



Yea to 'Yes':
Advice to film fans:
Say yes to Luciano
Pavarotti in "Yes,
Giorgio." 3C

Friday, Oct. 1, 1982

DINING OUT	7
TELEVISION	10
CLASSIFIED	11-15

Call Entertainment: 222-8828



curtain call

Music, culture off and running

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PERA OPERA

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"Szaszny Dwor." "Szaszny Dwor?" "Szaszny Dwor. It means 'The Haunted Castle' in English. It's a Polish opera by Moniuszko." "A Polish opera by whom?" "Stanislaw Moniuszko. Michigan Opera Theatre is presenting the American premiere of the opera at the Music Hall tonight."

By JOHN GUNN
Free Press Music Critic

Michigan Opera Theatre's production of Moniuszko's "The Haunted Castle" opens at 8 tonight at the Music Hall. Additional performances are at 8 p.m. Saturday, 6:30 p.m. Sunday, 1:30 p.m. Wednesday and Oct. 8 and Oct. 9 at 8 p.m. For more information, call 963-7680, 10 a.m.-6 p.m. Mon.-Sat., noon-5 p.m. Sun.

Free Press Artwork by ROY BEAVER

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THERE IS some evidence to support all those reasons:

- One has only to remember last season's MOT productions of "Tosca" and "Carmen" to realize that the company doesn't always succeed with the tried and true.
- In order to help finance the hefty price tag for "The Haunted Castle," MOT formed a Polish Opera Committee that already has raised half of the \$80,000 goal it set for itself.
- Articles have appeared in some national music magazines about the production, and out-of-town critics are expected to cover the opening tonight.
- The company does seem to be enjoying the production.

See OPERA, Page 6C



Singers Carol Gutknecht and Gordon Greer.



Two members of the Boston Ballet corps practice for "Don Quixote."

Nureyev offers little but his name

When Mikhail Baryshnikov dazzled us in the American Ballet Theatre's sold-out opening night production of "Swan Lake" at Masonic Temple last fall, there was a aura of sheer magic about the place — it was a luminous performance by a confident, dashing young star, before an audience that glittered with pleasure and jewels.

And Wednesday night at Masonic, when the other Russian superstar, Rudolf Nureyev, was to dance the role of Basilio in the Boston Ballet's not-quite-sold-out opening night production of "Don Quixote," we hoped to be swept away by that same intoxicating magic.

IT SEEMED that the audience was trying, almost desperately, to relive the excitement of Baryshnikov's first Detroit appearance. From the waves of enthusiastic applause that met Nureyev each time he crossed the stage, one would think that Nureyev, 44, was giving the same stellar performance that Baryshnikov gave last year at age 33.

But, sadly, there is no comparison. Nureyev's performance was dreadful, and one applauded only because one felt one should — after giving so much for so long to the world of ballet, the legendary dancer deserved not to be hurt.

The fact that "Don Quixote" is an almost frantically merry piece of fluff (especially this version, choreographed by Nureyev after Marius Petipa) only enhanced the feeling of forced gaiety that characterized this uncomfortable evening.

IT'S HARD to tell whether to blame Nureyev's poor dancing on age or the fact that he has suffered, and still suffers from, a number of fairly serious injuries. But he does indeed dance as though he is in pain — his landings are brittle, his knees seem locked in a slightly bent position, his turnout is essentially gone, his feet sickle. The look in his eyes is inappropriately wild as he

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It would not go so far as to say Nureyev should never dance. Poor as his dancing was, it was better than never seeing him at all — it seemed that most of his audience felt this way.

And, in the overall scheme of things, it's breathtaking that a man of 44 (or a man of 22, for that matter) can do what Nureyev can. Only in the terribly difficult world of classical ballet would this man be looked on as old or out of shape. Maybe that's what keeps him going. And maybe somewhere between the romantic lead and the pure character role, there is still a place for him.

