

& OUT THE OTHER

TOM PETTY's latest album is still in the studio, with an interim bass player, Howie Epstein (who usually backs Del Shannon, whom Petty recently produced, hence the logical connection). Ron Blair, Petty's former bassist, left around Christmas last year and is, as they say, "pursuing different musical directions."

JONI MITCHELL has reportedly scrapped all the songs for her next album and is in New York writing new ones.

ROBIN LANE, FORMERLY LEADING Robin Lane & the Chartbusters for Warner Bros. Records, is now recording in MCA Music Studios, L.A., with Stan Lynch (Tom Petty drummer) Elliot Easton (Cars guitarist) and Leroy Radcliffe (ex-Chartbuster).

Playing Games

TAP, DEVISED BY H. R. "TOM" SAWYER, a California philologist, is a thesaurus/dictionary disguised as a word game. TAP consists of two decks of tap cards, a spin dial and a score pad, and the words are not simple. Sawyer told one writer, "I'm not going

to lower the difficulty of the words just to hit the masses. If they don't buy it, I don't give a damn. It's going to stay highbrow." Sesquipedalians among us may order TAP by sending \$16 to Logophilia Unlimited, Inc., 2253 Park Blvd., Palo Alto, CA 94306.

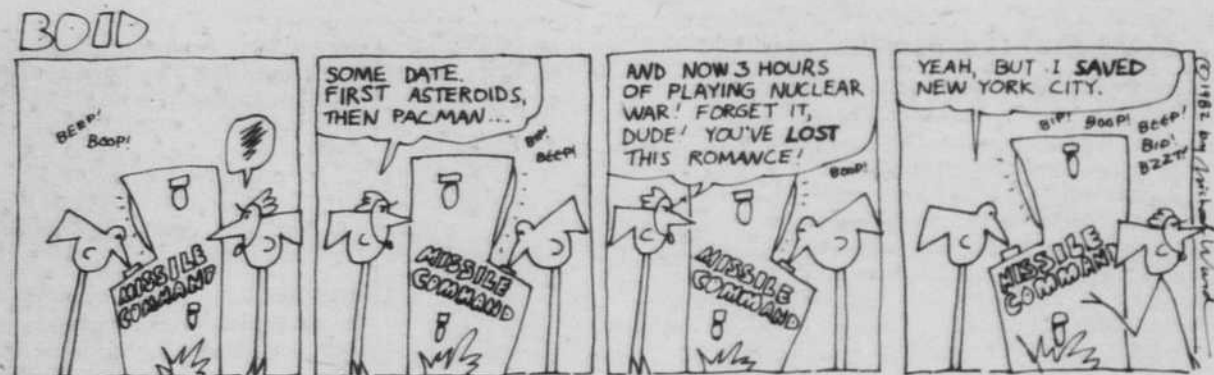
PENTE, PRONOUNCED PEN-TAY, recently sponsored a \$10,000 World Open Pente Championship in Dallas, with first prize of \$5000 cash, a week for two in England and a Grecian urn (say what?). Based on the Japanese game Go, Pente is four years old and determined to be five.

Like the Song Says, "Don't Go ..."

RUMORED THAT "Wolverton Mountain," lovably ridiculous 1962 C&W/crossover hit for Claude King, is being developed into a film.

You Should Be Dancing, Yarrgh!

ACCORDING TO A RECENT report in *Variety*, the State of California is



pioneering a new treatment for convicted sex offenders, sort of a litmus test for their progress in therapy. Prisoners go to discos for an evening of discreetly observed mingling. If they can shake a tailfeather without resorting to strangulation holds, improvement is assumed. However, in the milieu of a disco, it isn't easy to tell a maniac from a victim of Saturday Night Fever: at least two inmates have escaped in the stroboscopic confusion.

Moreover, suggested the *Variety* reporter, perhaps a disco evening should be considered "cruel and unusual punishment." His alternative sugges-

tion: take offenders to a punk club. If they mingle successfully, lock 'em up again. If they shy from slam dancing, pronounce them cured.

