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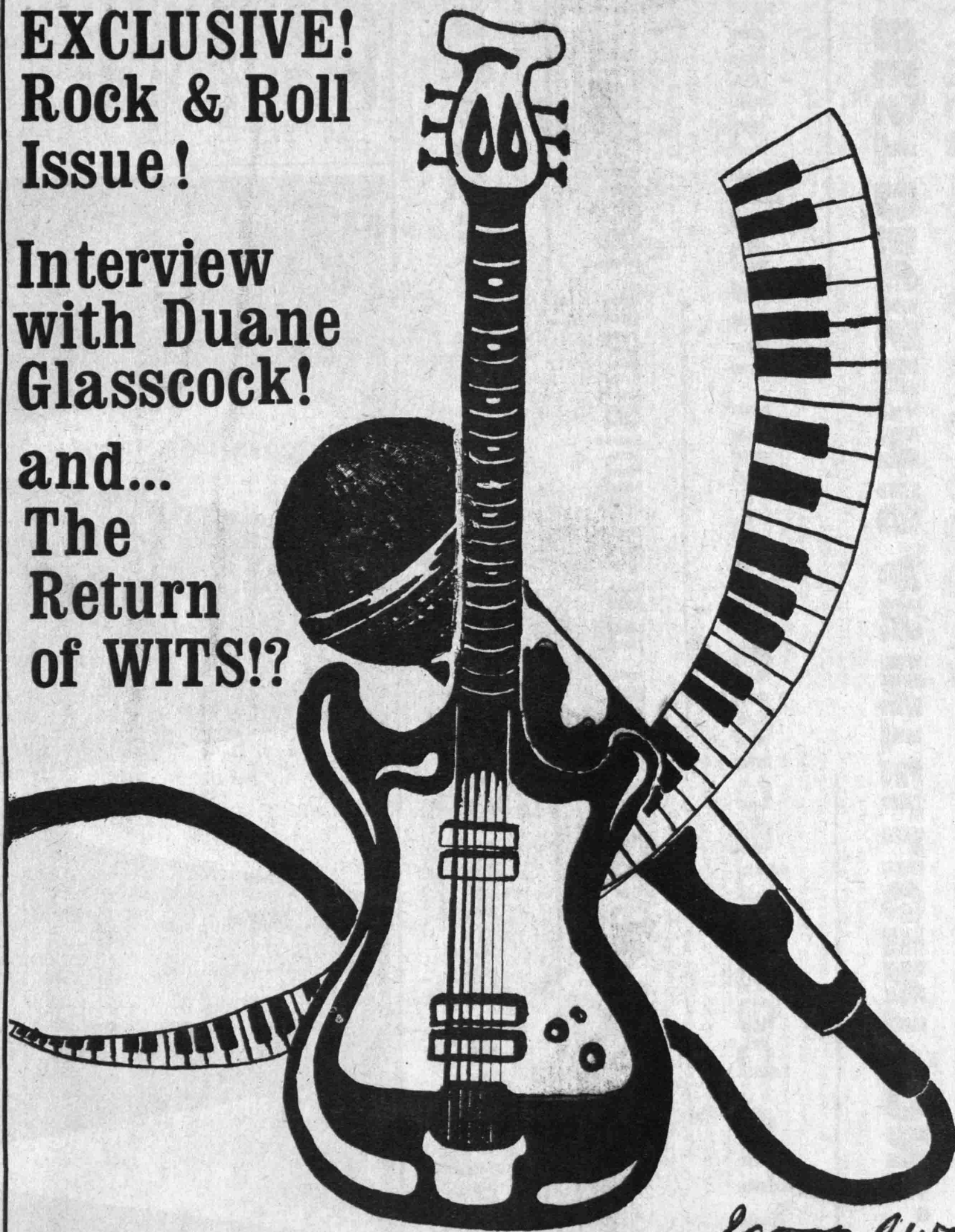
Thursday VooDoo

8 FEBRUARY 1979

**EXCLUSIVE!
Rock & Roll
Issue!**

**Interview
with Duane
Glasscock!**

**and...
The
Return
of WITS!?**



Scoop Awol

DUANE INGALLES GLASSCOCK:

He's not just cloning around.
An Exclusive Interview with New
England's Youngest Disk Jockey.

by Scoop Awol

I had arranged to meet Duane in the lobby of the Prudential Tower at 5:30 A.M. When I got there he was nowhere in sight. Then it occurred to me that I had never seen him before. I asked the elevator attendant what he looked like. "Oh, you should have no trouble recognizing him," he said. "He'll be the one making all the noise." Then, as I was going over my notes, a well-dressed, clean-cut, and very self-assured young man addressed me. "Are you Scoop?" Having confirmed his suspicion, we proceeded to the 50th floor. Once we got there, we wasted no time and got right into the interview.

Scoop: I heard you had a birthday recently. How old are you?

Duane: Well, I went back to Montana to get recloned, but there was something wrong with my infantibular cord, so the process failed. I'm still 17. I was supposed to turn 18 in Nov.

S.A.: Who's clone are you?

D.G.: A lot of people think I'm Charles's clone, but that's one-hundred percent wrong. I was supposed to find out when I turned 18. Who knows when that'll be.

S.A.: Considering your age and chemical status, do you think of yourself as being sexually aware?