See BALLET, Page 4C

Who fans enjoy the waiting, too

By GARY GRAFF
Free Press Staff Writer

Pontiac Silverdome officials opened the gates more than two hours earlier than planned for Thursday night's Who concert, and most of the crowd was orderly while waiting to get inside.

Fans began arriving as early as 4 a.m. Thursday. By the time the gates opened at 3:20 p.m., an estimated 4,000 ticket holders were lined up around the Silverdome and another 3,000 were in the parking lots enjoying the warm afternoon playing Frisbee, drinking and listening to car stereos.

There were problems only during the first few minutes the gates opened. Instead of the series of single-file lines used for the Rolling Stones concert last December, a wide metal gate was used to hold the crowd back Thursday.

One side was opened to allow people in, and pushing from the other side caused several false starts until the crowd could be directed in an orderly flow.

It's common for Silverdome officials to open the gates earlier than planned, as they did for the youthful crowd of rock 'n' roll fans lined up for the general admission concert that was to feature the Who, Eddie Money and the Clash.

NO ARRESTS were reported by 4:30 p.m., although there were some mild incidents in near the gates. As the afternoon wore on, the number of bottles being tossed increased, and chants of "we want in" grew louder.

"At the Stones, by this time the crowd had forced their way to the main gates," said Darrelle Ison, supervisor of the security patrol at the south gate. Ison said Centrax Security had about 150 guards for the show.

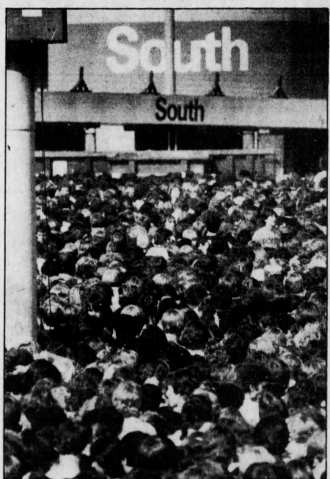
There were also more than 100 uniformed guards from the private Burns Security squad, some of whom carried revolvers. The only reported violence between security guards and ticket holders came at about 3 p.m. when a fight broke out near the south gate. The crowd broke it up.

Still, between the sun and ample supplies of alcohol and drugs, nobody said they were having a bad time.

"I saw the Who in '79, when we were waiting in the piled-up snow," said Tim Hardy, 19, of Windsor. "This is excellent, man. Even the Stones (show) wasn't this nice."

Lisa Blas, 16, of Farmington Hills, agreed. "I love the Who, kick ass, man. Cincinnati was a drag. No one will be killed here. Detroit has too much class," she said, referring to the 1979 show in Cincinnati in which 11 persons were killed as the crowd stampeded into the arena.

"I just wish they had (portable toilets) out in the parking lot so you wouldn't have to do it behind the cars," Blas said.



Free Press Photo By DAVID C. TURNLEY

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Lenny Diaspro, 21, of Dayton, Ohio, watched the scene from the parking lot, in no obvious hurry to get inside.

"You see people getting really, really wasted, and by the time the Who gets on (at 10 p.m.), they'll all be asleep."

Free Press Special Writer Robin Nielsen also contributed to this story.

See how he runs after the runners

By MIKE DUFFY
Free Press Features Critic

Just think, this Sunday morning may be your first chance to watch a TV reporter collapse in total exhaustion right on camera.

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And the chance for watching Wendland prove that the sweathead is not dead will be provided by his employer, WDIV, which is covering the marathon live and in heavy-breathing color, starting at 8:30 a.m.

Wendland, 36, will be running his first marathon. "The hardest part about running is that the ice cubes keep falling out of my glass," said the intrepid marathon novice.

"Don't be fooled. The jokes merely mask his anxiety. 'I can't sleep. I'm having nightmares every night,'" Wendland confessed. He began joggling four years ago to trim excess weight, then started seriously thinking about a marathon last year. Now he's two days away from confronting those 26-plus miles. "Oooh, that's scary," Wendland said.

