

STUDYING: It's better than network TV

By SCOTT RANDOLPH
Entertainment Writer

It's that time of year again. School has started, and students are finding any reason possible to put off studying. Even housework can be more attractive than homework. A good (and even cheap) way to procrastinate is to check out the new television season. The network executives are offering a whole new array of shows, with the promise that all will be hits.

One new show this season is ABC's **Webster**. This Friday night sit-com stars Alex Karras as George Popadapolis, Susan Clark as his new wife, Katherine, and Emmanuel Lewis as the title character. George, an ex-football player, and Katherine, a successful businesswoman, have just met and married on a cruise ship. So, where does Webster come in? Well, it seems George is Webster's godfather and his parents have just been killed in a car accident. Since Webster has no next of kin, he is sent to George on the day of his return from his honeymoon. The Popadapolis' face a peculiar situation.

The comedy in a sit-com is supposed to stem from the awkward situation that the characters are in (hence the name: "sit-com"). As it happens, the situation in

Webster isn't new. Other television shows have had kids sent to unsuspecting adults. **Family Affair** is an old example; **Diff'rent Strokes** a more recent one. By now, the television public has already seen these problems. The jokes just aren't funny.

In **Webster**, we see the stereotypical female who can't cook and has absolutely no common sense about children. It is hard to imagine anyone saying goodnight to a small child before at least undressing him and turning back the bedcovers. However, the producers must think the viewers would not pick up on such a trivial details because Katherine does just that.

The producers have given us something to think about. Webster is black and the Popadapolis' aren't. Although the script doesn't deal directly with Webster's racial background, the producers must have cast the extremely cute boy because he is black. The situation of the show wouldn't have been as interesting if Webster were white. Again, this is nothing new. **Diff'rent Strokes** has already explored the idea. Perhaps later episodes of **Webster** will explore the subject.

If the media keeps ignoring this subject and the need for positive black role models, the human rights issue will be set back in-

stead of trudging forward as it has. The media do cast blacks, but too often these roles are not as positive as they should be. Webster is a poor orphan black boy, as are the kids on **Diff'rent Strokes**. These characters are not the best role models.

Although the kids do adjust and get along fine, look at what it presented for young black kids to look forward to: ending up an orphan. This may be assuming that television influences kids more than most people believe, but kids are very in-

telligent and can easily associate what happens on television to a similar home situation. The media keep presenting a negative way out of the ghetto: be orphaned and move in with a well-off white family.

Television has a new sit-com and the viewers have nothing new. Unless the writers come up with something interesting and/or funny soon, **Webster** won't last long. Agreed, the kid is cute and cuteness sells, but even the worst sit-com has to, at least, tickle the audience's fancy.

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HELP!

Addict loses MTV fix, summer fun

By SCOTT RANDOLPH
Entertainment Writer

It was a bad summer. First, my roommates moved out and everyone left for the summer. Second, my job got to be a real drag. Third, I got hit over the head and robbed at work. But worst of all, I couldn't afford cable any longer, and I lost my MTV.

I first learned about Music Television from a friend. He made elaborate descriptions that sounded TOO wild. I grew curious. I anxiously awaited the day the cableman came to hook us up. The day finally arrived. We got the whole deal: cable and the movie channels. My first question was, "How does MTV come in?" The reception was lousy. The cableman then switched the wires, and presto! There was my first MTV experience. For the next two weeks, I spent all my time watching MTV. I was addicted.

For those first couple of weeks I didn't like most of the music that was broadcast. I did, however, like the visual aspects. The frenetic, bizarre, and sometimes gross im-

ages impelled me to watch more and more. After a month of watching, I began to like this "new" music. High-powered pop, techno-pop, "fresh" music--or whatever you want to call it--suddenly became the kind of music I wanted to hear. Even my radio-listening habits changed. Before MTV, I generally listened to only one station, but now I found myself station-hopping to find my new favorite music.

Maybe this is a paranoid overreaction, but it scares me that I could be so quickly swayed by a cable TV channel. Is what happened to me merely the result of my exposure to the new music? Or is it the result of the "good planning" of the record companies, the groups appearing, and the new MTV programmers? If so, what could they do next? Perhaps I would feel better if I hadn't read "1984." I hope I'm just paranoid.

Either way, MTV has caught on. Other cable networks, like HBO and USA, are using pop-music videos as filler. Local (and I'm sure nationwide) bars are now playing videos to go along with the songs they play. Even network television, which is always

behind the times, has picked up on videos. NBC has a late night show called "Friday Night Videos" that's a little different from MTV, but has stolen the basic ideas from MTV. Before I lost MTV, they were having bands compete for future video slots. Viewers called into "900" numbers to decide the winners. "Friday Night Videos" has a similar video vs. video competition. The call costs 50 cents; nonetheless, several thousand people call in. (Ma Bell is always

the winner.) Local radio stations are also starting to play MTV fare, though no single station has changed format enough to play exclusively this new music.

What MTV is doing today I cannot report. I do, however, have a couple of friends who are planning to get cable soon. So, once again, I anxiously await the cableman. In the meantime, is there anyone out there who would like to invite a video junkie over to watch a few days of MTV?

Financial Aid increases loans

(continued from page 2)

obtain 20 percent of his full tuition.

If a student's total tuition fee was \$600 (including insurance, lab fees, etc.) that student's initial installment would be \$200 (excluding the \$15 service charge). If the stu-

dent withdraws from the university, the university still gets 20 percent of the full tuition fee. Therefore 20 percent of the full tuition fee would be \$120. The \$120 would be taken from the first installment of \$200 and the student would get \$80 in return and would not have to pay for the remaining installments.

While SIPP is offered, any student not complying with the payment schedule could be ineligible for participation in the program in the future.

Financial Aid has now raised loans to \$150, up from last year's \$100. This is in correspondence with SIPP.

The due date for repayment of personal loans is same as the due date for the last payment of the installment plan, October 30.

Rambo said students will be responsible for making the payments on time and knowing when the deadlines are. He hopes all students in the program will comply with the responsibilities of being on the plan.

LET'S WORK TOGETHER TO PROTECT
THE UNBORN AND THE
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ENTERTAINMENT

For Love, Honor, romance, action

By SCOTT RANDOLPH
Entertainment Writer

For a long time soap operas were only on daytime television. Then a few years ago network executives took a risk and put one on prime-time. The phenomenal success of that series, DALLAS, spawned several other prime-time soaps. Some of these shows were also successful, like DYNASTY, FALCON'S CREST, and the DALLAS spin-off, KNOT'S LANDING. This season boasts two new night-time soaps: CBS's EMERALD POINT N.A.S. and NBC's FOR LOVE AND HONOR. The latter is on Friday nights in direct competition with KNOT'S LANDING.

FOR LOVE AND HONOR, like EMERALD POINT N.A.S., takes place in the romantic military. More specifically, it takes place in the 316th Airborne unit of the Army. Inspired by the remarkably successful film, AN OFFICER AND A

GENTLEMAN, FOR LOVE AND HONOR focuses on the lives of a group of young recruits in training and their superior officers.

