-style music written by the show's composer. You hear what real people actually do hear in those situations: songs like "In the Air Tonight" by Phil Collins and "I'm So Excited" by the Pointer Sisters. Just as Hollywood has imitated MTV by infusing sound tracks with throbbing rock



'Miami Vice': A network series that



music—to pump up the action and draw a younger audience—“Miami Vice” has brought Top 40 sounds to a television sound track, in an attempt to create what one NBC executive called “MTV TV.”

**Pleasure:** In short, the production values of “Miami Vice” have more in common with movies than average episodic TV. That’s why it’s a pleasure to watch the NBC series—and that’s exactly the way series creator Anthony Yerkovich wanted it to be. “From the outset,” says Yerkovich, “our goal was to do a TV show that didn’t look like a TV show.” The creative people behind “Miami Vice” reflect this approach. Executive producer Michael Mann, for instance, has worked extensively in feature films and directed the critically acclaimed “Thief,” which starred James Caan. Yerkovich came to “Miami Vice” after winning three Emmy awards as a writer and producer for the literate and sophisticated “Hill Street Blues.” Working on the “Hill,” says Yerkovich, “taught me a lot about character development and story structure, and I think that translates into ‘Miami Vice.’” Yerkovich learned his lessons so well, and has succeeded so clearly at making TV that looks like movies, that now he’s moved on to the real thing with Universal Pictures. But he promises that the creative people he has left behind on “Miami Vice” will continue to make television with a Hollywood touch.



‘Sun’: Unrequited impotence

## Hemingway’s Dark ‘Sun’

*There was much wine, an ignored tension, and a feeling of things coming that you could not prevent happening. Under the wine I lost the disgusted feeling and was happy. It seemed they were all such nice people.*

Ernest Hemingway’s novel “The Sun Also Rises” described the activities of a desperate group of people in Europe. The narrator, Jake Barnes, is impotent as the result of a war wound. Nevertheless, he believes that he loves Lady Brett Ashley, and she believes that she loves him in return. He seeks his release in fishing, traveling and bullfighting. She seeks hers in his friends, his traveling companions and bullfighters. The action shifts

from malaise in France to bullfights in Spain. The story will be told in a four-hour mini-series on NBC Dec. 9 and 10.

*She was looking into my eyes with that way she had of looking that made you wonder whether she really saw out of her own eyes. They would look on and on after every one else’s eyes in the world would have stopped looking. She looked as though there were nothing on earth she would not look at like that, and really she was afraid of so many things.*

Jane Seymour will portray Lady Brett Ashley in the NBC program. Seymour has become TV’s favorite “literary” heroine. She played the female leads in John Steinbeck’s “East of Eden” and in Baroness Orczy’s “The Scarlet Pimpernel.” Hart Bochner, by contrast, will play against type. Known as a hunk, he will be Jake Barnes.

*“What if Brett did sleep with you? She’s slept with lots of better people than you.”*

## Music From Lena, Elvis

So much music blares out of that tiny speaker on your television set these days that it’s hard to separate the glorious from the grating. But coming up in the next few months are two programs that clearly hit the right note.

In early December, PBS’s “Great Performances” will air “Lena Horne: The Lady and Her Music,” a 90-minute show taped during the triumphant run of Horne’s one-woman Broadway show. The bravura performance is more than just musical highlights from the entire spectrum of Horne’s career, starting with the early days at the Cotton Club in Harlem and including her work in M-G-M musicals. As Horne segues from standards like “The Lady Is a Tramp” to classics like “From This Moment On,” she tells funny, sassy and often biting stories from her life in and out of showbiz. The high point of the concert comes when Horne reprises her trademark song, “Stormy Weather,” with all the power

and force of the natural wonder she continues to be.

Jan. 8 marks the 50th anniversary of the birth of Elvis Presley, whose following remains strong seven years after his death. In honor of the anniversary, the Presley industry will unveil a number of rare, barely-seen-and-heard bits and pieces of Elvis’s career. HBO will cablecast one such item of arcana in January—“Elvis: One Night With You.” This 53-minute special consists of a low-key informal concert in front of a small studio audience. Although it was taped in 1968 for use in Elvis’s comeback TV special, most of this session has never been seen by the public before. Dressed in black leather from top to bot-

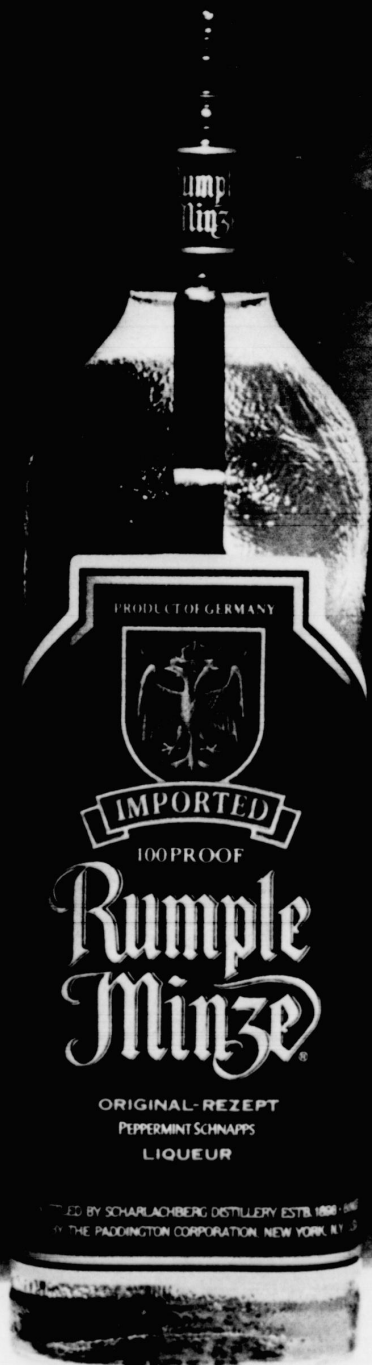


Horne: Funny, sassy and alive

tom, he is at the top of his cocky and sleek form in such tunes as “That’s All Right” and “Blue Suede Shoes.” Never intended to be aired in its entirety, the program has some false starts and a little too much joking (at one point Elvis breaks off a rousing “Baby, What You Want Me to Do?” to joke about his famous curling lip), but this informality gives the viewer a relaxed glimpse into the man behind the myth. When Elvis cuts loose with the sweaty, wailing “One Night,” you know what all the fuss was—and is—about.



