

& OUT THE OTHER

(Continued from page 6)

Floyd Domino is working on some solo projects; and fiddler Bill Mabry is resuming his study of classical violin. Look for another major figure in the band, a founding member, to depart soon — perhaps even by the time that you read this . . . They come, they go: Detective, Tuff Darts, and the Vibrators have broken up; Link Wray has left Robert Gordon's band, to be replaced by British session ace, solo star and former Womble Chris Spedding; Jonathan Richman has left the Modern Lovers behind to get back to the basics of life with an acoustic guitar and reduced payroll; and Bill Nelson and Tom Verlaine, evidently figuring that they're getting all of the attention anyway, have left Be-Bop Deluxe and Television behind them, and are forming new, probably salaried, bands.

On the other hand, two electric folkie groups have gotten back together, sort of. Lindisfarne, in Britain, have already released a reunion album and two singles. One of these, "Run for Home," was a bit of a hit . . . Back here, Roger McGuinn, Gene Clark and Chris Hillman, of the original Byrds, have recorded a new album for Capitol.

Movies Are Such Fun

STANLEY KUBRICK IS SHOOTING up to 100 takes per day on single scenes of *The Shining*, which may have been the reason for the sudden "time off" in the middle of filming—so stars Jack Nicholson and Shelley Duvall

could climb down off the walls. Kubrick has ultimate and complete control of his films; even his backers and distributors are kept in the dark about scripts, delivery dates and other minor details. Kubrick used much the same overkill filming technique on *Barry Lyndon*, and we all remember what a nice three-hour snooze that was.

AL PACINO WILL SOON BE IN BALTIMORE where he'll film *And Justice for All*, described as "M.A.S.H. with lawyers." Pacino was scheduled to do *Born on the 4th of July*, the story of Viet Nam vet Ron Kovic; producer Marty Bregman, a close friend of Pacino's, had worked on the film for five years and had arranged all the financing, when Pacino, according to rumor, suddenly decided he didn't want to do it. Bregman still hasn't managed to get the knife out of his back.

ROMAN POLANSKI IS STILL ALIVE & WELL in France where he's started filming *Tess*—actually *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*, the venerable Thomas Hardy novel. The film stars Natasha Kinski, who happens to be Roman's new 18-year-old girlfriend, as well as Peter Firth and Leigh Lawson. As for all those rumors about Polanski being unable to show his movies in America, or being prohibited from using U.S. dollars to finance his films, scratch them as convenient but inaccurate excuses offered by producers who didn't want Polanski after he was tainted with the statutory rape charge in Los Angeles last year. Before Roman ran off to Europe he was set to direct *Hurricane* . . . and his teenager troubles may have a silver lining after all.

Hurricane's location is plagued with problems and scandal—producer Dino de Laurentiis took over most of the island of Bora Bora, but since the Club Med there charged lots of money for accommodating the hundreds of movie toilers, Dino built his own hotel—which dumps its waste, human and otherwise, into a once-pure lagoon, an outrageous violation of nature so far unchecked. Meanwhile, the cast and crew are not happy together: the director (Jan Troell) fights with the art director who's fighting with the cinematographer while co-stars Timothy Bottoms and Mia Farrow squabble. Dino had to hire his own planes to fly film back to civilization every day for processing, and hired his own tankers to supply the film people with daily necessities like food and toilet paper . . . both of which end up, in slightly altered form, in that lagoon.

Zap

YOU'VE PROBABLY THOROUGHLY ENJOYED the laser light shows that many of the rock world's biggest bands—the Who, Led Zepelin, ELO and Blue Oyster Cult among them—have been using to add a healthy dash of visual flair to their concerts. What you might not know is that, according to the federal Food and Drug Administration, those self-same lasers are potentially hazardous to your health.

The FDA—which monitors lasers because they emit radiation—established a safety performance standard for laser products in August of 1976. Apparently the word never filtered down to non-industrial manufacturers; consequently the agency has been conducting an investigation into the use of lasers for lighting effects at rock concerts, discos and planetariums.

Although the agency has received no complaints of injuries stemming from the use of

lasers, the high-powered beam can theoretically cause skin burns. But the greatest potential danger is to eyesight—if a laser is beamed directly into the eye or reflected off a shiny surface (a la the mirror ball frequently used at rock shows) it can cause permanent damage to the retina.

To date, only two groups have run afoul of the enforcement effort. In May, Blue Oyster Cult was warned not to tour until they either lowered the intensity of the lasers or avoided bringing the beams into direct contact with the audience. The FDA also temporarily closed down a "multi-media performing sculpture" in Washington sponsored by MIT. Both the Cult and MIT immediately adapted their lasers to comply with the agency's safety standards.

