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ISSUE NO. 405 • SEPTEMBER 29TH, 1983 • \$1.50 U.K. £1

Rolling Stone

EURHYTHMICS: SWEET DREAMS OF SUCCESS

Annie Lennox



EXCLUSIVE
Joe McGinniss' new
book, 'Fatal Vision'

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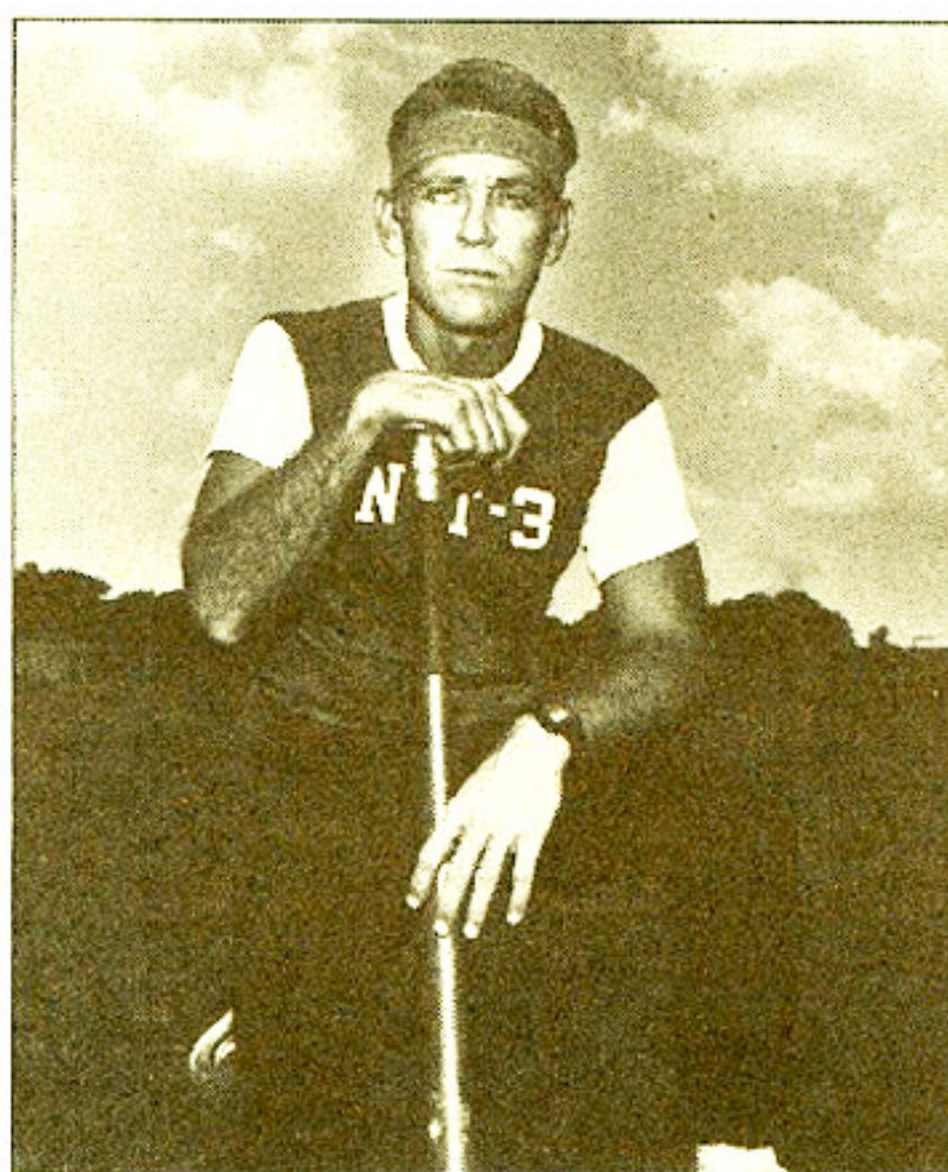
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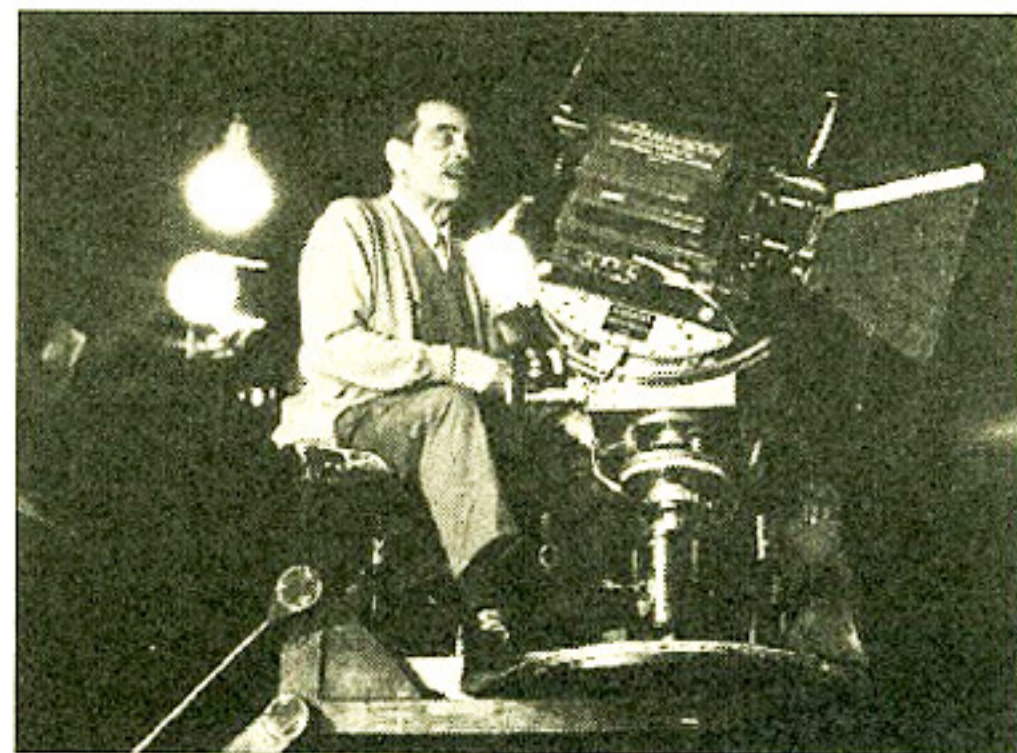
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COVER: photograph of Annie Lennox of Eurythmics by E.J. Camp, New York City, August 1983. Clothing courtesy of Pinky & Dianne. Hair by Diana for the Daniel Cohen Salon.