doesn't look like television and doesn't sound like television, either



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# Television

## Shmenges: Born to Polka

Yosh and Stan Shmenge were born to polka. You of course know the Shmenge brothers as the hosts of "The Happy Wanderers Show," the SCTV program that showcased their many oom-pah-pah hits. Now Yosh and Stan have announced their retirement, and their farewell concert is the occasion for a sentimental backward look. "The Shmenge Brothers: The Last Polka," coming to HBO in early 1985, will offer foot-shuffling renditions of all the big Shmenge hits, including "Cabbage Rolls and Coffee" and "Tuba Madness." The special will also tell the story of their exciting lives, going all the way back to their childhood days in Leutonia, which—as Yosh carefully pinpoints it—is "on the dark side of the Balkans."

**Nebbish:** No one knows as much about the Shmenges as actor-comedian John Candy, who could be mistaken for Yosh, and actor-comedian Eugene Levy, who could easily pass for Stan. The name Shmenge, says Candy, "has a funny ring to it. There's no real meaning, except maybe nebbish, I guess." Adds Levy, "You know, you look at somebody and say, 'Well, he's a real shmenge, isn't he?'" Levy, who was at the farewell concert himself, claims that Yosh and Stan have taken polka music to new heights: "The performances are very exciting to watch. I'm not kidding." Adding to the excitement is special guest Linsk Minyk, a former Happy Wanderer who is a dead ringer for actor-comedian Rick Moranis. And there is the vocal artistry of The Lemon Twins, who look a lot like actor-comedians Robin Duke, Catherine O'Hara and Mary Margaret O'Hara. In fact, you might be tempted to say that "The Last Polka" has an eerie resemblance to a movie about The Band called "The Last Waltz." But you would be wrong. "The Last Waltz" didn't have fog effects and schmancy lighting. Or lederhosen.



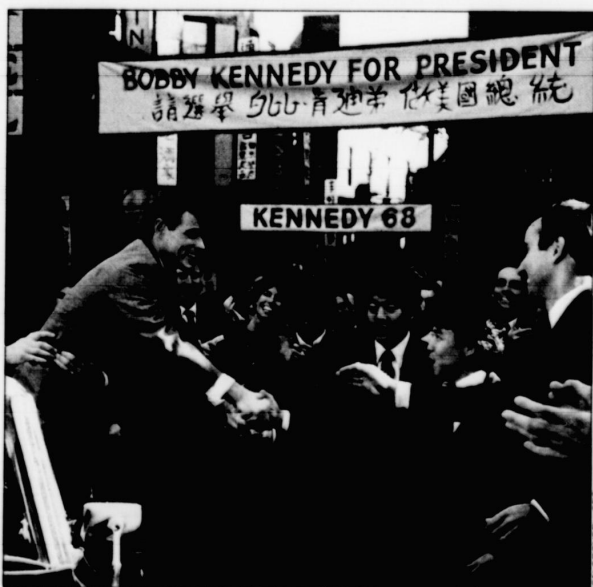
Stan and Yosh: The Leutonian masters' last oom-pah-pah?

## RFK From A Distance

If the media are any guide, the Kennedys continue to be America's royal family. The details of the public and private lives of the famous and obscure members of the clan have been wallowed in so often that some people know more about the Kennedys than they do about their own families. But the appetites of Camelot

watchers are enormous, so it's not surprising that CBS is offering another trip to the trough. "Robert Kennedy and His Times" takes a seven-hour journey down memory lane in January—from the first meeting between Bobby and his future wife, Ethel, to RFK's death in 1968. Unfortunately, it has all the depth and feeling of a whirlwind junket.

"Robert Kennedy and His Times" used the Arthur Schlesinger Jr. biography for its source, but you'd never guess



RFK mini-series: Big on history, little on personal impact

that the mini-series came from an insider's account. The courtship of Bobby and Ethel, for instance, favors the athletic over the romantic—with more scenes of touch football and beach-side sprints than intimate conversations. In fact, most of the talk in "Robert Kennedy and His Times" is about events rather than about RFK or his family. And many of the scenes, in a misguided attempt at communicating historical but not personal details, show the Kennedys watching television news. The cast, including Brad Davis as RFK, Veronica Cartwright as Ethel, Cliff De Young as JFK and Jack Warden as Joseph Kennedy Sr., is wasted on a story that cares less about Robert Kennedy than his times.

## Hollywood's Class Trash

Nothing scintillates quite like a giddy, glorious, naughty bit of television fluff. And "Hollywood Wives," tentatively scheduled for February on ABC, just might be the best trash in a good, long while. It's got good breeding. The story comes from the mega best seller by Jackie Collins, the queen of the bed-and-boardroom novel set (and sister of Joan Collins). Producing the mini-series is Aaron Spelling, the man who seems to midwife every prime-time soap on ABC, including the wicked, top-rated "Dynasty," starring—you guessed it—Joan Collins. "Wives" also has almost everybody but Joanie in it. Featured are Candice Bergen, Joanna Cassidy, Mary Crosby, Angie Dickinson, Roddy McDowall, Stefanie Powers, Suzanne Somers, Robert Stack, Rod Steiger and Andrew Stevens. Then there's the story—a hopelessly intertwined romp through the ambitions, sex lives and hang-ups of the glittery Left Coast entertainment set. ABC may have one problem, though. If the TV version of "Hollywood Wives" matches the breakneck pace of Collins's prose, the five-hour mini-series may last only for three.

