

Beatty's 'Reds' a possible classic

But Warren may be too much of a good thing

By STUART AUSTIN
Daily Collegian Staff Writer

Purpose. Goals. Ambition. Dreams. We students are bombarded with such clichés daily, these banal justifications for a life of pressure and anxiety that goes largely unrewarded. "Reds" is a story of purpose, goals, ambitions and dreams that are rewards in and of themselves for that same kind of life.

"Reds," written, directed, produced and starring Warren Beatty, is the biography (obligatory historical accuracy notwithstanding) of John Reed, journalist,

activist, adventurer of the early days of the 20th century. An era of war, of political and economic unrest and collapse in Russia. An era of rising blue-collar consciousness, of unions, of Socialism, of a global dogma of dictatorship of the proletariat.

John Reed was there. He did more than just report history in the making, he was history in the making. Warren Beatty has successfully brought this character and his historical novel lifetime to the screen.

Successfully, did I say? I'd better qualify that. The film is engaging and very entertaining, lively, action-

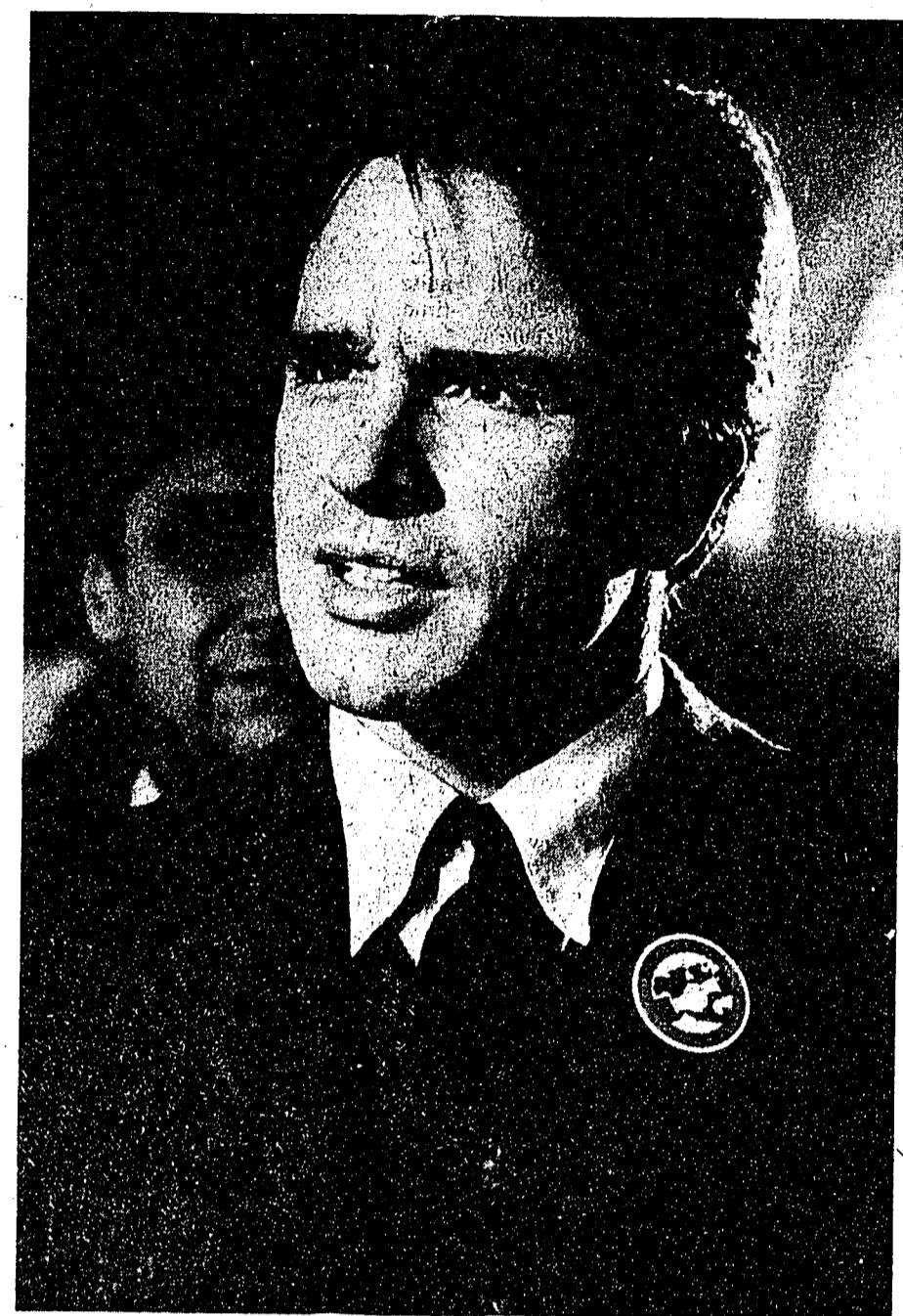
and romance-packed, star-studded and a real bargain at \$3.75. But how much can one person do? Beatty's screenplay is excellent, and the cast (including Diane Keaton as Louise Bryant, Jack Nicholson as Eugene O'Neill and Maureen Stapleton as Emma Goldman) captures the tension and emotion of it, bringing it to a life that's bigger than life. Clearly Beatty's directing is also top-notch, to put together such a myriad of emotions and conflicts without becoming confusing, too shallow, or worse yet, sentimental.

