

reserved air, a sense of carefully chosen words, contributes to the aura of complete self-possession surrounding her. Somewhere between charm and aloofness, Linda relates an embarrassing moment.

"It was on a plane, coming back from Minnesota after visiting my family," she recalls. "I was sleeping when I heard some voices whispering. They were saying something like, 'Do you think that's really her?' and 'She looks just like on TV.' I realized then that I was lying there with my mouth wide open, snoring probably, and when I opened my eyes, two men were standing over me smiling. 'You're that little reporter, aren't you?' they said. To them I was Billie Newman."

It's a problem, she knows, everyone in the public eye must deal with. "Initially, I did have a fear of playing a series," she admits. "But hopefully I'm recognized as an actress with some range."

Engaged to marry Glenn Strand, a carpenter, Kelsey lives a well-ordered existence in a small house in Studio City, where she spends her leisure hours tending a flourishing backyard garden. While her primary acting experience has been as a guest star in numerous television series, she has also appeared on stage.

"TV dangles opportunities in front of actresses that they couldn't get any other way. In legitimate theater most of the time you can't afford the fare back to New York when the play is over. But," she hastens to add, "don't misunderstand. I get up every morning and say thanks . . . the people I work with care very much about what they're doing and that's important. My agent spoke to me a few years ago about the possibility of doing *Charlie's Angels*. Although I never tried for the part, I like to think I would have turned it down anyway, not because I don't think it's a wonderful show or whatever, but because I would have to go out there every day and act and do my best in front of the camera. If I personally don't feel enriched by what I'm doing, then I'm giving this industry a chance to really take advantage of me. Even though television is an extremely fragmented form of communication," she concludes rather wistfully, "I've always tried to imagine the audience beyond the camera. Sometimes it helps."

"To a great extent Billie's feeling about her job and the people she meets are the same as mine might be if I were in that situation," she observes. The qualifier seems a critical one. "Billie doesn't really represent the working woman, I think, as much as she stands for any young woman in the culture. So far it's been fascinating, and I'm looking forward to playing Billie for some time to come, if only to see how the character changes and grows. It's a continuing acting experience. I've seen her develop already, in these first two seasons. In the beginning, she really didn't know that much about reporting . . . city-side reporting. There is one episode when she asks Lou to please stop telling her how to do her job and then, five minutes later, she has to come to him for advice. It was funny and it was a really true sense of the character's need for independence."

Discussing the lack of good women's roles, Kelsey said, "Audiences want to see a woman who is a real person. Jane Fonda is a perfect example in *Coming Home*. She could have been anybody's next door neighbor. It's very much an anti-glamour era coming in I think, and Billie's right there. Even though we see her in her professional setting, the writers take real pains to present the personal side of her life. I think that's good."

As for *Lou Grant's* impact on the quality of television, "The show isn't really about the topic of the week," she claims. "It's about

people in a job situation. The story is told through the involvement of the characters. We all know people like Billie and Rossi, they have real life problems, and that's vitally important. They grow and change. It's not a static, set role. Billie is becoming a better journalist . . . she's tempering her concern for individuals, her feelings about social causes with some good, hard, common sense. We take the shows' credibility very seriously. Everyone involved is very serious-minded about what they're doing, even though we strive to keep a light touch."

"I'm learning a lot about acting on *Lou Grant*, a lot about standards. For instance, we read scripts together beforehand. You'd think that's something everyone would do, it's so simple. But, aside from *M*A*S*H*, we're really the only ones. It makes a real difference to the quality, and that's what should be important to any actor. When I return to the theater, there are lessons I'm learning now, even though the mediums are completely different, that I'll be able to apply directly . . . caring and craftsmanship."

Return to the theater? "Well, I won't be playing ingenue roles," she says and a charming smile at last breaks through. "But, I will be going back, there's no doubt about that. In the meantime, I think *Lou Grant* is offering me the best possible career opportunities. It's a remarkable show, really, and Billie is a remarkable role."

HARRISON FORD

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said it." Okay.

A discussion of *The Frisco Kid* headed down a path toward *Force 10 from Navarone*, a journey Ford didn't want to make . . .

The Frisco Kid, he said, was fun to make. "And it's close to home. I mean literally. For instance, not in Yugoslavia."

Is that where *Force 10* was shot?

"I can't remember."

Was that an unpleasant experience?

"Who?"

Force 10.

"What? . . . Yes . . . difficult. Physically. Especially sleeping in those beds. Lousy."

Actual lice?

"What? . . . no. I don't, uh . . . It wasn't just physical. That was a difficult film to make."

Why?

"That's just . . . a whole area I don't, uh, don't want to talk about."