D.G.: Well, right before I went to Montana, I figured it was about time to be. Just around the same time, I met an older woman, (22) and we started seeing a lot of each other. Not to say things got heavy, or anything, but, well, let's say she taught me a lot.

S.A.: How did you get your job here?

D.G.: WBCN was trying to hire minorities, actually, they were looking for pretty, young, black women, but all they came up with were ugly, old, black men. So when I applied, they figured I was enough of a minority to hire.

S.A.: I heard a broadcast of yours last summer, when you said something controversial about Arbitron Rating Service. What ever came of that?

D.G.: As you recall, I asked my listeners to send Arbitron a bag of shit for the bad rating they gave my show. Well, lots of people did it, but I got fired for saying "shit" on the air.

S.A.: If you weren't a D.J., what would you like to be doing?

D.G.: I think I'd like to be a Don Law red-shirt man. Then I'd get a chance to throw my weight around. I wouldn't be extremely pushy, or anything, but I'd let them know who's boss.

S.A.: Have you ever been in love?

D.G.: Well, I've never stayed up nights in a cold sweat, but on my first day of work, I passed by a girl in the elevator, and I got all tingly. I brushed against her arm, and, well, that's what it felt like.

S.A.: What kind of music do you listen to at home?

D.G.: That's part of the reason I'm leaving the station. They wouldn't give me any promotional copies. So I don't have any records, but I guess my favorite music would have to be rock&roll oldies.

S.A.: Do you think radio will ever replace T.V. or the dog races?

D.G.: I think radio is already being replaced by baggammon.

S.A.: Tell me what every D.J. fears the most.

D.G.: Well, as far as I'm concerned, I'm afraid of record companies bribing me with drugs. I know that happens, just look at Charles and Mark P.

S.A.: Do you have any religious veivs?

D.G.: No, I mean, I don't think there's a place for your soul to go when your body dies, but I think there *should* be. Also, I think a lot of religions are doing the world a favor. Like Christians and Jehovah's Witnesses. Spread all that good faith around.

S.A.: You've made a lot of cracks about M.I.T. on the air, like, we all carry calculators and stuff like that. What's the gag?

D.G.: I just don't think that school is all it's cracked up to be. That's all.

S.A.: That reminds me, you appear to be well educated. But you're still a minor. Either you graduated early, or you're a drop-out.

D.G.: Well, I was quite a precocious child, so I graduated at the age of eleven.

S.A.: What schools did you attend?

D.G.: I went to grammar school in Woonsocket, Rhode Island, and then went to Leominster Jr. High School, and graduated right from there, and then went straight into broadcasting, but *please* don't print that. I lied on the applications. I have no recollection of school. It was all programmed into me.

S.A.: Duane, do you have any bad habits?

D.G.: Yes, one. I just got my driver's license six months ago. And I noticed that sometimes when I'm making a turn, I pick my nose. You know how you usually can't remember when the last time you picked your nose was? You *can* when you're driving! Your hands are off the wheel, and you could miss your turn and crash!

S.A.: I've noticed that sometimes you make rude and vile allusions on the air. What does your audience think?

D.G.: Like swears? I Don't do that! I don't think so, anyway. I could get fired for that! But I don't think the audience gives a fuck. Can I say that? Will you print that? We can't say "fuck" on the air.

S.A.: Yes. We print anything.

D.G.: *Great!* Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck, FUCK!!!!!!!!!! Print that!

S.A.: Sure. Listen, are the different radio stations in Boston really competitive?

D.G.: Yeah, they are. D.J.s are always poking fun at other D.J.s on other stations. There's even competition *within* radio stations. Like Charles always calling me an uppity brat on the air. Like, I know he's just jealous.

S.A.: Some people think you don't exist. What do you think about that?

D.G.: That's pretty funny, considering I'm the third most popular D.J. in New England. Why would anyone listen to someone they didn't think existed?

S.A.: Beats me. Listen, can I ask you something personal?

D.G.: Can I ask you something personal?

S.A.: I don't know. Is it off the record?

D.G.: No! I want this to be in print!

S.A.: Shoot.

D.G.: Are you wearing any underwear right now?

S.A.: Well... (pause)... no.

D.G.: I thought so. I didn't see any V.P.L. Now, you can ask me anything you want.

S.A.: What's your favorite sexual position? Besides assault?

D.G.: Well, I don't really want to tell you, because you're a girl, but let's just say right up. The guys will know what I mean.

A.S.: They told me not to turn my back on you for too long, or you'd disappear and I'd never see you again, or you'd jump me.

D.G.: I haven't the slightest idea why.

S.A.: Thanks a lot!

D.G.: I meant I didn't know why anyone would say that. Who *did* say that, anyway?

S.A.: Your boss.

D.G.: Oh, How old *are* you, anyway?

S.A.: Wait a minute! Who's doing this interview, anyhow, Duane? So I'm 19.

D.G.: You're older than me?!WOW!!

S.A.: Yeah, you know, I can't usually talk to people my own age.

D.G.: Yeah, I know. They're *so* immature!

S.A.: That's right! Listen, what do you see yourself doing ten years from now?

D.G.: I don't know, but we should make a date to check up on each other then, and we can see how we've changed.

S.A.: Certainly. Listen, there's a question I like to ask all my interviewees. And you being in the music "make it or break it" set, would be more than qualified to answer. What do you think of the Grateful Dead?