The show's two-hour premiere was largely devoted to introducing its large cast. Although the cast includes Gary Grubbs, Rachel Ticotin, Cliff Potts, Shelly Smith and Yaphet Kotto, there is also an army (pun intended) of other actors. These actors vary in their importance to the script, but it appears that some characters will be focused on in some episodes and not in others. This large-cast format gives the writers a larger range of story possibilities, and also gives the actors more time away from the set. Many other new shows this season are also using the large-cast format.

This format, too, allows the writers to focus on a specific character for a single episode, as well as to continue to develop the other characters. FOR LOVE AND HONOR's first episode focused on the pro-

blems that the first female recruit, Grace Pavlik (Ticotin), encounters when she is assigned to the 316th. Pavlik does come up against a lot of flak because she is a woman in a traditionally male-dominated unit.

The problems start at the top with the battery commander Captain Wiecek (Grubbs). He doesn't think women belong in the airborne and does not make Pavlik's life any easier. Her barracks-mates give her further problems by harassing her verbally and sexually with a few pranks thrown in for fun.

Pavlik's biggest problem is when she is accused of packing a parachute incorrectly and the recruit "crashes and burns." Even with Captain Wiecek against her she overcomes all.

FOR LOVE AND HONOR is filled with a nice mixture of romance and action. The writers are trying to create a show that appeals to two different groups of people. So, they mix romance and action to keep

everyone involved. The romance is centered around the recruit's and officer's time off and who they spend it with. Even some very corny dialogue works because the chemistry between the actors works. The show's action is also very well done. A bar fight comes off very well because the fighting doesn't look faked.

FOR LOVE AND HONOR's only fault-- or perhaps this is to its credit--is that the characters were barely introduced in the premiere show. The writers have shown a quick glimpse of the characters in order to leave the audience wondering what the people are like, under the surface. In order to find out we must tune in to future episodes.

If the future episodes work as well as the first, FOR LOVE AND HONOR will be very successful. The show offers plenty for people who like action and/or romance and the large cast keeps the viewer from getting bored.

ENTERTAINMENT

Sit-com features orangutan with 256 I.Q.

By SCOTT RANDOLPH
Entertainment Writer

An old television sit-com starred a talking horse. That show, Mr. Ed, has been mated with the movie Every Which Way But Loose to give us Mr. Smith. As you probable know from all the hype, including a "900" number to call for more information, Mr. Smith is an orangutan. He's not any ordinary orangutan; he has an I.Q. of 256 and talks.

The premiere episode took an hour to set up a simple situation that could have been done with some informative dialogue or

flashbacks. However, this episode was not wholly wasted; there were some good laughs along the way.

Mr. Smith was not born with such a lofty I.Q. and well-developed vocal chords. He was originally part of a carnival act put on by his owner Tommy, played by Tim Dunigan. An accident leaves Tommy in a coma and Mr. Smith goes to Washington to be a part of research program. While there, set loose in a room, Mr. Smith pushes all the right buttons and becomes a genius in the process. Of course, the

scientists want to be able to duplicate the process, but no one knows how Mr. Smith did it.

Meanwhile, Tommy comes out of the coma to find out that Mr. Smith has been "asking for him." Tommy rushes to rescue Mr. Smith from the evil government researchers. The researchers refuse to let Mr. Smith go and ask him to address a group of government bureaucrats, while they beg for more money. Mr. Smith cleverly acts like an ordinary orangutan, until they promise to set him up with a place to live and let him come and go as he pleases.

They set up Mr. Smith, Tommy and Tommy's little sister Ellie (Laura Jacoby) in a large Washington mansion. They also hire a majordomo, Raymond, to take care

of all aspects of Mr. Smith's life. Raymond, played by Leonard Fry, does just that. He is a super-efficient, hard-nosed, nuisance. But, Mr. Smith, with his superior intelligence, overcomes all and puts Raymond in his place.

Along with comedy, Mr. Smith does offer some political satire. Although the satire may be veiled, Mr. Smith is the smartest person in the government and works for peanuts. It also seems timely that our president's early career was spent working with a similar creature, and now they're both in Washington.

Mr. Smith is a fairly funny sit-com. Although the premiere steals from other shows, it combines the stolen ideas into something new. It is enjoyable to watch, but no profound wisdoms will be apparent.

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Gere's role takes boredom 'Beyond the Limit'

October 19, 1983

By SCOTT RANDOLPH
Entertainment Writer

Richard Gere's latest movie, *Beyond the Limit*, has most of the elements a film needs to be a commercial success: big stars (including Michael Caine), a good premise, and a little romance and sex. What it lacks are believable acting and good scripting.

In 1978 an obscure film, *Days of Heaven*, gave me my first exposure to Richard Gere. Since then, Gere has appeared in a variety of roles. He's attained some respect from viewers by always giving widely different performances. His intensity, interesting acting choices, and screen presence have made him a much sought-after actor as well as a sex symbol. I have come to expect a high quality of ac-

ting from Gere, even if I don't agree with his character choices.

In *Beyond the Limit*, Gere gives a very level and consistent performance, yet a boring one. He plays Doctor Eduardo Plarr, a man whose dead mother was Paraguayan and whose British father is a political prisoner in Paraguay. Plarr lives in a plush apartment in a northern Argentinean city and spends his spare time searching for clues about his father's disappearance. Plarr enlists drunken Honorary Council Charles Fortnum (Caine) to help him find his father. Fortnum does practically nothing but drink and doesn't provide any help. However, Plarr and Fortnum become acquaintances. Plarr falls in love with Fortnum's ex-whore wife, Clara, and they

become regular lovers behind Fortnum's back.

Plarr also gets mixed up in a plot to kidnap a visiting U.S. Ambassador in order to get the Paraguayans to release 10 political prisoners, including Plarr's father. However, the kidnappers take Fortnum by mistake. The ensuing battle between the military and the kidnappers, who are also holding Plarr, is bloody, and the predictable ending is much like *Hamlet's* ending.

One problem with Christopher Hampton's script is that it centers on too many people and plot lines for the viewer to decide what is important; because the script spends so much time on too many things, the viewer doesn't care deeply about anyone. If the script had stressed one plot line above the others (Gere's search for his father, for example), perhaps the viewer could more readily identify with the characters.

Another script problem, which may have contributed to the lack of credible performances, is the lack of good dialogue. Much of the script is filled with clichés like, "I don't want him to die." Many of the lines are strictly informational, directly telling the viewer about Plarr's past. The script doesn't try to work information into scenes—it merely creates scenes to give information.

The script's structure, too, is disturbing. There are many short shots and scenes that don't serve a purpose. One, for example, shows Plarr sitting in his truck contemplating something and smoking a

cigarette. The shot is barely 15 seconds long and is totally useless.


The scripting problems don't help the actors give believable performances. Both Gere and Caine give fair performances, but their scenes together make them look as if they were in two different movies. Gere offers nothing for Caine to play off of and, as a result, there's no interaction between them. They never really connect in a scene.

