



ART GALLERY—Many of the projects and ideas from the short-lived art society will remain. The art gallery will function with the direction of instructor Leland John. Photo by Sue Hanneman.

'Tight situation' ends club

By Elena Vancil
Of The Print

"The controlled aspect of it discouraged a lot of people from volunteering," said John Brittingham, after the demise of the College's newly formed Art Society, Thursday.

Meanwhile, art department head, Norm Bursheim, declared that it was "not a big thing," because, technically, there was no Art Society in the first place.

"The constitution was never accepted by Student Activities," he explained.

All this took place between mid-winter quarter, when the

club began meeting, and Thursday afternoon, when it officially folded. During that time, the club produced an art gallery and many ideas, such as a suggestion box. In spite of this activity, apathy among the members sealed the club's fate, according to ex-president Brittingham.

This fate was accepted among most members without bitterness, however, and the word "failure" was not connected to the episode.

"Nothing has been lost. We will capture the good parts and take off with them," said art instructor Les Tipton during

Thursday's meeting. "There are a lot of quality ideas that should be followed through with."

"The Art Society has gone underground," quipped ceramics student Rachel Korimo.

That may be true in a sense. The students agreed that they would meet occasionally and share ideas for the art department.

"We always function better per project and idea, and we

don't need a society to do that," said Tipton, who was

the faculty advisor for the short-lived club. "It may work better if there is not a rigor or role to fit into."

"We were trying to set up a tight situation in a loose environment," summarized Jeanette Heisler, former art gallery manager.

The gallery will continue to function under the management of instructor Leland John.

Bursheim commented that an organization of that sort would have worked better with the continuity of a four-year college.

Another problem that Bursheim saw with the former

society concerned "polarization between faculty and students."

"A lot of people thought it was a shame," he said, "that they said they didn't want any part of it because it was so beautiful before."

Unanimous agreement regarding the society's fate was not apparent, however. Jeff Silvia, formerly vice president of the Art Society, claimed that the "time and energy" he put into the club was "misused."

Although the College no longer has an official Art Society, everyone who participated in the group agreed that they learned a lot.

Distinction displays art student's work

Art student Melody Wood has received the distinction of being named "Artist of the Week." Because of this, her drawings and watercolors are on display in the College Art Center lobby.

Wood, who has a Bachelor of Arts degree in theater, recently resigned a position of private investigator, to pursue her artistic interest which was sparked one year ago, in January.

Although Wood is a "serious art work" in her field, she is not overly concerned with a degree, although her attitude indicates that "time tell."

She did say, "It's nice being a student again."

Being Artist of the Week, said Wood, is a chance for students to display the work of their work. That is why the distinction rotates every week or two.

Egotistically good film has 'indulgent good flaws'

I would never in my life defend a film that is self-indulgent, pretentious and egotistical. But when I made a list of film directors that were accused (and rightly so) of being self-indulgent, pretentious and egotistical, I realized that

(all on my list) film making would be a very uneventful art.

A new name has been added to the list. He is Bob Fosse, and his prerequisite is "All That Jazz."

"All That Jazz" has been called self-indulgent, pretentious and egotistical for one simple reason: that is exactly what it is. Yet, it is the first movie-musical since "Cabaret" to offer anything new to the genre. Like "Cabaret," it is an unintegrated musical. None of the characters burst into songs as in "Hair." Rather, every musical number is performed on a sound stage.

The film centers on a famous Broadway director-choreographer named Joe Gideon (Roy Scheider). Gideon has taken an overdose of

women, work, alcohol, uppers, and cigarettes. He is a father, boyfriend, ex-husband, director-choreographer of a Broadway musical in rehearsal, and is currently editing a movie based on the life of a comic. All this proves to be too much for Joe and he has a heart attack which requires open heart surgery.

If all this sounds familiar to a theater buff, well, it should. For when director Bob Fosse was editing his film, "Lenny," and rehearsing his Broadway play, "Chicago," he suffered a near-fatal heart attack which led to open-heart surgery.

"All That Jazz" is Bob Fosse's own story of his heart attack, what led to it, and his eventual coming to terms with death. It is both astounding and appalling, bizarre and brilliant.

Its opening number is cinematic dynamite. A montage of dancers auditioning for Gideon's musical. The editing, cinematography and choreography mix splendidly as the movie almost explodes from the screen.

Fosse—I mean Gideon—leaves the theater to go to the editing room to edit his film, "Lenny"—I mean "The Standup." Listening to Lenny Bruch (Cliff Gorman) speak on the five stages of death, Gideon begins his own obsessions with death. He constantly chats with death (Jessica Lange) in his dressing room about life, love, pain, death and show business. He is confused about life. "I don't know where the bullshit ends and the truth begins," Gideon admits.

Accompanied by death, Gideon revisits his childhood and what caused his obsession with death. Gideon displays his obsession with sex in a dance number performed before the producers of the show. It is simply one of the most exciting, electric and powerful dance numbers in movie history.

Despite warnings from his doc-

tors, Gideon continues to drink, smoke and jump into bed with as many females as possible. All this jazz leads to his heart attack. Actual footage of an open heart surgery left this non-med student cringing in my seat.

While trapped in his hospital bed, Gideon confronts the questions that Bob Fosse must have asked himself. Will I be remembered? What have I accomplished? What was it all for?

Gideon's life was show business and dance. So that's how he was going to leave. He dreamed of leaving on a musical special, starring Ben Vereen. The last third of the movie has the most problems. All Gideon can think about is death, so the musical numbers center on death. The redundant musical numbers become repetitious.

Ben Vereen finally appears in the finale. It was well worth the wait. The dancing was terrific. Like "Cabaret," "All That Jazz" ended on a bitter note. It leaves a sour taste in the mouth, like all good black comedy should.

Enough has been said about Fosse. What really held "All That Jazz" together was the performance of Roy Scheider. As Gideon, Scheider made you hate him. Scheider's performance, however, could see the strengths and weaknesses of the character. The best performance Scheider has given yet, worthy of his nomination.

All in all, it is a daring, unusual film. It is definitely worth seeing, although at \$4 a ticket, the value of any movie could be questioned.

I thought I would never defend a self-indulgent movie; however, "All That Jazz" has sufficient energy to survive its indulgent flaws.

The trouble is, now that Fosse is considered a self-indulgent filmmaker, he is destined to make a bad movie. Every self-indulgent filmmaker made at least one bomb. Fosse has yet to make a bad movie. Alas, the inevitable is hand.

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