

arts and entertainment

Bedstand nuisance interrupts bedroom delight—sleep

If I don't die in the next five minutes, I will more than likely have to drag myself out of bed, and pretend to be rational.

Rational is a poor word to use at this point. If it is a typical morning, my head is most likely propped up on two underfed pillows, and I'm staring between my extended toes at an object that appears harmless enough from that distance.

Don't you believe it.

The critter is called an alarm clock, and it's loaded. I know, because in a fit of misbegotten fanaticism, I'm the one who plugged the sucker in.

michael zangari

There is no getting around it. I was the one who set it. I foolishly cling to an ancient myth I once heard. It's known as "a good night's sleep."

The roots of this particular myth can be traced to old Italian lore. The original notion was rather nihilistic—if it was a good night, you would more than likely be asleep. This has degenerated into the rather silly notion that there is such a thing as enough sleep.

Two actions

At five minutes to detonation, there are two conceivable courses of action.

I could turn it off before the alarm goes off, resulting in me going back to sleep and missing my appointed rounds.

Or I could watch it in minute detail until it goes off, resulting in a massive coronary, and me missing my appointed rounds.

During this rather long and clouded debate, I am treated to the modern sound of an alarm clock in heat. No bells at this turn of the screw, folks. The modern alarm clock buzzes. This rather cute euphemism is outlined on the box when you buy the clock—"waking up to a gentle buzz." It makes it sound like you are buying a quarter gram of cocaine.

The 'gentle buzz' in this case turns out to sound like urban renewal—an orchestrated version of Godzilla destroying Tokyo.

Eating chiefs

My stomach usually responds in a similar fashion, although it is more akin to

the sound Godzilla makes after he eats the Joint Chiefs or Staff to stop the military efforts against him.

And the day begins the usual way.

There are other ways to get up. My MIA roommate, (who evaporated shortly after he graduated) had a clock radio that mysteriously popped on about the time my dreams were peaking. An eerie voice would emerge from somewhere in the general area of his night stand and urge me to go out and get a runza. I didn't get out of bed, but my dreams usually ended with me in the tentacle grips of some vicious cole slaw. I would open my mouth to scream, but all that would come out would be Fleetwood Mac.

The basic problem is that radio is better than Sominex. And besides, as Fran Lebowitz says in *Metropolitan Life*, "If I wished to be awakened by Stevie Wonder, I would sleep with Stevie Wonder."

Rude awakening

The most reliable method of getting up is having mommy come in and in her own sweet way, pouring a tea kettle of cold water into one of several erogenous zones. This is somewhat less than satisfactory also.

When it all comes down, there are really only two choices that make any kind of sense at all. Either stop sleeping, or stop getting up.