Beyond the Limit fails to focus on a single plot line or character and this makes it disturbing to watch. It's easy to get bored when it isn't clear what is and isn't important. Once again, a good idea for a movie has been poorly executed, and we in the audience lose out.

Ballet

The DAYTON BALLET will premeire its 1983-84 season with encore performances of STAGE STRUCK, Oct. 14-16 at the Victory Theatre, 138 N. Main St. The full-length "Fable of Ballet" by Stuart Sebastian opens a season of family entertainment which includes and evening of "All Things French," a revival of American dance classic BILLY THE KID, and a World Premiere Winter Ballet, THE LITTLEST ANGEL.

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Viewers experience 'AfterMASH'

By SCOTT RANDOLPH
Entertainment Writer

I've been a devoted *MASH* fan for several years. I watched the various changes in the cast with anticipation of failure. But, they didn't fail. Of course, when rumors started about the show's final season, I was disappointed. After thinking about it, though, I accepted the fact that it would be nice for the show to go off the air gracefully. Although many of my friends found the final two and one-half hour episode to be disappointing, I loved it. It did drag in spots, but generally, the episode incorporated all the elements that made the series so special.

I so strongly anticipated the failure of the *MASH* follow-up show *AfterMASH*, that I was afraid to watch an episode until three weeks into the season. Because of this bias, I didn't want to tune in right away. I felt I would be unjustly harsh. I finally got up the nerve to see how anyone could produce a show that would live up to my expectations.

So, this week I tuned into *AfterMASH*. My reaction was not as I predicted. Overall, I was pleasantly surprised. My initial reaction, though, was as I predicted. I hated the first ten minutes. I still don't know if I hated it because of the script or

because my prejudice was rearing its ugly head. Either way, I didn't enjoy those minutes. As the show progressed, it did pull me in, by using many of the proven techniques that *MASH* used. The episode mixed comedy and poignancy in a way that drew me in and left me bittersweet--just as many a *MASH* episode had.

At the beginning of the episode, I thought that many of the characters were too unbelievable to be real. Some of them were outrageous. But, then I remembered that some of the characters in *MASH* were just as outrageous. Max Klinger, Henry Blake, Frank Burns and Radar are just a few. Somehow I accepted these outrageous characters when they were in a war setting, but not in the hospital setting of *AfterMASH*. I had created a double standard in order to back up my wanting to hate the show.

By the time I realized these things, the show was half over. I tried to dispel my prejudices for the second half, and I liked the second half much better. I think I might like future episodes, if I let myself. Other people must be letting themselves like *AfterMASH*, because it is doing well in the Nielson ratings. If you haven't tuned in yet, do so, but do it with an open mind.

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ENTERTAINMENT

Television news airs their 'dirty laundry'

By SCOTT RANDOLPH
Entertainment Writer

Mangled bodies lying on the pavement, tearful relatives of terrorists' victims, burning buildings, drug busts, airline crashes, and spreading sexual diseases--these are just a few of the usual news stories on television today. Tuning in can be a depressing experience. But what is more depressing is that most viewers are attracted to these stories.

Over the past several years, T.V. news shows have become increasingly sensationalistic and daring in their coverage of events. Recently, the news has shown us emotionally distraught relatives of victims of the Russia-Korean Airline incident, relatives of the feared dead Marines in Beirut, and graphic accounts of traffic

fatalities. With these increasingly graphic stories, the number of warnings about them has decreased. The report on the man who was shot dead outside a Kettering bar was preceded by a strong warning, on both local and national levels. Today, that same story would likely be prefaced by a warning, but a weaker one.

Of course, the stations also include those "happy" stories to offset the heavy side of the news. So-called "human interest" stories air nightly. These stories (about the lady that turned 100 today and the dog that can fetch an egg without breaking it) are supposed to make us feel that all of the news isn't bad news. The problem here is that these stories always come after all of the bad news. Most of the broadcast is

devoted to giving us the heavy stuff, and these "nice" little stories lack importance.

Dayton's news programs are less adept at sneaking in these "human interest" stories than are Cleveland's or Cincinnati's news shows. Somehow, the other cities' news shows are more professional in their approach to the news and are more skillful in their presentation. The more professional news shows (such as Channel 7 in Dayton) avoid sensationalism. They win their viewers through sound news reporting, and don't need to indulge in sensationalistic tactics.

One news show that doesn't stoop to

these tactics, yet incorporates the hard facts in a way that interests the viewer, is NBC's "Overnight." This program mixes humor with the fine news reporting of the NBC staff in a very palatable manner. The problem is that it's one of the recent late-night news shows and doesn't come on until 1:30 a.m. But the quality of this show is very high. I strongly recommend it to you, if you can stay up that late.

Most prime-time news shows, however, won't change as long as the public hangs onto its morbid fascination with death and suffering. As a recent song goes: "Give us dirty laundry."

Ghoulish festivities abound

By RALF REDDMAN
Special Writer

Halloween is a traditional celebration of scary monsters, ghouls and ghosts. It is also

Center cafeteria. The Replacements, a fine band from Minneapolis, will deliver their music for a mere \$2-- this should be good. Their material ranges from Iggy Pop's R

CLASSIFIEDS

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Weekends time to catch an old movie

By SCOTT RANDOLPH
Entertainment Writer

If you don't have anything better to do this weekend, try catching up on some old movies on T.V. The weekend movie schedules are great. This past weekend I saw *The Birds*, *Casablanca*, and *Airplane*.

The weekend before I saw an early Donald Sutherland performance in *Dr. Terror's House of Horrors* (the movie was as bad as the title) and *Private Benjamin*. Anyway, T.V. offers many different movies every weekend, during the day or late at night.

All three networks offer a variety of time slots when they show old or semi-old movies, but movie schedules generally depend on the weekend sports schedules. So, each weekend, it becomes a challenge to find something other than professional sports to watch.

Not that professional sports aren't fun once a year or so. (It is my humble opinion that sports should be seen live or not at all.) But, when there aren't many sports on, it

is a prime time to catch classic and not-so-classic films. Watching an old, horrible horror film at 3 a.m. can be fun.

T.V. provides the opportunity to see old favorites again or to see an old classic that you've been dying to see. I had never seen *Casablanca* until this past weekend. This is the movie classic that everyone has seen.

Well, I hadn't, and neither had my friend, who graduated Magna Cum Laude in film (so I didn't feel so bad). We planned all weekend to see it. I was ready to see the masterpiece that my friends and the media had built up. I enjoyed it and found it quite interesting, but nothing could live up to my expectations.

The constant commercial interruptions didn't help. That is the only drawback to watching weekend afternoon television. Late-night slots have fewer commercials, but then they are late. I am looking forward to seeing *Casablanca* again, because it is the kind of fun love-story movie that one can enjoy repeatedly.

Sunday night is the best time to watch

the recent movies you somehow missed. I had seen *Private Benjamin*, the T.V. show, but not the movie it was based on. I had somehow missed seeing it at the cinemas, and on cable, although I wanted to see it.