RON GIVENS



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# Books



Douglas Adams hitchhikes across deep space for the fourth time in 'So Long, and Thanks for All the Fish'; the collected plays of Sam Shepard; earth in the 35th century; Mario Puzo continues the 'Godfather' saga; cop stalks killer, and vice versa, in 'Glitz'; a grand inquisitor of the literati; big noise from a quiet author.

## Galactic Gag Man

**D**ouglas Adams travels the universe almost as much as the characters in his "Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy" books. Take, for example, his schedule for just two weeks last month. He leaves Los Angeles after working for a week on a film treatment of "Hitchhiker." For two days he's in Maryland, giving readings at Montgomery College in Rockville and the University of Maryland. On to New York for two days of brainstorming with Henson Associates (the Muppet people) for a hush-hush TV project. Then Oberlin College in Ohio for a reading. Two days later, it's a press conference in New York for the new "Hitchhiker" home-computer game, followed by game promotion the next day in Las Vegas and in San Francisco two days after that. Finally, back to his native England for three weeks of promoting his new book, "So Long, and Thanks for All the Fish." No wonder he can only squeeze in an interview while he's having breakfast at 8 a.m. When does he sleep? "That's the problem," says a barely awake Adams. "I don't have time to sleep."

Adams's talent for warp-speed outer-space wit has spawned an enormously profitable "Hitchhiker" industry. First done as a BBC radio series in 1978, "Hitchhiker" has become a recording, a TV series, a number of theatrical productions and a movie to be directed by Ivan ("Ghostbusters") Reitman. The "Hitchhiker" game, just out, is a text-based adventure in which the object of the game, says Adams, 32, "is to find out the object of the game." The first three "Hitchhiker" books—"The Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy," "The Restaurant at the End of the Universe" and "Life, the Universe and Everything"—have all been best sellers, with a total of over 7 million copies in print. "So Long, and Thanks for All the Fish," which comes out next month, seems certain to do as well. In a typical bit of Adams tongue-in-cheek, the dust jacket for "Fish" describes it as the "fourth book in the 'Hitchhiker's Trilogy'."

From the beginning, the "Hitchhiker" books have delivered headlong action on a cosmic scale. In the first, the Earth gets



Adams: Back to earth after conquering the universe with warp-speed science fiction

blown up after less than 35 pages, and Arthur Dent, a real schlemiel of a hero, escapes the destruction and begins to carom about the universe from one tight scrape to another.

Adams's relentless sense of humor often springs from setting earthly foibles in an extraterrestrial context. In "Restaurant," he describes the hangover Dent gets after traveling via a matter-transference beam: "Any form of transport which involved tearing you apart atom by atom, flinging those atoms through the sub-ether, and then jamming them back together again just when they were getting their first taste of freedom for years had to be bad news."

In the new book, Arthur Dent returns to an Earth that looks remarkably the same way it did before it was blown up, except for the mysterious absence of dolphins. (The title is a goodbye message from the long departed aquatic mammals.) Dent works diligently to find out what happened to his native planet, with the help of a like-minded Earthwoman. Only at the novel's end do they blast off together in search of "God's Final Message to His Creation." Like the previous three books, Adams saturates the story with bizarre characters and absurd situations. Rob McKenna, for example, is a lorry driver who becomes famous as the "Rain God" because it has rained every place he has been for the past 15 years. Unlike the previous "Hitch-

## Books

hiker" books, "Fish" concentrates on one planet—and a familiar one at that. And, for the first time, Adams makes Dent a well-rounded character rather than a galaxial Keystone Cop. The pace of "Fish" is less frenetic; at times, it's even lyrical. In comparing this novel with his earlier ones, Adams observes, "When I wrote about fantastical things going on in other worlds, I made them seem as real and concrete as I possibly could. Now that I've come back to Earth, everything has taken on a strange kind of dreamlike quality. And I'm at a loss to explain that."

Adams has always had trouble settling down to write. "I try and avoid it if at all possible," he says. "The business of buying new pencils assumes gigantic proportions. I have four word processors at home and I spend a lot of time trying to decide which one to work on." But when Adams finally decides to write, he decides to write. "Fish" was written essentially in three weeks this fall, after Adams's English publisher booked him into a hotel and baby-sat him. His favorite, "Restaurant," took a month. "Writing comes easy," he explains. "All you have to do is stare at a blank piece of paper until your forehead bleeds."

In the near future, Adams won't have to suffer this ordeal. Through early 1985 much of his time will be taken up with promoting "Fish" and finding a moment to get married. He doesn't yet have a firm concept for his next book, but he insists that it won't be sci-fi. "I've never been a science-fiction buff. I have a house full of the books, but only because people are always giving them to me," Adams confesses. "I consider myself largely a comedy writer. But even though I protest that I'm not a science-fiction writer, I find that science-fictional elements continue to creep in on the side." Adams also professes that "Fish" is his last "Hitchhiker" book. But die-hard fans can take comfort in his recollection that "I never thought there would be a third or fourth book, either."

RON GIVENS

**"Michael Corleone stood on a long wooden dock in Palermo and watched the great ocean liner set sail for America. He was to have sailed on that ship, but new instructions had come from his father."** —From Mario Puzo's new "Godfather" book, "The Sicilian"



Shepard: The pop profundities of horse opera and rock

## Shepard: Rough Read

Because of "The Right Stuff," in which he played pilot Chuck Yeager, and "Country," in which he played farmer Gil Ivy, Sam Shepard is known by most as a movie star. But Shepard, 41, has been called the pre-eminent playwright of his generation—and even the best American dramatist now writing. Since his first play, "Cowboys," was produced when he was 19, he has won 10 Obies and a Pulitzer Prize. Michiko Kakutani of The New York Times says he has "put forth a vision of America that resonates with the power of legend." The Village Voice's Ross Wetzstein says he has "altered the conventions of theater as radically as Brecht or Beckett." And so on. When the flannel-shirted Shepard (né Samuel Shepard Rogers) fixes that intense stare on you from

the cover of his new collection ("Fool for Love and Other Plays," published this month by Bantam), remember: he's not just another craggy face.