D.G.: I guess I'd rate them Number One on an all-time comeback basis.

S.A.: Yes, but what do you think of their music?

D.G.: I don't care for them personally.

S.A.: Is that all?

D.G.: No, I think they suck! Wait, please don't print that. *Please?*

S.A.: Of *course* not Duane. Don't worry about it. Let's see, where was I? Oh, yes. How come you put all those negative ads for your show on the air? Like, "Every morning, I turn on the radio to WBCN and listen to Duane Glasscock while I'm driving to work. God only knows why."

D.G.: I don't know. I guess it just seemed funny at the time.

S.A.: To what do you attribute your great success?

D.G.: Well, do you mean as a radio announcer?

S.A.: Undoubtedly.



D.G.: I guess I owe it all to the crew. Mostly, Marc Gordon, though, because he's the only person who understands. Otherwise, I have to give credit to Charles's team. Tommy Couch, the producer, Rick Varney, Tammy, Eddie Gorodetsky, and the rest. They ask very little in return, so they never get paid.

S.A.: We've all heard about your early retirement. What made you decide to leave radio?

D.G.: Well, mostly, I've decided to retire because I've had a couple of high paying offers. The first, I've been offered my own my own T.V. show, and the second, I've been offered the opportunity to play an extra in the newest disaster film. It's all about mosquitos.

S.A.: That sounds challenging. Well, I have no other questions. Is there anything else you'd like to add?

D.G.: No. That should just about wrap it up. So if they don't like it, tell them to try and piss up a rope!

Campus Patrolman Explodes Firecracker in Bexley Courtyard

by Jack Shoemaker

The Commonwealth of Massachusetts has the most comprehensive gun control laws in the nation. Mere possession of a handgun can land someone in jail for a minimum of one year. In Cambridge, the Police carry guns. Society confers upon the Department the privilege to carry guns. In order to maintain peace, justice, and law, it is presumed that the Police are responsible individuals who will use weapons only as a last resort and only in cases of extreme emergency. The MIT Campus Patrol also has the authority to carry guns. Presumably the members of the Campus Patrol have discretion enough to discharge their firearms only in extreme emergencies.

Given this, you might be surprised or even shocked to witness a uniformed Campus Patrolman explode a firecracker within the boundaries of the MIT campus. Yet this is exactly what two MIT freshmen saw a Campus Patrolman do early Saturday morning in the courtyard of Bexley Hall.

The story really begins early Wednesday morning January 31. At approximately 2:00 am Wednesday, a plastic bag filled with about two gallons of water was thrown off the roof of Bexley. The bag struck a fast moving taxi cab, shattering the front windshield of the cab and injuring the driver. The bag was only one of many projectiles thrown off the roof that night which included an unused radiator. When the Campus Patrol investigated the dormitory the next morning, they found that a whole banister on the third floor of the "50" entry had been smashed in addition to the exterior damage.

Campus Patrol surmised that drugs might have been the cause for such ruthless and senseless destruction. Regardless of the cause, the Campus Patrol stepped up the patrol of tumultuous dormitory in order to arrest further disorder and violence.

continued on page 4

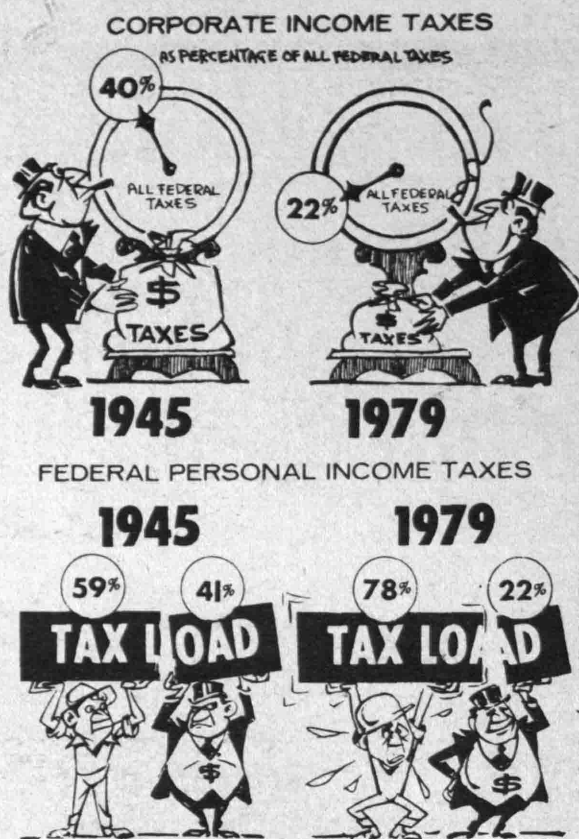
In 1975 the Nuclear Regulatory Commission (NRC) endorsed a study, headed by Norman Rasmussen, MIT nuclear engineer, concluding that the occurrence of a major nuclear accident in the United States was as likely as the occurrence of a disaster caused by a meteorite falling to the earth: about once in a million years. This study was used to justify the continuing operation of sixteen plants with government identified safety hazards.

Last month the NRC endorsed a critique of the Rasmussen study (Lewis, Harold et. al., *Science*, 29 September 1978) that repudiates the nuclear accident likelihood figure. As of one week after the endorsement of Lewis' critique, the Union of Concerned Scientists is calling for the shut down of the sixteen above mentioned operating nuclear reactors.

