

# Films, Beach Boys Highlight This Weekend

## Tonight

- *Happy Hour at the Rat*, 5 to 7 p.m.
- *'Twenty Million Miles To Earth,' 'Island of Terror,' 'The Haunted Palace,' Beaumont Hall*, 7, 8:30, 10 p.m.
- *Boogie at the Rat with Syzygy*, 8:30 p.m.

## Saturday

- *'Wild Child' and 'Au Hasard Balthazar,' LC 110 at 7:30 p.m., LC 120 at 8:30 p.m.*
- *Beach Boys Concert, Miami Sportatorium*, 8 p.m.
- *50's Rock Revival, Rat*, 8 p.m.

## Sunday

- *Holiday on Ice, Miami Beach Convention Hall.*
- *'Sunder,' LC 110, 120, 140 at 7, 8, 9 p.m.*
- *Gladys Knight and the Pips plus B. B. King, Deauville Star Theatre, 8:30 and 11 p.m.*



### entertaining U



Director Francois Truffaut (Left) Stars In His 'Wild Child' ... film explores 18th century attempts to civilize a captured savage child

## Truffaut's Ninth

# 'Wild Child' Plays

By GUY GARNER  
Of The Entertainment Staff

Recent Academy Award winner Francois Truffaut (*Day For Night*) brings his exciting visual artistry to UM this Saturday night with two showings of his highly acclaimed *The Wild Child*.

Despite his rebellious youth and unconventional ideas, Truffaut declares, "I am not a revolutionary . . . The reason that I am not . . . is that I do not trust the next regime any more than the one we have now. In temperament, I belong among those people who wish to improve conditions through the existing system rather than build a whole new system or use a system which may already be known but is highly idealized."

work is the most important aspect of human life. A donkey, Balthazar, is the central character. His life intersects with the lives of various humans who either own him or use him at different times. The lives of these human characters also cross paths, and thus through the device of the donkey a complex story of human entanglements and struggles is told.

It is difficult to convey the intensity of this film and its ability to evoke emotional response. When Balthazar dies in a meadow, amidst a flock

of sheep, slowly sinking to the ground, the depths of the viewer's feelings are astounding.

There have been many pictures about animals and virtually all have been sentimental. Not so Balthazar. It is a tough, hard picture about human suffering, cruelty, vice and struggle.

The fact that a viewer can come out of a theatre ineluctably moved by the death of a donkey and unashamed of his feelings suggests the special power of Robert Bresson. He brings off an almost im-

possible feat, a film in which the agony of the human race is realistically illustrated by the life story of a donkey which by the end of the picture, becomes the bearer of the enormous weight of all human guilt.

*Au Hasard Balthazar*, as Jean Luc Goddard has said, "is really the world in an hour and a half."

Both *Au Hasard Balthazar* and *The Wild Child* will be presented twice this Saturday night at 7:30 in LC110 and at 8:30 in LC120. Admission is only one dollar.

movie scene



Peter Cushing Attacked By Cancerous Mutant ... 'Island Of Terror' plays tonight at Beaumont

## Film Festival Ends Tonight, Monsters, Demons Featured

By BILL KELLEY  
Of The Entertainment Staff

A classic 1950's thriller about a Venusian monster wreaking havoc on earth, an eerie British melodrama set in a cancer cure institute which unwittingly creates a swarm of hideous, bone-eating monstrosities, and an H.P. Lovecraft tale of demonic possession — these are the elements which comprise tonight's triple-feature closing the First Annual Fantasy and Science Fiction Festival.

Special effects wizard Ray Harryhausen's *Twenty Million Miles To Earth* provides some of the finest examples of three-dimensional animation ever seen. The plot concerns a small Venusian creature which reaches earth via a returning U.S. spacecraft, and soon begins doubling in size every night once exposed to earth's atmosphere.

Dramatically, *Twenty Million Miles to Earth* is a cut above average for a 1950's sci-fi thriller. Most of the acting, however, is very good, and Harryhausen's animation of the dinosaur-like beast is enthralling. Technically, the picture is a masterpiece.

