

Part 1 of 2

# Springfield revisited by modern interviewer

by J.R. Jeldes

staff writer

This last summer, on August 3rd, I was at Kracker's nightclub for a rock concert. I was ready and revved to see the Guess Who, the headlining band for the night; as it turned out, however, I missed almost all of their performance, but I did get to see the G.W. song, *American Woman*. Opening up for the G.W. was a band whose name I had heard somewhere or other; but, I can truthfully say that when I saw them, I didn't know the difference between Buffalo

Springfield and Shinola, as far as their history and music.

When B.S. finally did get on stage (45 minutes later than the ticketed starting time of 11:30 pm!), my attention was instantly riveted upon the man whom I immediately and instinctively knew was the leader of the band. As I watched him play his ax (bass guitar), I was simply...stupified. It was like peering backwards in time. Musical orientation aside, this dude was just not of our generation. He was by no means firm & trim; in fact, one couldn't even begin to say he was

toned, and in our body and weight-conscious society today, this alone set him apart. And his hair-it wasn't even subtly moussed, permed, unnaturally colored, or even shaved a little on the sides. His hair was brown, tied in a pony-tail, and reached somewhere past his somewhat ambiguous waist area. He wasn't wearing any spandex; leather with studs & spikes; or any other type of clothing that most of our image-conscious rockers adorn themselves with. He wore leather, top-sidder like shoes; white, slightly frumpled, slacks; a long-

sleeve, collared blue denim-like shirt; and a white hat with a black stripe circumferencing it. He also wore vision correction glasses [I wonder if Madonna wears contacts?]. No make-up, fake blood, manical-contorted-diabolical facial expression, or seven inch tongue for this rocker. He mostly stood with his back to the audience, facing his drummer, and left it to the lead guitarist and the singer to present the show. He was trying to be background; but, his bass playing was (to anyone with even the slightest musical ear) obviously the guts and core

of the band; it gave him away as being the leader. From where I was standing, I noticed he played with his eyes half-lidded, or closed, as if trying to shut himself off into his own rhythm-bound dimension. He dressed and positioned himself unobtrusively; but nonetheless, the stature he achieved with his music was, in presence, as large as he was in body. I almost wrote, *large in butt and gutt* instead of *body*, but that would have been comical, and this man's appearance was anything but comical; a person could tell he was sincere

personally as well as musically. I could detect none of the glitter we are so used to seeing in performance, just substance.

Anyways...I had all of these ideas running through my head about this guy, and I stopped and thought, "Waitaminute-I'm making conclusions about a person I've never even said 'Howdy' to." I decided then and there I had to converse with this guy.

Next week: J.R.'s interview with Bruce Palmer of Buffalo Springfield.

## Marquee

by jaq greenspon

staff writer

"Dennis, what you need is a *Best Seller* and I can give it to you."

With these words the plot of Hemdale Film's new pictures *Best Seller* begins. Hemdale, the fast growing independent company that brought such films as *Platoon* and *River's Edge* to American screens, once again brings celluloid magic.



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*Best Seller* certainly delivers. As does John Flynn, the film's director. Flynn opens with a visually impacting murder leading to one of the most creative "passages of time" sequences I have seen in a long time. The subject of this sequence is Police Lt. Dennis Meechum played by Brian Dennehy (*Silverado*, *Cocoon*).

Meechum, we find out, is the sole survivor of what was one of the most daring robberies of the early seventies. He goes on to write a novel about the caper, now dubbed: *The Nixon Murders* and in addition to being a good cop, he is also a best selling author...until now.

It is now 1987, 15 years have passed, and Meechum has a problem. He's missing the deadline and has serious writer's block. Also, he's not too happy being a cop. Add to that, his wife died a year before and you have a man in search of a mission in life.

Enter Cleve.

Cleve is a killer. Not just any killer, but the best there is. So is the actor who plays him, James Woods. Woods (who was nominated for Best Actor last year for *Salvador*, another Hemdale release) is one of the finest actors to grace the big screen. He gives us a character that is at the same time psychotic and sympathetic.

Cleve is out to get his former employer and that conflict provides most of the thrust to the story, but is quickly forgotten in favor of the more compelling story of Cleve himself.

Responsible for this is Larry Cohen, the script writer who penned a screenplay interwoven with so many different layers that Director Flynn was hard pressed at times to keep it all straight. But don't let that stop you. *Best Seller* is certainly a fine film and although I'm not allowed graphics, I'm giving it four stars, thumbs up and a definite recommendation to see it.

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