



A legendary English rock band, the Kinks, will perform for a capacity crowd Saturday night in Eisenhower Auditorium.

Kinks just won't change

By KEN FREEMAN
Daily Collegian Staff Writer

The Kinks, now, are not "popular" and after over fourteen years of continuing nonconformity, Ray Davies and Co. have no reason to change strategy.

"To their financial disadvantage they've never picked up on a trend or cashed in on a fad," observed music critic Ken Emerson. Not surprisingly, they immunized themselves quite handsily against the infections of the love-in/psychedelic period and all its mind-bending sounds. And they have yet (let's hope they never do) to cut a disco single.

Fads come and go, but The Kinks' kinkiness, or rather satirical sensibility, stays. In fact, what Ray Davies has done through his satire is to present a slightly rueful comic history of modern society.

Classic singles such as "Well Respected Man," "Dedicated Follower of Fashion" and "Lola" illustrate this spirit at its apex, as well as tracks like "A Rock 'n Roll Fantasy" and "Permanent Waves" from the most recent "Misfits."

But there's much more than satire to be found in The Kinks' music. Satire has not always been the dominant element in The Kinks' discography. And perhaps even harder to believe is that The Kinks were at one time "popular" — very "popular."

Back in 1964, a new four-man group had formed in the wake of the post-Beatle rise of English bands. The called themselves The Kinks (Ray Davies, Dave Davies and Mick Avory are the surviving original members). As the story goes, Ray Davies wore an orange tie and was said to look like a kink by some studio "bloke."

They cut two highly unsuccessful singles (one being a cover of a cover of The Beatles' "Long Tall Sally") before releasing "You Really Got Me," which skyrocketed to number one on the British charts and number seven over here. It's got chugging guitar breaks that suspiciously resemble the Kingsmen's "Louie Louie."

Nevertheless, it made The Kinks known and with smash followups like "All Day and All of the Night," "Tired of Waiting for You," and "Set Me Free," they were on their way to becoming as "popular" as The Who, The Rolling Stones and even The Beatles.

To understand The Kinks is to understand Ray Davies, backbone of The Kinks, and principal songwriter as well as lead vocalist. He is the great observationalist, the innocent bystander of everyday events. The delight of his songs relishes in showing these events through an acute combination of wry wit and comical honesty.

It is this fanaticism with honesty that has kept The Kinks from inevitably becoming as "popular" as The Beatles, The Who and The Stones are today. However, as evidenced on recent songs like "Misfits," "Out of the Wardrobe," "Get Up" and "Permanent Waves," Ray Davies now seems to be writing more for a universal sensibility than his own private one.

More people can now relate to The Kinks' songs. "Misfits" reached new heights in sales, and if Davies keeps writing universally appealing songs their "popularity" can only grow.

The Eisenhower show sold out in less than a day and if that's not "popular," I don't know what is.

the daily Collegian arts

The ceramic stars need a home for SuperMud

By LYNNE MARGOLIS
Daily Collegian Staff Writer

On Wednesday, Feb. 28, about 800 students will arrive to attend the 12th annual SuperMud Conference, a ceramics convention hosted by the University.

However, there's one slight problem. These students have no place to stay.

In the past, SuperMud's coordinators have tried to keep costs low enough for students to attend the convention by promising them a free place to stay if they bring their own sleeping bags.

Many of them ended up as guests of dormitory or fraternity residents.

But this year, SuperMud will be held during term break, when all residence halls and many fraternities are closed. Even if the students could afford to stay in motels, there are no rooms available anywhere in town, according to David DonTigny, head of the University's ceramics department.

Already 1,300 artists and educators are pre-registered for the four-day conference, "and we assume they already have rooms," DonTigny said.

He said up to 2,500 people are expected to attend SuperMud, which, for the first time, is being held in combination with the National Council on Education for the Ceramic Arts.

According to James Stephenson, associate professor of ceramics, the joint event is "probably the biggest conference ever held anywhere for ceramics."

