



Margaux Hemingway's world is shattered after she is violently and ruthlessly attacked by Chris Sarandon in "Lipstick," a Dino De Laurentiis film.

## Rock Watch *Be-Bop Deluxe and Supertramp*

Bruce Robinson

Bill Nelson is the creative force behind Be-Bop Deluxe, a progressive Anglican quartet who made a most impressive debut concert appearance at the Santa Monica Civic last Friday. In addition to handling the lead vocals and guitar work with considerable flair, Nelson also writes all the group's material, much of which combines futuristic imagery with disciplined but imaginative rock and roll.

Opening the show with a powerful and precise "Fair Exchange", Be-Bop made it clear that the expectantly enthusiastic

crowd would not be disappointed. Nelson, whose boyish good looks (his cuteness quotient is at least equal to that of Peter Frampton) and thoroughly sound musicianship and showmanship, should soon combine to make him a major star. He shared the visual focus on stage with bounding bassist Charlie Tumahai, whose occasional percussion licks also provided effective punctuation for some of the more melodic rockers, such as "Ships in the Night." Drummer Simon Fox was consistently energetic and inventive, and Andrew Clarke's synthesizer soloing contributed a healthy instrumental balance to the fiery lyricism of Nelson's guitar work. However, much of the rest of Clarke's keyboard playing, so subtly effective on record, was lost in the overall live sound.

Concentrating primarily on material from their excellent Sunburst Finish album Be-Bop was well on the way to dynamically fulfilling the expectations that album had raised, until a broken guitar string during "Blazing Apostles" deflated the total impact of a polished and exciting performance. Despite valiant attempts to maintain momentum by jamming guitarless through the delay, the group was not able to fully recover from the break, and even after returning for an audience mandated encore, Nelson left the stage obviously disappointed.

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Robert Palmer, who held forth at the Roxy last weekend, is an engaging young Englishman with an obvious fondness for American rhythm and blues. On his two solo albums, since departing the late Vinegar Joe, Palmer has employed Lowell George and the full membership of Little Feat, along with top-notch session men from New York and New Orleans to create some pleasant, unassuming funky music. Without those stellar sideman his music is essentially the same, but with a little of the edge missing. Moving briskly through a selection of material from both Pressure Drop and Sneaking Sally Through the Alley, Palmer displayed the taste and energy apparent on those albums, but overall his own songs suffered somewhat from a lack of distinction. However, his rendition of Toots and the Maytalls' standout "Pressure Drop" (their original is available on the soundtrack album of *The Harder They Come*) was a welcome taste of convincing non-Jamaican reggae, and the most successful number of his set.

WALLECHINSKY: The almanac would have been larger if they could have found a press large enough to bind such a big book. We collected 7500 pages of articles, but were only able to use 4500... that's manuscript-length pages; so we have almost half left over, much of which can be used in PA II. But it's not going to be an update or just a revision which is what Encyclopaedias do with their

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## Hemingway and Lipstick

Cashing in on rape

Karen Stabiner

Following in the sinister tradition of "Death Wish," "Lipstick" is a frighteningly manipulative film that sensationalizes violence and hypocritically cashes in on the lurid details of rape.

Sex and violence sell tickets; a serious drama about a rape victim's plight probably would not. And the incredible ending of the film — where the victimized woman, blessedly, finds a sympathetic jury which will not send her to jail for her act of revenge — runs in ironic counterpoint to the real-life plight of Inez Garcia (and other women), currently serving a jail sentence for doing much the same thing.

"Lipstick" is first and foremost a high-pitched dramatic adventure, complete with the happy conclusion, or illusion, that everybody gets their just deserts in the end. Director Lamont Johnson and screenwriter David Rayfield trade in any serious consideration of their subject matter for repeated cheap thrills. The result is a film that could have been — or should have been — a provocative, controversial one, but instead comes off like just another slick TV courtroom drama.