*Copyright © 1983 by Joe McGinniss. From the forthcoming book 'Fatal Vision,' to be published by G.P. Putnam's Sons.

THE TOUCH OF CLASS

The education of a ballet dancer begins with a leap of faith – and never ends

BY TONI BENTLEY

THE NEW YORK STATE THEATER at Lincoln Center, where the New York City Ballet lives, doesn't have any windows. Few theaters do, and what windows there are are relegated to the farthestmost offices, where business, paper work, ticket sales and other financial matters take place. The personnel who work there need sunlight and some vision of the real world from which they come and to which they go daily; it is altogether appropriate for their line of work.

But we dancers see no daylight at all once we enter the theater. Who else (but other performers in other theaters) spend all their working hours in a place that has no sunlight? The only other structure where there is a misrepresentation of natural light is a church, where light is framed, colored and restructured by stained glass.

And so we dancers are hidden. More important, we hide. We hide from the sights of human frailty and faultiness that proliferate on New York streets, and from the conventionality of days dependent on the weather, rush hours and time itself. We have work to do.

Why do we live (and we do, in every sense of the word, from sleeping, eating and washing ourselves and our clothes to experiencing the full gamut of emotions) in this fluorescent-lit fortress? Why is the clock only an arbitrary guide by which we know where to be when? Why is there only one tiny, camouflaged entrance and exit passage into a building that could easily contain one thousand Upper West Side apartments? Why is the door open twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week, with a police guard at attention? Why do people stare



A PORTRAIT OF THE AUTHOR: TONI BENTLEY

when one passes through that doorway? And why do we dancers enter proudly with dark glasses in the morning and leave twelve hours later and five pounds thinner? Why do we choose—and we have chosen and choose again each day—to be so cloistered? Why do we not strike when given the chance? Why do we so smugly give up what many people (who might look in the windows if they existed) think they want from life? Why do those few who choose to leave to pursue their thoughts always return?