Assistant professor Ron Gallas added, "It's the Woodstock of ceramic arts."

Unfortunately for those flocking to this would-be Woodstock, it's a little cold to

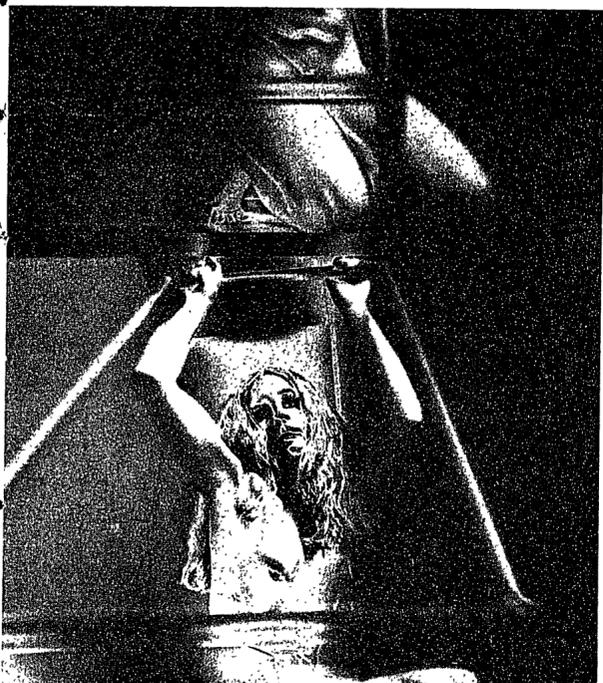
sleep outside. That's why the ceramics department is making an appeal to the community to offer the visiting students a roof and some floorspace.

"They just need a place to put their things and sleep at night," DonTigny said.

Stephenson mentioned that the visitors could take showers in Rec Hall, if necessary. He said they only need lodging for Wednesday, Thursday and Friday nights, since most people leave when the conference ends on Saturday.



Kendall Quinlan (11th-industrial arts) ponders an unusual sculpture in the SuperMud Masterworks Exhibit, on display in the HUB Gallery.



This photograph is one of 50 on display in the Kern Commons Gallery. The artist gave his subject an ethereal glow by using a solarization process in printing.

Abstract and subtle photos for the mind

By PAM MEDVE
Daily Collegian Staff Writer

Suddenly, a rock floats in space, or the ground is the sky, sky the ground. Nature seemed more mundane than this.

Average scenes take on a fresh perspective in "Contemporary Photographers VI" at Commons Gallery. The effect is subtle, and the viewer has to make an effort to think about the black and white photographs to appreciate them.

The fifty photographs, a collection of works by five photographers, are impressive, for their use of sophisticated photography techniques. They are carefully contrived artworks.

Some photographs are almost like abstract paintings. The true identity of the pictured object can only be guessed and what the viewer sees becomes purely subjective.

Other photographs are symbolic. In Judy Dater's "Joyce in the Kitchen," a woman, with wedding ring on appropriate finger, sits in front of various kitchen implements that hang behind her. One object on the wall resembles an anchor. Perhaps Joyce feels as if she is anchored to her housewife role.

"Untitled" (19), by Michael Bishop visually records a feeling. One looks into the background of the photograph and

sees the vastness of the mountains, seemingly infinite. Then, in the foreground, is a large, round construction that threatens to swallow anyone into its black depths before he reaches the mountains.

On the humorous side and in a different style is "Untitled, No. 12" by Philip Perkis. In an average looking country setting, a rooster flies through the side of a barn. It is this twist on seemingly commonplace things that is the source of fascination of this exhibition.

Cavaliere Ketchum's series of photographs shows her insight of America. She photographs rooms with all their knicks-knacks and furniture to say something about people.

We are lucky to be able to see these recent additions to the International Museum of Photography, New York. However, the lighting in Commons Gallery is an annoyance. For photographs like these in which light and shadow are exactly measured, the extra shadows cast by the strange ceiling of Commons hinders their effect.

