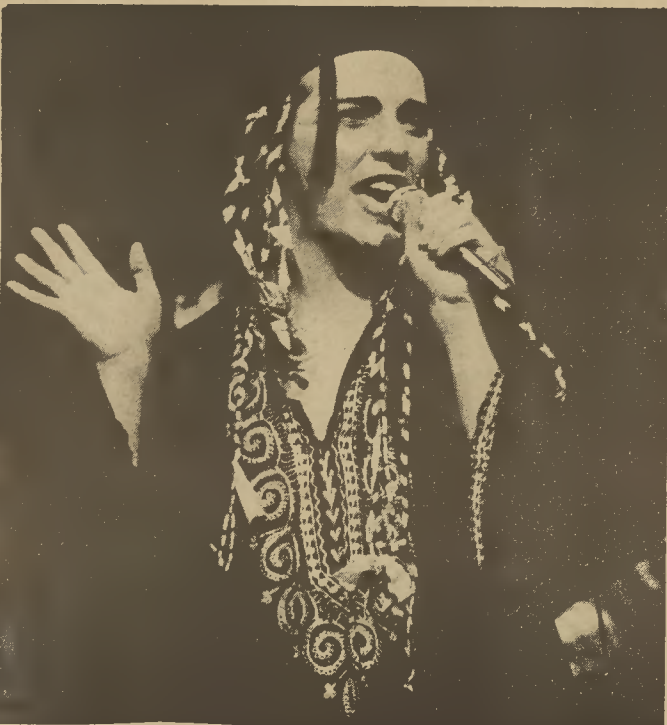
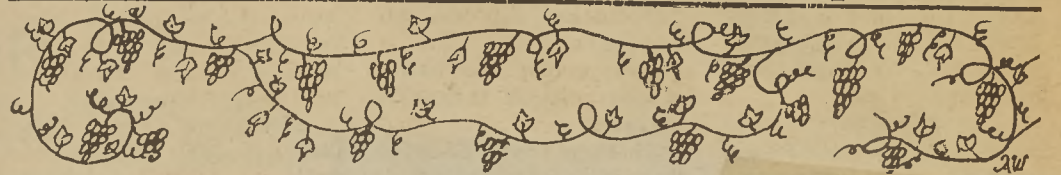


# entertainment

## Heard it Through the Grapevine



**By George, it's Boy:** Lane Hollifield, alias "Boy," added some culture to last Friday's Talent Show.

Photo by David Plunkett

### Rockmont festivities set

Rockmont '84 is scheduled for Saturday, April 28, from noon to 1 a.m. at Camp Rockmont in Swannanoa.

Three bands will perform at Rockmont. **Heartwood**, a band that combines rock and roll, reggae, jazz, and classic swing, will perform between 1 and 3 p.m. **States** is the headliner band and will play from 4 to 6:30 p.m. **States** plays material from The Beatles and The Rolling Stones, to David Bowie and the Fixx. **Magic** will perform a mixture of popular dance songs from 9 p.m. to 1 a.m.

A shuttle service will run from UNCA to Camp Rockmont beginning

at noon. Buses will leave from Highsmith University Center parking lot and Camp Rockmont every half hour. The last bus will leave from Rockmont at 1:15 a.m. Students are encouraged to use this service to help avoid alcohol-related traffic violations.

Admission is free to UNCA students and children under six. Admission is \$2.50 for faculty, staff, alumni, and children under 16. Guest admission is \$5.

Encore will sponsor child care facilities from 2 to 6 p.m. The service is free to children of UNCA students and is \$1 for all others.

By Kari Howard  
Entertainment Editor

Rolling Stone had a contest recently. It challenged anyone to remember the last funny moment on "Saturday Night Live."

The people at Rolling Stone aren't big fans of "SNL." Obviously. But I thought that they were exaggerating just a little. I mean, I know for a fact that it was just last year that I laughed at an SNL skit. (It was the assassination of Buckwheat.)

After watching two consecutive weeks of SNL without laughing once, however, I've got to agree with Rolling

Stone. The show stinks.

Two weeks ago was bad enough. Michael Douglas was the host. I've got sneaking suspicions that his endless plugging of his movie, Romancing the Stone, was supposed to be funny. I hope I'm wrong.

This Saturday's show, though, was really frightening. The host was--get this--George McGovern. Now, I have no objections to politicians doing comedy. When those politicians are funny, that is. George McGovern isn't funny. I think he got the words "opening monologue" confused with "opening monotone." His pitch never changed during his excruciatingly long monologue.

He didn't improve as the evening went on--and on. First, there was the "Golf in New York City" skit. Were we supposed to laugh when George, Jim Belushi, and Joe Piscopo (who are usually the funniest ones on the show) slammed balls into pretzel stands, taxis and all that cute New Yorky stuff? Really lame, guys.

Then there was the "Really Hungry Man Meals" skit about starving Americans eating coal, bugs, etc., courtesy of "White House Dinners." These writers have the light touch of a sledgehammer. Don't they know that in order to lampoon the present administration, they have to be just a little less pointless than the object of their ridicule?

The show progressed from the ridiculous to the slime. The ever-sliding "SNL News" was typically bad. George McGovern was an even worse anchorman than Brad Hall--and that's saying a lot, believe

me. Tim Kazurinsky gave stupid advice about taxes and in desperation gave the best advice of the evening: "Do not laugh unless you feel absolutely compelled." What a relief.

Even musical guests Madness didn't shine. Which is unusual. Lead singer Suggs must have taken the cue from McGovern, because he sang all of Our House in the same note.

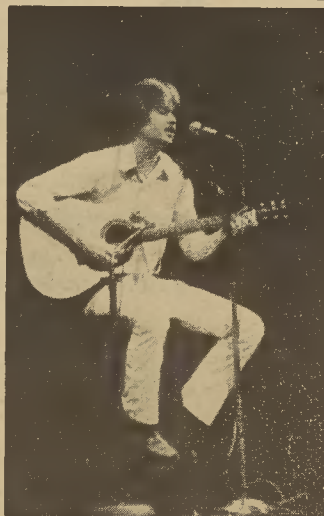
In the entire 90 minutes, there was only one funny moment. It was a Coors commercial. The one with the squirrel in the Hawaiian shirt. It's too bad SNL didn't show the same creativity.

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Two things surprised me at the Third Annual UNCA Talent Show last Friday night.

One was when--be still, my beating heart--Boy and Culture Shock dedicated that gem of a song, Karma Chameleon, to me! When I listened to their rendition, I saw the light. (Hallelujah!) I never noticed all the subtle nuances of the song before!

The second surprise was that no one chose a winner for the show. All the acts were good, and I'd be hard-pressed to pick a winner. But if I had to, it would have to be Barry Bloodgood. Everyone participating deserves kudos, though.



R.C. does J.T.: Richard Clough sings a James Taylor medley.

Photo by David Plunkett

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