Just What Are Your Favorite Stars Up To?

SYLVESTER STALLONE will write and star in *Pais*, a contemporary comedy, later this year we'll see him one more time as Rocky in the third installment of that saga; and he just finished *First Blood*, after many delays and several injuries.

SCOTT GLENN, the coach in *Personal Best* (and the sexiest man in *Urban Cowboy*) will play astronaut Alan Shepard in *The Right Stuff*, based on Tom Wolfe's book. Dennis Quaid and Sam Shepard also star.

AMY IRVING left the Broadway cast of *Amadeus* to travel to Europe, where she'll star in *Yentl*, directed by Barbra Streisand.

MGM IS RE-RELEASING *A Clockwork Orange* because it is deemed a "precursor of punk" and as such may intrigue a whole new generation of freaks.

ON SCREEN

One from the Heart

Starring: Frederic Forrest, Teri Garr, Raul Julia, and Nastassia Kinski; screenplay by Francis Coppola and Arnyan Bernstein, directed by Francis Coppola

Francis Coppola has taken a simple love story and produced one of the most wonderful movies in years. *One from the Heart* is about losers, living out their second-rate lives in Las Vegas, a town that only cares about its big winners. Frannie and Hank (Garr and Forrest) are celebrating their fifth anniversary of meeting and subsequently living together, but on this July 4th they argue and go out on the town separately.

When Coppola announced that he was building a complete replica of the Vegas strip on a Zoetrope Studio soundstage, it seemed as if he was getting a bit carried away. Here he was, making a simple musical romance, and the budget was quickly approaching the grandiose scale of Coppola's recent epic classic *Apocalypse Now*. At

One from the Heart's Final Preview Showing at New York's Radio City Music Hall it appeared as if every dollar were well spent. No detail seems to have been omitted: the colors are gorgeous, including the only opening credits that could ever be described as breathtaking. At times it appears as if the characters are secondary to the visual wonders. We are being shown a story about marginally ordinary people who aren't half as interesting as the town they live in (although, oddly, we never see gambling, we just hear it). *One from the Heart* works under the premise that its insignificant characters are only a minute part of Las Vegas, the glossy, overbearing town that engulfs individuals into a blurring swirl of anonymity.

Blues artist Tom Waits has provided a superb soundtrack, with vocal accompaniment from Crystal Gayle. Their music is the perfect backdrop to Frannie and Hank's dreary lives, where 'people change their hairstyles in the hope of changing themselves. Raul Julia as Ray, Frannie's singer/piano player/waiter fling, turns in an outstanding performance. His Latin seduc-

tion scene, with its hysterically corny mambo "mood music," is one of the film's highlights. Lainie Kazan and Harry Dean Stanton are funny and touching as Frannie and Hank's friends who find one another through their friends' misfortune. Unfortunately, though, Nastassia Kinski's role (no fault of her own) is easily the shallowest and least effective of all. Even Kinski's greatest asset, her beauty, is never fully exploited. Like Julia, Kinski's Leila, a circus performer/striptease artist, is merely an exotic oddity, both interesting targets for our heroes' straying.

Photographer Vittorio Storaro (also with Coppola for *Apocalypse*) has used every trick to delight the eyes with gorgeous colors and dazzling cinema. Every scene has a surrealistic touch to it, from cartoon moon and stars to a Las Vegas strip that's just too bright and too real. It's a story about real people in a real town, yet somehow it comes out feeling like a wonderful fantasy, a romance that captures the lives of eminently forgettable people and makes us want to remember them.