The State Legislature Governmental Regulations Committee held a hearing last tuesday to hear testimony on a bill pending legislation that would raise the drinking age from 18 to 21. Massachusetts Governor Edward King said that since the current drinking age was instated in 1973, the roads have been plagued with teenage fatalities due to drunken driving. He added that nineteen-year-olds were "just too young mentally and physically" to drink. State Senator John W. Oliver countered by stating that anyone in Massachusetts is a thirty minute drive to a neighboring state with an 18 drinking age. Thus there would be more drunken driving. He also said that the King administration has been releasing "deliberately misleading" traffic fatality statistics to support drunken teenage driving claims. State officials are fairly confident that the legislation raising the drinking age will pass. The governor's office said, in a phone call, that many people have been calling expressing their opposition to the bill. If you care at all about the situation, a phone call couldn't hurt. The State House number is 723 - 3600.

Eyes of the World

by Morris Zimmerberg



GUARDIAN—FEBRUARY 7, 1979

Fred Wright, UE News

Canadian's Premier Pierre Elliot Trudeau set up a 9 member task force on Canadian Unity to investigate possibilities for the future of Quebec. Many of Quebec's french-speaking citizens favour autonomy. In response to this situation the 18-month study proposed a "special status" for Quebec that would keep the province within the federation while recognizing Quebec's right to self-determination. The task force's report was well recieved by the Canadian government and the national opposition but not the Quebec government.

In the middle of January, the Advent Company surprised it's workers by announcing their move to New Hampshire within a month of the statement. As a further screw to the workers, they said that preference would be given to local New Hampshire residents and seniority status of Cambridge workers following the company would be lost. Advent's official reason for the move was financial in nature in addition to the complaints "of fumes." This refers to the Styrene plastic pollution which is a by product of the large video screens manufactured on Emily Street in Cambridgeport. Originally, there was no ventilation in the plant and workers were "dropping like flies." The fumes were rerouted to a chimney stack neighboring residential structures. The Styrene could be contained by periodically changing the filters in the ventilation system, but a walk in the area on a still day suggests that Advent has been negligent in this action. The company has chosen to solve this problem at the expense of the workers.

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----- President Carter, State of the Union address, January 23, 1979.

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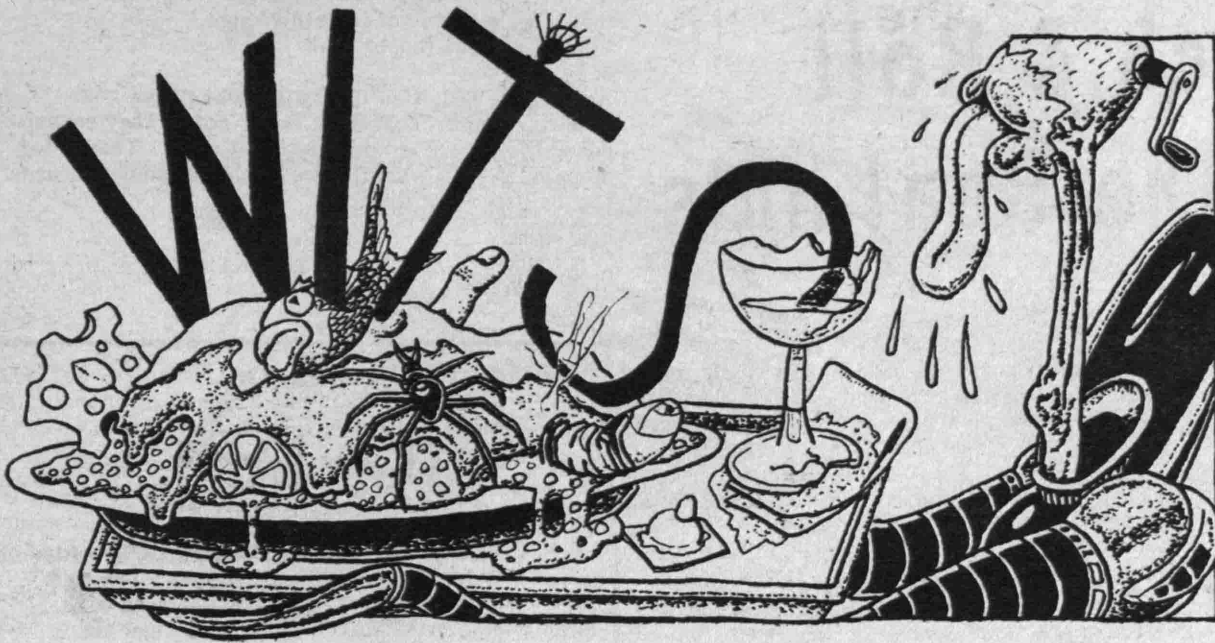
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by ABIDON

Okay—So how do you follow Duane Glasscock? Except with a broom, shovel, and a can of Lysol? Rumor has it that next week he's returning to Afghanistan ending his nineteen-year exile. Congratulations, Duane.

Well I'd like to turn this into a real hate column, but there just aren't that many truly despicable characters around here worth mentioning. Hear that Clod? Actually I'd prefer to use a sexual slur, but since you're a woman I don't think that'd be appropriate, Bitch.