It is not for money and it is not for personal fame. Our individual work as dancers is transient, irretrievable, unrepeatable and unpossessed. We do not think of what we want—we know. We enter the theater each day with the apparent blindness that is the sign of faith. We do not want—we do. If it sounds mystical, it is—mystical in the ordinary way in which real love and giving is mystical. If it sounds sacrificial, it is because it is a sacrifice of all that is ordinary, fallible, inconstant, destructive, hard and brittlely human.

Our instruments are our bodies. Every muscle, ligament, sinew, tendon, nerve and bone, every inch of skin, nail and hair—we use. We stretch, we shape, we extend, we define, we push and we pull our bodies, from the crowns of our heads to the tips of our largest toes. We use our bodies, guided by an intense, blind concentration, to move. And it is music that inspires us and leads us. We are centered on our physical existence, on the most changeable aspect of a living being, on the aspect most vulnerable to time's aging process. We use our bodies to create an ideal beauty, and yet we are in the process of using up our bodies. The epitome of our mortality is our means to an immortality.

We live doubly in half the normal time, our dancing careers being over at forty. We want to know life so deeply that we extend it, we test and tempt it to its limits, it is this terrifying experiment that is dancing.

THE DANCER'S FIRST STEP, while still a child, is taken in ballet class, as is the last step as a mature artist no longer able to perform. Between these two poles, every day begins with ballet class. Class is a

TONI BENTLEY dances with the New York City Ballet and is author of *Winter Season: A Dancer's Journal*.

statement that says I want to dance. Performance is our reward, where we are allowed to show our gratitude. By age thirteen or fourteen, a dancer knows all the classical steps in the basic repertoire, the French names for these steps and how each step must be executed.

The ballet class that is given by a teacher to fifteen-year-old students is no different in speed, complication and aspiration than the compa-

WE LIVE DOUBLY IN HALF THE NORMAL TIME, OUR DANCING CAREERS BEING OVER AT FORTY.

ny class that we as professionals take every day. By age seventeen, this knowledge is completely second nature, and the real learning process begins: subtleties of musical awareness, of specific style and of the energy levels that will produce the excitement and the freedom with which we entice and entertain the audience. We must learn how to sell ourselves to a paying public. This may sound removed from the process of creation in which we are centered, but it is precisely this "selling" quality that distinguishes the magnificent performer from the magnificent classroom dancer.

There is a great performer in our midst. I speak of her without name, for her lessons are impersonal. She has personality, and weaknesses perhaps—but these are secondary to the learnings she imparts. In this pretext, I find justifiable reason to speak of her, while my true reason

has no rationale—it is adoration. It is as a dancer that she appears in this life. In another, she would be a rock & roll star, the president or a sex goddess. To the Pre-Raphaelite painters, she would be a "stunner"—a muse. She has a command and a brightness on the stage that are removed from the perfected sophistication of a charismatic figure. The real communication that passes between her and her audience is not of words, nor is it in any need of previous experience. She is a unique sight. She is the allegory of toughness—the toughness of tenderness. The gap between people is closed between the notes of Mozart, Tchaikovsky and Stravinsky as she uses the music as her medium. Whether still or moving, she appears as blessed. This is far beyond her own willing. She is proof of the spiritual made visible. She threatens the adamant atheist and she converts those who are wondering. This is great performance. It changes lives.

MADAME FELIA DOUBROVSKA WAS perfect. She was seventy-five when she first taught me *pointe* class. I was thirteen and full of anticipation. "Mme. Doubrovskaya's *Pointe* Classes" were famous for being impossibly difficult, and yet she was the antithesis of a Russian taskmaster. We would all be waiting at the *barre* in our navy-blue leotards and brand-new, shiny toe shoes—thin, gawky bodies and tight little hair buns. She would waft into the classroom the appropriate ten minutes late. She, too, was dressed in navy blue, but she was allowed (and we were not) to wear a long, puffy chiffon skirt. She was tall and delicate and elegant. She never walked. She ran and skipped on her demi-toes, from the doorway across the studio to the piano, where she would quickly swirl around and land half-posed, one foot pointed, with an amused grin on her face. She knew what we were in for. We did not gasp, nor did we applaud these magnificent entrances, though they deserved it. This was the beginning of an education in grace—pure grace. Mme. Doubrovskaya would proceed to give us very beautiful combinations of steps, often from ballets she had danced many years before with Diaghilev's Ballets Russes. These classes were a break from the academics of classical technique. Here we began to dance. Only very occasionally would she

