



Art abounds

A student studies one of Henry Nadler's paintings at the opening reception last night at the Art Museum's Zoller Gallery.

New Mexico in Albuquerque, works in a style beyond the rhythm of the painter Mondrian. His work will be on display through Jan. 30.

'Tootsie' no drag for moviegoers

By SHAWN ISRAEL Collegian Staff Writer

All the critical praise and audience patronage the new movie 'Tootsie' has been getting is, I'm glad to say, for a good reason. It is one of the most uplifting and strident comedies in a long time—and it has Dustin Hoffman in a dress.

'Tootsie' is a slickly made movie that works as slapstick comedy, feminist film and paean to the art of performing. This is quite an achievement considering the premise of the movie is the oldie-but-goodie in which a man impersonates a woman.

Michael Dorsey (Dustin Hoffman) is a 39-year-old New York actor who is respected among his peers as a brilliant performer, and known by casting directors as "difficult." Dorsey can't land a job because of his temper.

Then one day Michael's actress friend Sandy (Teri Garr), whom he has been coaching for the leading role on a network soap opera, is turned down at the audition even before she gets a chance to read.

Dorsey is further aggravated when he discovers his ex-roommate, a star on the soap, has left the show to prepare for a role on Broadway—a role for which Michael wasn't sent up because he's an unknown.

So what does our enraged actor do? Simple. He decks himself out as a woman, adopts a slight southern twang, calls himself Dorothy Michaels, auditions for the role Sandy wanted on the soap and lands the job. Michael at last has some steady money and daily national exposure—and problems.

As Dorothy, Michael is patronized by the show's sexist director Ron (Dabney Coleman) and flirted at by the show's pompous actor John Van Horn (George Gaynes). Meanwhile, he's gaining a following with mil-

lions of viewers. As Michael, he must conceal his other identity from Sandy. Worse, he develops a yen for Julie Nichols (Jessica Lange), the soap's most popular star and self-confessed "hospital slut," who is just coming out of an unsatisfying affair with Ron, but only knows Michael as Dorothy.

As Michael juggles his various identities he learns from being Dorothy how to be a better man as Michael, and how to not let men intimidate him as Dorothy because he's a woman. Are you keeping all this clear?

'Tootsie' handles all this complication and more marvelously. Sydney Pollack's direction is swift and sharp, and the clever screenplay (by Larry Gelbart and Murray Schisgal, based on a story by Gelbart and Don McGuire) is full of enough barbs and twists to keep the viewer pretty well submerged in hysterics for most of the film.

Perhaps even more, 'Tootsie' is a tribute to the versatility of Dustin Hoffman, who plays as convincing a starving actor as one might ever hope to see on the screen, and does an effective job as a woman, or is it a man playing a woman? Anyway, Hoffman is one of the best comic screen roles in years. It also shows what a dedicated, professional actor he is.

Hoffman is ably supported by a fine cast. Exceptional are Garr as Michael's nervous actor-friend, Lange as the troubled object of Michael's affections and Bill Murray as Michael's playwright-roommate who has some of the film's best lines.

Perhaps the best point I can make about 'Tootsie' is that, besides being an expertly written, directed and performed comedy that both successfully examines sexual identity and salutes the art of the actor, it makes you feel real, real good.

And I can't believe how the same songs are played on the hour every hour. Sometimes, pop songs like Hall and Oates' "Maneater" really catch my ear when they're first released. But familiarity breeds contempt. Though I leave my receiver on FM each night when I go to sleep, does it mean I have to wake up to the same composition? It's insulting to anybody without a frontal lobotomy.

The area's only saving grace is WDFM. It does a great job promoting new music. But unfortunately, rock is featured only a few hours a day. If you want to hear rock on this diversified station, you must first sit through songs such as the Buddhist Feminist Music Hour and Dutch Polka parade. I don't want to leave a wrong impression though, this station is the best in the area. There is one show, "The War Bond Show" each Sunday night which features '60s music. Anyone interested in America's musical history and in laughing over it to himself to tune in.

Well, I do feel alienated from rock, but I'm not so far removed from it that I don't have some suggestions for the people that run commercial radio: Surprise me by playing some ska, or reggae or rockably. (Hold the Stray Cats, please). Shock me by mixing up your playlist. Do some research and find some groups that are addressing today's social/political problems and male-female relationships. (Do you really have to be adept at video games to win the heart of a woman in the '80s? Do you have to be a machine to be a man of the year?)

I don't want to turn off my radio permanently. I'm sentimental. I've been listening to rock 'n' roll radio ever since the unemployment rate was 2%. And I'm not yet ready to give up rock for another form of music. I mean, wouldn't it look pretty idiotic to cruise my hometown in my car on a summer night blasting Beethoven's 5th? Besides, you can't dance to it.

Joe Englert is an 11th-term English major and a columnist for the Daily Collegian.

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If so, why? The kind of people this music was written for are the same revolutionaries who have two car garages, voted for Reagan and are changing the system by playing Wall Street. Folks who are really bullish on America. (In case you're wondering, Timothy Leary is doing stand-up comedy and Jane Fonda protests violence in video games these days.)

I must admit that the punk/new wave scene is an interesting musical movement. I think it, like country music, has a place—but not in my heart. The extremist politics of the genre always seem a little bit too reactionary. If I wrote a punk song it would be titled, "Don't Send Me on Spring Break Again, Daddy" or "White Punks on Allowance." It's great music if you want to struggle up with a leather jacket, but not so hot to play white reading homework assignments.

Not to worry, though. State College radio doesn't usually play this stuff, and what they do promote is usually the worst. Their idea of a punker is Pat Benatar. And they play the The Go-Go's so much I need a vacation from them. Lately they've discovered this new band called the Clash. Well, I don't want to rock the Casbah or the boat but these guys are passe (What happened to the Sandinista days?). Oddly enough, the band is currently hotter than Hermits Hermits over in the mother country.

The lack of sincerity displayed in such local pop outfits as WQWK is appalling. Members of groups such as R.E.O. Speedwagon and Styx are 30 years old. Do they really mean when they sing love songs to 14-year-olds? If they do, shouldn't they be arrested?

Funk makes me paranoid. I keep envisioning myself 10 years from now, an insurance salesman in a checked suit and loud tie at Mr. O's, trying to pick up a co-ed while dancing to this stuff. If I listen to the radio long enough, a country rock song will come blasting over the airwaves. This is when I mosey on over to the local pop outlets and complain to the receiver and turn down the sound. This is the type of music in which dressing up is paramount to enjoying it.

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