The ads for "Lipstick" promise a look at what would have been a fascinating contradiction: The rape victim, Chris (Margaux Hemingway), is a highly successful model who sells lipstick by selling herself. Alluring billboards, come-on pouts, sultry poses — Chris is in the all-American business of merchandised sex. She is, basically, the image that

women have been conditioned to emulate and men have been conditioned to want.

What happens is that Gordon Stewart (Chris Sarandon) takes her message to heart, and, letting his psychoses roll, rapes a woman whose public persona subtly invites just that kind of response.

Anne Bancroft, as attorney Carla Bondi, is the only one who picks up on the perversity of the advertising hard-sell. Infuriatingly enough, though, nobody goes with the serious conflict, and within the first 15 minutes "Lipstick" takes another turn.

What happens is that the film embraces the very values it might have condemned, all in the interest, I'm sure, of maintaining audience interest and giving everybody a little cinematic stimulation. The rape scene goes on and on, careful to treat us all to glimpses of the famed Hemingway anatomy; the courtroom scenes are a reason to parade, as evidence, those questionable photos of Chris. The film is being promoted by the very means that Bancroft's character finds so despicable.

As soon as the "not guilty" verdict comes through, any pretense of seriousness goes down the drain, and we're treated to a melodramatic conclusion sequence that's nothing more than an excuse

for a flaming finale.

The casting of Hemingway is me to believe that "Lipstick" nothing more than just another thriller. In the tradition of most Cybill Shepherd and Larry Hutton, Hemingway's film does something less than spectacular, yet a strong enough actress to make Chris into more than a clotheshorse that pouts, cries tears, and looks angry. If she had been the priority, maybe she could have found an actress with more experience.

As it stands, Anne Bancroft is only one who brings a fiery dash to her role. But the combination of cardboard characters and a sanely simplistic script makes parody, not passion.

Even the technical excellence the film fails to save it. Marion Rothman paces the courtroom sequence and the final scene with impeccable timing. And electronic music composed by Michel Polnareff is a per tension-laden accompaniment.

But you can't make something out of nothing, no matter how beautifully you package it. Finally get around to addressing the contemporary problem — and to tell the story down the road the sake of cheap, artificial entertainment — is somehow more an insult to the audience than nostalgia films that refuse to deal with current issues. All nostalgia is a frank appreciation of the past: "Lipstick" is a carefully orchestrated con job.



Wings in the country. L. to R. Joe English, Denny Laine, Linda McCartney, Jimmy McCulloch, Paul McCartney.

## Wings

Jeff Dubron

I put on Wings' newest offering and felt the warm appreciation that comes with the return of an old friend. Ole Rubber Voice is back.

The well worn Beatle rhythms and playfully pompous string lines are so evident in his latest work that Paul McCartney may be able to spurn his share of \$50 million as if it were lunch money, but he'll never convince me that what the Beatles once had is now gone. McCartney is definitely the most Beatle of the former Beatles and in

## Well-worn Beatles rhythms

bringing this trait to the album he brings it both its greatest strength and its most frustrating weakness. The strength lies in the sheer fun of the album; it is not one to listen to when you're mellow and don't want to be disturbed. McCartney and his very able friends let you know quite quickly and well they are enjoying the good life.

The main weakness in the album is the frustration I experienced in trying to relate: it was all too smooth, the well worn Beatle rhythms went round and round and

I found too few places to grab a real highlight of Wings. Jimmy McCulloch's lead playing. I found myself drifting throughout the album only brought happily back by a who definitely knows his roll. More creative input from McCulloch would have made a better album.

Jeff Dubron is the host of "Freedom Journal of the Air" on Theta Cable F each week. He is also an investigative journalist.

## Woolf: A tour de force

en Pleasants

All those who enjoy the wit and intellect of Virginia Woolf, novelist and critic, will find Sara DeWitt's evening rendering a genuine pleasure and a tour de force.