Fine. But, try as I might, I still see Beatty as the athlete o.k. millionaire Leo Farnsworth in "Heaven Can Wait" bountifully addressing his board of trustees with a boyish grin of optimism for a utopian plan of good-will-at-the-expense-of-financial-reality. So Leo Farnsworth wants to make the world safe for consumers, John Reed wants to make it safe for workers, and Warren Beatty wants to make it safe for cute guys with lots of fun ideas about how to make the world a better place.

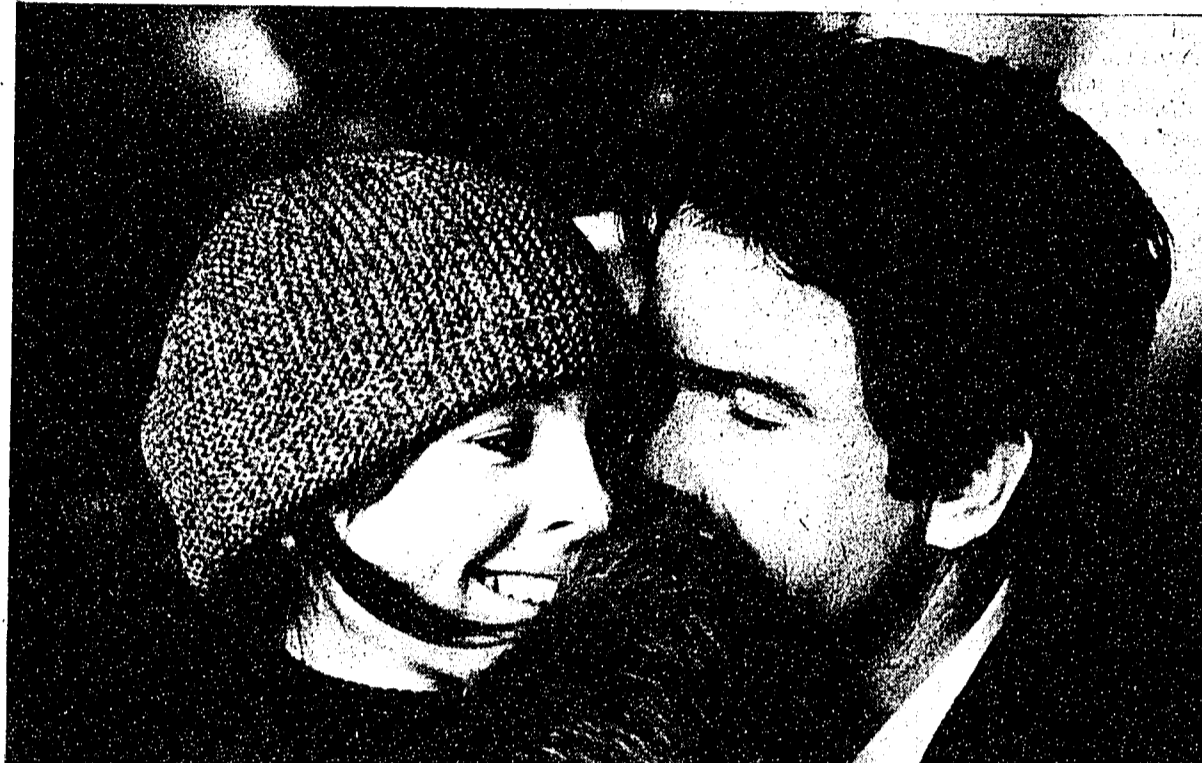
Perhaps this isn't fair to him, after all, he's been so busy writing "Reds" with Trevor Griffiths; maybe he hasn't had time to develop a new character. Maybe he identifies with Reed better than anyone else he knows. Maybe he's John Reed reincarnated. I'm becoming absurd, but there is a point. Beatty is just too much of a nice guy to render what an s.o.b. Reed must have been.