suggest a correction; she expected us to know, and so we assumed responsibility for our knowledge. She made us advance by leaving us alone—often to flounder but always to proceed. What she did suggest to us were "*les nuances*." She spoke half in French, half in English. She would not tell us to turn our heads as if ready for a kiss or to stare at our awkward images in the mirror. She would show us herself, and she was beautiful and we imitated her. She always spoke of being "*sympathique*." She claimed there was no word for this in English. She was right, and we understood her. She did not want us to move like little whizzing machines, but like lovely young girls. She wanted us to leave our childhood shyness behind us and to show ourselves off. Suddenly we would all float and project and grow sensitive to ourselves. But it is the image of her entrance and of her flirtatious glances, hidden appraisals and smiles of approval that I see in my mind now. She really did suggest swans and elves and fairies and sirens to us with her mysterious demeanor. She did what only a real ballerina can do for little girls; she showed us why we wanted to dance. It was to be as beautiful as she was. Beauty for beauty's sake is what our young bodies wanted more than anything in the world.

HAS ANYONE SPOKEN OF THE BALLERINA as the modern woman, as a truly free and independent woman? Feminists are self-proclaimed, verbal, literate and loud. These are not the dancer's forms of expression, and our state is not found in the written word. We are working girls, trained and educated in a craft. We have spent our time from the age of eight or nine specializing in a rigid and disciplined form of expression. As professionals at the age of seventeen, we collect a weekly paycheck, we live away from home, often since thirteen or fourteen, and we are self-supporting. Our careers not only dominate our days but obsess our lives. We are in the theater twelve hours a day, six days a week, physically, emotionally and morally. A social life is often sacrificed for a foot bath, and a boyfriend who is a nonbeliever is short-lived.

We, too, like the male dancers, jump, turn and sustain movements in the air. And yet the ultimate irony remains. A ballerina epitomizes the feminine. We shape, stretch and extend our bodies in uniquely femi-

nine directions. A ballerina lifts her leg above her head, bends backward over herself and stands on the tips of her toes—all abilities not allocated to the male physique. Our feet are more flexible than men's and are therefore able to arch enough to be "over" our *pointes*. It raises our height four or five inches so that we see eye to eye with our male counterparts. And yet, while we are equalized in this way, we are there by way of strength and will, and our cause is beauty.

En pointe, we achieve the ease needed for smooth and compatible male-female relations (onstage). We are far easier and lighter to manipulate in turns, balances and promenades, as well as being appropriately vulnerable and dependent upon our male support. He must be strong, stable and attentive, and while he knows we need him, his presence enables us to be totally free to charm and receive all the attention. And so we do as men do—only more. Is this not the feminists' aim? Daily, we prove this possible.

Childbearing does not pose a choice for the ballerina. The decision is self-evident. There is no pregnant dancer. Some dancers do take time away to have a family and then return to the stage, but the struggle emotionally, physically and practically is an obvious one, considering the demands made upon our bodies, our youth and our time. And yet we have it all. We dance and then we mother. Our decision is when—not how.

THE REAL HAZARDS OF THE BALLET profession are not those which stem from an unfortunate interaction between the dancer and the stage elements. They are those which occur within the dancer. I am not referring to the emotional or psychological strains—for they are too nefarious and obscure, too ever-present, too complex, too varied and too individual to speak of with any justice or clarity. I am referring to the physical injuries sustained by every dancer.