Woolf, one of the major novelists of the twentieth century and an accessible, though minor critic, seems to be gaining ground among the young, both male and female, and writers like G.B. Shaw slip to obscurity. Perhaps it is because Woolf dealt mainly with inner conflict, an eternal subject, while Shaw spent a great deal of time on the problems of the day. DeWitt captures the grace and charm of the lady: her movements, her insinuations, her witty bisexuality — even while forming the audience (in character) that the theater serves coffee but there is coke cola in the lobby.

What is best is her rendering of scenes from "Orlando," Woolf's novel about change of sex and sex roles, something so far ahead of its time that it seems fresh and daring today. The prose is positively word picture as DeWitt traces out a scene on shipboard, as Orlando awaits his arrival in England as a man.

The second scene is from "Mrs. Dalloway," probably Woolf's best novel.

In a series of passes across the stage Dalloway presides at one of her famous parties, ushering in her former lover (female) and her



former lover (male) while musing on the various guests as they pass. The mood and atmosphere are conveyed with a few fine gestures and the use of a wrap around skirt.

Fielding questions as the grand dame of literature, DeWitt is reasonably successful, although she did trip over my question about why Woolf disliked the 17th century diarist John Evelyn.

One has the definite feeling that a piece as fine as this should end up on KCET and be shared with a larger audience. Certainly DeWitt and Woolf deserve no less.

chilled soups, both of which feature fresh tomatoes, and are dependent upon their being fresh and flavorful.

### CHILLED TOMATO SOUP

(to serve 4)

- 10 medium tomatoes
- 1 medium onion
- 2 small cloves-garlic
- 2 oz. butter
- 2 tbsp. olive oil
- salt, freshly ground black pepper
- oregano, basil, fresh parsley
- 1/4 cup red wine.

Blanch all the tomatoes in boiling water and remove skins. Over a low flame heat the oil and butter. Add the onion diced, and one clove of garlic finely chopped, salt, freshly ground black pepper and generous pinches of oregano and basil. When the onions are translucent add four finely chopped tomatoes, and the red wine, and proceed to cook over a low heat for 30 minutes.

Place remaining tomatoes, in a blender with a clove of garlic and several sprigs of fresh parsley. Puree.

When tomatoes are cooked, combine them with the puree from the blender and adjust seasoning.

Chill for several hours before serving.

### GAZPACHO

- 4-5 large tomatoes
- 1/2 cucumber
- 1 small onion
- 3 tbsp. olive oil
- 1 tbsp. red wine vinegar
- 2 large cloves garlic
- 2 green onions,
- 12 olives
- 1/2 green pepper
- Salt, freshly ground black pepper, fresh parsley.

Blanch tomatoes, remove skins, and chop. Peel cucumber and chop. Dice onion and green pepper, and chop garlic very finely. Add olives to these ingredients and put through a food mill. Then add olive oil, vinegar, the finely chopped green onions, and a tablespoon of finely chopped parsley. Season to taste with salt and pepper, and chill for several hours before serving. Serves 4.

Gazpacho is a classic Spanish soup and numerous recipes may be found for it. The quantities of the ingredients can vary according to personal taste.



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## With Deadly Sin



## FOOD

### Chilled soups

Robin Love

With the advent of warmer weather, it becomes appropriate to think of beginning a meal with a chilled soup. Also, with the arrival of the summer months, fresh tomatoes available in markets start radically improve in flavor and they become a delightful addition to salads, or a sound basis for other dishes. (Even though tomatoes are available all year round, during the winter months they have very little flavor and should be augmented by either canned Italian tomatoes or tomato sauce.)

Following, are two recipes for

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## Reclaiming Art a right, not a luxury

Melinda Wortz

The advent of an alternative publication provides an apt opportunity for philosophical / sociological musings vis-a-vis the state of the visual arts here in Southern California and in the nation. Just how do we regard the making and enjoying of visual art — an irrelevancy, an idiosyncrasy, a luxury for the wealthy or educated elite, or an inalienable right, as a major means for the pursuit of happiness? My personal bias lies with the latter, but organized political groups seldom espouse the cause of either art or artists when labor, racism, law-and-order, Social Security, defense budgets, nuclear power and vocal minorities raise much louder voices.