Unlike Nicholson, who shows us just what an s.o.b. O'Neill could be. Enough lambasting. Go see the damn movie; it says more than I can. What I will say is that Diane Keaton is great. She hit me with all the frustration of Louise Bryant, the struggling author (essentially) ignored by her lover's trendy friends, who thought that of Jack Reed was the greatest. All the bitterness of living in his shadow, but not being able to live without him. All the fiery self-confidence of a woman who would damn the torpedoes and make it on her own. If a woman in love, a woman who wanted and needed love, and who wouldn't wait around for it to happen.

Gripping? Definitely. Almost engrossing. Long? You betcha, but it's worth it. A classic? Well... like the events that became history which Beatty has brought to the screen in "Reds," only time will tell.



Warren Beatty



Diane Keaton and Warren Beatty

O'Toole finds the studio a difficult place to work

By BOB THOMAS
Associated Press Writer

HOLLYWOOD (AP) — "Stupid, ridiculous and ultimately self-defeating." That's Peter O'Toole's analysis of working conditions after his first real experience in the Hollywood studios.

The British actor has been performing in films since "Kidnapped" in 1950, and mostly for American producers — "Lawrence of Arabia," "Becket," "Lord Jim," "What's New, Pussycat?" "The Lion in Winter," "Goodbye, Mr. Chips," etc. Curiously, he has never undergone the Hollywood studio experience until now.

"Well, I did make some added scenes for 'Masada' at Universal," he cited, "and although 'Stunt Man' was shot mostly on location, we did a few pickup shots here."

O'Toole was spending a few moments of relaxation in his motor home-dressing room on his next-to-last day in "My Favorite Year" at MGM. His complaint was directed not at the movie, which he has greatly enjoyed, but at studio thinking that it decreases a full workday. He arrives for work in the early morning and leaves well after dark.

"It makes no sense," he declared, pushing a cigarette into his holder. "Put the Finger on You." He absolutely carries the work in films is hard enough for actors — doing one- or two-minute scenes every couple of hours. To try to maintain your energy for a 12-



Peter O'Toole

Humble Fonda subject of new biography

By BOB THOMAS
Associated Press Writer

HOLLYWOOD (AP) — Henry Fonda, struggling with health problems, has much to cheer him these days: praise for his performance in the new film "On Golden Pond"; his appearance with Katharine Hepburn on "Time's cover"; praise for his autobiography, "Fonda — My Life."

