

arts & entertainment

Sensual films give new image to women animators

By R. A. Weigel

It's fun and it's different than most animated films one has come to know. Mary Beams' films project a personal view of life through the eyes of a pioneer independent film-maker.

Animation is a time-consuming and often pain-staking process where one has to do one frame of film at a time, keeping in mind the overall context of how to move the images from one moment to the next.

Beams said, "Once I was drawing my family, working from film I shot the year before, and I spent three days on about 10 seconds. . .".

Short films

Her films are images of art that encompass short periods of time fitting content and thought into them. It's much like pen and ink drawings set to movement and made to speak. The only realistic element of her films is the sound track. The rest has an Alice-Through-The-Looking-Glass quality about it.

movie review

Eleven short films are shown and each has a specific flavor. *Tub film* is a fun opener about a bathing woman who gets sucked down the drain when her cat pulls the plug. *Seed Reel No. 1* is a three-part fantasy of sensuality including such pieces as *sniff and lick*.

Paul Revere best

The best of her films might be *Paul Revere Is Here*. The seven minute film deals with the statue of Paul Revere in a North Boston Park during the time of the Bicentennial. It is a once removed view of the American citizenry as it would appear if one bothered to really take a look. The neighborhood residents are encouraged to comment upon the statue and the deed of Paul Revere and portray a funny story about things like Revere Wear and silver polish.

Beams was a film student at Harvard who liked to draw and found that she could make her drawing come to life through the process of rotoscoping, or drawing over live-action footage.

Create new image

She said that she sees women animators as too often lovable and she is trying to create a new image for women animators and film-makers. Much of her work has sexual overtones and a decidedly idealistic view of the way things should be.

While not polished perfection, there is substance to her films and although not engaging they are entertaining. Young film-makers often grow up to be well known film-makers. Wouldn't you like to have seen the premiere performance of *Steamboat Willie*?

Screenings of *The Films of Mary Beams* are at 1:30 and 7:30 p.m. today, and at 3:00 and 7:30 p.m. Friday. Beams will be at each of the evening screenings to discuss her work with the audiences.

'Paper Chase' has less than happy days in time slot

By Pete Mason

Television programmers are a breed apart from the rest of us. Particularly CBS's programmers. Why else would they take their possibly best new show of the season and air it in opposition to number one and two shows in the country, *Happy Days* and *Laverne and Shirley*? To the uninformed observer, the poor viewer, it would seem the programmers have some sort of death wish.

After all, doesn't it make more sense if you want a show to survive the ratings, to find a time slot that guarantees a few viewers? For all I know I may be the only person in America watching *The Paper Chase*.

The Paper Chase was a nice, tight, entertaining little movie. It's also a nice, tight, entertaining little show. Too bad hardly anyone watches it. For better or for worse, the Fonz still is king.

However, *The Paper Chase* has a king of

its own, in the form of John Houseman, an Academy Award winner, Orson Welles Mercury Theatre contemporary and teacher of drama at Julliard.

Prime viewing

Houseman has revived his role of Professor Kingsfield, for which he won the Oscar in *Paper Chase*, the movie, for *Paper Chase*, the television show. And he and the

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producers have been careful not to fool around with the Kingsfield character. He's still the stone-faced, curmudgeonly, dictatorial so-and-so we all loved to hate in the movie.

The Paper Chase, the television show may well be one of the best written series on the air today. Added to Houseman's presence and an outstanding supporting

cast, this makes for prime viewing in a less than choice season.

The show's premise is perfectly in keeping with the original. It is a continuing story of first-year law students trying to survive amidst the pressures of enormous, unceasing study loads and an uncompromising professor of contract law.

No matter how many other teachers may confront these students in their first year, it's Kingsfield who wields the power of academic life or death. Hart, played by James Stephens, is the most visible of the freshman heroes in search of that holy grail, a law degree.