The same goes for *Airplane*. I found

both movies a funny diversion on an otherwise boring Sunday evening. Keep an eye on this Sunday night movie slot for your favorite not-so-old movies, or the ones you've missed but the rest of the world has seen.

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Theatre majors struggle

By SCOTT RANDOLPH
Entertainment Writer

Theatre majors are real people too. We unjustly have a bad reputation. Most people believe that we have it easy—that all we do is party all quarter. I am here to dispel that belief.

I am a fifth-year theatre major and will only be able to graduate after next quarter. It has taken me this long mostly because of the difficulty of the program I'm in. Many theatre majors take five years to graduate, so I don't feel odd taking some extra time to obtain that hallowed diploma.

Why is the program so tough? Well, it all starts with 8 a.m. warm-ups, required for all acting, directing/stage management, and theatre studies majors. It meets Monday through Friday all three quarters the freshman year.

The class consists of 50 minutes of warming the body up for a day of acting, voice (both speaking and singing), and dancing. In addition, general education requirements must be taken. We are usually in class from 8 a.m. to 5 p.m., with a couple of breaks sometime during the day.

Sounds like a piece of cake, right? Wrong. In addition to the classes, there is homework. Yes, theatre majors have homework, too. There are scenes to memorize, plays to read and, believe it or not, papers to write. Those are just for

departmental courses. Again, General Ed classes demand attention, as well.

Once, in a Tuesday acting class, I was assigned a five-page scene from a Chekhov play, to be performed that Thursday. Chekhov's plays are difficult to read, and it's even more difficult trying to memorize scenes from them and deciding what aspects of a character to play.

That acting class was worth five credit hours, but we spent 15 hours a week in class. A normal class meets for approximately the same number of hours as its credits. So, this class would have met for five hours a week, if it had been typical.

Also, people tend to regard theatre majors as excessively weird. Admittedly, there are weird theatre majors, but every major has its weird people.

Maybe theatre majors are a little (okay, a lot) more demonstrative in their weirdness, but that's because they are less inhibited about who they are. Perhaps this stems from the liberal attitude of the theatre profession, which filters down to the college level. This liberalism frees us to experiment with who we are, and sometimes that comes off looking weird.

Next time you meet a theatre major in the tunnels, remember that he or she is working as hard as you are towards graduation. The only real difference is the direction of the work.

The production makes the most of theater magic, including smoke, fog effects, stage violence, and eerie lighting. "Sweeney Todd" thus becomes not a cast musical, but rather a truly visual experience.

The production is not without a few minor problems. The orchestra is at times too loud and overbearing. It's unfortunate that the score wasn't recorded, so the audience and cast wouldn't have had to be subjected to this boisterous live band.

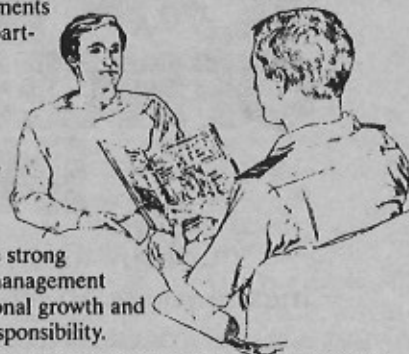
lyrics are delivered so fast and with such a thick cockney dialect that they're difficult to understand. Again, these are minor flaws, and they don't take away from the fine cast and set.

Performances of "Sweeney Todd" are at 8 p.m. in the Festival Playhouse, continuing Nov. 17-19 and 25-26, with 3 p.m. matinees Sunday, Nov. 20 and 27. Some dates are sold out, so check the box office for available seats.

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Variety, "galvanized" the New York crowd, a stance festival general critics:

ed by showing look at American womanhood effort, *Methadone: f Dealing* (1974), Klein the highly successful

Union Maids (1976), a 50-minute documentary about the labor struggles of the 1930s, focusing on the stories of three women. Nominated for an Academy Award as

4 The Daily Guardian November 23, 1983

The Day After shows civilization's destruction

By SCOTT RANDOLPH
Entertainment Writer

The destruction of civilization (as we know it) would be devastating to the survivors. Today, that destruction could come about by many means, but probably the most frightening is thermonuclear war.

Sunday night, in ABC's "The Day After," millions of Americans saw what it would be like to be part of such a war. This well-marketed movie began as a controversy and ended as a huge media event, with ABC in the forefront.

Even though the movie could be called, "the movie nobody wanted to sponsor," it is estimated that the viewership was extremely high. "The Day After" was aimed at such a viewership. It aspired to demonstrate to Middle America how nihilistic nuclear weapons really are.

Indeed it did, and remarkably well. Although the movie began slowly, didn't

develop its numerous characters well, and never really got inside people's lives, it did make an intense statement about the fruitlessness of thermonuclear war. The movie's impact came from the depiction of civilization being destroyed, not from the viewer's identification with a main character.

The movie gave the public a first-hand, "you are there" account of what it might be like to be part of a thermonuclear war. Yet, it admitted at the end that what we saw was an optimistic view—that a real thermonuclear war would be much worse.

One of the most important aspects of "The Day After" is the attention it received. The media campaign warned us about the gruesomeness of the movie.

The subject matter was intended for mature audiences, as numerous warnings announced, but the gruesomeness was not

as horrible as expected. Although the warnings told us that some teens might not be able to handle the material, I expect most of them had no problems.

Many teens see much more gruesome things at their local movie theater. However, the impact of the movie might have been stronger than that of some of the horror films these teens see, because it was more realistic and closer to their own lives.

Whether "The Day After" provokes a new movement for nuclear arms reduction remains to be seen. That was one of the fears of its prospective sponsors. I expect it won't move many people into action.

A few may become activists in the anti-nuclear arms movement, but I think it would take something more powerful than "The Day After" to move this apathetic country as a whole. Our response to this event could be a true test of the effectiveness of media propaganda.

Entertainment

Two old Greasers fall into the 'pit of mediocrity'

By SCOTT RANDOLPH
Entertainment Writer

So many movies are released each year that there are bound to be successes and failures, but most end up in the seemingly endless pit of mediocrity. "Two of a Kind," starring John Travolta and Olivia Newton-John, has definitely fallen into the pit. It's neither horrible, nor terrific; it's just O.K.

The problems with "Two of a Kind" are numerous, so numerous that most critics have been unmerciful in their criticism. I must admit I wanted to pan it, but when I examine my experience in the cinema, I cannot do that. I genuinely had a good time. I laughed heartily in parts, but I also winced in parts, especially during the ultra-predictable ending.

Twentieth Century-Fox has promoted the movie as a reunion of Travolta and Newton-John, who together have a "special kind of screen chemistry which guarantees audiences a memorable time." Granted they did have such a chemistry in "Grease" (1978), but it seems to have died in the intervening time. Their scenes together are about as unromantic as they can be. Their only sex scene is about as sexy as watching turtles mate.

However, Newton-John and Travolta handle their comic banter well enough to make "Two of a Kind" work as a comedy. In addition, the impressive supporting cast of Charles Durning, Oliver Reed, Beatrice Straight, Scatman Crothers, and Castulo Guerra offers some very funny moments.