Still, the quality of the show is high. The photographs have that magic touch of being technically well executed and mentally deep.



HUB — "Bucksins" by Frank E. Smith, works of acrylics and fiber, in celebration of Black History Month; SuperMud Masterworks Invitational ceramic exhibit: young artists who have made important contributions to the field.

Black Cultural Center — "Blacks in History," a series of portraits. Also, carvings and fabrics from Africa.

Museum of Art — Watercolors and drawings from the permanent collection; William Dole: A Retrospective Exhibition of Collages 1958-1978; Twenty-six Contemporary Japanese Pottery: in conjunction with SuperMud.

Pattee — "Black Experience," photos by Scott Bluebond.

Zoller — SuperMud Student Invitational ceramic exhibit: aspiring artists from several of the nation's best colleges and art schools.

Commons — "Contemporary Photographers VI" and an exhibition of Czechoslovakian folk art.

Movies have Bond adventure and 'The Graduate'

By JOHN WARD
Daily Collegian Staff Writer

The killer finals period is almost here, and a weekend flick might be the farthest thing from your mind. But there are a few interesting movies this week, the best of which is the oldest.

"Thunderball," made over a decade ago, still sparkles on screen. This is chiefly due to the outstanding special effects, which won an Oscar in 1966. Sean Connery is on hand in his fourth outing as the indestructible James Bond, trying to smash a SPECTRE-launched extortion plot.

There are some excellently filmed action scenes, especially the climax, pitting hordes of scuba divers against one another in a tense underwater battle. "Thunderball" is also the longest Bond film ever made, almost 2½ hours long. It's in the FUB Rec Room.

For pure fun and not much of a message, there's the campy chills of "Tales from the Crypt," taken from several horror comics stories of the '50s. The cast includes Joan Collins, as a murderous housewife who faces a psychotic Santa Claus on Christmas Eve.

That's only one of four separate stories in this film, which also features British film veterans Peter Cushing and Ralph Richardson in supporting roles. The shocks are in 105 Forum.

Martin Scorsese's "The Last Waltz" is in Pollock Rec Room this weekend. It's a documentary film about the Band's final concert in San Francisco and features some excellent footage of rock stars Van Morrison, Joni Mitchell, Bob Dylan, Eric Clapton and others. Interviews with Robbie Robertson and other Band members are interspersed among the songs.

The rest of the on-campus flicks are much farther down the quality scale. A few cheap laughs might be all you'll get out of Neil Simon's disappointing "The Cheap Detective," in 119 Osmond. Peter Falk does his Columbo character to no avail while surrounded by some excellent actresses, including Marsha Mason, Louise Fletcher and Ann-Margret.

Ralph Bakshi's animated "Wizards," on view in 121 Sparks, is little more than a prelude to his "Lord of the Rings." "Wizards" is a small fantasy which includes several Tolkienesque elements: wizards, elves, dwarves, magic, etc. I'll settle for Tolkien.

A French porno film called "Sensations," starring Brigitte Maier, flaunts the screen in 10 Sparks. Absolute rock-bottom on the list is "The Choirboys," a slick version of Joe Wambaugh's gritty best-seller about Los Angeles cops. Catch it (if you dare) in 108 Forum.

Along with the usual fare, two new films debut downtown: "Moment by Moment" at the Movies and "Force Ten from Navarone" at the State.

Shaw in 'Force Ten'

War films are an old and increasingly tiring genre. Probably one of the only reasons audiences might be interested in "The Deer Hunter" and the long-awaited "Apocalypse Now" is because they deal with the Vietnam War, still somewhat fresh (however repugnant) in our minds. Of what use, then, is a dusty World War II film like "Force Ten from Navarone?"