Eric Flaum

Personal Best

starring Mariel Hemingway, Patrice Donnelly, Scott Glenn and Kenny Moore, written, produced and directed by Robert Towne

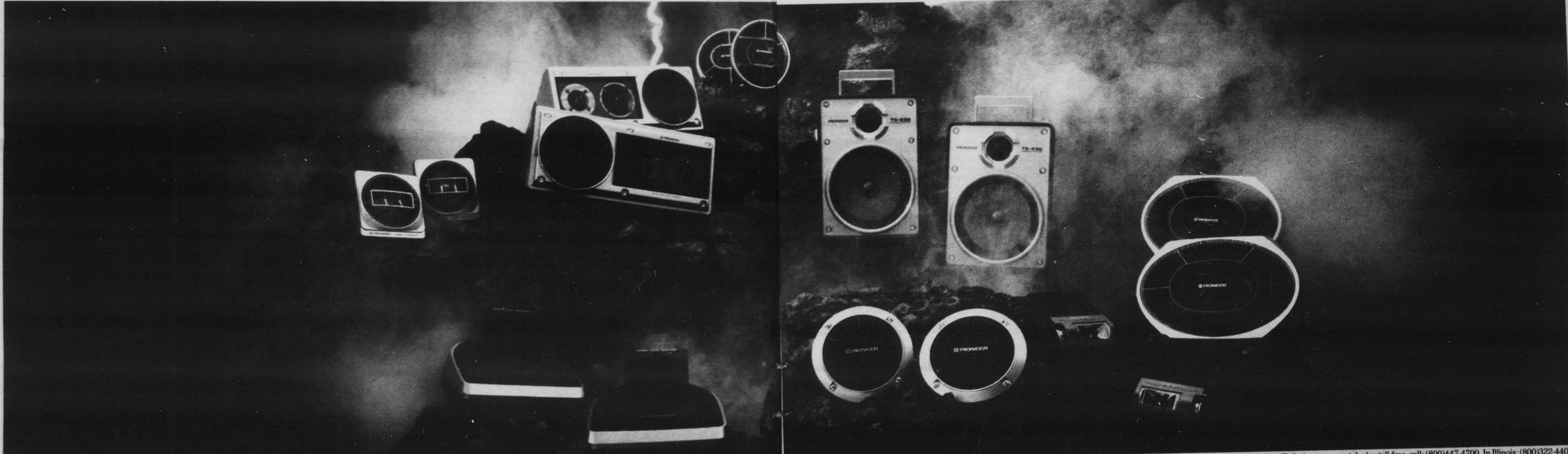
Two track athletes meet at the 1976 Olympic trials and literally run off together. Over the next four years they are variously lovers and rivals, finally reconciling as friends during the 1980 Olympic trials. Standard sports melodrama, except for a modern twist: the athletes are women.

For his directorial debut, Academy Award-winning screenwriter Robert Towne (*Chinatown*, *Shampoo*, *The Last Detail*) has coincidentally touched on two themes-of-the-year: track (cf. *Chariots of Fire*) and homosexuality (*Making Love* and the upcoming *Partners*). Nonetheless, the film breaks new ground for American movies, both in its celebration of strong, muscular women athletes, and in its unflinching portrayal of a lesbian relationship.

Towne handles that relationship — between pentathletes Chris Cahill (Hemingway) and Tory Skinner (Donnelly) — with a sensitivity and psychological precision that avoid stereotypes. He's also on target with the athletes' complexly motivated and motivating coach (Glenn, remembered as the sexy and dangerous Wes Hightower in *Urban Cowboy*), and with Hemingway's heterosexual love interest, played by *Sports Illustrated* writer Kenny Moore. Hemingway is convincing and ingratiating, if a bit whiny, but Donnelly (a former hurdler who had never acted) and Glenn set off the most sparks with their intense, edgy performances.

But despite the stirring sports action and Towne's telling dialogue and characterizations, something's missing in *Personal Best*. Most of the problems probably involve first-outing jitters — flatfooted cutting, lines topheavy with Meaning, and especially a lack of background on the main characters. Unlike *Chariots of Fire*, which was consumed with motivation, *Personal Best* leaves us wondering why these

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