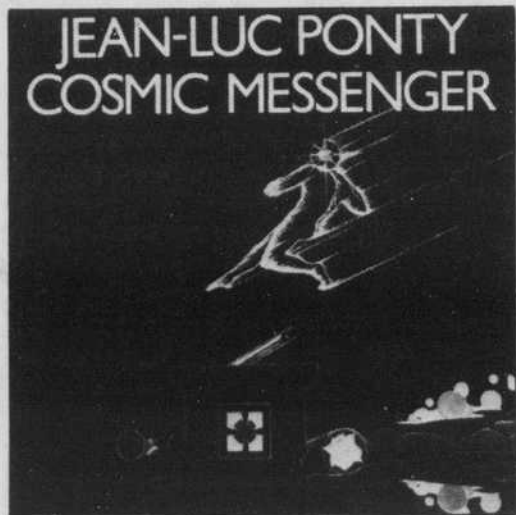
Those Were the Days

THOUGH HE MAY HAVE NAMED HIMSELF after his two favorite Beatles, Pope John Paul I hasn't always looked so favorably on the Fab Four. According to a Reuters News Service dispatch that floated into *Ampersand* World Headquarters last month, the now Pope once fancied himself a bit of a Poor Richard, and wrote satiric letters to the ecclesiastical magazine of his native Padua. Fretting about the popularity of the mop-tops in the mid-Sixties, he characterized them as "Four young disheveled singing birds . . . about whom the Queen of England has to shut up, but upon whom she has conferred high honors." Comparing pop stars to political revolutionaries like Che Guevara, Ho Chi Minh and Fidel Castro, he, um, pontificated, "With their electric guitars, young singers . . . excite spectators, overheating them psychologically and leading them to paroxysms of participation."

We should be so lucky.

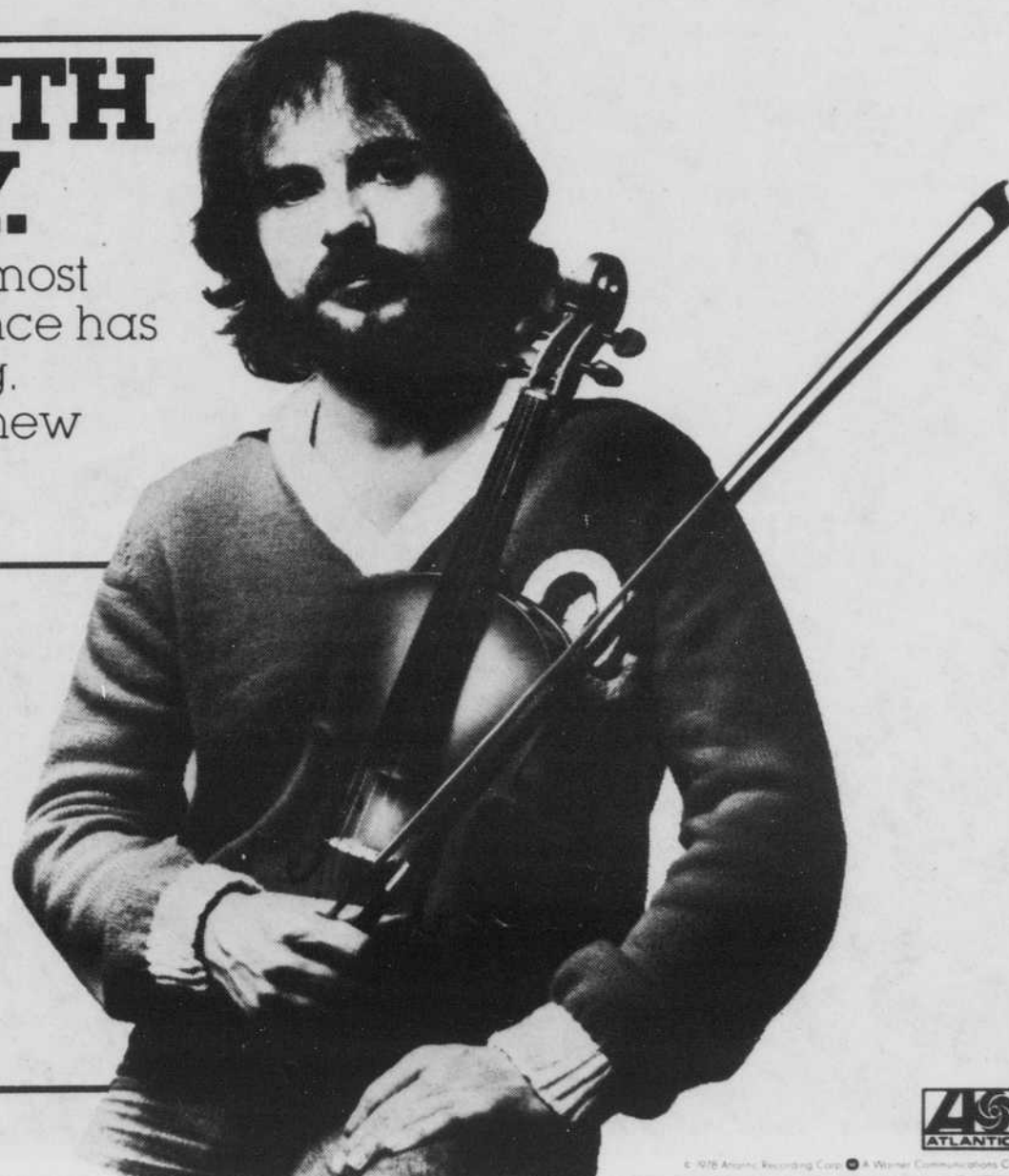
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