We do not demonstrate the ordinary angles of human beings. We dance in the turned-out position—with our legs and toes pointing outwardly in opposite directions, a caricature of Charlie Chaplin—not in the naturally existing straightforward (turned-in) position of the legs. The audience sees the inside muscles of the leg, which are usually unrevealed. In imagination, we split

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ourselves directly down our vertical center and open outward. The constant maintenance of hip rotation gives us a daily existence that is at war with gravity. The turn-out is also the major cause for injuries, aches and pulls, not because of the position itself but because its unnaturalness inevitably leaves one's position imperfect, causing strain. Ankles and knees turn, groins form scar tissue, calcium is deposited, along with bone chips and water, in the various internal spaces created by the constant twisting. It is not always painful—but our tolerance is different from others'. It is not true that "when it hurts, it is right." Pain is an indication of overstated good intentions. How easy to be misaligned in 180 degrees! But injuries are personal, and their causes cannot be deferred.

Phyliss fell. It was during an evening performance of *Serenade*. During the two o'clock matinee, she had been fine. It was more than halfway through the ballet. The stage could have been slippery, but there had been no complaints. She did not trip over her costume, nor did she collide with the girl in line next to her, in front of her or behind her. The scenery had not wavered from its assigned place, the music had not changed tempo, and she had danced the ballet since she was first in the company nine years ago. But suddenly Phyliss was down with a slight, muffled cry, and she could not get up, as is the case with the common fall. She managed to half-limp, half-drag herself into the nearest wing. She did not finish *Serenade*. There was an unfilled place, but only the knowing knew.

From her secret perch in the back of the first ring, the ballet mistress had seen Phyliss fall, and she was already backstage when Phyliss limped off. Dr. Bishop was paged from a stage-left wing, where he had been watching the ballet. There were tears. "It's my knee, it just went—I couldn't stand." Ice packs were piled around the kneecap, but Phyliss said she would finish the ballet. "I can dance—it just hurts..." The ballet mistress asked if she was sure. "But who will do it if I don't?" Dr. Bishop said no. He had seen Phyliss fall, and her knee had badly twisted. He tried to remind Phyliss of the future. "You could make the injury much worse if you danced now and then be out for the rest of the season." But all Phyliss could feel were her hot tears, more from shock than

from physical pain. Her dancer's morality was unshaken. "I must go on." But Phyliss was hauled away on the shoulders of two boys who were warming up at the backstage bar. Tonight: ice packs, sleep. Tomorrow: a diagnosis—or so she thought.

Phyliss went into Dr. Bishop's office the next morning for X-rays. They showed a normal dancer's knee, no broken bones, no ripped cartilage and no floating kneecap. Our pains are caused by years of straining and built-up tensions that are not visible on the average X-ray. The doctor ordered Phyliss to keep off her leg until a diagnosis could be made. She begged for a cortisone injection, knowing that this would immediately relieve all the abnormal pain and enable her to dance for the next few days. It was crucial to her career—not only did she have some of her favorite old ballets to dance, but she understudied Miranda in a solo in *Raymonda Variations*. Miranda was out for a month with chronic tendinitis. Phyliss had been rehearsing the variation. She saw it as her big chance. The doctor promised that she would have other chances at a later time. Phyliss knew better. Dr. Bishop did not understand how long she had waited or how rare were the circumstances that would enable her to show the audience, the officials and herself that she could do more than corps de ballet roles. She tried to bargain with Dr. Bishop, but his medical authority prevailed. Phyliss did not dance her solo nor any other. She was out for four and a half months.

The dull pain fluctuated up her leg, into her lower back and then down into her ankle. This aberration prompted the idea that Phyliss was having a nerve problem. A CAT scan was done for a deeper sight into the layers of fiber, bone and muscle. It showed a massive misalignment of the kneecap, but no indication as to the cause of the mysteriously traveling pain and alternate numbness. Ice, heat, exercise, rest, niacin, B-12, liver, calcium, therapy, deep-reaching sound heat rays, massage, creams, bandages and several other doctors were tried for a cure. One and a half months later, Phyliss still had no diagnosis, only four creative ideas. As a result, she had no knowledge of what healing processes she should be engaged in.

The ballet company continued to pay her, as was its way, and she knew that her place in the dressing room was empty and waiting for her

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return. AGMA, the union for the dancers and musicians, provided health insurance, which helped with the medical bills. Nevertheless, this was no vacation for Phyliss. It was more like a living hell, watching and waiting while the company and her peers danced on and on, day after day. Every day Phyliss awoke with all the desire and energy for morning ballet class, rehearsal and performance. These forbidden abilities took on exaggerated proportions and were seen as paths to paradise. The only possible paths. Her desire went beyond frustration into a passive sadness. Phyliss ran out of movies to see and was physically and emotionally unable to reckon with the lunchtime shopping ladies. If she watched ballets each night from the wings, she went home in tears. After two and a half months, she stopped going to the theater.