Interesting. You and Harlan Ellison are the only two people I've talked who claimed to be writers.

While I'm still here I'd like to commend the artist who painted the nice little flag on the inside of the toilet bowl outside the office. Yep, peeing on your country's flag is right up there alongside all the other great American traditions of genocide and mass slaughter. Besides it keeps all of the uppity graduate students with sticks in their asses from using the restroom—especially since they don't seem to know how to piss in the sink. Helps keep the place nice and clean, too.

Hey fuckers here's some news that's really a great thunderfuck. There's a big defense plant somewhere in the Southwest where they take the raw uranium and plutonium from the refining plants in Kentucky and Ohio and use it to manufacture warheads. Of course they then have to transport the little bastards across the rest of the US to all the airforce bases. Exclusively for this purpose they keep a small fleet of camouflaged, armor-plated, and highly-armed Winnebagoes. They even go so far as to put tourist stickers all over the back windows. Give the guards a nice supply of beer, too. Now remember all of that may be highly classified so don't tell anyone else.

Thought for the day: Drugs don't always kill you, but they can often make your life more pleasant.

Sez Scoop Awol: Allright fuckers, where's the Lysol?

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 **GOULD**

Up & Coming Rock & Roll

Billy Cole & The Real Kids

by Scoop Awol

When I first met Billy Cole, he was working at Jack Griffin's Record Garage. He was not only very good at repairing guitars, but playing them as well. I became a good friend of his so this was an easy task to get an interview. He spent most of the time either playing or holding his guitar.

Awol: How did the Real Kids get their start?
 Billy: John Felise, (formerly of the Modern Lovers) started the band a few years ago. It was a real power trio called The Kids. But then there were a few changes in the band, like when Kevin left. I used to be in a band (Baby's Arm) who changed guitarists with our band.
 A: Right. What is Baby's Arm doing now? They've changed their name?
 B: Yeah, to the Classic Ruins.
 A: When did you start playing?
 B: Guitar? Since I was ten, or eleven. You know, just chords and shit. I started by trying to play Beatles stuff, but they leaned too heavy on lead guitar, so I started listening to the Stones. I still do.
 A: A lot of people consider your band to be "new wave." What do you think about that?
 B: You know, I don't really like the idea of labelling someone like that, I don't think it means anything. We don't think of ourselves like that, why should anybody else? We just play rock&roll, straight. And we don't do it because of any major message or anything. We just like to play.
 A: Does your band deal with or relate to any modern ways of life? Like religion, politics, sex, drugs, or rock&roll, and crime?
 B: Yes. All of them. Even love.
 A: What do you think of the competitive scene here in Beantown? Do you think it's just a big jealousy rap, or could it be that some people just don't think others have any talent?
 B: I'd honestly have to say it's a big rap. I can't tell you how many times we play gigs where you can't even talk to the other bands because they're so stuck-up and afraid of what everyone will think. It's real competitive.
 A: Nowadays, the pressure is on because there are so many bands who are trying to make it big, that everyone wants to be unique. What are some things that set your band apart from the others?
 B: It would have to be the fact that we don't conform to what anyone expects us to be. If people don't like our music, it's their tough shit. We don't make them listen to it.
 A: What do you think about some of the new bands in Boston? Do you think there's any young talent around?
 B: Not too many.
 A: I must now inform you that anything you say may be used against you in the black and white. We run a totally fascist newspaper. B: Great! Ha! A: Listen, these bozos will believe almost anything you tell them. We just print what they want to read, so, feel free to lie. B: Whatever you say. A: No, whatever you say. It's easy for anybody to blame the editor. I'd rather you take the rap than us. Even though I could probably think better stories than you, anyway, where were we? B: Ahh, I think we were talking about new bands?

A: Do go on.
 B: Well I do think a couple of bands could really make it big. Like Robin Lanes new band, I really like, em.
 A: Me too. I think Robin's a great singer. Plays well.
 B: Yeah, but not only that, but she's got the right bunch of kids with her. They're a really tight band. You know, some people compare her with Patti Smith.
 A: I can't see the parallel. B: Me neither.
 Another band I like, they could be really good if they pay their dues, get some experience. The Dawgs. I think they'll get some, too. They have good tunes and a lot of energy.
 A: What do you think of punk being dead? I mean, I thought it was always dead. I thought that was the idea.
 B: And it'll always be dead.
 A: I've changed my mind. I may just make up some stories. Just to make it juicy.
 B: Whatever you say.
 Speaking of dead, I thought I should ask you, a question that might alleviate any hard feelings of a somewhat unspoked minority at M. I. T. What do you think about the Grateful Dead?
 B: Personally I think they suck dead donkeys dicks. I wish they were dead.
 A: I think they should all be thrown into a turbine generator with a few cats and some tacks. They may sound better, at least. But, what do I know? I'm just a rock critic anyway. Stop me if you think I'm out of line, but do any of you guys ever engage in any hedonistic activities?
 B: You mean like drugs and wild sex orgies? Yeah, we do all that stuff.
 A: What of your fans? Do you like them? What about groupies? I mean, would you get into something like kink? Say, animals?
 B: As long as I didn't catch anything.
 A: You're all youthful characters, a prime example for the promise of the future, what do you see yourself doing in, say, ten years?
 B: I'll still be playing. A: Anything else? B: No.
 A: Like to have lunch? Ha. You buying? A: Certainly.
 A: What can you tell us about the Beantown music biz? Like, something we don't or may not here about? Is it easy to get gigs. What could one expect? Do they exploit you?
 B: The scene is pretty empty at the moment. It's time for us to be moving on soon. Of course, most places around here always fuck you over. We don't play around here much anymore 'cause with all the ass kissing you've got to do, well, we've paid our dues, all of us are sick of being used. But you've got to expect that when you're starting out. It's a tough business. It's all up for us.
 A: What do you see for the immediate future?
 B: Yeah. We just finished our contract with Red Star. so now we're free to do what we like, so we've made some good demo-tapes, and now we'll be making a big city tour, ending in California, and we will stay there until late spring. Maybe do some recording, get warm!
 A: Tell me where you will be playing before you leave so I can go see you.

