

# entertainment etc.



Cast members of the 1940's Radio Hour putting humor in this scene from the show.

## "1940 s" Reviewed Musical is "a real treat"

By Kerri Pace

*The 1940's Radio Hour* was two hours of lively upbeat music and dialogue. Bill Fegan Attractions presented the musical Monday night in Lipinsky Auditorium to an enthusiastic crowd.

The musical, based on an actual broadcast from 1941, surpassed my expectations. I was ready to sit back and watch. However, I found myself playing a part as the audience became the studio audience, reacting to the flashing "applause" sign. The quality of the acts themselves made the "applause" sign unnecessary as the actors' and actresses' talents shone.

From costuming to timing the performance was almost flawless. The costumes suited the characters well. The straight-laced announcer, Clifton A. Feddington, wore a tuxedo in contrast to the provocative attire of seductive singer, Ginger Brooks. Even the hairstyles took you back four decades.

*The 1940's Radio Hour* gave me a chance to live a part of history when radio was a major source of entertainment. For many the show gave them a chance to relive a special part of their lives.

During intermission I talked with a group of people who were teenagers during the 1940's. The feeling was one of enthusiasm and nostalgia. The songs in the musical were familiar to them and brought back memories of the "big band sound." The "big band sound," they told me, was heard on the radio, at college dances, and in the ball rooms of that era.

The commercials used during the show sparked more memories as one man serenaded me with a repeat performance of the Pepsi ad sung in the show. The show is very real for us," he said, it's real treat."

The show's production manager, David Walker, hopes the show will continue to be a treat for the remaining six months it is going to be on national tour. I do not think he needs to worry. For those who lived during the forties and saw the show and for others who have only seen the re-enactment, the show was "a real treat."

## A book review: John Irving

By Kari Howard

*The Hotel New Hampshire*, by John Irving. E.P. Dutton. \$15.50. 401 pages. Now in paperback.

How many of you are compulsive about reading the last page of a novel before beginning it? Usually this impatience leads to feelings of shame and/or disappointment that manage to ruin the other pages. Page 401 of *The Hotel New Hampshire* is a notable exception. As I guiltily turned to that last page, the last eight words caught my eyes and held them: "You have to keep passing the open windows." I was intrigued; surely that cryptic sentence was of monumental importance! All guilt feelings disappeared as I thumbed back to the beginning in my quest for KNOWLEDGE.

This noble quest led me through an extraordinary family saga. It is the story of the Berry family: Win, the bemused patriarch; his wife, Mary, who was killed in a plane crash halfway through the book; Frank, the eldest son and an uncloseted homosexual; John, our narrator and Franny, involved in an incestuous attraction that is consummated one time only; and Egg,

the youngest. Obviously, this is not your average family.

Readers of John Irving's other novels will recognize the common characteristics of his former works. His obsession with Vienna is glimpsed once again when the Berry family is transplanted there to open the second Hotel New Hampshire [you can deduce where the first one was, I hope]. It is a fascination of Irving's comparable to the morbid curiosity of travelers passing a fiery wreck; Vienna is dying much more slowly, but with equal inevitability. Trained bears once again become a personification for the human race, not "smart enough for the world" for the most part, content to entertain with meaningless tricks.

The underlying darkness and futility of *The Hotel New Hampshire* is brightened by Irving's farcical handling of tragedy. His genius at this is epitomized in the final words of an artist who, you guessed it, couldn't pass the open windows: "Life is serious, but art is fun." With these words comes an awakening of KNOWLEDGE. Laugh at life; it is the only way to keep passing the open windows.

## Non-stop Erotic Cabaret

By Kari Howard

Have you ever wanted to wallow in decadence [innocent decadence, that is]? This album provides the ordinary person the perfect opportunity to be a little sinful without the usual repercussions. Even the cover gives a tiny thrill with its neon invitations to peep shows and cinematic sex. It is a cover that promises and delivers.

Inside, the album *burns*. The duo of Mark Almond [vocals] and David Ball [synthesizers] who make up Soft Cell are delightfully wicked; they exude vice. They disturb the senses with the opening cut, "Frustration." It radiates danger; the moody sax solo and Almond's amazing vocals subtly threaten us. Radio listeners may be disappointed by the much-played "Tainted Love," only because the follow-up "Where Did Our Love Go" is not included [it can be found on *Non-Stop Ecstatic Dancing*, a low-priced mini-album]. You'll be depressed by "Youth," insidious in both music and lyrics. Blatant is the only word to describe "Sex Dwarf."

Side Two isn't quite as... dangerous, but it is equally hypnotic. "Secret Life" is a tense story of adultery with desperately lyricslike "I'll give you anything, anything to shut you up. Why do you hate me so much? What have I ever done to

you but leave you?" Evidently he hasn't heard that hell hath no fury.... My favorite cut, however, is "Say Hello Wave Goodbye," a sad, sad story about the pain of a broken affair.

So come on, be immoral, improper, indiscreet, etc., for 45 minutes. It'll leave you feeling so good.

## CONCERTS

Sept.

24 *Jerry Reed*  
Freedom Hall-Johnson City

24 *Go-Go's/A Flock of Sea Gulls*  
Atlanta Fox

25 *Royal Hanneford*  
Freedom Hall-Johnson City

Oct.

7 *Jethro Tull*  
Atlanta Omni

10 *Conway Twitty*  
Knoxville Coliseum

30 *Floyd Cramer*  
Freedom Hall-Johnson City

Nov.

26 *The WHO*  
Atlanta Omni