**Fuss:** Shepard's admirers—that is, almost everybody—testify to his power to move theater audiences. But readers may wonder what the fuss is about. The "legend" in which Shepard traffics is the pop profundities of horse opera and rock-and-roll sainthood that have already been plumbed by too many filmmakers and rock critics. When rodeo cowboy Eddie in "Fool for Love" is reduced to lassoing the bedposts in a seedy motel room, we're supposed to sense (according to the book's introduction) "the decline of the Old West." In "Cowboy Mouth," Cavale (first played by punk-rock poet Patti Smith) fantasizes that "the rock-'n'-roll star in his highest state of grace will be the new savior . . . rocking to Bethlehem to be born." But the Old West has been in decline

since Buffalo Bill, and rock messiahs haven't been taken seriously (even by rock critics) since Elvis Costello. For someone at the cutting edge, Shepard (as the hackneyed reference to Yeats shows) can be a little quaint: these plays, with their enigmatic action and improbable characters, really aren't much different from the "absurdist" plays of the 1950s. For all his characters' trendy talk of Mick Jagger and Barbara Mandrell, Shepard may finally be remembered as the last of the beat generation. He even prefaces "Angel City" with a note advising actors to approach their parts "in terms of collage construction or jazz improvisation." Like, wow.

DAVID GATES

## Earth: A.D. 3414

Philip José Farmer has never been as successful as Frank Herbert or J. R. R. Tolkien in reaching readers outside the science-fiction-and-fantasy subculture. But to insiders, Farmer is like Henry James—a writer too good for hoi polloi. Critic Leslie Fiedler—a dabbler in the genre himself—once called



Farmer: Son of 'Riverworld'

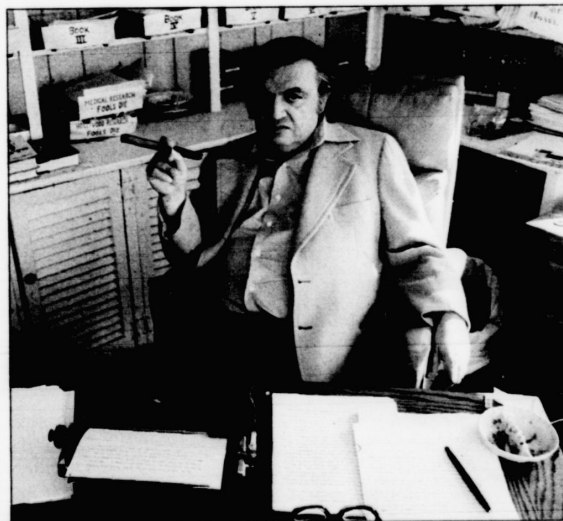


him "the greatest science-fiction writer ever." Farmer is most admired for his "Riverworld" series, six volumes published between 1971 and 1983. "Riverworld" was a fourth-dimensional "Ragtime" whose characters included Tom Mix, Hermann Göring and Ulysses S. Grant; its locale was an Earth-size planet inhabited by everyone who has ever lived. If the notion of a climactic confrontation between King John of England and Samuel Clemens sounds silly—well, maybe you had to be there.

In February Putnam will publish "Dayworld," the first volume of Farmer's new series. Again, we have an overpopulated planet—this time Earth itself, in A.D. 3414—but not a crowded one. This is because on any given day of the week six out of seven of the inhabitants are in suspended animation and have stored themselves until their assigned day comes round again. Like yuppies with a time-shared vacation place, Farmer's characters are prone to complain if "Tuesday" has neglected to leave the kitchen tidy. More serious, however, is a new form of antisocial behavior: daybreaking.

**Immors:** Jeff Caird, Farmer's hero, is no common daybreaker but an "immer." He possesses a substance enabling him to live seven times his normal lifespan, and thus to inhabit all the days of the week under different identities. (If this is Sunday, he must be Father Tom Zurlvan.) The authorities, naturally, catch on to him. Worse yet, his fellow immers will kill him rather than risk his being captured and given truth serum. And worst of all, he's having an identity crisis. Farmer's imagination is manifestly daring, but its price seems to be a nasty case of arrested development—not an unusual condition among scifi writers. He's gratuitously fixated on breasts, bowels and flatulence, and he has the fascinated misogyny of a 12-year-old boy: women "overlubricate" and beds "reek" of "sexual scents." Scifi subcultists are used to such embarrassments; outsiders can't say they weren't warned.

D. G.



Puzo: A not-quite-sequel that's too good to refuse

## 'Godfather' Lives Again

Eighteen years ago, high-brow novelist Mario Puzo decided he was tired of suffering for his art. He was 45, \$20,000 in debt and fed up with the door poundings of loan sharks unimpressed by the author's good reviews. "It was really time to grow up and sell out," Puzo later said. "So I told my editors, OK, I'll write a book about the Mafia. Just give me some money to get started." Puzo coaxed a \$5,000 advance; three years later, the world got Don Vito Corleone, a horse head on the bed and Sonny against the door. Puzo said "I wrote below my talents with that book," but 15 million copies later, "The Godfather" remains the greatest airport novel ever written.

This month has appeared "The Sicilian," Puzo's long-awaited continuation of life with godfather. Will any bookstore browser be able to put down a chronicle that begins: "Michael Corleone stood on a long wooden dock in Palermo and watched the great ocean liner set sail for America. He was to have sailed on that ship, but new instructions had come from his father." Puzo's publishers think not; they have ordered an advance printing of 400,000 copies, to sell at \$17.95.