B: Well, on the 25th we'll be at the Rat, other than that, just a couple of fraternity gigs.
 Can I come see those, too?
 B: Of course.
 A: Thanks, Bill. Can I use my press pass?
 B: Sure, squirt. That must be all now. They're supposed to pick me up for rehearsal tonight. Thanks for stopping by. Do you think we might get some pictures for the paper? At the Rat?
 B: Why not?
 A: So long.
 B: So long.

continued from page 1

Bexley

Nevertheless, the commotion drew the attention of two Bexley freshmen who were still up. One had just returned from work at the MIT faculty Club. From their second story window, they saw the Patrolman reenter the courtyard and approach the right rear corner of the courtyard. Then they saw this same Patrolman strike a match and light a fuse. Then the Patrolman dropped whatever he had lit to the ground and the witnesses saw and heard a large explosion. Within seconds more Campus Patrolmen were on the scene. The freshmen then reported to the sargent what they had seen.

When contacted about the event, the Campus Patrol attempted to hint at the possibility that someone in Bexley had tried to frame the Patrolman. This theory can be invalidated by the observation of the witnesses that the Patrolman did not even jump when the explosion went off. Surely, if the explosive had been thrown from within the dormitory the Patrolman would have jumped back in surprise. The Patrolman on duty has denied discharging the explosive. On the other hand the Campus Patrol have not denied the story of the two Bexley freshmen. Since there was no evidence, they will simply caution the Patrolman not to do anything like that again.

Most disturbing to a number of Bexley residents is the intention of the Patrolman. If he was reacting in anger to the shouts of the residents what did he hope to accomplish by exploding a firecracker? Some members fear that, if the two witnesses had not seen what had happened, then the Campus Patrol might have used the incident as an excuse to enter the dormitory to conduct a search. The impish "cops'n'robbers" attitude of the Campus Patrol is indeed dangerous. The Campus Patrol has been entrusted with a great deal of power in order to protect the MIT campus. The dangerous, near fatal action of a handful of residents is deplorable. The secondary skirmishes precipitated by the Campus Patrol are inexcusable. Either the witnesses are lying, or the Campus Patrolman in question should be disciplined to the full extent of the rules and regulations of the Institute.

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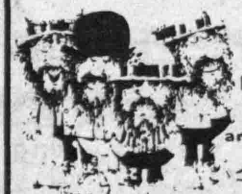
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The Deerhunter - Another Mediocre Melodrama

by Mike Miller

The Deer Hunter is not a good movie.

The cinematography by Vilmos Zsigmond is fine. The opening shot is of a truck barreling through a small town in the early morning light, then, as the truck passes by the steel mill, the camera cuts to the interior of the mill, where we first meet the characters of the movie as they work near the blast furnace where the molten metal is fed out into a channel. The greyness of the morning light matches well with the greyness of the interior. The deer hunting episodes, filmed in Washington, on top of Mt. Baker were, of course, visually beautiful. The authenticity of the Viet Nam battle scenes were greatly enhanced by filming them in nearby Thailand.

The acting was also good. Robert De Niro, as Michael, dominates the film as he should, because of the group of friends whose life the film depicts, he is the unassumed leader, the man the rest of the friends look to. He emerges as the typical American hero whose prototype is Sergeant York. His two friends, Nick (Chris Walker) and Steve (John Savage), who enlist with him and go to Viet Nam also have roles which allow them to do some acting and they do a creditable job. But the rest of the gang, who remain home, do not fare so well. Their roles are flat, without any chance of development. John Cazale is Stan and Chuck Asperren plays Axel; when the two of them leave the steel mill at the beginning with Nick, Steve, and Michael, we know exactly who they are and never learn a thing more for the next three hours. Their acting is good, but there is really nothing for them to develop.

The only real woman's role in the movie is Linda, played by Meryl Streep. Even then her only purpose is to be the girl back home, waiting for her man, Nick, to return. Yet the day before the boys leave for Nam, she seems to be attracted to Michael. This works well later in the movie, but that seems to be the only reason for including it.