Phyliss was desperate. She went to London to see Dr. Baubrach, a well-known nerve specialist. After an extensive series of tests, he located a nerve in Phyliss' leg that was abnormally short, perhaps since birth. Some movement in *Serenade* had pinched the nerve and had left it numb. Dr. Baubrach said that microsurgery into the groin where the nerve ended could quite possibly reveal the source of pressure and release it. "Quite possibly!" Phyliss was far past hysteria after four months of sitting and said she would go ahead with the surgery, which might reveal nothing at all, or else put her back dancing again.

It worked. The doctor found tiny bone chips that had punctured the nerve, and he removed them. After recovery from the general anesthesia and the trauma of hospitalization, Phyliss was full of hope and back in exercise therapy. Day by day, she worked slowly with the patience her four and a half months had taught her. This is what is meant when a dancer's life is described as one of endurance, transience and dedication. Not dancing is the true pain of a dancer's existence. Phyliss was dancing with a renewed inspiration six months after her last *Serenade*.

WHEN WE GET TOO OLD OR INJURED to dance, what do we do? The question is constantly asked by non-dancers who are already building security, visiting Planned Parenthood and reading about the probability of contracting some form of cancer by age forty-five. As dancers,

we think neither of cancer nor of our fertility. As young, healthy, inspired, ambitious dancers, we never think of what direction our lives shall take when we are thirty-five or forty years old. We think of our physical well-being with the preparations and prayers to be healthy for tomorrow's rehearsal and performance. Each day is so complete after performance at eleven p.m. that we only think of the rest and bandages we need in order to function with more skill and will on the morrow. We could not go onstage in front of 3000 people every night, night after night, if we had such elaborate and destructive imaginations.

We have no plan. The answer as to our fate can be known only from previous examples. Some return to school for a degree in business and step into corporate life, some marry and have a belated family. Some drift and some open ballet schools and teach, stage ballets and choreograph. Some just have a lot of friends. Many ex-dancers open restaurants. Our preoccupation with food and wine is then allowed to take its true course and become the pivotal point in our lives. Aside from a highly developed sensitivity to good food (as well as chocolate doughnuts), we carry all the knowledge for style, beauty, ambiance and aesthetic presentation that is so important to a culinary success.

Ex-dancers have proceeded into the most unlikely professions after their dance careers. All is possible—we only begin twenty years later than most. We begin with a discipline and a personal appeal that so many young adults lack. And we have cultivated such enormous energy reserves in addition to an unswayable belief in the impossible.

At the age of our retirement, we will have no substantial savings and no life-supporting pension from either our union or the ballet company. In some foreign countries, the ballet companies do have a pension plan for their older dancers. This is obviously lovely, practical and helpful. But it can also breed the complacency and security that is antithetical to great dancing.

Not long ago, young Ron Reagan announced his retirement from his career as a ballet dancer. He is twenty-five years old. In *Newsweek*, in an article entitled "Why I Quit the Ballet," he describes the lack of respect from superiors, the injury, the lack of time, energy and even desire for

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anything but dancing and then rest. Most of all, Mr. Reagan opposes the low pay and short career that ballet dancers face. He finds the conditions of a dancing career to be shameful and un-American. He urges dancers to speak up and fight for better conditions. My intention here is not to comment upon his obvious familial ties (but who would not wonder at the irony that his father has been most active in reducing funds and support for the arts—thereby worsening the state of his own son's chosen career?). His history, facts, figures and statistics on the brevity and severity of a dancing career are true, and he has done well to "quit" the life he sees as so lacking in financial compensation as well as respect. Dancers could be better paid. Everyone wants more money. But agreement was not my response to Ron Reagan's words.