The plot lends itself to being the kind of

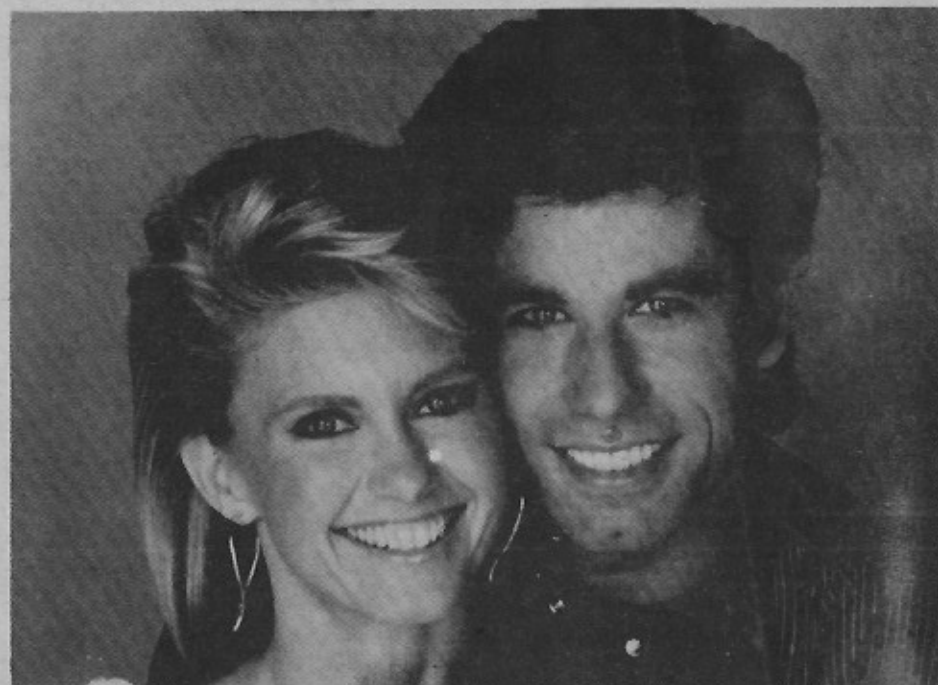
red in. This genre can be enjoyable. The problem with "Two of a Kind" is that the script insists on showing us everything instead of cleverly working plot points in.

The movie's premise is that God is going to wipe out mankind unless some angels can prove that there are people worthy of saving. Of course, the angels pick Travolta and Newton-John as representatives of the human race.

Writer/director John Herzfeld insists on showing scenes in heaven with God as a huge, bright glowing mass. The scenes in heaven are interspersed throughout the film and are the most agonizing to watch. God is not funny.

Back on earth Travolta plays Zack Melon, the inventor of edible sunglasses, who is in serious financial trouble. He robs a bank where Newton-John plays teller Debbie Wylder, who loses her job because she flirts with Zack during the robbery. The plot twists and get the two together again. These scenes on earth, with the angels running around disguised as "normal" people, are usually pleasurable.

"Two of a Kind" can be fun if you're looking for some candy entertainment, but don't expect too much.

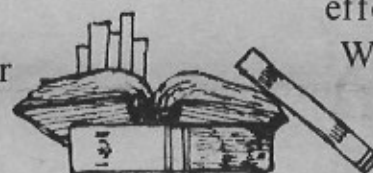


Olivia Newton-John and John Travolta are back together again in 'Two of a Kind'.

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Entertainment

Madcap comedy an all around delight to watch

By SCOTT RANDOLPH
Entertainment Writer

Mel Brooks has always made madcap comedies based on history, legend, or Hollywood, filled with lots of slapstick, puns, and hilarious situations. His latest movie, "To Be or Not To Be" is no exception.

The film is based on the Ernst Lubitsch comedy classic by the same name and most critics agree that the original was funnier. Since I have not seen the original I can only guess it was funnier, perhaps because the World War II plot was then more timely.

The film, starring Brooks and Anne Bancroft (married in real life as well on the screen in "To Be or Not To Be"), centers around the Bronski Theatrical Company during the German invasion of Poland.

The Bronskis are the main attraction of their troupe, with Frederick (Brooks) aspiring to be a great Shakespearean actor.

The film opens with the Bronskis performing "Sweet Georgia Brown" in Polish and is one of the funniest sequences in the film. During the number, a young audience member, Lieutenant Sobrinski (Tim Matheson), flirts with Anna Bronski.

He returns to the theatre nightly to flirt with Anna and to rendezvous backstage with her while Frederick is reciting "Hamlet" on stage. However, it is not long before the Nazis invade and bring harder times to the troupe. Sobrinski is shipped back to his native England and the rendezvous end.

Back in England, Sobrinski learns that there is a double agent intent on uncover-

ing the Polish underground, and here is where the real fun begins. Numerous plot twists keep the fun going and Brooks ends up impersonating the double agent as well as Hitler in order to save the troupe.

The cast consists of many talented comedic performers. Their hard work shows, with Brooks' acting coming off better than usual. His scenes with Bancroft are especially memorable and she handles her dizzy, ever smiling, yet calculating character with ease.

Charles Durning gives another fine performance as the practically spineless, bumbling Nazi Colonel, "Concentration Camp" Erhardt. Durning's acting subtleties make Erhardt hilarious to watch.

Since I first saw Durning in the made-for-TV movie "Queen of the Stardust Ballroom," I have gained great respect for this man whose credits in just the last year include co-starring in "Tootsie," a role in "Two of a Kind," and most importantly an Oscar nomination for his role in "Best

Little Whorehouse in Texas."

Matheson, most famous for his appearance in "National Lampoon's Animal House," also gives a good performance as the guileless, ever-in-love hero/villain Sobrinski. Since the characters in "Two Be or Not To Be" are almost caricatures of themselves, it is appropriate that Matheson's portrayal never goes very deep.

Jose Ferrer aptly plays the double agent, Professor Siletski, out to destroy the Polish underground (the names in this film are enough to kill a critic). Ferrer was faced with the problem of playing a corpse for many minutes during one scene. He accomplishes this not-so-easy task without a flaw.

"To Be or Not To Be" is an all-around delight to watch, particularly if you're a Mel Brooks aficionado. If you only like prime Mel Brooks films, this one could be on the border line; it's better than "The Producers" (little isn't), but doesn't stand up to "Young Frankenstein" (but then, little does).



Entertainment

1001 Club and champagne, a great a party

By SCOTT RANDOLPH
Entertainment Writer

For a few months now Ralph Redmann has been promoting the 1001 Club as a great place to spend an evening. During those same months I have been a little less than anxious to go to a club that caters to new bands and new music.

I was wrong. I admit it. Over the Christmas break I went to 1001 for the first time and had a terrific time. A band called Ragged Bags was playing, and playing very well. The crowd was somewhat different, but they were genuinely friendly-- even to those of us not dressed in leather.