The problem with the movie is the plot. Directed Co-produced, and Co-written by Michael Cimino, the movie is done in the same personal way that George Lucas and Steven Spielberg have made their movies. This is Cimino's second movie, his first being *Thunderbolt and Lightfoot*. Unfortunately, the impression left by *The Deer Hunter* was that although Cimino had something very important to say, he could not quite figure out how to say it. To cover up this deficiency, he turned up the sound track to let the audience know when something important was happening, put in extremely gory

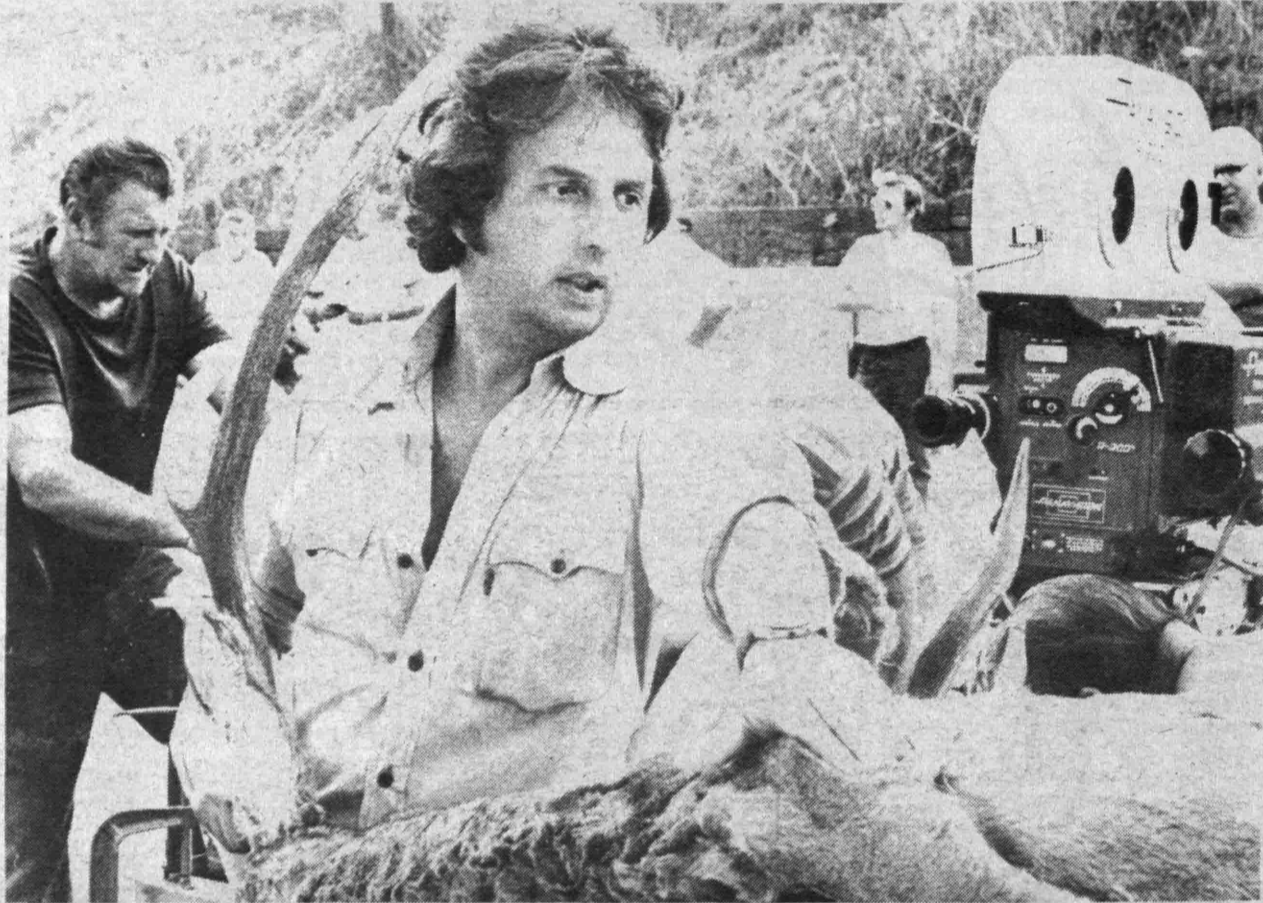
scenes for shock effects, and tossed in as much cute symbolism as he could to make the film artistic.

For example: before they leave for Viet Nam, Steve is married to Angela (Rutanya Alda) who is just beginning to show signs of pregnancy. That was a nice touch, but not willing to leave well enough alone, there are suggestions that it might not be Steven's child. At the end of Russian Orthodox wedding ceremony they drink a cup of wine and Angela spills two drops on her white wedding dress.

In our first view of Viet Nam, a North Vietnamese comes stalking through a village, drops a grenade down into a bomb shelter where several women and children are crammed together. After

the explosion, a woman and her child come crawling out of the shelter, begging for mercy and the soldier shoots them down. This is too much for Mike, who comes running out of the bush with a flame thrower and torches the soldier. After a few seconds of agonizing screams, Mike pumps him full of bullets until Nick and Steve stop him. The scene might have been to show the horrors of war and what it does to people, but instead it evoked loud applause and cheering from the audience, a reaction which surely would please Cimino.

It would seem that Cimino is trying to show us how the bond of friendship can survive even in the most harrowing experiences. Only scenes of grabbing ass and steel mill workers drinking is just not enough. The deer hunting scenes at the beginning and the end of the movie are intended to show the friendship, but the bond never appears; they just spend their time bickering. Where the energy of the film appears is not in those friend's relationships but rather in what appears to be Cimino's real interest; the story he wants to tell is lost in the explosions and tortures of War, which he lets the camera dwell upon.