We, as dancers, are in service—not to the ballet company, not to the ballet masters and not to our parents. Perhaps to Stravinsky and Tchaikovsky. Professional dance careers are quests, unjustifiable if earthly returns are considerations. We are embarked on the quest to lose ourselves to a higher perfection, not to gain security or material wealth. There is no failure in our creation of beauty, and there is no conceivable financial arrangement that could substitute or replace our knowledge—our unique knowledge that comes from daily participation in what is an expression of divine beauty. I would wish such an opportunity upon every life. I would not wish an enlarged paycheck upon every life. It could not mend a wounded soul as beauty does.

I RECENTLY ATTENDED MY FIRST basketball game. Since we often learn things by filtering our previous knowledge with new experience, my deeper reaction to absorbing the most basic aspects of basketball was the discovery of yet another angle of understanding the dance.

There are obvious similarities. In both, the performers are physical and nonverbal (although they utter hidden shrieks of glee when a good play is made or when a peer steps with the wrong foot in class). Both involve maximum energy, grace, agility and spontaneity. The performers are chosen for their physical attributes, which then undergo daily training and development. Competition for both dancers and athletes is intense and essential for quality.

There are basic laws in dancing and basketball that must never be broken. One does not eat while onstage, one does not scratch though one may well itch, and one is severely hampered by alcohol, apathy or disbelief. Both dancers and athletes wish to surpass themselves each time they perform. And both know the joy that comes only from the seemingly seamless, spontaneous surprises from one's body and mind working as a happy one—not two. Both experience a profound endorphin attack in postperformance hours, accompanied by a wild recklessness of disposition born from the sensation of absolute freedom: one has conquered oneself.

It is the spiritual nature of ballet that was so blindingly obvious to me when I was cheering the New York Knicks. It is what transcends, surpasses, even belittles a specific performance. It is the reminder of what is elsewhere, of what lies not here—not now—but of what always is and yet is never known. It is closer to the physical than the verbal, and yet sheer physicality is comical beside it. It involves the physical in the same way that lovemaking does—naked flesh alone is as shallow as the surface skin, but if it is used as the messenger or the object, actively or passively, for pure feeling, it arouses moments that are sublime.

The dance is a metaphor, whereas basketball is the celebration of coordinated energy and the goal is to win. We do not dance to win. After all, what is there to win in a timeless place? One can win only if one adheres to man-made goals—one cannot win with God. We cannot be measured by points. Winning is a conscious gaining. We dance to show what we know but are not conscious of. There is no triumph over the spirits.

At the basketball game, the audience's sensual possibilities are diverted, dispersed and mesmerized by stimuli. One can sit, cheer, stand, eat, move about and come and go as one pleases during the course of the game. The audience does not require the discipline of a ballet audience, who must sit in dark silence without any sustenance but what is visually and musically offered. They sit in passivity while spiritual suggestions pass in front of them. And so they, too, like the dancers, are submissive to the creation before which they both exist. This is the prayer of love. This is why we enter the theater each day. ○

WHAT'S PLAYING

BY ALLAN HORING

WHEN THE LIGHTS GO DOWN IN Lecture Hall 101, don't expect to see *Return of the Jedi*. College students may love the George Lucas film when they're out on the town, but on campus, they'll probably be screaming for *Pink Flamingos*.

It's not that undergraduates have anything against mainline films; they make quite a few bucks on the college rental circuit. It's simply a case of, shall we say, more catholic taste than your standard drive-in crowd.

ROLLING STONE's recent survey of nontheatrical film leasing, primarily to college audiences, came up with some surprising winners. John Waters' *Pink Flamingos* and *Polyester* (in Odorama) were big hits, possibly because their bad-taste quotients are enormously high. "The Waters films are solid satires of middle-class lifestyles," says Steve Bachner of New Line Cinema, which rents out those properties. "Basically, they're curiosities, and stories circulate about them the way stories would circulate about an unusual accident." For college students, Bachner suggests, seeing *Pink Flamingos* is "almost like rubbernecking on the highway."

Right up there in popularity with *Pink Flamingos* is *The Rocky Horror Picture Show*. In fact, says Philip Goldberg, sales manager for Films Incorporated (which gets \$650 and up for the movie's rental), "*Rocky Horror* is considered both the king and queen of college cult filmdom. It was available as a college release some years ago. You couldn't give it away. Now it's one of the hottest cult films in America."