I had such a good time that I resolved to go back again. The holidays came, I journeyed to Cleveland to visit the family, but I returned to Dayton in time for New Year's Eve only to encounter the dilemma of deciding where to go for the big night when 1984 started.

New Year's Eve has always been a bummer for me. When I was little I was allowed to stay up 'til midnight, but as soon as Guy Lombardo was done with "Auld Lang Syne," off to bed I went.

As I got older I got to stay up and have the single glass of champagne. Then, I got to the age when it was legal for me to go to bars on the "big night." I always had

an O.K. time, but I was always disappointed in the biggest party night of the year. This year I was dedicated to having a fun time--with a capital F.

My friends were no help in solving my dilemma. They didn't know where to go either. We didn't have reservations and the places that didn't take reservations were too expensive. So we, you got it, went to the 1001 Club.

I had a stupendous, terrific, fantastic, etc..., time! This was partly due to the amount of champagne I consumed. I

started off slow and moved up to the industrial strength size bottle.

Feeling very little pain, I watched an excellent band, Dance Positive, perform. We cheered them on to doing an encore when they were done and a friend of mine introduced me to some of the band members.

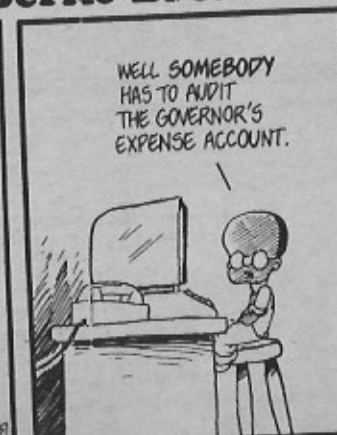
Midnight was fast approaching and I had about a third of a bottle of champagne left. I was ready. The band playing stopped with about four minutes until midnight and I screamed "Four minutes, four minutes 'til 1984!"

I got some weird looks, but everyone

assumed that I was just another extremely drunk jerk. (I was.) The band played one more song and by the time they were done, it was 1984. I quickly ran around the bar toasting anyone and everyone that would listen.

Much more I don't remember, except getting sick in a parking lot somewhere. But, I do remember that up to midnight I had been having a good time listening to the bands and talking to the people at 1001. And according to my friends I had a very good time after midnight. I wish I could remember.

BLOOM COUNTY



by Berke Breathed

'Something About Amelia' makes network walk on eggs

By SCOTT RANDOLPH
Entertainment Writer

Incest is a touchy subject. It's amazing that the first major media handling of the subject was in a fairly competent made-for-T.V. movie. Last week, ABC's "Something About Amelia" handled the sensitive topic with alert awareness that the network was again walking on eggs.

ABC is the same network that recently brought us "The Day After," a daring look at nuclear destruction. "Something About Amelia" didn't receive as much attention as did "The Day After," but the media blitz was much stronger than for most made-for-T.V. movies.

"Something About Amelia," starring Ted Danson (from "Cheers") as Stephen Bennett, Glenn Close (from "The Big Chill") as Gail Bennett, and Roxana Zal as Amelia Bennett, is a portrait of a family torn apart by Stephen's incestuous relationship with Amelia.

Once the first 25 minutes of cliched situations and slow exposition were over, "Something About Amelia" became a compelling story, except for the times when the filmmakers hit the audience in the face with overtones and undertones.

The first exception occurs after Stephen has been forced to move from the family's home and is staying in a motel room. He is lying in bed while a cute Shirley Temple

sings on T.V., "Daddy, Take a Bow." This blatant attempt by the filmmakers to be "meaningful" merely made me laugh at their tastelessness.

The second lapse comes at the very end. The filmmakers tell us that everything is going to work out by having Amelia smile as she remembers her father singing to her "Mama's Going to Buy You a Mocking Bird."

Everything else in the film made the fate of the family appear questionable. Why would Amelia know that everything was going to work out and why was it necessary to end the story on a happy note?

Many, if not most, incest cases end unhappily. The filmmakers, so dedicated to showing us a true-to-life depiction of incest, should have done it here, too.

The rest of the film was very well handled with some unforgettable moments. These moments usually stemmed from the fine acting of Close and Zal.

Perhaps "Something About Amelia" has informed the public about the problem of incest and for that reason alone it is an important movie. But, just as importantly, it has also helped open up T.V. to exploring more controversial material. The path to better understanding of a subject is paved with information, and I'm glad more subjects are getting to travel that path on T.V.

Entertainment

Silkwood molded from slice-of-life workers

By SCOTT RANDOLPH
Entertainment Writer

Slice-of-life working class America is what *Silkwood* is all about. That isn't to say that it's boring or uninteresting--far from it.

Director Mike Nichols, with a fine script by Nora Ephron and Alice Arlen, has cast Meryl Streep, Kurt Russell and Cher in the lead roles, and provided skilled technical

production to come up with another film to append to his already impressive list of "big" films.

Nichols, known for *The Graduate*, *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf*, *Catch-22*, *Carnal Knowledge* and *Day of the Dolphin*, has made a film that does more than tell the already copiously publicized story of Karen Silkwood. The film depicts a real

person struggling in both her professional and personal life.

Karen, played by Streep, is the average, carefree, skilled worker, until she finally discovers the real dangers of working with plutonium. She is also politically active in a successful effort to retain the union at the plant where she works.

Consequently, because of her carelessness and her political moves, she isn't the most popular person in the plant. Karen eventually gets transferred to another department--which is actually a demotion of sorts.

In the new department she learns of some "shady" procedures. Of course, Karen reports this to her union bosses and eventually to the Atomic Energy Commission. They ask her to obtain documentation for her allegations.

She spends the next few weeks gathering the documentation. Once she gets all of the documentation, she never reaches a scheduled hearing of the Atomic Energy Commission. She is a victim of a mysterious fatal car crash.

Silkwood depicts a woman who is determined to do what is right no matter how much she has to sacrifice. And she does have to sacrifice. She loses friends, and more importantly her lover, Drew, played by Russell.

Drew works in a different department at the plant. Drew is the kind of man who will give his all to Karen and does. However he will not let too much come between them.

When he realizes how dangerous their positions at the plant are, he suggests that they quit their jobs, stop worrying about radiation poisoning, and run away and live happily ever after. Karen has too much conscience to do that and she chooses to let Drew go.

Silkwood shows us an admirable model of a righteous person. For this reason alone it is an uplifting film.

Although Karen died while trying to do what was right, her efforts were not unrewarded. The plant where she worked eventually closed down in the midst of controversy and recently the United States Supreme Court awarded her estate a large sum of money.

Some may say that *Silkwood* cops out and only tells the facts--it doesn't probe deeper than the journalistic media have. I agree, but that isn't a cop-out. It tells a known story and tells it well.

It does probe into her private life and makes her a fully rounded person. The movie makes you care about Karen and only by caring for Karen can we understand her story.



Scouting teaches more than you bargain for

When I was a little boy I was pretty normal. Boy have things changed!

When I was little I belonged to the Indian Scouts, a group dedicated to male chauvinism. My father and I would meet with other father-son teams, wear feathers, have "Indian secrets," drink milk, eat cookies and play games.

