

White Line Fever

A credible film depicts American town society

By LYNETTE WILSON

White Line Fever, starring Jan-Michael Vincent and Kay Lenz, is now in town at the Gaiety. An interesting, entertaining movie on American society based on actual incidents. To take it one step further, the movie is believable. Jan-Michael Vincent portrays Carrol Jo Hummer with a unique clarity giving credulity to his story. He's a fine actor. I really enjoyed his performance. And he was more than complemented by

his leading lady Kay Lenz. Though not a raving beauty, Kay is attractive and by far one of the better character actresses now emerging. Vincent and Lenz make a beautiful couple.

I'll not try to tell you the movie was terrific because it wasn't. It was very good, keeping my interest activated until the end. The plot to White Line Fever was simple, a young man home from military duty finds his home changed. Organized crime has moved in and taken control. Carrol

Jo Hummer is a young and innocent man with his trust in Uncle Sam. There was no way he would commit a crime against the country. After refusing to haul contraband goods Hummer is put through a series of conflicts with other truckers and their big bosses.

The plot could almost be called nutritious in that there was no overplay of violence. It was there with battered bodies and all but it came as a common thing with crime. I've heard and seen worse on the evening news. The

brutalities involved in White Line Fever were mild in comparison to those in Walking Tall.

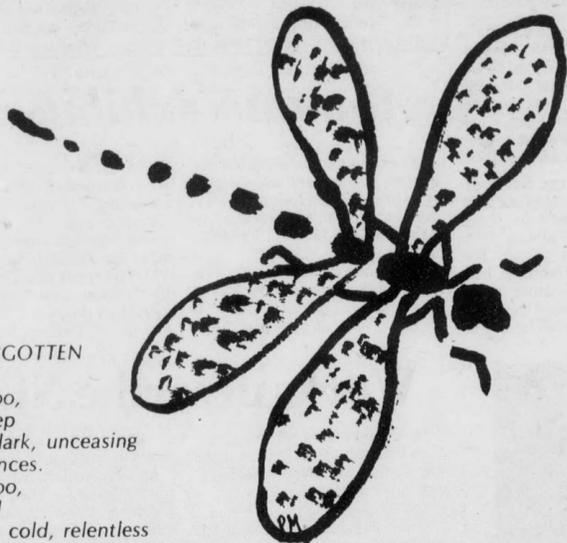
The director of this film is unknown to me right now but whoever it was did a superb job. The movie never stopped until the end and even then it gave me the idea that a Part II will be coming. The ending was 'open', if you know what I mean.

The screenplay must have been done well enabling the director to achieve the effect he did. The choice of bit-part supporting actors and actresses was good also. Everyone looked like just another

American citizen not a member of a football team or beauty pageant. All these minor details help make a movie. This one was made in the aspect of realism.

I rate White Line Fever an 8. Good directing, good acting, continuous theme development and some stretches of beautiful scenery add up to eight.

Remember Slim Pickens from Rancho Deluxe? He plays a bit-part in this one too, but he gets 'shmucked' along the way. And please excuse my mistake of last week. It was Beau Bridges in The Other Side of The Mountain not Jess.



FORGOTTEN

I, too,
Weep
In dark, unceasing
Silences.
I, too,
Feel
The cold, relentless
Nights surrounding me.
And, I, too,
Am alone - so very
Alone.
Don't be fooled
By this smile.



I, too,
Am a child of the Storm.
I feel
All.
I, too,
Have died,
And been reborn,
Only to die again.
I, too,
Have not touched Love.
Don't let my laughter blind you.
I remember not the Truth.



I, too,
Have known the pain,
And only that.
Yes, I
Have heard the music
In the wind.
I, too,
Have not seen the dawn.
Don't envy me.
I am Hate.



And, you, the innocent,
Who can not smile,
Await Life,
Hoping -
Hoping.
Don't spare your sympathy
For the one
Love has forgotten.

Idil Ozerdem
1976

"THE SACRIFICE"

A jab
A silent cry of pain
The look of the forlorn and forgotten
A drop
A trickle
The final sigh
It is done
Thank-you Lord.

Rick Stewart

APART

Someone died
Yesterday,
Yet no one
Felt her absence there.
They all went
Into their glass houses,
And shut their doors,
And, turned on their lights;
They all smiled;
Not she.
She died
An invisible death.
She felt not the anguish
Rejection ought
To have brought upon her.
She thought about thinking,
And could not think.
She longed to reach out
For love,
But all eyed her in awe.
So naive
Of the curst soul,
To forget love would never be hers.
She listened,
And watched,
And she learned
She had died
Without death.

Idil Ozerdem
1975

FADED LAUGHTERS

I will not remember our laughter,
Fading into the rustle of those crimson leaves,
In the morning sun, outside your window.
I will not remember the paths,
Shaded by the dormant trees, the breeze,
And those hills of green, embracing your smile.
I will not remember the songs
On the fringes of my thoughts, far away,
Sunny, vibrant, as the children that played
On the dusty sidewalks.
I will not remember your words,
Soft as the falling snow, around the dim lanterns,
And the restful shadows, outside your door.

I possessed it all, then,
The leaves that coloured your smiles,
Those hills of green where you once ran,
And the snow, covering our paths.
All were mine, and more,
For I felt no fear, no sorrow.
All you gave me was joy.
Songs then filled my life.
And, now, I see only lightless windows,
Vast, barren fields of snow,
Your languid eyes, so black.
Our recollections have withered away.
And, I will not remember you.

Idil Ozerdem

METAMORPHOSIS

A business spider in a mean dotted suit
crawling importantly across the desert
of my sprawled sun-spilled back
bridged her way to the beach with assuming web

Crawling importantly across the desert
in search of water clearer than salty sea
I disturbed a conference of spiders
intently discussing the net of things to come

In search of water clearer than salty sea
lured sailormen venturing into the first farmlands
found the ground stretched like a welcoming web
expectant in its waiting evening corner

Lured sailormen venturing into the first farmlands
to an autumn harvest spun silvery and cool
gathered the fallen foods from the heavy ground
remembering to save seed for the hungry spring

A business spider in a mean dotted suit
crawling importantly across the desert
in search of water clearer than salty sea
lured sailormen venturing into the first farmlands
to an autumn harvest spun silvery and cool
as food for her own seed in the spring.

John Dempsey

FREEDOM

Freedom.
What is it?
Is it Round, Square,
Is it Black, Red, White,
Is it an Animal, A
Is it a Myth, Reality,
What is it?

America
Established by Freedom
Had to decimate
The indigenous
To establish
A Free America!
Is that Freedom?

Canada
Is a Free Nation
Trying hard
To cut the legs
Of Canadian Dollars
Seeking Freedom
In the South
But won't be allowed
For Economic Freedom
Of Canada
But
The International
Would tell Canada
A different Jazz
About Inter-
Is that Freedom?

Africa
Wants Freedom
From Colonial Masters
But I complain
When my share
Of the Pie of Freedom
Is smaller
Is that Freedom?

African Leaders
When troubles
Spark in your countries
You take refuge
Even in your enemies
Is that Freedom?

Scientists and Technicians
Are granted the Freedom
When they hate
People curse and
For their good
And wish they had
The Freedom
Is that Freedom?

WITH ALL

What do I
the furied
the wondro
Earth's tim
I see water
and watch
Lost atoms
then burst
But present
are publiciz
while you
are made o
and thus I
much more
than any n
can ever sh

Maurice Sp