The book was written by playwright-biographer Howard Reichmann, based on 200 hours of interviews with the star plus talks with his family and friends. The result is a bit more adulatory than the modest Fonda would probably like, but with characteristic honesty he discusses the major events of his life.

Well, almost all. He is incurably honest, but also a gentleman. He chooses to omit some of the ill treatment from producers and directors and false friends. Unlike some star autobiographies, "Fonda — My Life" is not an exercise in retribution.

Fonda discusses with candor his experiences with women, beginning with a disastrous initiation in Minneapolis during his brief college career. Despite his lifetime shyness, he has loved many women, sometimes disastrously. He speaks frankly of his four failed marriages and blames himself for the divorces.

The actor recalled a 1922 date on the Princeton campus with a blond New England girl from whom he exacted a



Henry Fonda

arts

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U2, Prince, AC/DC: hard rockers who are here to play



Prince

By CHRISTINE CURCIO
Daily Collegian Staff Writer

U2, "OCTOBER," Island, ILPS-5680

This curious release is courtesy of the relatively new band, Ireland's U2. These lads have created an lp that can't rightly be called rock. It doesn't even fit in to the mold of New Wave.

This music is mysterious and hypnotic, with the help of The Edge on lead guitar. The mixture of percussion and unusual guitar patterns lends an unmistakable tone of originality to U2's strange style.

PRINCE, "CONTOVERSY," Warner Brothers, BSK 3601

Will this guy ever do anything middle-of-the-road again? After his latest success with "Dirty Mind" which dealt with incest, cross-dressing and fellatio, Prince was involved in a lot of, you guessed it, controversy over his music and ideas.

Prince explains himself more or less in "Controversy's" title track, dealing with his recent problems with the press and public over 1980's "Dirty Mind": "I just can't believe all the things people say/ Am I black or white am I straight or gay/ I can understand human curiosity/ Was it good for you, was it what you wanted me to be?"

"Controversy" has the subjects of sex ("Let's Work," "Sexuality," and "Jack U Off"), politics ("Romie Talk to Russia") and religion ("Amenie Christian"). Prince lives to the album's title when, in the lead track, he recites the Lord's Prayer. How much of a scandal is this?

To avoid a dull discussion on Prince's political and social views, the musical merits of the album should be mentioned. "Controversy" has plenty of fresh material not expected of Prince. "Jack U

oddy enough has a beat reminiscent of 1940s swing. "Sexuality" has synthesizer work from Doctor Fink that is weirdly intertwined with Prince's vocals.

Prince's vocal range has much to do with the complexity of the album. He is a little boy with his falsetto on the sappy "Do Me" and someone completely different screaming about gun control on "Amenie Christian." This aspect makes the listener sit up and wait for what will happen next.

Choice cuts are the danceable "Let's Work," "Private Joy," and "Controversy," rattle from the heavy breathing and lyrics that you wouldn't want Mom to hear, these tunes are Prince's saving grace. As long as he puts out music that people will like, let him say what he wants.

AC/DC, "FOR THOSE ABOUT TO ROCK," Atlantic, SD-11111

Australia rocks again. These bad boys have released a typically brutal collection of tunes that are completely different screaming about gun control on "Amenie Christian." This aspect makes the listener sit up and wait for what will happen next.

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This album will only be accepted by diehard AC/DC fans, because it takes a few listens to distinguish songs. Too bad.

Overall, this album, as far as AC/DC is concerned, could have been called "Back in Black II" or, more of the same old stuff.

Show a blast from the past, but then fades fast



By ELAINE WETMORE
Daily Collegian Staff Writer

The Roaring '20s with its speakies, bootleg whiskey and silk-seamed stockings swept into Eisenhower Auditorium Wednesday night in the swinging jazz musical "One Mo' Time." Unfortunately, the storm quelled prematurely, and the initial excitement dwindled to an occasional stir.

Sponsored by the Artists Series, this Broadway hit under the direction of Bill Gille recreated a bawdy, drunken night of entertainment in the infamous New Orleans Lyric Theatre and at times, as the agitated theatre owner played by Sam Bakers so aptly put it, featured "the best in colored entertainment."