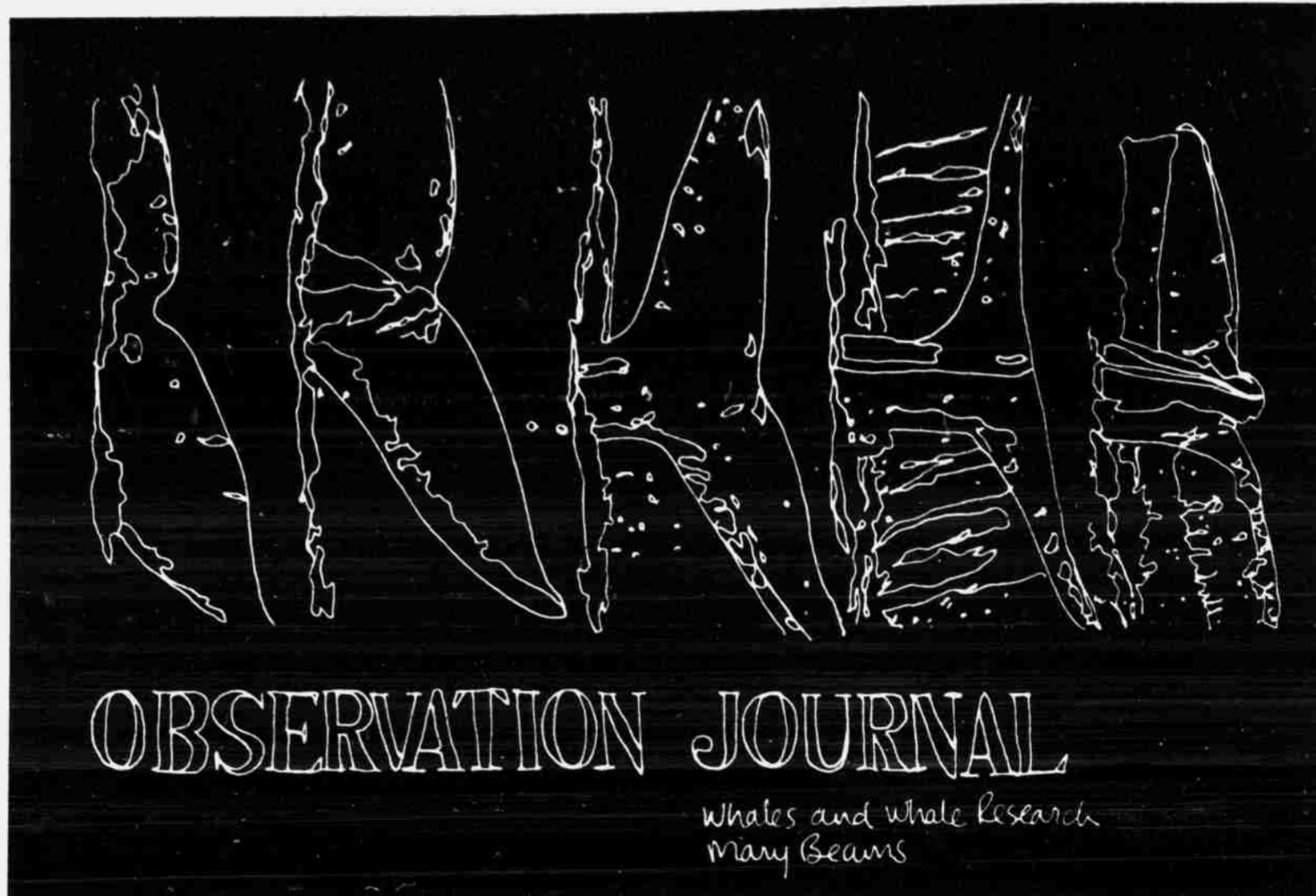
Airy optimist

Hart is the quintessential Midwestern youth, bubbling with enthusiasm and energy and owning an airy optimism which is perfectly set off by the other members of his "study group," all of whom are urbane and therefore suitably cynical. Each of the members studies law for his or her own reason, be it because Daddy said so or because of big bucks. It sounds

stereotypical and a bit cliché, but actually it works quite well, thanks to good writers.

Everyone is in awe of Kingsfield but only Hart has made Kingsfield his own personal nemesis. Hart is determined not to become just a name on Kingsfield's attendance roster. In the first episode of the series, Hart was "shrouded," an act which had doomed less fortunate freshmen to anonymity in Kingsfield's class. To be shrouded means to have died and been buried. Hart reacted by attending class in a long white sheet. Kingsfield was duly impressed and Hart was reprieved. It was a very nice scene.

As of this writing, *The Paper Chase* is hanging by its fingernails, 40 stories up, in a stiff breeze. Hopefully CBS will pull it off the ledge and put it on some less precarious perch before it falls. Certainly the show is good enough to survive the ratings in another time slot. If *The Paper Chase* dies before it gets a chance to live, one would be hard-pressed to say whether the death was a murder or a suicide.



Feasting season breaks hamburger habit

By Ben T. Shomshor

Another Thanksgiving has come and gone. As always, it marked the beginning of the festive feasting season. And, despite the fact that students have spent the last week munching on left-over dry turkey, stale slices of mince and pumpkin pie, and old-fashioned Pepperidge farms original combread and sausage dressing packed in genuine tupperware, they seem to look forward to more such "goodies" the next trip home.

It seems odd. Throughout middle-class America, the boards of absurdly laden tables groan under the weight of a feast so opulent that it would embarrass a robber baron with its extravagance.

Fast to feast

I can only assume that it is an attempt to overcompensate for the deprivation of the long and austere ritual fast which precedes the feast season—a fast characterized by the consumption of Big Macs, Tuna Helper, and 43 different artificial flavors of gelatin desserts. During feast and fast, both prayers and sacrifices in the form of the youngest son's college tuition are offered to Mr. Kahn that we might be released from the bondage of inflation.

If this writer sounds bitter about the ritual Thanksgiving and Christmas feasts, it is for good reason. It is only on these occasions that people still demand "real" food. Students feel cheated if they return home to find store-bought pies, but are merely complacent if everything is in conformance with their "home-made" demands.

They feel even more cheated if they are asked to help with the dishes following the meal. During the rest of the

year, canned soup and tinned pate are more than sufficient and they prefer not to have little Joey sit down at the table and do his funny imitation of John Belushi.

Annual hypocrisy

I do not propose a solution to the annual hypocrisy. All I can suggest is that people once again place feasting in a reasonable perspective. The feast is a time for celebration but not gluttony. While the food for a feast does take extra time, and skill, this is done to make the occasion special and memorable, not for the sake of traditions dug out of the roasting pan and dusted off once a year.

Meanwhile, there are still a few bright spots to the

notes from table 8

season. Those with a penchant for baking should now be preparing fruitcakes if they have not already done so. Others should be readying the plum puddings—that most glorious king of dumplings—so that it might have time to age before Christmas. Cranberries (in short supply this year) and chestnuts (always in short supply because too few cooks know what to do with them) are finally on the grocery shelves.

Those of you who still haven't mastered the mysteries of the festive kitchen should not despair. The weather has finally turned chilly enough to try the family Tom and Jerry recipe, brace yourself with shots of icy vodka before class, or drink plenty of hot toddies as preventive "medicine." Yes, there are a few bright spots to the season... hic.