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By JOHN GUNN
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Good question. Why is MOT spending time (and about \$250,000) to present Detroiters with an unknown opera by an unknown composer to open its 12th season?

Several reasons are possible:

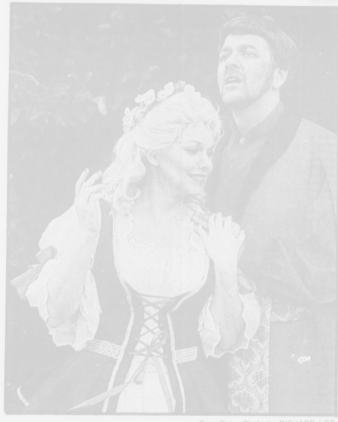
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Detroit's Polish community to help underwrite the production.

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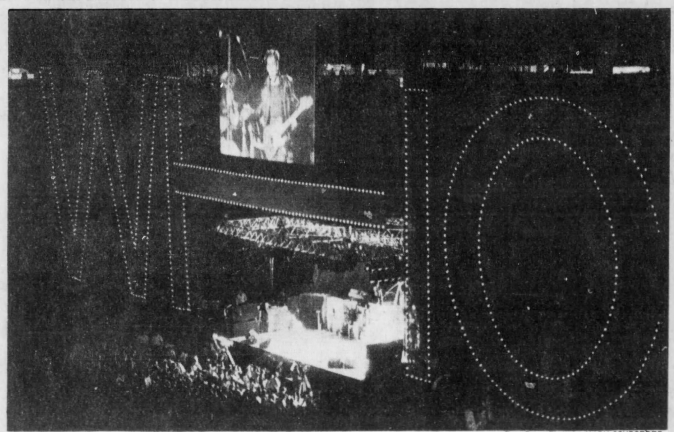
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See BALLET, Page 4C



The Who at the Silverdome in front of 40-foot high letters proclaiming them. A video screen above the stage is showing Pete Townshend performing.

Who pumps up manic rock fans

This story was written by Free Press Asst. Entertainment Editor John Smyntek and reported by staff writers Gary Graff and Johnette Howard and special writers Robin Nielsen and Stuart Logan.

The Who, **the Clash** and Eddie Money rocked 'n' rolled a crowd of more than 70,000 people at the Pontiac Silverdome Thursday night at a giant concert where there was as much manic activity on the floor and in the seats as there was on stage.

Clearly, the sweltering masses — the temperature inside the big donut was much more than the usual 72 degrees — were pumped up by the megadebible sounds of the legendary British

band and its two opening acts.

Thousands of people successfully crashed the security guards stationed to control the crowd on the Silverdome floor, which is normally the football playing field.

Special tickets were required for access to the main floor, but the youthful, rambunctious crowd would simply rush in small groups at the security guards and crash onto the main floor. About 10,000 floor tickets had been sold, but Phil Ober, spokesman for the show producers, Belkin, said thousands more could be safely accommodated on the floor.

See WHO, Page 6C

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See MARATHON, Page 9C



The Who does it right, even in cavernous Silverdome



The Who's Roger Daltrey, left, and Pete Townshend wow the rambunctious Silverdome crowd.

70,000 manic fans rock 'n' roll

WHO, from Page 1C

And while the crashing fans heightened the mayhem, security officials said only 18 arrests had been made by 11 p.m., shortly after the Who went on stage.

The gathering appeared to be much younger — and considerably more active — than the faithful who attended the Rolling Stones' Silverdome concert last year.

Medical personnel said more than 60 fans were treated for various maladies including drug overdose, alcohol abuse and head injuries, presumably from gate-crashing antics and fights. Among the casualties was Craig Ives, a 17-year-old who said he was attacked by a knife-wielding man on the floor. He suffered a minor cut on his chin and was treated in the first aid room.

