

Summer Movie Guide

What to Watch for & Watch Out for This June, July & August

MOONRAKER starring Roger Moore as James Bond one more time.

SUNNYSIDE, named after the tough section of Queens, stars Joey Travolta, a name we've seen before. No dancing.

DEFIANCE gives us Jan-Michael Vincent as a merchant seaman who settles down in a nice tenement on the lower East Side.

THE FISH THAT SAVED PITTSBURGH, from the gang that gave us *Car Wash*, stars real-life dribblers Julius Erving and Meadowlark Lemon in a (what else?) basketball comedy.

THE WANDERERS, cast of unknowns, based on Richard Price's book about a New York street gang.

OVER THE EDGE, still another gang pic, this one in Denver.

DRACULA, starring Frank Langella and Laurence Olivier, directed by John *Saturday Night Fever* Badham, should be a really big pic.

HANOVER STREET, with Harrison Ford and Lesley-Anne Down as an American flyer and English girl who fall in love during the London blitz, is best forgotten before it's ever seen.

ALIEN, a multi-million-dollar space extravaganza, has Yaphet Kotto, John Hurt, Tom Skerritt and others as occupants of a space ship patrolling the ether; they encounter an alien being, and things get complicated.

C.H.O.M.P.S. is family fare, starring Wesley Eure (from the soap *Days of Our Lives*) and Valerie Bertinelli (from TV's *One Day at a Time*), Jim Backus and Red Buttons; Eure invents a computerized burglar alarm system in the image of his dog Rascal, said computer biting through metal, etc.

APOCALYPSE NOW, the long-awaited Francis Ford Coppola tale of Viet Nam, starring Marlon Brando.

PLAYERS, a tennis flick, starring the dreadful Ali MacGraw and the handsome Dean Paul Martin in a younger-man/older-woman court-ship (pun intentional).

AMERICATHON stars Harvey Korman, Peter Riegert and assorted crazies who try to solicit funds for a bankrupt America by throwing the world's biggest telethon.

MORE AMERICAN GRAFFITI is the sequel, ten years later, starring all the originals except Richard Dreyfuss.

ESCAPE FROM ALCATRAZ is Clint Eastwood's summer movie, based on the real escape many years ago that led to the prison's shutdown.

SIDNEY SHELDON'S BLOODLINE. Audrey Hepburn inherits a huge cosmetics empire and wears classy Givenchy clothes.

THE AMITYVILLE HORROR, based on the best-seller, stars Rod Steiger, James Brolin and Margot Kidder.

BREAKING AWAY, cast of unknowns, was filmed in Bloomington, Indiana, concerns college kids, their families and a 50-mile bike race.

CONCORDE—AIRPORT '79. Here we go again: this time the villains try to blow up the aircraft in order to kill one person on board (rather indiscriminate of them). Oh yes, the needle-nosed aircraft does a barrel roll, just like the real-life near-disaster recently in the headlines.

NIGHTWING, directed by Arthur Hiller, is a vampire-bat thriller starring David Warner and swarms of bats.

PROPHET stars Talia Shire. Another supernatural weirdie, directed by John Frankenheimer.

WANDA NEVADA stars Peter Fonda and Brooke Shields in a Forties comedy; gambler Fonda (who also directs) wins Shields in a card game, no less.

BUTCH & SUNDANCE: THE EARLY DAYS offers William Katt and Tom Berenger as Redford and Newman. Callow youths.

LOST & FOUND re-teams George Segal and Glenda Jackson in a romantic comedy which its producers devoutly hope will rekindle that *Touch of Class*.

MAIN EVENT. Barbra Streisand and Ryan O'Neal back together (they did *What's Up Doc?* a few years back); he's a washed-up fighter, she's the cosmetics exec who owns him.

THE VILLAIN, directed by Hal *Smokey and the Bear* Needham, is a spoof of western movies starring Kirk Douglas, Ann-Margret and Arnold Schwarzenegger.

JUST YOU AND ME, KID. George Burns tries to rehabilitate street urchin Brooke Shields. Warm hearted comedy, supposedly.

BEYOND THE POSEIDON ADVENTURE stars Michael Caine and Sally Field, who deserve better; in this one, Irwin Allen directs another all-star cast trying to get the treasure off that upside-down ship.

NORTH DALLAS FORTY stars Nick Nolte and Mac Davis as footballers.

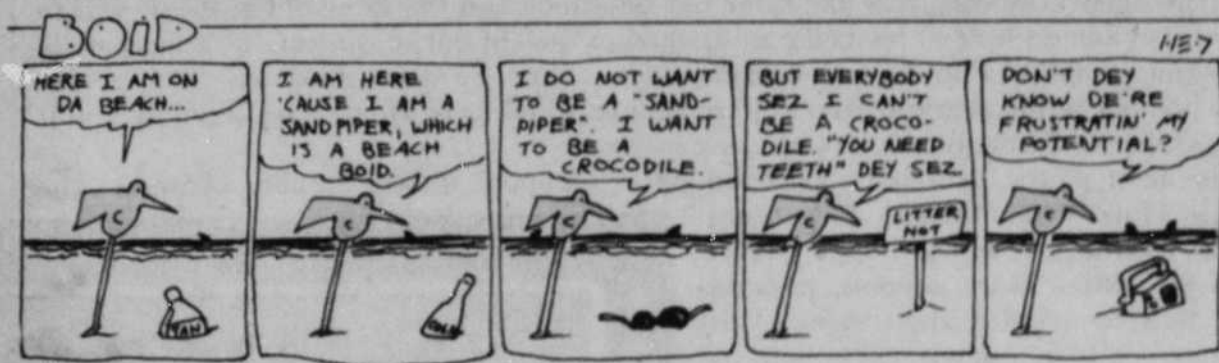
THE IN-LAWS. Alan Arkin's daughter marries Peter Falk's son. Falk is a CIA man, and this leads to hilarious misadventures, claims Warner Bros.