*Island of Terror* sports an intriguing premise (cancer tissue is inadvertently transformed by scientists into huge muf-

tions which feed on human bones and multiply at will), good acting by veteran fantasy stars Peter Cushing and Edward Judd, inventive direction by Terence Fisher (*Horror of Dracula, Curse of Frankenstein, The Mummy, The Devil's Bride*), excellent special effects, and crisp British location photography. What more could a sci-fi movie buff ask for?

Following these two films is *The Haunted Palace*, probably the best and most exciting of Roger Corman's literary horror adaptations of the 1960s. Adapted from H. P. Lovecraft's classic of satanism and demon-worship, it concludes with a scene in which one of Satan's servants emerges from a huge cavern to claim his servants.

Corman's astute direction draws a surprisingly effective performance from Vincent Price, and there is also capable support from Lon Chaney, as an evil messenger to Satan, Floyd Crosby's color and panavision photography is impressive.

This special triple-bill will be presented tonight only by the Film Society and Alpha Epsilon Rho. All showings are in Beaumont Hall, with *Twenty Million Miles to Earth* beginning at 7 p.m., *Island of Terror* at 8:30, and *The Haunted Palace* at 10. Admission is only \$5.

## Joni: 'Big Yellow Taxi' Girl Becomes Foxy Lady, A Star

By ISRAEL SCHADOSKI  
Of The Entertainment Staff

In the filthy, hype bogus world of rock is there anybody to match a personality both as pristine and magnetic as Katherine Hepburn?

The answer is yes, and the star is Joni Mitchell. Surprise you? Don't let first impressions linger . . . yes, the girl penned "Woodstock," "For Free," and "Big Yellow Taxi" . . . but the woman is a Star. If not from a pink hotel, she

leaves a hotel suite with pink flamingos on the wall, taking a black limousine on a strip of paved paradise wearing a boutique made dress to swinging hot spots.

Luckily for her fans, Monday night (conveniently the night after the first Seder) Joni Mitchell was driven to Miami Beach Auditorium. Waiting for her were a sold out house, a huge basket of red roses (de rigeur at all her concerts) and her back up group, the L.A. Express.

The last concert I had seen at Miami Beach Auditorium was Bette Midler, and the difference was like night and day. Monday night, the stars were in the heavens, no longer on people's shirts, shoes and even faces. The heels of most people's feet were down to earth, and in many cases half an inch lower than the front of their feet.

Joni came on with "This Flight Tonight" wearing a satin pants outfit. The crowd was surprised at how attrac-

tive she was, wearing foxy clothes and walking with such a wiggle and deliberation.

In "Rainy Night House" she did not play any instrument, but stood up straight to the microphone like an operatic diva to just sing her song. She was no longer the composer, lyricist, arranger, musician, singer. For this one song she graced us by concentrating on the most beautiful instrument, her voice. Had Joni Mitchell not been cursed with such a prodigious musical gift, she might now be in Barbra Streisand's place.

During intermission she changed into a loose, sheer dress with big flowers accented with glitter. She did "For Free" which was well staged and lighted. The clarinet player was a strong asset to Joni in this number as in many other I felt that he was very supportive.

Later she told us about "getting back to the land" and living the Hollywood-star existence of being cooked for and picked up after. She said she went out to live in an uncomfortable cabin in Canada, theoretically to punish her body and bring out the spiritual side of her. This was no hype to introduce a song, but an expression of the conflict in her: a conflict alive in so many of us. (Do you really want to go and work for your father? Wouldn't you rather be a photographer or a musician or an anthropologist?)

Joni was brought back for an encore, ending with "See page 7, Col. 7

## Printmaking, Drawing Exhibit Displayed At Student Gallery

By FRAN ROWIN  
Of The Entertainment Staff

On exhibit for two weeks at the Student Gallery located in the Art building is a Printmaking and Drawing Show which deserves a walk across campus to see. The show will run from April 8 to 16th and can be seen from 8 a.m. thru 5 p.m. Monday-Friday.

Finally, there is a show at the Student Gallery which doesn't seem to falter in the slightest way, down to the labeling of the works.

Everything seems to be well thought out as far as placement and arrangement of the pieces involved. This helps the show's success since many of the good prints and drawings in the past have been lost in the melee.