The show cleverly juxtaposed Big Bertha Williams and her Touring Company's stage numbers with the troupe's comedic confusion between routines in the dressing rooms. The gaudy purple backdrops contrasted the shabby interior of the backstage cubicle, yet the diverse talents of the company surfaced in both settings.

In the first half, numbers like "C.C. Rider" with Mama Reed — "He's in the Jailhouse Now" featuring Papa Du and Bertha's "Kitchen Man" set a rakish pace that never diminished.

Each of the two acts featured a dozen songs running the gamut of musical genres, all accompanied by well-choreographed soft shoe and chorus line dances.

Yvonne Talton Kersey as Big Bertha, (the adjective attributed to either her sheer immensity or her ample breasts forever threatening to spill from her outrageous get-ups), sauntered about the stage, belting out the burlesque as well as the torch. Just like Nell Carter in "Ain't Misbehavin'," Bertha was the ba-

ba-boom, boob-jiggling, ass-wiggling musical comedy star who forced a laugh from wonderment or a throat-constricting gag.

Costume Clifton Allen as Ma Reed spared her voice Adjoja Faith McMillan. Though a talented performer, she was often overshadowed by the other members of the cast. But her backroom scenes as the brazen hussy (or brown Heifer as Bertha put it) seemed characteristic and were immensely entertaining.

The talented members of the New Orleans band The Blue Serenaders performed consistently well throughout. Albert Bemis, piano; Manny Boyce, clarinet; Joseph Lastie, Jr., drums; John Brunious, trumpet; and especially Alton Carson, tuba (who had Big Bertha beat by 75 pounds) provided the core around which any of the show's success evolved. The old sounds of Bourbon and Sturgis Streets and the Louis Armstrong magic permeated the auditorium.

Through "One Mo' Time" the tingle of the '20s did traipse through Eisenhower, if only for a short time.

artists series

Ex-Door dancing to different drum beat

By MARY CAMPBELL
AC/DC Newsfeatures Writer

The Doors were together a short time. Their first recording came out in 1967 and lead singer Jim Morrison died in 1971. The interest in them and in Morrison may be greater now than it was when they were performing.

A greatest hits album sold almost 3 million copies in 1980. A Morrison biography, "No One Gets Out Alive," sold big. Morrison's book of poems, "The Lords and the New Creation," published in 1969, will be reprinted next year.

Doors organist Ray Manzarek and guitarist Robbie Krieger are working with rock groups in the Los Angeles area. And drummer John Denmore is dancing.

Interviewed in New York while Bess Snyder and Company was visiting to give performances, Denmore wore a Bob Marley T-shirt.

"Ray and I and Robbie made two albums after Jim died," he says. "We realized we didn't have another point. Then Robbie and I had another group, the Butts Band, which was together about a year. We went to Jamaica to record. I wrote an article about Marley and my experiences in Jamaica. I think Wet magazine is going to put it out."

Denmore is 36, as he quickly says, "about the time when dancers give up." But he is studying ballet, on an elementary level, always has been thin and wiry, and says he can stretch his leg farther than he could a year ago.

The Doors played in Madison Square Garden and Bess Snyder and Company's audience is small but Denmore says, when he danced with her in "I Don't Think It's Funny, Honey," in San Diego, San Francisco and Santa Monica, he had butterflies in his stomach.

"I'm still interested in acting," Denmore says. "I'm sidetracked now, so I think I'll stay in dance for a few years. My individual growth is doing good. That's why I'm here, it is painful sometimes to dance and it also feels good. My body is the instrument, not the drums. It's more vulnerable and frightening."

Denmore is also able to help the group financially, which pleases him. He was impressed with the very first concert he saw by "this group of dancers trying to say something to people, for no profit."

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Love
Tave
P.S. Class schedules and detailed information for all campuses will be published soon in the Daily Collegian.
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