Sometimes an inquiry drew out his rather dry sense of humor rather than an imitation of a clam. For instance, he was asked what he does with his spare time.

"I can't tell you, because I don't know. I . . . I don't do anything that's got a name for it. I'm just busy taking care of my real life—going to the store, reading, walking, talking to children and small animals, making my bed, sleeping, doing dishes, having my car fixed, not having my car fixed . . ."

The coffee's almost gone; all good things must come to an end. Last probe: What kind of person are you?

"Kind of a young Cesar Romero."

How do you see Cesar Romero?

"Kind of an old Harrison Ford. I'm a cross between Cesar Romero and Freddy Fender." He smiles a quick smile. "I don't see myself at all. I don't have any idea how people see me. That's out of my control."

On Screen



MANHATTAN, starring Woody Allen, Diane Keaton, Michael Murphy, Mariel Hemingway; written by Allen & Marshall Brickman; directed by Allen

If Woody Allen deliberately set out to court and win the American film-going public, he has perhaps succeeded beyond his own wildest fantasies. He's surely America's Sweetheart, the most admired, endearing, lovable neurotic on our screens, and with *Manhattan*, his stature as a filmmaker grows ever more impressive without sacrificing one deciliter of personal lovable-ness.

Manhattan is photographed by cinematographer Gordon Willis (often dubbed the Prince of Darkness) in brilliant black and white; the city doesn't look this good in living color. The music is lushly orchestrated Gershwin; combined with the stark bridges and skyscrapers, it made me yearn for a stroll through Central Park.

Allen's character is again the neurotic intellectual who masks his insecurities with jokes, but this is not a comedy, even though there are hilarious moments. Allen is dealing with love, and how people find it, lose it, use it and screw it up through their confused need for self-centered gratification or a confused sense of what's right and honest. In the beginning Allen loves 17-year-old Hemingway and she loves him; his best friend, Murphy, loves Keaton, though he's happily married to Anne Byrne. Allen rejects Hemingway—she's too young; Murphy rejects Keaton—he's too married; Allen then loves Keaton, who later rejects him—he's not Murphy. The general theme, explored briefly in *Interiors*, is that people run amok when they listen to their minds and not their hearts.

Allen's voice opens this film as his character tries to begin his first novel using New York as a metaphor for his novel's hero; we laugh, but Allen then does it seriously: like his city, his characters are striking, accomplished, brilliant, dazzling . . . and messed up. Allen makes us laugh and then cry, gently prods us into seeing the Futility of It All, but underlines the pain and the wisecracks with a devastatingly romantic score.

If Allen is ever hard up for feminine companionship, which seems unlikely, he should just stand outside a theatre playing *Manhattan*. Almost every woman emerging would follow him anywhere. Or at least around the block a few times.

Judith Sims

DREAMER, starring Tim Matheson, Susan Blakely & Jack Warden; written by James Proctor & Larry Bischof; directed by Noel Nosseck

Take *Rocky*, change the locale to Alton, Ill., and the sport to bowling, write dialogue Ronald Reagan would have refused to speak in *Knute Rockne, All-American*, and presto! You have *Dreamer*, a film best described as a major league waste of time.

Tim Matheson, as *Dreamer*, a young bowler whose heart is set on making it to the top, seems so uncomfortable in his role that one can only conclude that he made the mistake of reading the script all the way through and is looking for a place to hide.

And, hoo boy, what a script. With lines like "I'll never understand women" as a high point, (it must be a high point, it appears in some form at least three times during the film), the cast isn't given much to work with. The comedy relief is provided by *Dreamer's* two Mexican co-workers down at the bowling alley. One yells at the other in Spanish, the other answers in English. Boffo yocks, right?

The movie has its moments. "Spider," a local pool hustler, played by Matt Clark, is a thoroughly likeable guy who thinks that he can cover himself in glamour by self-bestowing a nickname. Jack Warden's portrayal of the local bowling pro who pushes *Dreamer* on so he can bask in the reflected glory shows the competence one would expect of Warden, but not much more. And Susan Blakely, as *Dreamer's* bitchy, jealous girlfriend, almost captures the character of the "small town girl." Almost.

But with the deathly slow pace, the bowling shots taken from every conceivable angle, the unfalteringly hideous script, and the annoying habit of inserting the allegedly inspiring theme song (sort of rock's answer to "Climb Every Mountain") every time *Dreamer* turns around, we are talking about a multi-megaton bore.

Richard Levinson

DAWN OF THE DEAD, starring David Emge, Ken Foree, Scot H. Reiniger & Gaylen Ross; written & directed by George Romero

"When there's no more room in hell, the dead shall walk the earth."

George Romero's a rich man for turning