This tale opens as Michael is finishing up his three-year exile in Sicily after shooting a corrupt New York police captain. (It would fit in about the middle of the book "The Godfather" and well before the continuation of the family saga in the movie "Godfather II.") Michael is given a last-minute rescue mission by dad: bring Salvatore Guiliano back to the States. Guiliano is a kind of Sicilian Robin Hood who, in the service of the peasants, stages mountain raids against the corrupt Roman government. Guiliano, however, has bigger problems than evading Italian cops. Don Croce, ruthless leader of the Sicilian Mafia, also wants the bandit. If you thought Don Corleone was tough, wait until you see how the "Friends of the Friends" society does things in the old country.

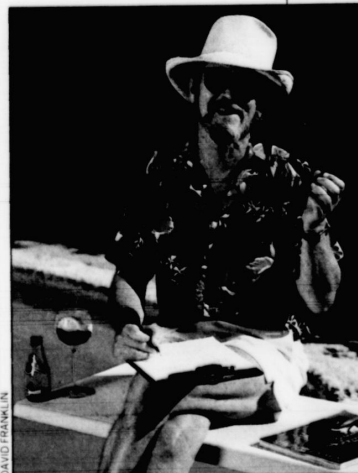
NEAL KARLEN

## Big-City Shoot-Out

Reed-thin, tweedy, bespectacled, bearded and often photographed in a sporty cap, 59-year-old Elmore Leonard looks more like a professor of English than a writer of big-city shoot-'em-ups. He began literary life some 30 years ago, turning out pulp Westerns in the mornings before going to work

at a Detroit advertising agency; in 1967 he was rescued when Hollywood bought his 1961 novel, "Hombre," as a vehicle for Paul Newman. Since then he has written a score of suspense novels in which armed and alienated men on both sides of the law chase each other through modern urban landscapes, pausing only for unsentimental liaisons with tough yet complaisant women. This is familiar territory, of course; what sets Leonard apart from trigger-happy competition is his eye for detail, his ear for dialogue and the fat-free prose style he began developing back when he first read "For Whom the Bell Tolls." Critics and fellow writers have long recognized Leonard as a master (last spring he was awarded an Edgar, the Mystery Writers of America's version of the Oscar, for his novel "LaBrava"), and now the public has begun to catch on, too. His last few books have been best sellers, and the paperback rights for "LaBrava" went for a tidy \$363,000.

Leonard's latest, called



Leonard: A glitzy tale

"Glitz" (due in March from Arbor House), is a Book-of-the-Month Club Dual Main Selection; it will have a first printing of 75,000 and a \$100,000 promotional budget, and it will be serialized in Playboy. "Glitz" is a less-than-probable yarn about one Vincent Mora, a Miami Beach detective who is



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shot by a mugger and goes to Puerto Rico to recuperate. There he takes a shine to a beautiful, brainless young prostitute and is stalked by a psychopath he once sent to prison. The local police help Mora send the weirdo packing, but a nightclub owner ships the prostitute to Atlantic City—which happens to be said weirdo's hometown—for a job as a "hostess." The creep gets our hero to Atlantic City by murdering the girl and tucking a piece of paper with Mora's name on it into her unmentionables; the stalking now becomes mutual, and the diversions (provided by willing women and criminals both organized and unorganized) proliferate. While the plot meanders, Leonard's ear for his characters' voices never falters. "Ask them, they lie to you from jump street, don't know how else to talk," says a black ex-con of the men with whom he did time. It may be impossible for a crime novelist to create a totally convincing world, but details like these make "Glitz" a lifelike diorama.

D. G.

## Authors I Have Known

Ever since Samuel Johnson put up with Boswell's often impertinent questions, writers have become resigned not only to *doing* their work but to discussing it—and themselves—at great lengths with worshipful inquisitors. Nowadays only a few heroic recluses like Samuel Beckett and J. D. Salinger refuse to be interrogated for publication; so willingly do most authors submit that magazines from Publishers' Weekly to Paris Review can make such question-and-answer sessions a regular feature. Norman Mailer has even published interviews he has given in collections of his work, side by side with pieces he has written. But whose work, really, is an interview—the subject's or the interviewer's?

Charles Ruas has made a career of interviewing American writers since 1975, when he began conducting a popular

radio show on New York City's WBAI. More recently his talks with the likes of Mailer, Truman Capote, Eudora Welty and Gore Vidal have appeared in the Paris Review and The New York Times. "Conversations With American Writers" collects 14 of these interviews. In his introduction, Ruas bills himself as, at least, their co-creator. He's undoubtedly a hard worker ("I consult standard reference books . . . and then I read the body of the author's work, looking for certain constant elements or thematic developments"), but his other claims are harder to substantiate. "The art of the literary interview," he begins off-puttingly, "is transforming a particular interrogation into a universal dialogue." Even Ruas is obliged to acknowledge that people who are frequently interviewed develop "a repertoire of set anecdotes and ideas" that can be "a barrier to genuine discourse." And he doesn't seem to know that readers will be more interested in what his famous subjects have to say than in how he gets them to say it.

**Remarkable:** In "Conversations With American Writers," Ruas seems to have elicited little that an interviewer with fewer pretensions couldn't have managed, but since he's dealing with remarkable people, he has recorded some remarkable performances. Susan Sontag is the most articulate of this ar-

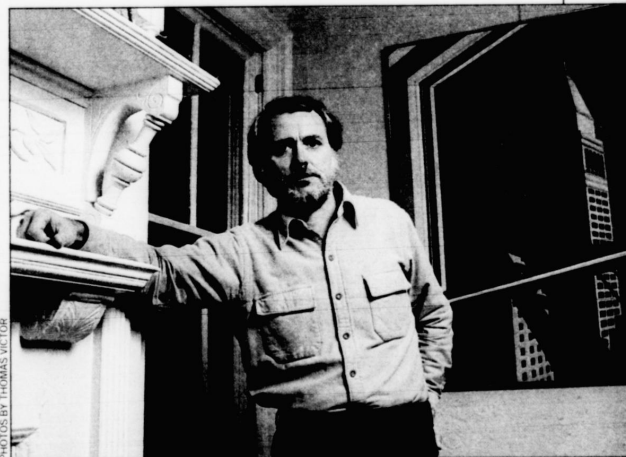


Ruas: Good people, good talk

ticulate crowd. Joseph Heller the most self-effacing, Marguerite Young the most eccentric. And despite the high-minded tone of the introduction, there's enough sleaze to sell the book: Tennessee Williams on drugs and homosexuality, Mailer on Jack Henry Abbott, a

trade paperback of some of DeLillo's earlier work, and the man himself has even begun talking to a few outsiders.