Sleep isn't what it once was. Since I've

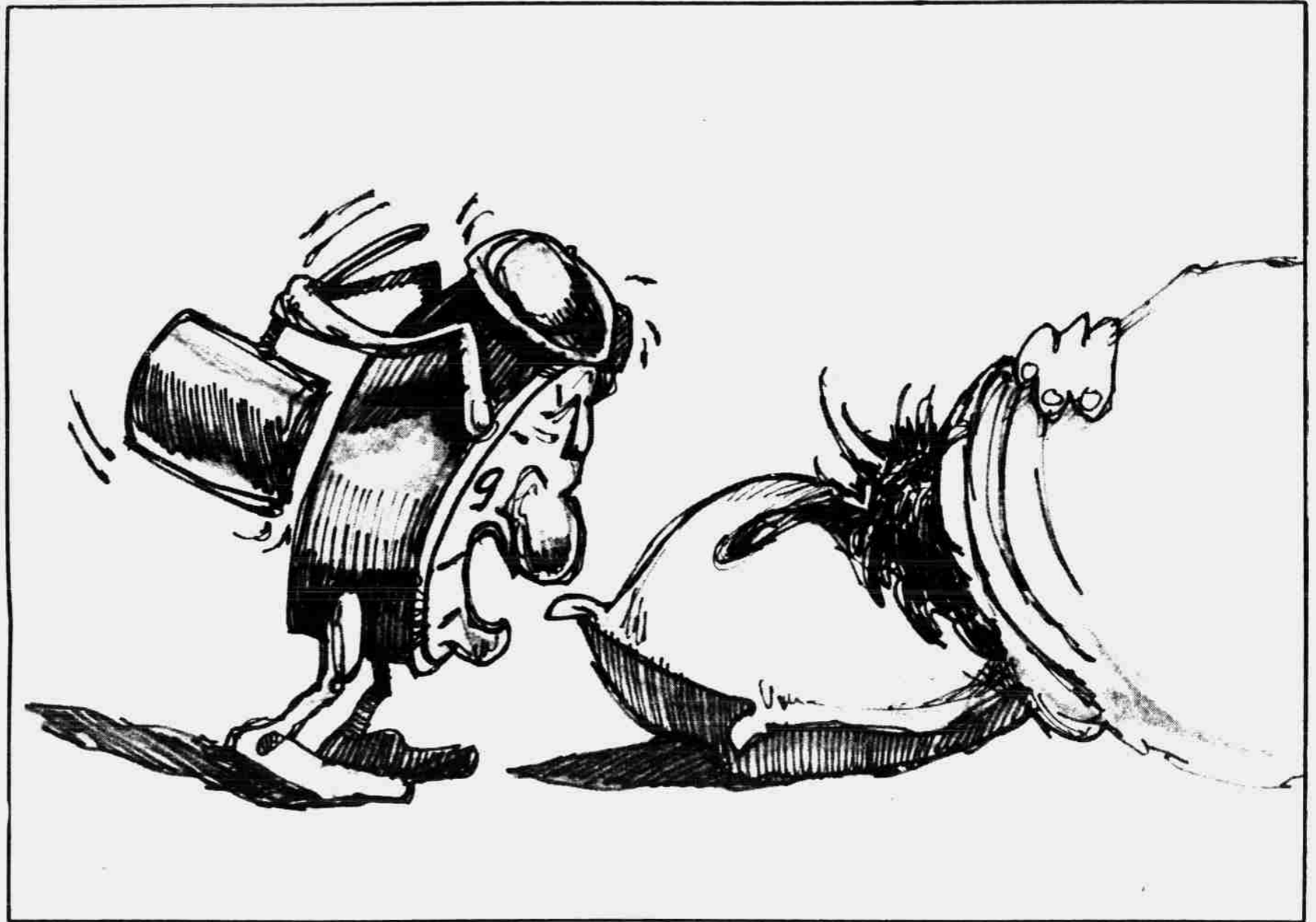
purchased a waterbed for greater comfort and better sleep, I have a whole new perspective.

I've come to appreciate the phases of the moon. The tides in the bed have changed subtly, and as a result have destroyed whatever sleep orientation I've managed to retain after all these years.

Getting up is like mounting a major amphibious assault.

I think there is a happy medium that a number of people have explored during their college years and beyond. It is the veritable art of getting up, but not waking up.

Now more than ever, space is the final frontier. Beam me up, Scottie.



New comedies may revive television's dying humor

By Pete Mason

Since the departure of such shows as *Mary Tyler Moore* and *Bob Newhart*, there has been a noticeable void in good comedy on television.

There are those who would disagree and point to gems the likes of *Happy Days* (which has disintegrated in front of our very eyes), *Laverne and Shirley* (one laugh every 30 minutes), *Welcome Back Kotter* (up your nose with a rubber Nielson rating), *Operation Petticoat* (it sinks) and of course, *Three's Company* (a bust).

tv review

If you're one of the pointers skip this column. However, if you feel the comedy crunch and want to broaden your humor horizons, read on. Until now the only bright ray in an otherwise dismal day has been *Barney Miller* but hope springs eternal and two new shows may help fill the void.

Some hope

WKRP in Cincinnati (CBS) has some real possibilities. *WKRP* is a radio station which plays music like "the Hallelujah Chorus singing 'You're Having My Baby.'" That is, until the station hires a new program director (played by Gary Sandy) to try to raise the revenues of the sinking station. He starts by changing the format to Top 40, to the chagrin of Carlson, the station manager (Gordon Jump) and his over-bearing mother (Sylvia Sydney).

