of make-believe



"Making Love" lead Kate Jackson: can serious cinema survive actor and actress idolatry?

"Would you like to do more serious roles? "I consider this role serious ... " etc. Heather Thomas is being promoted as

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name during the questioning. I feel like asking her what she thinks of Nietzsche's famous dictum, "The weak and botched shall perish: first principle of our charity,'

and how this saying might apply to the producers of the show, but once again my natural tact and diplomacy get the better of

me and I remain silent. Then there were the delegates who swooned over Kate Jackson, or in the case of females, Harry Hamlin. One gentleman, as we drove to the airport, related how at the tail-end of the Making Love press conference he had asked the actress - who had been at his press table - if she would join some of the delegates for a celebrations at Malibu Beach. She hemmed and hawed for a second and then declined.

"I guess that means you won't marry me," he said.

The answer apparently broke her up, and after she had wandered elsewhere another delegate told the first how amazed and astonished he had been at the bravery shown by this bold bit of repartee, and how he himself would never have had the guts to do so.

The courageous soldier of the heart finished his story by relating, in tones of near-ecstacy, how a little later Jackson had autographed a photo of herself with the words "I do".

When Jackson had been at our table she had expressed the opinion that show business could be reformed and made open to socially uplifting productions like *Making Love*, but with adulatory emotions like the ones above persisting, even among the critical intelligentsia, I am putting my money on films like Porky's, which cater blatantly to the undying need for caressing illusions on the silver screen.

Such illusions are what the vast majority of people want, and the fact is that deeper films like Making Love will always remain a minority taste.

At check-out time the Wilshire clerk presents me with a bill for \$4.20.

"But I haven't even so much as lifted the receiver for a wake-up call," I protest. "It's a standard service charge."

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'Doesn't 20th Century Fox pay?" "No." (In fact, Fox reps originally promised to cover all room charges including tips for baggage handling).

I shrug and pay. It is a small price for an entertaining and enlightening weekend. Outside, waiting for the limousine to depart for the airport, I discover that everybody else got stung for the telephone, too.

Caressing illusions are what the public wants; deeper films will always remain a minority taste.

Driving along my mind wanders and the conversation among the delegates becomes a background drone. Well, what did the weekend signify in the end?

Did all the freebies, flak and chitchat with the showbiz personalities affect our opinions? Will our opinions affect the public? Will the movies affect the public?

Well, I for one doubt that all this great buzz of communication will ultimately make that much difference. People nowadays behave just the same as they did before people began discussing "the profound influence of the media" in worried and respectful tones. After all, when was the last time that

someone you knew changed their mind about any significant matter because of a movie or a review?

o do t my intellectual and she drops Nietzsche's oles HAPPY BIRTHDAY THIS WEEK'S ENTERTAINMENT TOM I Fabric Experience' We're just wishing our ad Reductions manager the very best; but don't HARPER Feb. 8 - 13 RI'S LOFT worry, Tom, we won't mention No cover Mon-Tues
Wed. is Ladies night & U of AQ Pub Night Rentord HUB Mall North your age... . - Sat., 8 p.m. Thurs 🕅 (Admission free to U of A students with I.D.) IF )F )S 10620 82 (Whyte) Ave. (...besides, your granddaughters made us promise.) **XED CHORUS** 



Thursday, February 4, 1982/