The "secrets" we were given were not to be told to anyone outside the group, especially mothers. Mothers were not invited to any of the activities, and when one would sneak in we would torture her until she swore not to say anything to anyone. We only lived in that town for a year, so I had to leave the Indian Scouts.

I was never in the Cub Scouts, but I had a friend who tried to get into the Brownies. Her initiation turned out to be fatal to her Brownie career. She was supposed to see this great truth in a lake at the end of her initiation ceremony. When she looked into the lake she saw only her reflection. Big deal.

Disillusionment set in, and she decided to jump into the lake. Even though she was warned not to by her superiors, the brave new Brownie jumped in—uniform and all. Needless to say, she was taken home where she and her mother were informed she was kicked out of the group. How traumatic. I don't think she has recovered yet.

I skipped the Cub Scouts only to go on to bigger and better things: the Boy Scouts. Oh boy! I had to memorize this immensely long paragraph/poem thing to get in. I did so, got in and immediately forgot the poem thing.

From here on in, it was pure torture. We played games like in Indian Scouts, but they were alot rougher. I was a real wimp and hated going to weekly meetings.

We played one game I particularly hated. We would divide the troupe into two groups and devise passwords in each group. The groups would then merge in the large meeting room. Then the fun would begin when the scoutmaster turned the lights out.

We crawled around the dark room whispering our

Hanging by a Thread

By Scott Randolph

password every time we were touched. If the right password was said, you could pass unhurt. But, if you said the wrong password, forgot your password, or met the opposing team with a different password, you would get beaten and "killed."

It turned out to be fairly violent, and yours truly would spend most of the time hiding in a corner praying for the lights to come back on.

We also played mushball. In mushball two teams line up on opposite sides of the room and throw 'soft' balls at each other. I always got hit you-know-where. I guess I was a bit of a sadist because I stuck with the scouts for a year and a half.

The camping was also less than great. It rained for the 14 days I spent in a tent at summer camp, but I made a leather key chain and learned all 900 verses of "The Bear Went Over the Mountain." What a learning experience.

The really odd thing about my scouting days is that they were actually preparing me for the military, something I am not at all prepared for.

Somehow all that training and all those values they stuffed down my throat have been put aside. I am as decadent as I can be. I fight every norm.

Maybe because I was exposed to all that normalcy I feel the need to be individual. Or maybe its because as a child I was astute enough to notice the military training in the scouts, and I've always felt weird about the military. I remember Kent State too.

Entertainment

Coming soon

Four new flicks sport impressive casts

By SCOTT RANDOLPH
Entertainment Writer

Coming soon to your neighborhood movie theater are four films from Twentieth Century-Fox. *The Buddy System*, *Unfaithfully Yours*, *Blame it On Rio*, and *Romancing the Stone* are all due to be released in the next couple of months.

All four are romantic comedies of sorts, and *Romancing the Stone* adds what the studio calls "adventure." All four also sport impressive casts.

The Buddy System stars Richard Dreyfuss, Susan Sarandon, Nancy Allen, and Jean Stapleton. Dreyfuss plays an author who has trouble finishing novels, who supports himself by working as a security guard and has a self-loving girlfriend.

Sarandon plays a single mother whose manipulative mother, played by Stapleton, does nothing but insult Sarandon. Sarandon and Dreyfuss are friends and finally find that through each other they can both gain control of their lives, falling in love along the way.

Unfaithfully Yours stars Dudley Moore



Richard Dreyfuss, Susan Sarandon, Wil Wheaton (center) star in "The Buddy System"

and Nastassja Kinski and Armand Assante. Moore plays a jealous symphony conductor who suspects his wife, Kinski, is cheating on him. His imagination runs wild, and he dreams up situations that actually inspire his conducting.

Unfaithfully Yours is a remake of a hilarious Preston Sturges film by the same

name. If it lives up to the original, it will be well worth catching.

Blame it on Rio stars Michael Caine, Joseph Bologna, Valerie Harper and newcomers Michelle Johnson and Demi Moore. Caine and Bologna play best friends who take their daughters to Rio on vacation.

Caine's wife (Harper) has decided on separate vacations, so Caine goes to Rio with his divorcee best friend. The trouble begins when his best friend's daughter gets a crush on him.

Blame it on Rio was filmed entirely in Rio De Janeiro and was produced and directed by Stanley Donen. Donen is the veteran director of *Singin' in the Rain*, *On the Town*, and *Movie, Movie*, just to name a few.

Romancing the Stone stars Michael Douglas and Kathleen Turner. Douglas plays hero to Turner, whose sister is being held captive by thugs in Columbia. Turner writes romantic adventure novels from her reclusive New York City apartment.

She finally gets to live out some of the things she has been writing about. However, when she sets out to deliver the thug's ransom, in the form of a treasure map, she gets shanghaied from the Columbian airport herself. Douglas to the rescue.

Keep an eye out for *The Buddy System* and *Romancing the Stone*. *Unfaithfully Yours* is due for release Feb. 10 and *Blame it on Rio* is due for release Feb. 17.

Raider Daze band will keep the crowd

By SCOTT RANDOLPH
Entertainment Writer

A terrific band, The Keepers, will play Friday night, at Raider Daze in the University Center Cafeteria from 9 p.m.-1 a.m. as Raider Week '84 continues.

The Keepers really *are* terrific. I saw them perform last week at Sharon's in Yellow Springs, and seldom does one find a band as versatile as they are.

They perform music by the Beatles, the Monkees, the Doors, the Beach Boys, the Clash, and the Police, emulating each group authentically.

The band also plays a variety of original music, which utilizes the '60s sound. They are due to cut a record of original material in the spring on an independent label.

The Keepers provide a very danceable set, with many famous oldies and some not-so-old songs. The energy and personality they put into their performances, with numerous proddings to get the first dancers on the floor, do make them very danceable and likeable.

Last week at Sharon's there was hardly a moment when the dance floor wasn't filled. During their short breaks the band members mingled with the crowd, acknowledging audience members they recognized from previous performances.

The band consists of Craig Stevens on guitar, Stephen Dougherty on guitar and vocals, Craig Bloom on keyboard and vocals, Keith Fleming on drums, and Laurens Vernot on bass and vocals. The Keepers have been playing for two and one half years; Stevens, Dougherty and Bloom are original members.

The group was formed at Miami University by a few friends getting together and deciding to play. (Don't let the infamous Miami rivalry scare you away.) They looked for other members and ended as they are today. Bloom and Fleming have both graduated and live in

Columbus while the others are still students.

When asked last week why they play the kind of music they do, Vernot replied, "Our chests aren't big enough to play Quiet Riot." Yesterday he was a little more serious, attributing it to the fact that "the three people who initiated the group like that kind of music."

