

# Journey to the land

Arts editor Jens Andersen went to Los Angeles last weekend on a junket sponsored by 20th Century Fox, who are attempting to promote three upcoming films through campus papers in Canada and the States. The following is his report.

Friday, 6:15 AM MST

I made it to the International Airport on time, confirmed my reservation, checked my bag, and now I am just waiting to board the plane that will take me to Hollywood, Home of the Stars.

I should be thinking about the three films I am going to preview prior to their release here in February and March, but somehow my mind dwells on other details. Is our plane a DC-10? How well have the mechanics checked it over? How slippery is the runway?

And how will I recognize the Fox representative at the L.A. airport? Will he/she be a glad-hander? Are beige cords appropriate attire for the Beverly Wilshire? (The promo sheet for the Wilshire, which came with the itinerary, shows a doorman in red coat and top hat greeting an arriving Rolls Royce). Will the

whatnots like in the flesh? And is L.A. really the gaudy, vulgar place of legend?

Friday, 3 PM PST

After five hours of gut-wrenching fear in the skies (caused by nothing in particular) I am in Los Angeles. A servitor with a walkie-talkie greets me at the plane, guides me to the baggage pickup, and then parts to rescue another delegate. My travel bag is the first off the belt. I stuff my ski jacket into it and step out onto the sidewalk, as my guide has instructed me to do. The sun is shining in a clear blue sky, the temperature is 61°, and palm trees flutter idly in a light breeze. After a minute or so another young man with a walkie-talkie comes along and guides me to a waiting van. One delegate is already on board, and we cruise around the airport complex for another hour or so, picking up seven more arrivees one by one as they fly in.

At every curb are megaphones droning, "The white zone is for immediate loading and unloading only; no parking." The message is repeated alternately by a male and female voice, over and over again.



From "Quest for Fire": three primitive types attempting a combustion experiment.

*The hotel room has three telephones, four mirrors, and coats-of-arms on just about every object.*

Great Overdue California Earthquake strike during my stay?

Such thoughts raise an obvious question: why am I going on this junket in the first place? Certainly not for a good time, for I am by nature a workboy, not a playboy, and even if I weren't, I could have a much better time (I believe) at tonight's unassuming Gateway party than at the scheduled orgies among strangers and publicity agents. Nor am I going because I get to see *Quest for Fire*, *Porky's*, and *Making Love* before anyone else, for that is a cheap distinction, and one that will last only a month or two. And it certainly isn't for the plane ride, because I have a holy terror of flying machines.

No, the reason why I instantly fell for the junket is explainable in a word: curiosity. Are the films as bad as the advance publicity leads me to believe? How will 20th Century Fox attempt to sell them to us? What are directors, actors and

Just as we are running out of small talk, and just before the "white zone" mantra begins, to affect our sanity, we get the last person aboard and head for the hotel.

Along the way the van driver talks about the stars he and his friends have met. A newspaper delegate mentions that he saw William Kunstler ("the famous defense attorney") at some airport. I mention the Gateway seizure by the police. Another delegate relates how some army officers seized a whole press run of one of their papers which contained a story about the ROTC on campus.

At the Beverly Wilshire we are met by Fox representatives who help us get room keys and bestow a canvas shoulder bag on everyone. In the bag are two T-shirts, one for *Quest for Fire* and one for *Porky's*, and a second set of press kits for all three films. We are allowed two hours to settle in before hors d'oeuvres at 4:30.

My hotel room is a surprise. It is large,

has two single beds (giving rise to interesting questions), and is furnished with the ego in mind. There are three telephones in the suite: one by the bed, one on the desk, and one in the bathroom; each one has a notepad and pencil nearby. The bathroom itself has a white marble floor, grey marble walls, and a seven-foot-long grey marble vanity complete with stool, seven-foot-wide mirror and make-up lights. It is equipped with recessed kleenex dispenser, a shoeshine rag, a plastic imitation-tortoiseshell shoehorn, a package of needles, thread and buttons, two glasses with paper covers bearing the coat of arms of the hotel, an ashtray with a matchbook, each bearing the same coat of arms (there are four more ashtrays with matchbooks in the suite), and two soapboxes (with coat of arms) containing two different kinds of soap. There are also enough towels to make a window escape from the fifth floor, though they are probably intended for some other purpose, since I am only on the second.

The rest of the suite is rather posh too: a dormer window opening onto a foliage-secluded balcony, an antique writing table with stacks of stationary, postcards, and

pens, an ante-room to the bathroom containing another make-up mirror, a full-length mirror, a huge chest of drawers and a small fridge, four Los Angeles guidebooks and magazines, a leather easy chair, ottoman, color TV, etc., etc., etc. On the walls are two flashy but cheap bits of heraldry: a banner with a coat of arms (different from the standard one) depicting an anatomically preposterous arm holding a flag, and, opposite this, two eagles fashioned from stamped sheet metal which surround a small mirror.

I am almost beginning to believe I am a person of consequence.

Friday 11:30 PM

Another shock as the 75 or so journalists get together for hors d'oeuvres; no alcohol. The legal age in California is 21, and since our contingent has some underage people in it we must all suffer Coke and 7-up.

Also I'm beginning to get an inferiority complex listening to all the delegates rattle off the names of actors, and all their

**SU ELECTION** 

**NEED SOME EXTRA CASH?**

The Students' Union requires staff for the General Election on Friday, February 5. Help us out and earn \$4.00/hour at the same time. For further information, please contact the SU Returning Office (Room 271, SUB) or the Receptionist SU Executive Offices (Room 259, SUB).

**THE STUDENTS' UNION** requires a **Gateway Editor** 

The Editor-in-Chief shall:

- be responsible for supervising all aspects of the editing and producing of the Gateway.
- use his or her discretion as to what material is published in the Gateway.
- submit the annual budget for the Gateway to the Administration Board in compliance with By-law 700.
- ensure the smooth operation of the Students' Union newspaper.

Salary: \$500 per month

For further information, please contact: Peter Michalyszyn, Editor-in-Chief, Gateway, at 432-5168, or in Room 282, Students' Union Building.

Deadline for Applications: February 5, 1982 to Room 259 SUB

**Bishops University Scholarship Program**

Bishops University is an English university in Lennoxville, Quebec.

The scholarship includes room and board fees at Bishop's University.

**Qualifications:**

- must have completed one degree
- must return to the University the following year
- be a full time undergraduate
- be a Canadian citizen or permanent resident

Applications are available from the Office, 252 Athabasca Hall.

Application Deadline Friday, 26 January 1982

For more information, contact the Office, 252 Athabasca Hall, 432-3221 (Students' Union Vice-President's Office, 432-4236).