THE FRISCO KID (formerly *No Knife*) stars Gene Wilder as a Polish rabbi traveling across America to San Francisco, befriended by outlaw Harrison Ford, among others (see feature, this issue).

GOLDEN GIRL stars Susan Anton as a would-be Olympic sprinter with James Coburn as her manager.

LAST EMBRACE is a thriller in the Hitchcock mold that falls apart after an hour, but Roy Scheider and Janet Margolin almost pull it off.

In Print



No End to Asimov

In Memory Yet Green: The Autobiography of Isaac Asimov, 1920-1954 (Doubleday, \$15.95) is his two-hundredth book and, at 732 pages, comprises only the first half of his life story. Like many writers, especially prolific ones, Asimov's history is relatively sedentary, and it is his observations rather than his actions that make him interesting. Yet so much of this volume is taken up with the man's childhood and adolescence that we are given far more documentation than observation. The result is an odd hodgepodge that is occasionally amusing, intermittently interesting, yet often little more than a potentially serious case of eyeball fatigue.

From his birth in Petrovichi, Russia, through his childhood in Brooklyn and up to 1938, when he began keeping a diary from which much of this book's detail is drawn, takes over 200 pages to relate, more space than some people take to write their entire lives.

The largest audience for this book will certainly be the fans of Asimov's science fiction novels and stories, who are likely also to be the most pleased with the book, for Asimov gives a complete and quite detailed account of how and when each of his stories was written, sold, and published.

We come to understand the mind that maintains such awesome and incredible retention of detail and puts it to splendid use in books on science and history.

Yet the witticisms, the logic, and all the fine-tuning *still* probe no deeper than a hairbreadth, and one can only hope that all this groundwork, as tightly fitted as the stones in an Egyptian temple, is only a preliminary investigation of the man who will emerge into the light in the second volume.

I wouldn't, however, count on eventually discovering that man. I think he got lost somewhere in the hieroglyphics.

Richard Delap

All the Lonely People

William Trevor's *Lovers of Their Time* is a collection of short stories evoking mainly England and sometimes Ireland in the period from the Thirties to the Seventies.

The stories are not upbeat; they are patient, deliberate, unflinching and fairly merciless. Moreover, they are so British, so accurately British, so un-Americanly British, that they might strike some American readers as falsely quaint or weird. In fact, they are exact as photographs.

The few stories touching on Ireland or Irish characters deal, predictably, with aspects of "the Troubles" as they filter into ordinary households, with crises of conscience and the irony whereby the true Chris-

tian is not necessarily the one in clerical clothing.

Somewhere, most of the English stories hinge on sex—not in the steamy, physical sense, but more in the ludicrous ways it causes people to behave, wrenching their lives out of shape, wrecking tranquility, crowning fools. All that. There are children discovering their mother's makeshift love-nest in an abandoned summer-house after their father has been killed in the war. There is the enjoyably menacing revenge of a boy made a laughingstock in prep school, who, decades later, trots out his peers' homosexual track records before their horrified wives and children. There is the lonely, conventional middle-aged lady who is repelled by the attentions of a working-class lesbian, only to discover, when it's too late to cash in, that she'll never get a better offer. And there's the title story of a sleazy romance between a married travel agent and a buxom salesgirl, set in the era of Eleanor Rigby. Trevor's reference to the Beatles' music—and this song in particular—suggests that the Sixties were the era of the common person and that his lovers were as much "of their time" as lonely Eleanor.

These stories are not charming; the characters are not incandescent. The pleasure to be had from reading the collection is sheer appreciation of Trevor's powers of observation and his craftsmanship.

Shelley Turner

A Jazzy Trio

Three new books on jazz are worthy of mention. Leon Ostransky's *Jazz City* (Prentice-Hall, \$10.95) traces the growth of four major cities and their jazz cultures. New Orleans is presented in depth, from basic city planning and architectural evolution to population influxes, and Ostransky spends a good deal of time explaining the origins of Creoles, the result of crossbreeding Blacks and French, and on the Storyville sector, where crime and vice ran rampant. Little is said of the jazz scene in New Orleans, though we get a nice idea of turn-of-the-century events, the dances and salons, and the accompanying music that eventually led to jazz.

When we jump to Chicago, the book gets rolling. Proclaimed as the town that made fortunes for Cyrus McCormick, George Pullman and Marshall Field, Chicago is also painted as a hotbed of crime and corruption. Mayor "Big Bill" Thompson, who ruled from 1914-1931, is largely credited with the "Open City" policy that encouraged men like "Bugs" Moran and Al Capone. The music thrived in gangster-owned clubs, and colorful quotes from Benny Goodman, Eddie Condon and Sidney Bechet relay those musical proceedings.

From Chi-town we head Southwest to

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