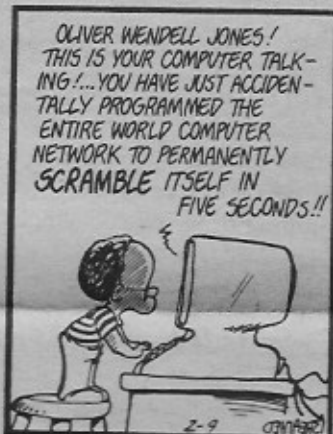
"I have a lot of older brothers, so I grew up with that stuff anyway," Vernot went on to say. "We also like danceability. That's very important to us."

When asked whether they had anything special lined up for Friday, Vernot replied, "We always have a few little fun tricks." They won't have lots of lasers and smoke machines, but if you like an energetic group of musicians who play '60s oldies well, don't miss The Keepers Friday night.



THE KEEPERS
by

BLOOM COUNTY



Raider Daze band will keep the crowd hoppin'

By SCOTT RANDOLPH
Entertainment Writer

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THE KEEPERS

Entertainment

It's the time of year for winter dance concerts

By SCOTT RANDOLPH
Entertainment Writer

This is the time of year for winter dance concerts and this year is no exception. Last weekend the Dayton Ballet presented *All Things French* and this weekend Wright State's Department of Dance will present its Winter Dance Concert.

The Dayton Ballet's program last weekend at the Victory Theatre contained a wide variety of ballet styles and included the world premiere of a work that will also be performed this weekend at Wright State--Suzanne Walker's *Affaire de Coeur*.

This piece was the biggest success of the Dayton Ballet's program. Its daring choreography, along with a sensual and energetic performance by Camille Ross and Gregory Robinson, made it stand out as the strongest of the selections.

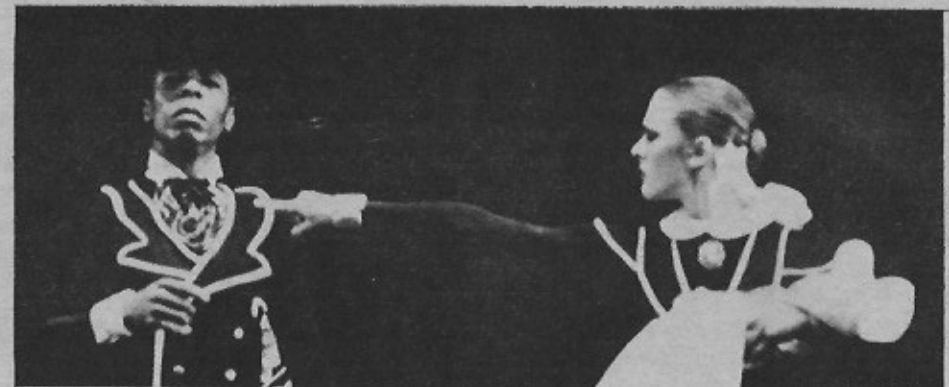
Affaire de Coeur was musically set to *Souvenir of China* by Jean-Michel Jarre

and was one of the most stunning dances I've ever seen. Walker's choreography fits the music like a glove and evoked loud cheers during the curtain call.

Walker, a native of Oakwood, is an associate professor of dance at Wright State and has performed professionally in musical theatre for the past 14 years. She has danced most notably with Mikhail Baryshnikov in ABC's special, *Baryshnikov on Broadway*.

Other selections included in *All Things French* were Dermot Burke's *Fetes des Courtiers*, Stuart Sebastian's *Undine's Solo* and *Ballet a la Carte*, and Victor Gsovsky's *Grand Pas Classique*. The strongest of these was Sebastian's *Ballet a la Carte*.

This piece was a revival of a 1980 Dayton Ballet II production. It takes place in a restaurant, comically moving from course to course. The dancers looked more at ease with the choreography than any other selec-



Gregory Robinson, Laura Frock in "All Things French"

tion, with the exception of Walker's.

This weekend, Friday through Sunday, the Wright State Department of Dance will present its Winter Dance concert. The concert will display a wide spectrum of dance, including ballet, modern, and even some break dancing.

The program will contain the aforementioned *Affaire de Coeur*, Assistant Professor

of Dance Mary Giannone's ballet *Celebration*, Assistant Professor of Dance Sandra Tanner's *8777* and *Mirage*, Pat White's *STAT*, and three student-choreographed selections.

The Winter Dance Concert is at 8 p.m. March 9-10, and at 3 p.m. March 11.

Tickets for the concert are \$1 and can be obtained at the box office before the show.

Reggae vocalist rocks Gilly's

By ANDREA FOY
DEVA MOORE
Special Writers

Female Reggae vocalist Jackie Dale per-

BLOOM COUNTY

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SHOCKING... CRAZY...
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UGLY...

PERFECT!
EL BARFO!

THAT'S MY
SUNDAY
SUIT!!

"2" 1

Entertainment

Authors work suffers from *The White Plague*

By SCOTT RANDOLPH
Entertainment Writer

Frank Herbert is unmistakably a good writer. With the exception of his earlier works, his books are always well-written. *The White Plague*, Herbert's latest, is no exception. Unfortunately, "well written" is not enough.

Beyond *The White Plague's* intriguing premise and Herbert's writing style, the book isn't very captivating. Once the original fascination with the premise wore off, I found the book hard to pick back up after setting it down.

The premise is enthralling. John Roe

O'Neill, the main character, is an American scientist whose family is killed in a terrorist bombing while he is at a business meeting in Dublin.

As revenge O'Neill turns into a veritable madman, sells all his assets, disappears into seclusion to create a biological revenge on Ireland, Britain, and Libya.

O'Neill warns the world to deport all of the Irish, British and Libyan nationals back to their home countries or he will release a plague on the world. Of course, his demands are first seen as crank warnings.

Finally O'Neill's letters to the heads of the world's governments get taken serious-

ly, but is too late. O'Neill has already unleashed his plague on the world, spreading it through a very obvious, yet elusive, way.

O'Neill's plague starts in the countries that he insisted be quarantined, but quickly spreads throughout the world. The unique thing about this created plague is that it kills only women. If the plague continued without control, the world would soon be void of women.

Miraculously, the world pulls together to find a solution. Well, at first it appears that the world is pulling together, when in actuality each country is rushing to find the

solution and keep it to themselves. Luckily there are spies everywhere.

O'Neill returns to Ireland under a different name and a new personality. He has truly suppressed his madman-O'Neill personality. In Ireland he is led around the country for months to find out if he is indeed O'Neill.

It seems absurd that the Irish would traipse for months around the country with the one man with the solution to the plague. But that is exactly what they do.

This is where *The White Plague* gets boring. A multitude of characters are introduced to keep track of and the plot doesn't move for hundreds of pages.

Also, the idea of biological warfare isn't new. Steven King's *The Stand* was much more interesting, although more "supernatural," than *The White Plague*. In addition, Herbert makes the mistake of devoting a plethora of pages to technical descriptions of the plague and its possible solutions. I was lost after about two sentences. I ended up speed-reading through these sections.

Herbert's works seem to vacillate between masterpieces (*Dune*) and well-written junk. Unfortunately, *The White Plague* falls into the latter category.

BLOOM COUNTY

by Berke Breathed