Taken from the Alistair MacLean novel, "Force Ten" continues the adventures of the daredevils who destroyed "The Guns of Navarone." Edward Fox and the late Robert Shaw fill in for an absent David Niven and Gregory Peck. Their new assignment is to parachute into occupied Yugoslavia and kill a suspected double agent. Harrison Ford plays the American officer assigned to fly them behind German lines.

What most angers me about "Force Ten from Navarone" is how it could very easily be mistaken for a 1960s film, or even a 1950s film. The plot, action scenes and characterizations have been done so many times before (and better) that they're timeless.

I tried hard to think who stone-faced

Ford reminded me of, then was shocked upon remembering another MacLean novel-turned-film, "Where Eagles Dare," featuring an incredibly unemotional performance by Clint Eastwood. Ford resembled Eastwood so closely in speech and mannerisms I thought I'd been misplaced in the Twilight Zone.

One last gripe — something better should have been found for Robert Shaw's last film. (Actually, he still has "Avalanche Express" awaiting release, but the sentiment is there.) Let's just remember him as Henry VIII in "A Man for All Seasons" or the fisherman Quint in "Jaws" and let it go at that.

—by John Ward

Sounds of Hoffman

By DIANA YOUNKEN
Daily Collegian Staff Writer

"Hello darkness, my old friend . . ." Can we have some light on you again? Paul Simon's song "The Sounds of Silence" is back this weekend in Mike Nichols' "The Graduate" (1968), considered one of the best films of that year. The New York Times called it "devastating and uproarious . . . one of the best serio-comic social satires" ever made, and with justification.

Dustin Hoffman was a relative newcomer in his starring role as a virginal 21-year-old just out of college,

assured of promise and success by just about everybody save himself.

It's a story of innocence threatened by hardness and despair as Benjamin is wooed, seduced and taught the ways of the world by one of his parents' rich friends, Mrs. Robinson, played knowingly by Anne Bancroft.

Eventually Benjamin falls for her daughter Elaine (Katherine Ross), and the consequences that follow. It's a completely enjoyable film, aided by William Daniels and even Buck Henry, who co-wrote the screenplay with Calder Willingham.

In a culture that continues to breathe pretentious sexual freedom and values, "The Graduate" is a sharp, witty commentary on those "people talking without speaking, people hearing without listening" — subjects that dominate the Simon and Garfunkel score.

At 7 and 9 tonight in 112 Kern. Running time: 105 minutes.

In the France-Cinema series, Michel Drach's "Les Violons Du Bal (1974)," which won Marie-Josée Nat a best actress award at Cannes, was met with generally favorable reviews.

"Not since Truffaut's 'The 400 Blows' or Resnais' 'Hiroshima Mon Amour,'" wrote Judith Crist, "has there been so deeply personal and creatively exciting a film" like this.

True to Crist's comparison, the film deals with the same theme as that of the

remarkable "Hiroshima" — memories of Nazi Germany. Director Drach has written about his own childhood and his Jewish family's escape to Switzerland during the German occupation of France. Nat, his wife in real life, plays his mother, and their own son plays Drach as a boy.

But the nostalgia here is excessive, according to the New York Times. Exquisitely photographed and realized, it's full of style but not much content . . . "one of those movies that's so tasteful it makes you feel boorish," the critic wrote, — "and that's not a useful context for reflecting any kind of war."

At 7 and 9 tomorrow and Sunday nights in 112 Kern. Running time: 110 minutes.

For drama fans only

"It Happened at Carnegie" a little-known cult newspaper classic is directed by D.W. Skidrow, the man they wouldn't let in the front door at Cannes. This star-studded melodrama stars M.T. Benson as Zeppo, the pusher with a heart of gold. Smiley Mulligan plays Betty Jo, the girl who wouldn't, and Ricardo Weberso is Juan, the dashing Latin sports writer.

One of the film's highlights is Karen Gottenberg in a rare American appearance as Queen Elizabeth, and Patricia E. Rhule in a cameo spot as Captain Nemo. Tonight only at 7 in the second-floor broom closet of Animal Industries.