When it is explained to them that there are big bucks in rock 'n' roll, they swallow their esthetic pride and give the go-ahead.

Howard Hesseman plays Dr. Johnny Fever. For all practical purposes it's Hesseman's Show. Hesseman, one of the original members of the San Francisco-based improvisational comedy troupe, The Committee, and one-time Bob Newhart patient, is exceptionally funny in the role.

Wordly DJ

Johnny Fever, alias Johnny Midnight, J.J. Jefferson and half a dozen other handles, is a former big name disc jockey from Los Angeles who saw his career go down the tubes for saying "booger" on the air. He's become so world-weary that he continually forgets what city he's working in. He spends most of his time sleeping at the board, somehow magically awakening in time to do commercials for such enterprises as Shady Lane Manor.

"Do you ever lie awake at night, wondering what's going to happen to you when you can no longer feed yourself?"

When Johnny is informed of the format change, he is transformed into the raving maniac a rock jock is supposed to be.

"Well, that's it for the elevator music. Wake up Cincinnati, this is Dr. Johnny Fever and I'm going to fry your brains. Booger... booger... booger!"

The rest of the cast of *WKRP* is equally nutty. It includes the obligatory blonde receptionist (Loni Anderson), a greedy, back-biting advertising man (Frank Bonner), a paranoid milquetoast of a sportscaster (Richard Sanders) who sees communist conspiracies in the men's room, and a black rock jock with the unlikely name of Venus Flytrap (Tim Reid).

The other new comedy offering which

stands a chance to stay on the air longer than 16 weeks is *Taxi* (ABC). Most of the action in *Taxi* takes place in the company's dispatch room where cabbies wait for their cabs and assignments. The room is ruled by a dispatcher with a heart as big as Atilla the Hun's who sits behind his cage like a little king. "Don't they ever feed you in there?" one cabbie asks.

Jud Hirsch plays Alex, the only real cab driver in a room full of writers, boxers, actors and other dreamers who are driving cabs only until their big break.

Hirsch is supposed to be the star of the show but that honor may be stolen by

Andy Kaufman, a delightful lunatic who often appears on *Saturday Night Live*. Kaufman plays Latka, a mechanic of mysterious foreign origin who babbles in an equally mysterious tongue. Occasionally he breaks into English, particularly when there are women around.

In the first episode Latka walks up to Elaine (Marilu Henner), the token female cabbie, sits down beside her and puts his head on her shoulder, his face lighting up like a deranged, over-sexed cherub.

"Bed?" he asks.

"No bed," she replies.

Continued on Page 9

Film-maker will be at Sheldon

The Films of Dusan Makavejev begin the Film-makers Showcase series at Sheldon Film Theater. Screenings of five of his films will be today through Saturday.

Mr. Makavejev is making a special trip from Yugoslavia to appear in person at the evening screenings Sept. 28, 29, and 30.

Born in Yugoslavia in 1932, Makavejev was raised first on Hollywood films, and then after the rise of Tito, on the cinema of socialist realism.

Man is Not A Bird, to be shown tonight at 7, and Thursday at 10:30 a.m., takes place in a mining town in eastern Serbia.

The characters are an engineer in one of the factories, a young hairdresser with whom he has an affair, the daughter of the people who run the engineer's boarding house, and a truck driver with whom she has an affair.

Innocence Unprotected will be shown Thursday at 3 and 7:30 p.m. In this earlier film, Makavejev created a provocative and

original collage which combined the first Serbian sound film every made, with Nazi newsreels and 1968 interviews of participants in the original production.

Love Affair, or *The Case of the Missing Switchboard Operator*, can be seen tonight at 9 p.m., and Friday at 10:30 a.m.

The 1967 production has been compared to his other films because there are overtones of death that endow the love story with extremes of severity and exuberance.

Banned in Yugoslavia, hailed at international film festivals, *WR: Mysteries of the Organism*, can be seen at Sheldon Friday at 3 and 9 p.m.

Another highly controversial film of Makavejev's is *Sweet Movie*, to be screened Saturday at 3 and 7:30 p.m.

"If one is not open-minded about sex, they should not see these films, they are very explicit," according to Sheldon Film Theater Director Dan Ladely.