Of course, there are commercial blockbusters that draw big on campuses, too. And they are just what you'd expect: the *Star Wars*, *Raiders of the Lost Ark* and *Star Trek* sagas. "The college market is a microcosm of popular taste," says Goldberg. "If you polled 100 college campuses around the country and asked them to name five films they're running, more than seventy percent of them would name titles that were in the theaters within the last two or three years. And more

than fifty percent would name at least one or two first-run titles, stuff that played in the theaters less than a year ago."

Goldberg believes that movies like *Porky's* and *Flashdance* will also be in big demand once they become available for nontheatrical release in the fall. "College programmers look to appease popular taste," he adds. "They can't justify showing a movie that has no mass appeal, unless it takes on cult status."

Other films rented to colleges for between \$100 and \$750—usually against fifty or sixty percent of the gross—are Edward Wood's *Glen or Glenda*, *Sinister Urge* and *Plan 9 from Outer Space*, Peter Weir's *The Year of Living Dangerously* and *The Last Wave*, David Lynch's *Eraserhead*, Hal Ashby's *Harold and Maude* and Nicolas Roeg's *The Man Who Fell to Earth*, starring David Bowie.

Then there's *Westling Women versus the Aztec Mummy*. "That was one of G. Gordon Murray's pictures," says Larry Fine, vice-presi-

dent of Budget Films, a Los Angeles-based distributor. "He bought up a lot of Spanish horror movies and dubbed them into English." The plot? "Basically, it's about a couple of women rasslers who fight up against an Aztec mummy."

In addition to this minor masterpiece, Budget offers the largest collection of black-produced films in the country. *Bronze Buckaroo*, *Harlem Rides the Range* and the films of Paul Robeson do particularly well at black colleges like Howard University.

"The history of the early black film is becoming a more and more studied subject," explains Fine. "We offer a film called *God's Stepchildren* that portrays light-skinned blacks showing prejudice against darker-skinned blacks. It caused riots when it was first released in the early Thirties." But these films are specialty items. On the whole, concludes Fine, "College kids will look at something that's absolutely terrible, that's so bad it's funny. And they'll laugh at it." ○

THE HOTTEST FILMS ON CAMPUS

(based on a survey of college film distributors)

<i>Aguirre: the Wrath of God</i>	<i>The Man Who Fell to Earth</i>
<i>Annie Hall</i>	<i>The Marriage of Maria Braun</i>
<i>Apocalypse Now</i>	<i>Modern Times</i>
<i>Arthur</i>	<i>Monty Python and the Holy Grail</i>
<i>The Atomic Cafe</i>	<i>Mr. Smith Goes to Washington</i>
<i>Bread and Chocolate</i>	<i>National Lampoon's Animal House</i>
<i>Casablanca</i>	<i>Pink Flamingos</i>
<i>Chariots of Fire</i>	<i>Plan 9 from Outer Space</i>
<i>Citizen Kane</i>	<i>Psycho</i>
<i>A Clockwork Orange</i>	<i>Raiders of the Lost Ark</i>
<i>Death in Venice</i>	<i>Rebel without a Cause</i>
<i>Diner</i>	<i>Return of the Secaucus Seven</i>
<i>Dr. Strangelove</i>	<i>Richard Pryor Live</i>
<i>East of Eden</i>	<i>Rocky Horror Picture Show</i>
<i>8½</i>	<i>Seven Beauties</i>
<i>Eraserhead</i>	<i>The Seventh Seal</i>
<i>Gimme Shelter</i>	<i>Sinister Urge</i>
<i>Glen or Glenda</i>	<i>Star Trek II</i>
<i>The Graduate</i>	<i>Star Wars</i>
<i>Harold and Maude</i>	<i>Stripes</i>
<i>Heartland</i>	<i>Swept Away</i>
<i>Hester Street</i>	<i>Taxi Driver</i>
<i>The Hunger</i>	<i>Wild Strawberries</i>
<i>It's a Wonderful Life</i>	<i>The Wizard of Oz</i>
<i>Johnny Guitar</i>	<i>The Year of Living Dangerously</i>
<i>King Kong</i>	<i>Yellow Submarine</i>
<i>The Last Wave</i>	Z