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TVD

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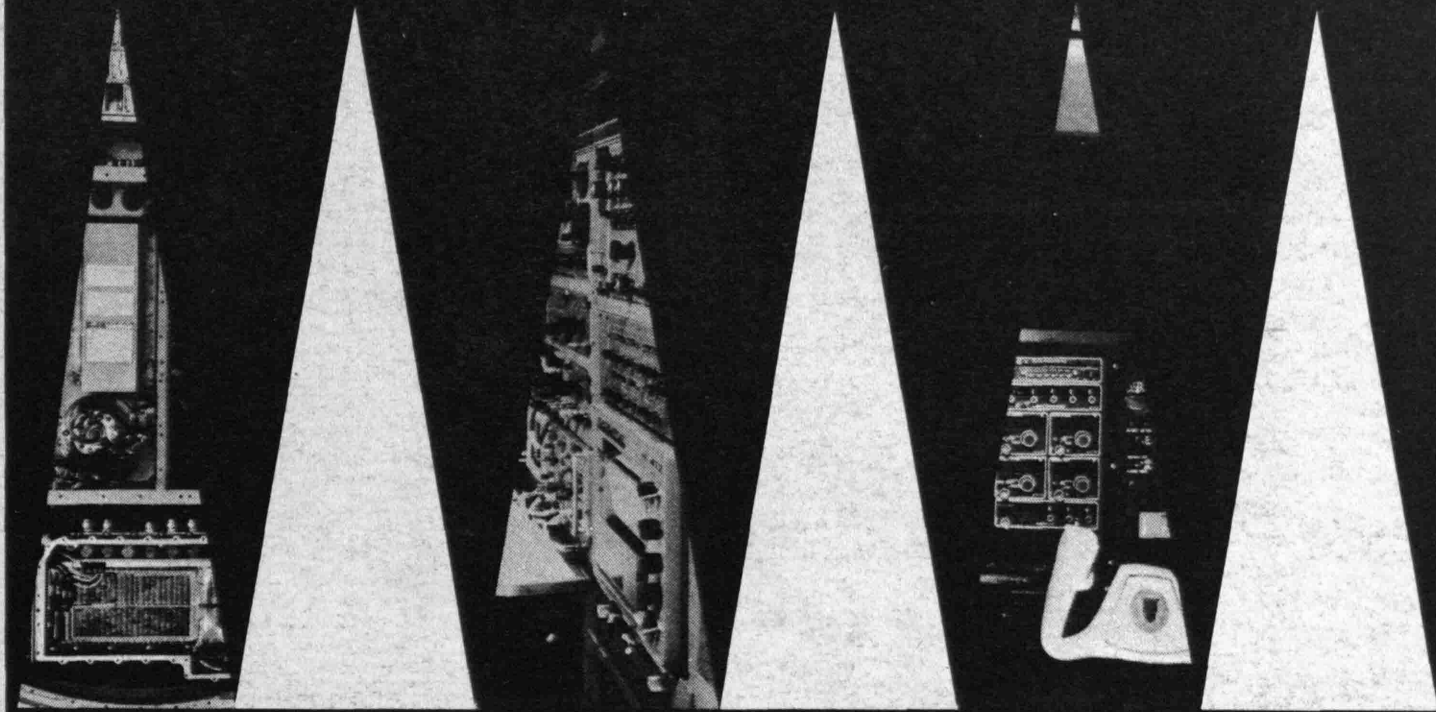
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Have you ever had a witch bloom like a highway on your mouth? and turn your breathing to her fancy? like a little car with blue headlights passing forever in a dream?

THE LAST WORD

—Richard Brautigan

Do not meddle in the affairs of wizards, for they are subtle and quick to anger.

—J. R. R. Tolkien
by S. Bradley

and K. DeForling
though I do not know

—Frodo Baggins

All that is gold does not glitter,
Not all those who wander are lost,
The old that is strong does not wither,
Deep roots are not reached by the frost.
From the ashes a fire shall be woken,
A light from the shadows shall spring,
Renewed shall be blade that was broken,
The crownless again shall be king.
—J. R. R. Tolkien

When love beckons you, follow him,
Though his ways are hard and steep
And when his wings enfold you, yield to him,
Though the sword hidden among his pinions
may wound you.

—Kahlil Gibran

I will take the ring, the way.

I've still got my wallet and my keys.

—Anonymous

Open your heart wide unto the spirit of death,
Kahlil Gibran

with my
—Anonymous

—Anonymous

—Anonymous
If you would indeed behold the spirit of death,
Open your heart wide unto the body of life.

—S-2

Understanding is a virtue hard to come by,
You can teach me how to love,
If you only try.

—Jefferson Airplane

Wrap the babe in scarlet covers,
Call it your own.

The Eagles! The Eagles!
—Bilbo Baggins

—The Grateful Dead

it must have been the

—The Grateful Dead

Go not to the elves for counsel, for they will say both yes and no.

—J. R. R. Tolkien

This thing all things devours:
Birds, beasts, trees, flowers;
Gnaws iron, bites steel;
Grinds hard stone to meal;
Slays king, ruins town,
And beats high mountain down.

—J. R. R. Tolkien

Existence is the kinky hair of God.

—N A D

Vive la mort, vive la guerre,
Vive le sacre mercenaire.

—Fredrick Forsythe

LOS AN

Don't worry, I'm still here . . .
—Anonymous