Melinda Wortz is the Art Gallery Director at the University of California Irvine and a teacher of contemporary arts history. She has written for Arts Week, Arts News and other arts publications.

In aristocratically structured systems, the leaders have been raised with cultivated tastes and serve as patrons of the arts as a matter of course. In most

European countries, before the twentieth century, this official establishment patronage often took the form of major commissions for public spaces — cathedrals, theaters, parks, plazas, commemorative sculpture, murals. With the exception of the WPA — a desperate measure undertaken only because of severe economic depression — and the pre-bankruptcy activities of the New York Arts Commission, public commissions in our own country have been notable for their absence. By contrast Great Britain, in a time of economic crisis, allots six to seven million dollars for the purchase of contemporary art. Holland gives artists rent subsidies, and purchasers of contemporary art get tax deductions, and so forth.

It is true that some of our best architects — Philip Johnson, I. M. Pei, Frank Lloyd Wright — have designed museums, ostensibly public institutions, although many are privately supported. It is interesting to consider just who the museum-going public is. While museums reported booming attendance during the '60's, the figures were paltry compared with sports events or even a single rock music event. Whatever the attraction, those who attend them are primarily those who were exposed to them when they were young, or through the process of a college education. Hence museum audiences consist largely of the college-educated middle class, in addition to groups of children based in from the ghetto. (Funds for field trip transportation are, of course, the first to go when budgets are cut.) In our ostensibly democratic culture, art may be theoretically available to the public through public institutions, but it remains practically inaccessible except through exposure and education — to put it another way, an elitist privilege.

Even the public that does attend museums feels alienated by the unfamiliar form language of avant-garde art, an idiom as specialized and internally coherent as that of advanced physics, to paraphrase Roy Lichtenstein, with an audience about the same size. Ironically, the democratic process which should make art accessible to all rarely produces aesthetically knowledgeable or sensitive leaders to champion the cause of art to the public, which would in turn provide wider exposure to current art forms. On the other side of the circle, artists without public

support keep more to themselves, becoming increasingly hermetic. How do we break this self-perpetuating chain reaction? Recent legislation requires that builders of any new structure for public use must allocate at least 1% of its costs to art. Public interest in and support for this stipulation could be an important first step in getting current art out of its almost exclusively gallery context into parks, malls, city streets and other public gathering places.

Some political agitation has been forthcoming from artists' groups like the Artists for Economic Action. This is a positive sign among a notoriously apolitical sociological entity. Perhaps if artists can establish themselves as an underprivileged minority, they can find a political voice. Most of their demands, however, center around inequities regarding royalties, medical services and the like, for self-employed artists. Public agitation for their own rights with regard to the opportunity to experience art is not being heard. By summarily dismissing art as the province of the rich, we deprive ourselves of its nearly forgotten basic function. At its best art becomes a means for expanding consciousness and achieving transcendental states.

Older cultures incorporated art into life as the means for contact with and/or manipulation of supernatural powers. Many African tribes do not have a word for "art," since it is not experienced separately from life as a whole. Contemporary Los Angeles artist Robert Irwin expresses a similar attitude. not experienced separately from life as a whole. Contemporary Los Angeles artist Robert Irwin expresses a similar attitude.

"What the artist develops for himself (is) ... a way ... of seeing which goes beyond the ordinary ... and isolates the most perfect. What would happen if that state of consciousness ... became ... the consciousness of society as a whole ... then our art would be an integral part of our society ... and art as a separate discipline ... would not exist."

The need to reclaim the art of today, not just the past, as an indispensable life experience, as a spiritual encounter rather than a material acquisition, is surely as pressing a societal requirement as any political demand.



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