It was definitely more manic than most concerts. As at the Stones Silverdome concert, the fans on the floor pressed close to the stage, but unlike the Stones' crowd, stage personnel began using garden hoses to spray water on the crushing crowd at the front of the massive stage 90 minutes before Eddie Money, the night's first act, came on stage.

Throughout the evening, stage security urged the swaying masses at the front of the stage to step back, but the pressure kept the jam-packed fans, who were standing toe-to-toe about 45 yards deep, swaying all evening.

One unidentified young woman

with a punkish spiked haircut and green fatigues had to be rescued from the crush in front of the stage by being passed up over the heads of the first rows. "I couldn't breathe. Everyone was pushing so hard, everyone was acting like animals," she said. Another young woman

Another unidentified young man in the same area said, "I got knocked down four times; people were trampling on me, stepping all over me. All anybody cared about was getting up front. They were elbowing and shoving... I didn't even want to be there."

FIRECRACKERS SMUGGLED past security guards were shot off sporadically, and security people had trouble controlling fans in the seats who stage offered the fans yet another view of the Who's giant stage contributed to the problems. Sizable sections of the arena were blocked by scaffolding and lighting structures. Hence, impatient fans wanted to flock closer to the stage for a better view. And one young woman offered the fans yet another view of her naked torso — after climbing the stage before the Who went on.

ELSEWHERE IN the stadium, Dennis Bizzuto, 28, Sue Vull, 17, and Tim Wortley, 17, said obstructed-view seats were all they could find. Wortley said: "We tried to find better seats but couldn't. We (could) just see the guys in T-shirts (stagehands) and light, but the sound is OK... Some people just come to listen. It doesn't matter if you can see, as long as you can listen."

BY GARY GRAFF
Free Press Staff Writer
If any band is going to play for more than 70,000 people in a football stadium, it might as well be the Who.

The band simply has presence. Thursday night at the Pontiac Silverdome, it didn't even need the 40-foot-high letters pronouncing "WHO" to the concertgoers, nor was the video screen above the stage required, though it was a nice touch.

Pete Townshend's windmill-style guitar playing and frantic leaping were dynamic enough to stand out even from the upper deck. Meanwhile, drummer Kenney Jones and bassist John Entwistle, who just stood onstage and looked big, let their playing remind fans they were around. And white-suited singer Roger Daltrey jogged around the stage like he owned the building, the Pistons and the Lions.

THE WHO, in the midst of its ostensibly final tour of America, owned the crowd just seconds into its opening number, "Substitute," even if the house lights stayed on a couple of extra mo-

ments and the vocal mikes didn't work for the first few words.

By the time the band drove into "I Can't Explain," the crowd was a collective gone, lost in fits of hard rock ecstasy as Daltrey whipped his mike around like a lasso.

This tour has differed from the band's 1979-80 opus since there is a new album, "It's Hard," to promote. The new numbers, like Entwistle's "Dangerous" and the title track, gave the show (and the band members) a fresh, alive feel missing from the last tour.

And it worked, even in the cavernous Silverdome, which Townshend noted "was never meant for rock 'n' roll."

THE BOOS ALMOST drowned out the cheers when the Clash was pre-announced after Eddie Money's set.

And when England's last revolutionaries took the stage, there were more boos, mixed with some loud calls for the Who. It was an awesome sound the Clash seemed to ignore, and the quartet turned in a strong, inspired performance.

There were a few probable reasons for the crowd's disapproval. One was certainly disrespect for the main act in the stifling heat of the building.

BUT THE MAJOR reason was a lack of accessible material during the 12-song almost one-hour show. The Clash didn't play "Train in Vain," its biggest American hit; "Clampdown," "Lost in the Supermarket," "Jimmy Jazz" or "Washington Bullets," its most American-related protest song.

Instead, Joe Strummer and Mick Jones led their band through a healthy selection of songs from their latest album, "Combat Rock," which the audience became bored with fast.