However, the work shows up better than ever in this exhibit which is dubbed, "Once upon a time at UM a print and drawing show happened at the Student Gallery, and placed on decorative posters all over the building."

Students who have previously exhibited works, Alice Terry, Bill Fahnoe, Ken Nedo-

rost, Charles Davis, and Susan Harlan, are presented once again in the gallery.

Almost all printmaking techniques have been used and for those interested there is a glossary of terms and techniques involved, tacked up on the wall.

The themes and compositions shown, range from abstract to very detailed realistic renderings.

Alice Terry bounces back again with her "erotic imagery," and some well-executed embossings. Walter Mitchell is represented by five woodcuts which deliver much emotional impact, and also retain a "truth to material."

Harry, Skip, Blanch, and Dolly are a grotesque family portrait, as caricatures, done individually by Susan Harlan. The placing of these individually framed etchings is in a relative formation which aides in seeing resemblances between the family.

Other works must not be overlooked since they are all executed with much care, and were not randomly chosen to fill up bare walls. It is an exhibit well worth seeing.

## Color War Ends, Time For Entertainment

Well, UM's glorified color war is almost over. The votes have been counted and the multi-colored corvettes have been removed from in front of the Student Union.

Now it's time for everyone to find other forms of entertainment besides campaign parties and bobbing for apples.

Miami Beach is closing its season with what the hotel managements claim to be the best in entertainment.

Also, More campaign promises.

Tuesday night, B.B. King and Gladys Knight and the Pips opened at the Deauville



fran peterman  
entertainment  
editor

Star Theatre. The opening night audience was disappointed, to say the least.

King gave a rousing rendition of "The Thrill is Gone," and the audience rocked to his bluesy beat, clapping hands and singing along with the music.

The set was extremely short. The audience wanted more, but their wishes were not granted.

Intermission.

Gladys came on stage in an orange chiffon gown. The crowd went wild. But, their

expectations were not left glittering in the mirrors that surrounded the stage.

The Pips just couldn't seem to synchronize their steps, although their voices were harmonized and the music relatively well done.

"I feel good," wailed Gladys. She welcomed her patrons and proceeded to perform three hits, including "Midnight Train To Georgia," which ended their performance.

Gladys, it seems, did not feel as well as she had claimed. Promoters say that she came down with laryngitis and could not continue the show.

Opening night at the Deauville was a fiasco.

Al White has begun a new reign as the Number 1 disc-jockey at the Rat.

Yes, when Al's on stage "Boogie at the Rat" means a pseudo-return to the Stone-wall.

Manager Dan Moore has even allocated funds for the purchase of a new record collection — full of soul and dancing, dancing, dancing.

But the search goes on for a place to call home. "Boogie down, baby."



# Watergate Handbook Has Impact

By TRISTRAM LOZAW  
Assistant Entertainment Editor

For those of you who still ask "What has Nixon done that's impeachable?" and others whose anger at the administration has been neutralized by continuous news bombardment, there is now a book for you.

THEY COULD NOT TRUST THE KING (photographs by S. Tretick, text by William Shannon, Collier Books, \$4.95) is the American's historical handbook to Watergate and related affairs. It is a very complete commentary and collection of photos.

After the watered-down versions we are accustomed to getting, William Shannon's text seems biased but in most cases the blatant truth. He plays no favorites and his philosophy adds a color and flair that separates

A biographical sketch of Senator Sam and all others on the special Watergate Committee is included in the new Watergate primer, **THEY COULD NOT TRUST THE KING**. Author William Shannon plays down Ervin's anti-civil rights role.



—Photo by DAVID POKRESS

it from the rest of the entries in the crowd. In all cases, the book is historically credible.

His character study of Nixon, though not possessing as much insight into the man as Garry Wills in **NIXON AGONISTES**, is nonetheless well done emphasizing the "success" motive and the

negative-style Chotiner politics. "His conscience is not his guide but his accomplice," Shannon both lashes out and gives credit where necessary.

The author's sketches of the witnesses are somewhat milder (he softens Ervin's role in the 1950's anti-civil

rights filibusters) but still thorough.