DeLillo's special trait is his ability to grasp clichés of American culture and reweave them into stylish, witty, tormented fictions. Among the best of his



DeLillo: A sardonic look at university scholarship

pathetic Truman Capote talking trash ("I just had lunch with Oona; she's so changed since Charlie died") and urging Ruas to try cocaine. But these days who minds a little gossip? You want art, go read a book.

D. G.

## A Quiet Man Gets Heard

For more than a decade Don DeLillo has sat in the pantheon of critically acclaimed American writers who refuse to shill their works on "Good Morning, Siwash" or discuss their lives with celebrity-magazine chroniclers. This reclusiveness may have cost him. Unlike J. D. Salinger or Thomas Pynchon, DeLillo's combination of great reviews and public silence has never translated into overwhelming numbers of cash-register rings. But the cumulative effect of all his good works may be changing all that. After seven books, word is finally getting around. Vintage Books has begun reissuing

sometimes overlooked lot are "Americana," his first novel about a frazzled television executive; "End Zone," a hysterical, apocalyptic book about pro football, and "Great Jones Street," a meditation on the popular music scene as captured through the eyes of Bucky Wunderlick, a burnt-out rock star.

"White Noise," his newest novel, will be out from Viking in January. This time DeLillo's setting will be a small liberal-arts college in the Midwest populated by neurotic New Yorkers and arrogant academics. Jack Gladney, the hero, teaches the history of Nazism and tries to escape the "white noise" feedback clogging his existential ruminations. As always, DeLillo's stroke is sardonic. "You've done a wonderful thing with Hitler," says a colleague trying to carve out an academic fiefdom similar to the protagonist's. "He is now your Hitler, Gladney's Hitler. The college is internationally known as a result of Hitler studies. . . . It's what I want to do with Elvis."

N. K.



# Up & Coming

The year of the compact disc; a rising young comic works the dark side of the street; a walk-through video game; tapping new musical talent in Manhattan; Steve's ice cream, coast to coast; the life of Malcolm X as an opera; surprise success in the big city for a first novelist.



Comedian Paula Poundstone: 'I'm just a whiner at heart'

## Funny—And Miserable

The Paula Poundstone Story in brief: aspiring comedian leaves her Massachusetts high school during senior year, Greyhounds it to San Francisco to play in clubs, gets discovered by Robin Williams and signed to his heavyweight management firm and appears on "Saturday Night Live" and the David Letterman show. At 25 she's nearly famous. So what's *wrong*, Paula? Nothing, really. "I'm a whiner at heart," she says. "I happen to have a natural propensity to be a miserable wretch."

And a good thing, too. It's just that dark side that makes Poundstone so funny. She's a lanky woman with a bent grin and a disposition to match; on-stage she illuminates the thousand things that can go wrong

in a day with mordant humor, most often aimed at herself. "I can't parallel park," she says in her act, resignedly. "When I try, I have to go through the whole routine. I take out the big yellow traffic cones, and I use a couple of tanks of gas. Fortunately my car doesn't have power steering, so I can lose weight while I'm parking." She calls her material "self-centered," but it's leavened with patience. "When I talk about stuff that goes wrong," she says in explaining her humor, "it doesn't necessarily mean I'm a horrible person. Just that it'll take me a little longer to get through the day." And like her mentor Williams ("He and his wife have gotten me onto some TV shows, and they also give me real nice clothes sometimes"), she spices her act with a strong dash of the absurd: "I go to an atheist church. We have crippled guys who stand up and testify that they were crip-

pled and still are."

In 1985 Poundstone may be seen in "Hyperspace," a low-budget sci-fi flick ("So low-budget that I'm the name"). Then again, she may not. "For all I know it'll never be released, and probably that's a good thing, because I can't act," she says. She may eventually end up writing screenplays. Until then she'll keep working—playing clubs, doing TV, making the sacrifices a young comic needs to make. "OK, so I did the underwear scene in 'Hyperspace,'" she says. "I'm not ashamed, because I did it for my kids. OK, so I don't have any kids. But the other day I had this pain . . ."

## Operatic Life Of Malcolm X

Pianist Anthony Davis lists as some of his influences Duke Ellington, Richard Wagner, Igor Stravinsky and Malcolm X—which should give you some idea of how maddeningly difficult he is to characterize. Try to set him in the context of his record label, Gramavision, which is home to some of the more adventurous new-music players working today; call him avant-garde if you must, although his music isn't really that. This kind of critical mush-mouthing suits Davis just

fine. "I don't like to use labels on my music," he says. "I call it American music. It incorporates my classical studies, my interest in improvisation and in non-Western music as well." Just say Davis is used to painting on a broad canvas—and let the work speak for itself. Last year he scored a ballet, "Hemispheres," modeled after Miles Davis's "Episteme"; next year will see the production of "X," his opera based on the life of Malcolm X. The work will be presented in concert by the Springfield (Mass.) Symphony in April and have its formal premiere in the fall at the Brooklyn Academy of Music.