There were a few tunes popular with more than the Clash die-hards in the audience. A strong version of "London Calling" opened the set, and "Guns of Brixton" and "Rock the Casbah" were well received.

As they were performed, it was easy to see why the Clash sold out its August show at the Grand Circus in four hours. With a steady drum beat made for jumping up and down to, the band bounced along the stage with an infectious display of energy.

But the audience didn't pick it up, and when the band whipped into "Should I Stay or Should I Go," which sounded better than its Flamenco-riden version on "Combat Rock," most of the audience was shouting a unanimous "Go."

And after a strong closing version of "I Fought the Law," the Clash was gone without an encore.

EDDIE MONEY got the shaft for his opening set, and he knew it.

With the No. 2 selling album in Detroit, he could be headlining Cobo or Joe Louis. Instead he was dropped from second to third bill on the show, and

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sitting down after the Clash's set, he wasn't happy about it.

"I got shafted, period," Money said. "It was a question of fear — I have that No. 2 selling album, and they tried to keep me down."

"I was pleased with the reaction of the kids, though," he added.

THE CROWD was ready for anybody's music when the lights dimmed for Money, right at the advertised 7:30 p.m. starting time. And though his opening number, "You Can't Keep a Good Man Down," is the kind of charging rocker any singer likes to start with, it also proved to be walfright thinking.

Money and his band — led by co-songwriter and guitarist Jimmy Lyon, who was sporting a punky short haircut — were cut down by the top level. Otherwise the drums dominated the mix, the keyboards were lost to view and Money's singing and the guitars sounded awfully thin.

The only part of the Silverdome where the town was tolerable was on the second level off the floor, which was shaded by the overhead of the top level.

Otherwise the drums dominated the mix, the keyboards were lost to view and Money's singing and the guitars sounded awfully thin.

It was a disappointing fate for Mon-

ey, who deserves to headline hockey-arena size shows. Some of his most familiar songs — "Wanna Be a Rock 'n' Roll Star," "No Control" and even "Two Tickets to Paradise" — were often unrecognizable until the choruses.

THERE WERE better moments. The sound on "Gimme Some Water" was clearer, and the security guards in the barrier obliged by spraying water on the crowd from firehoses. The crowd also fired up for "Think I'm in Love" and "Shakin'" — the singles from his latest album, "No Control," and their applause seemed to strengthen Money's performance.

But Money is not a stadium performer. He does well in arenas, but in the furthest reaches of the Silverdome, his energetic stage-stalking — including an overused stance where he stood spread-legged, clasping the microphone above his head — didn't have enough definition to spread his enthusiasm to the whole audience.

The crowd was good to Money, though. It called him back for an encore (a lively version of "Everybody Rock 'n' Roll the Place") and gave him as warm an ovation as he would have gotten at his own headlining show.

Bertini proves again the DSO went astray

With his outstanding performance of Beethoven's "Eroica" Symphony with the Detroit Symphony Orchestra at Ford Auditorium Thursday night, music adviser Gary Bertini proved conclusively that the DSO board made a big mistake letting him slip through its fingers in its search for a new music director.



John Gulian classics

Doubtless there are other conductors about who are worthy of the DSO podium. Some may be superior to Bertini. But Bertini's reading of the "Eroica" Thursday reaffirmed my feeling that he would have been an ideal choice for the music director's post.

Bertini is one of only a very few conductors since Dorati departed who can bring the orchestra to full realization of its potential. He certainly galvanized the group Thursday night, producing as fine a performance of the massive "Eroica" as I've heard.

ONE OF BERTINI'S greatest attributes is his ability to keep in focus the overall shape of a large work while he attends to smaller sections. That attribute was in abundant evidence with the "Eroica."

Tension never flagged, even in the lengthy "Funeral March" movement. Sections were cohesively held together with a natural fluidity. Climaxes were reached with no sense of false calculation. Grandeur permeated the score.