Stanley Tretick's 102 photographs are as instructive as the text. The ex-Life and Look photographer expresses the moods, expressions and overall atmosphere present. A senseless and gravity is apparent in all present, even

in depictions of duller moments. Sometimes the hearing spectators reveal more of the sessions' feelings than the actors themselves.

It is worth noting that no pictures of Nixon appear. Nixon has always been outside the proceedings and behind his shield of secrecy, and his mug would be completely out of place.

In the absence of photo magazines like Life, Tretick's work is a very necessary inclusion. The permanence and comprehensiveness of the pictures presents an aspect of the events that the immediacy of TV and the papers can't express.

The impact of having a total account and visual depiction of Watergate between a book's two covers should be overwhelming to any partially conscientious citizen.



—Photo by LARRY GREENE

Todd Sparks Life In Latest LP  
... the musical wizard soars to cosmic heavens of class production

## Rundgren Rated As Tops With Release Of 'Todd'

By COLE SPRINGER  
Of The Entertainment Staff

A year or two ago this statement might have been risky, but now I feel fully confident in saying that Todd Rundgren is the most important figure to hit American music since Frank Zappa. The promise of Rundgren's early LPs has been more than fulfilled with his new two-record epic, **TODD** (Bearsville Records).

Like Zappa, Rundgren is an excellent guitarist, composer and producer. Both have a musical vision which manifests itself in a unique, instantly identifiable sound. However, unlike Zappa, Rundgren is also a master recording engineer, and is capable of playing every-instrument common to rock music (and playing them well).

As producer, engineer and artist, Rundgren has created in **TODD** a personal view of the world he lives in: not the world of a rock musician, but the world to which all of us belong.

Side one is performed entirely by Todd, with the exception of the keyboards on the last song, which are by Moogy Klingman of Utopia. "I Think You Know" is the first song, a dreamy blend of vocals, guitars and synthesizers. The lyrics set the stage for the album.

"I can't explain what's in my brain  
That tells me where to go  
But I think you know.  
For I would draw a diagram  
To signify the things I am  
But I think you know."

This song flows right into "The Spark of Life," the first of **TODD's** four instrumentals. Led by soaring guitar lines which glide from channel to channel supported by synthesizers, percussion and a bass line which gradually builds in intensity, this is truly a musical tour de force. It segues into "An Elpee's Worth of Toons," a humorous, more concrete expression of Todd's image of himself, as opposed to the serious image he presents in "I Think You Know."

"Who's that on the racks again?"

A portrait of a crazy man — A picture of a soul in pain.

Trying to make a living — change the world with an LP's worth of toons.

"A Dream Goes On Forever" is a beautiful ballad reminiscent of SOMETHING-ANYTHING, but the production is rather cosmic in keeping with the rest of **TODD**.

Side two's "Everybody's Going to Heaven - King Kong Reggae," the first heavy number on the album, features some members of Todd's new group, Utopia. The driving and irregular beat and the almost drone-like sound of the band make this a relentless, compelling song, to say nothing of the amazing lyrics.

"I keep wondering if my friends feel like I do  
I don't know how someone could stand it

To go through what I'm now going through.

So every night we party  
And every night we get too high  
And I put myself so close to death  
'Til I think that I ain't gonna die.  
And I realize just a little  
Why sometimes I like to feel like dirt  
It's the only thing in this day and age  
That can make me feel close to the earth."

The social insights of this song are complimented by another rocker, "Heavy Metal Kids." Here the voice of the song is that of a belligerent adolescent street punk. Although he says, "I watch society crumble and I just laugh," the chorus reveals his true feelings:

"Go ahead and poison all the water, use up all the air  
Blow your stupid heads off, see if I could care

Put me down but don't blame me for what you did

'Cause inside everyone is a heavy metal kid."

Despite his violent disposition, his cry of "I wanna mess this whole world around" is actually the same as "I want to change the world" at the end of "An Elpee's worth of Toons."

The somewhat sombre nature of these songs is countered by such delights as "Number 1 Lowest Common Denominator," a satiric ode to the pleasures of sex, and the instrumentals, "Drunken Blue Rooster" and "Sidewalk Cafe." Both are performed entirely by Rundgren on acoustic and electric piano, organs, synthesizers, bass and percussion, and are a tribute to his musicianship in that they precisely suggest to the listener a drunken rooster and a sidewalk cafe.