**Politics:** The original idea of "X" came from Davis's brother, who wanted to do the story as a musical. Davis's cousin, poet Thulani Davis, began to do some writing for the project; last spring Davis got \$30,000 from the National Endowment for the Arts to bring it to the stage. How did it end up an opera? "I could never figure out a way to deal with written dialogue," Davis says. "I wanted everything to be sung. I wanted music to participate at all times in the drama." Davis sees the turbulent political world of the '60s as a natural topic for operatic treatment. "There's a whole black heritage of music telling a story, and the '60s were so important in shaping how we view the world," he says. While Davis hopes the opera will reach a wide audience, he is especially hopeful that black audiences will see it. "A musician always has a certain obligation to his time," he says. "I think people have to be reminded."



Anthony Davis: 'I want music to participate in the drama'



Photon prototype in north Dallas: The sport of the future?

## Aliens Land In Dallas

The thing about aliens is, you never know where they're going to land. In 1938, when the Martians came down on Orson Welles's "War of the Worlds" broadcast, did they destroy Washington or Los Angeles? No, they picked a place called Grover's Mills, N.J. And last year, when the planet Photon set up its first earth station, where was it? In north Dallas, in an office park, behind a Gulf station. No matter. Soon enough, earth people, Photon will be everywhere.

Photon is the world's first walk-through video game, a sort of deep-space "Capture the Flag." Players pay \$3 per six-minute adventure, suit up with 13-pound power packs and take off—zapping opposing players with light beams (at 10

points a hit), dodging hostile fire, working across a 10,000-square-foot, high-tech obstacle course toward the goal—a lighted arrow deep in enemy territory. Land three consecutive bursts on the goal, and you score 200 points; get blasted yourself and you lose 10. Sound effects ("Kapow!") and a perfumed fog add to the ambi-



Compact Discs and player: Will sales boom in the new year?

ence. "There have been films like 'Rollerball' that foresee futuristic sports, but this is the first time it's been done," says inventor George Carter III. "It's the sport of the future."

He hopes. Organized league play began in July, and the first Photon tournament will take place in Dallas next month. Banking on the enthusiasm of Photon freaks like Vince Sullivan, 16, of Richardson, Texas ("I'll have to run out of money to get bored"), Carter is trying to strengthen Photon's grip on the earth. In January the first Photon franchise will open in Toronto; eight separate facilities will open in New York City by the end of the month. In February three of eight Photon facilities scheduled for southern California will appear. By spring, says Carter, outposts will be established in Houston, Phoenix and Chicago. Anticipating a full frontal assault on the earth market, he is also negotiating rights for Photon toys and a cartoon.

## New World's Record

If we're to believe audio-industry experts, 1985 will be the year of the Compact Disc. CD's, first offered for sale two years ago, offer crystalline sound via virtually indestructible 4 3/4-inch laser-read records. Prices have already dropped below \$300 for the players, and discs can be purchased in some big cities for as little as \$12; this has meant the biggest year yet for CD sales, and things are expected

to get even better after Christmas. Next year's sales of players will double this year's totals, estimates Alan Perper, director of Product Marketing for Warner/Elektra/Atlantic Records—rising from 225,000 to more than half a million units. And sales of the discs themselves, which increased nearly sevenfold this year—who knows? Says Sam Sutherland, who writes a CD column for Billboard magazine, "So far every forecast has been beaten. The CD field is going to mushroom. Nothing would surprise me at this point."



McInerney: A hit at 29

## A Writer On the Town

Jay McInerney is a novelist who doesn't think college students should be allowed to major in creative writing; a sharp-eyed chronicler of the Manhattan night world who lives in Syracuse; a 29-year-old graduate student who isn't sure the scholarly life makes sense. Puzzlers, these, but one thing is certain: McInerney's "Bright Lights, Big City," the story of a young man looking for love in New York, was one of last year's best-received debuts. Critics loved it, and Random House rushed it into a second printing after just one month. In 1985, McInerney will publish his second novel—a story about young Americans in Japan—and take a stab at the screenplay for "Bright Lights." He has never written

## Up & Coming

for the screen before and cheerfully admits that he's not sure how to capture the book's now-flip, now-desperate rush of narrative. How best to visualize such lines as "Her voice is like the New Jersey state anthem played through an electric shaver"? McInerney shrugs. "Maybe a lot of music," he says. "But I never knew how to do a novel either. I just sat down and started doing it."

**Quick Hit:** That was two years ago: McInerney was then, as now, a grad student at Syracuse University, on a fellowship arranged by novelist Raymond Carver. It was Carver who persuaded him to get out of the New York publishing industry and go somewhere and write if a writer was what he wanted to be. What happened next should give heart to struggling writers everywhere. A short story that later became chapter one of "Bright Lights" was published in the *Paris Review*, January 1983; McInerney wrote the novel's first draft in May. Seven months later it was in galleys. By September 1984 it was in the bookstores, a hit. At 29, Jay McInerney was a promising young novelist—a label he wears with equanimity. "I'm suddenly very young," he says. "When I was 28, and I didn't have anything to show for it, I felt like I was real old."

## Made in Manhattan

Talking about the founding of Manhattan Records, a new label under the umbrella of Capitol/EMI, president Bruce Lundvall says with a laugh, "It's not something that's happening every day." That's for sure. Until last year, when Michael Jackson and MTV gave it a jump start, the record business was downright sickly. By Lundvall's reckoning, none of the majors had started a new mass-market label in a decade. This alone has made the birth of Manhattan a hot topic of discussion on the record scene. So has the ready-made pedigree of Lundvall, a former president of both Columbia and Elektra/Asylum Records and one



Manhattan's Lundvall: Hot news in the record business

of the most respected music executives in New York. The name of the label is no accident, Lundvall says; part of its brief is to establish an East Coast presence for Capitol/EMI and to "tap New York talent. We're signing artists from other parts of the country and the world, but essentially we're a New York label."

**Old and New:** Lundvall's strong suit is jazz, and jazz will be an important part of the Manhattan repertoire. The company plans to reactivate the Blue Note imprint, long a great name in jazz recordings but dormant since the mid-'70s. Along with new releases by musicians both well known (Stanley Turrentine) and lesser known (guitarist Stanley Jordan), Blue Note will issue digitally remastered versions of old LP's by Miles Davis, Bud

Powell and John Coltrane. On the pop side, Manhattan has signed Brazilian singer Tania Maria and new bands World Citizenz and The Touch. The company is also banking heavily on songwriter Robbie Nevil, who has written for the Pointer Sisters and George Benson, and is readying his first record under his own name. "Quincy Jones was trying to sign him rather desperately," Lundvall says casually. "But we got him." Score one for Manhattan, the new kid in town.

## Steve's: The Thrill Is Gone

Since 1973, Boston-area college students have grown accustomed to a special treat: tramping to Somerville, north

of Cambridge, and standing in long lines in freezing weather to eat ice cream at Steve's. The ice cream is fresh, made right in the store, and Steve's trademark is the "mixin": the crew will smooch in almost any goodies you want, including M&M's, granola, crushed Heath bars or peanut-butter cups, among others.

In 1984, the taste is still there, but the thrill is gone. Founder Steve Herrell, tiring of the ice-cream wars, sold the store to a competitor in 1977; in 1983 it was sold again, to Integrated Resources, a New York investment firm that's traded on the New York Stock Exchange and also vends life insurance and cable TV. You can probably guess what happened next. That's right—franchising. Now there are 34 Steve's stores in 10 states and the District of Columbia; 1985 should see the chain's biggest expansion yet. "By this time next year," promises marketing VP Jonathan Breiter, "we'll have at least 100 stores."

**Ambience:** The new corporate Steve's is vigilant about maintaining quality, Breiter says: "There are extensive store checks, and our recipes are followed." And the ice cream? "Still made fresh on the premises," Breiter says firmly. "All of it. Every day." Integrated Resources is just as careful about keeping up Steve's jivey, collegial ambience. Every store has four essential elements lifted from the flagship in Somerville: a funky hand-lettered menu board, a neon sign, three ice-cream machines and an awning. But when charm is cloned a thousandfold, is it still charming? Breiter acknowledges the uneasiness of New Englanders who aren't quite sure if they like seeing Steve's everywhere they go, like Exxon or 7-Eleven. "Part of the philosophy of Steve's is that you have to go out of your way for it," concedes Breiter, who himself made the pilgrimage as an undergrad at BU in the '70s. "So we don't want to see one on every corner. That's why we want to max out at only five or six hundred stores, instead of one or two thousand." Yikes! Come home, Steve.

BILL BAROL



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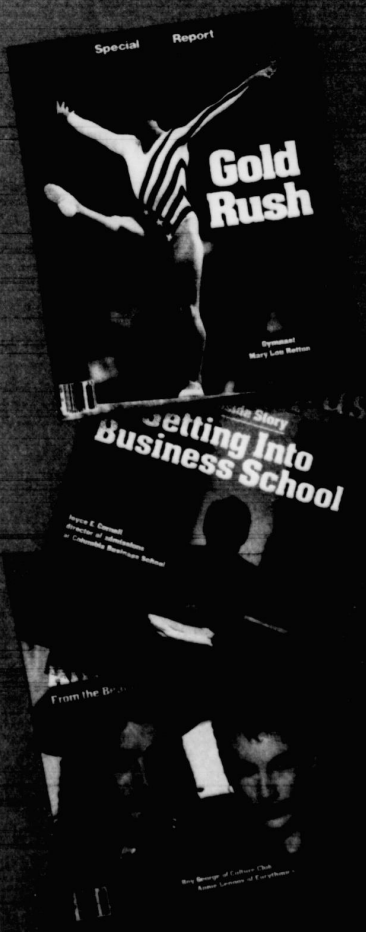


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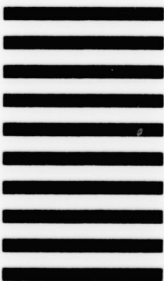
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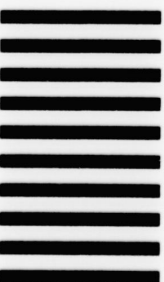
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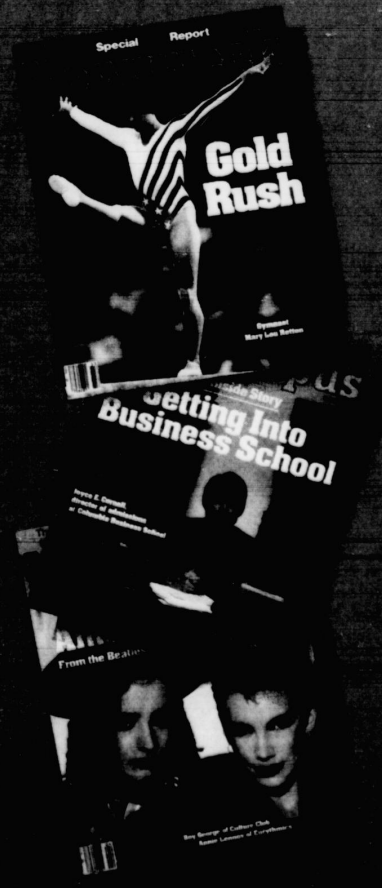
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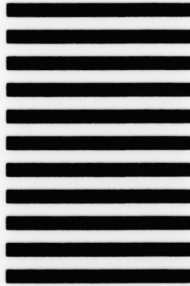
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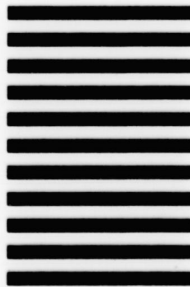
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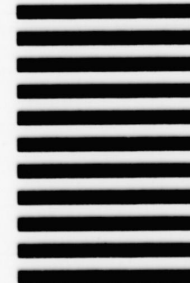
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