The final track, "Sons of 1994," was recorded live in New York and San Francisco, and both audiences contribute vocals to the choruses. From a vantage point in the future, the song deals with man's failure to achieve peace and brotherhood. With a shock, this song makes you realize that the four sides of **TODD** represent his very life.

The optimistic desire to change things, to have an impact, articulated so well in the first songs, gives way here to "Open your eyes and see the world I couldn't change for you." It is indeed eerie to hear him sing:

"Back when I was young my hope was strong  
But the time blew it all to hell  
If I thought I knew what was good for you  
I would have done it for myself."

In **TODD**, then, he has not only looked within and around himself, he has even looked beyond himself to his own (and our) future. His ability to do all of this, and to express his ideas so perfectly through his music, makes Todd Rundgren a unique artist, and one we should be grateful for.



Cleavon Little (Center) Enjoys Pie Fight ... just some of the shenanigans in 'Blazing Saddles'

## Brooks' 'Blazing Saddles' Insane

By MAX MAYO  
Entertainment Writer

A bunch of cowpokes cluster around a campfire dining on baked beans. Soon, the actors are dancing around cutting forth with a melodic flatus.

This is the kind of cheap assninity that has been brewed and bottled by writer-director Mel Brooks and then sold over the counter with the label **Blazing Saddles**.

Not since the Marx Brothers has such rampant insanity emanated from the silver

and says, "Drive me off this picture!"

And, as expected, the heroes ride into the sunset ... in a long limousine.

If you are not in the mood for this kind of absurdity, you may find yourself bored

or even asleep which is the antithesis of movie comedy.

On the other hand, if you feel like cutting loose, dropping all inhibitions, or just plain laughing out loud don't miss this monument of cinematic silliness.

### movies

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screen as in this R-rated assortment of Western leftovers from "Your Show of Shows," "Laugh-In," and "Carol Burnett."

The plot evaporates more than develops as villain Harvey Korman plans to snatch the land in and around the town of Rock Ridge before the railroad comes through. To facilitate his plans, he appoints a black sheriff who rides across the plains only to rendezvous with Count Basie playing "April in Paris." From there the funny becomes the riotous under a profusion of puns, profanity, and tongue-in-cheek racism.

The pitch builds feverishly until apparently everyone involved decides "Oh, the hell with it!" and stampedes through the Warner Brothers Studios in Hollywood.

Harvey Korman hails a cab

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## 50's Rock, Martin, Sullivan At Rat

By GUS De FONSECA  
Of The Entertainment Staff

This week the Rat will be highlighted by the appearance of two prominent musicians, scheduled for this Tuesday and Thursday night.

Tonight from 5 to 7 p.m. that Happy Hour drinks its way into being again. At 8:30 the rock band Syzygy — don't try to pronounce the name — will boogie your heart out.

Tomorrow night a 50's Rock Revival is scheduled. Come and listen to those oldies but goodies. Admission is gratis.

Tuesday night the prominent acoustic guitarist Vince Martin will entertain you. Vince has toured the U.S. with such artists as Mary Travers, Tom Daxton and Richie Havens. His songs deal mostly with the summer in

his hometown Coconut Grove.

Thursday the famous jazz quartet of Ira Sullivan will set the stage. Modern renditions and original material will be rendered.

Let the Rat entertain you this week.

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## Joni: 'Yellow Taxi' Girl Becomes A Lady, A Star

Continued from page 6

"Twisted," a song sung a few years back by Annie Ross and recently twisted by Bette Midler. Joni Mitchell had never recorded a song not written by herself until this song, and I'm sure that she did so just to musically tell us what she thinks of the "divine" Miss M.

On Joni's version of the song, first you hear a cool,

easy-paced jazz tempo, and suddenly Joni lets you know, "My analyst told me . . ." she continues calmly in primo style, "I knew what was happening. I knew I was a genius. This is no broad screaming to you, 'I'm a star!' — Joni is just realizing it fully, muttering it to herself, smiling and wondering what to do with it. In doing so she tells Miss M what to do with it.

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ON STAGE ON SALE

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