Yet details were etched with a masterful hand. The playing from the first violin section, often sluggish and lacking in unity under other conductors' hands, emerged clearly, with a bright, steady sheen. Sound balances throughout the four movements were effective-

ly realized. Accents were delivered with crispness and authority. Dynamic contrasts were convincingly produced.

THE PROGRAM opened with Mozart's Sinfonia Concertante for winds and orchestra, K. 297b, which on the surface might seem to be no more than playful music of little substance.

That is a deception. From the opening movement's sonata form to the set of variations that make up the finale, this is music brimming over with evidence of solid genius, and Bertini exposed that genius stylishly.

He was aided greatly by the four first-desk men who served as soloists (oboiist Donald Baker, clarinetist Paul Schaller, horn player Eugene Wade and bassoonist Robert Williams). The DSO is quadruply blessed in having these four musicians as principal players, and they excelled both in their solo assignments and in their ensemble playing, dovetailing their talents with admirable success.

The program, which will be repeated this morning at 10:45 and Saturday at 8:30 p.m., shows the DSO at its best. A great deal of the credit for that must go to Bertini. His decision last January to take himself out of the running for the music director's post seemed especially sad after Thursday night. A bird in the hand, after all...

Polish opera to be launched on Detroit stage

OPERA, from Page 1C

barking on what could be called a tradition of presenting ethnically-oriented operas. Last season it was Tigran's "Anoush," the Armenian national opera. This year it's "The Haunted Castle."

David DiChiera, MOT's general director, waxed eloquent about "The Haunted Castle" recently. "We are inordinately proud to join with the Polish-American community in presenting this magnificent opera," DiChiera said. "The work is a celebration of Poland's unique cultural heritage, and it is our great privilege to bring it, through this historic American premiere, into the mainstream of American operatic activity."

"MAGNIFICENT" might be too generous a word to describe "The Haunted Castle." And whether the opera will enter into the operatic mainstream remains to be seen. If it does, it will be due at least as much to Moniuszko's talents as it will to MOT's production.

Moniuszko (1819-72) is generally regarded as the father of Polish opera. He composed about 10 operas, depend-

"The work is a celebration of Poland's unique cultural heritage."

ing on whether you include the several unfinished ones he left behind. His most famous is "Halka," whose premiere in Warsaw in 1858 assured Moniuszko of lasting fame. "The Haunted Castle" came seven years later, opening Sept. 28, 1865.

No less an observer than renowned 19th-century conductor Hans von Bülow was impressed with Moniuszko. He wrote, in the "Neue Zeitschrift für Musik" (the music journal founded by Robert Schumann), "In Moniuszko a highly gifted composer energetically expresses the strength of the national spirit." Others have referred to Moniuszko as "the Polish Smetana," while still others have seen stylistic links in his music with both Italian and French operatic composers.

LISTENING To a taped performance of "The Haunted Castle" while following a score recently, I found it to be extremely affable music, readily accessible to any listener. It shows Moniuszko to be an extremely gifted melodist, an agile writer of choral parts and a thoroughly competent orchestrator.

At times the music approaches greatness. The high point comes in the final act, with an aria loaded with coloratura passages sung by Hanna, one of the female leads. There is also a nice trio for three men in the first act, a pleasantly crafted duet for two women in the second act, and a quartet (with a special cadenza for Hanna) in the third act.

Polish national elements are also present, but with an appreciation of the

opera does not depend solely on them. There is a blockbuster mazurka for chorus and dancers in the final act, as well as the use of polonaise and Krakowiak rhythms at other points.

There is also some evidence that Moniuszko was aware of what his contemporaries were doing: cadences derivative of those employed by Verdi in his middle period ("Rigoletto," "Traviata" and "Aida") were all premiered the decade before "The Haunted

Castle"), much use of the diminished seventh chord in orchestral passages, the trick (often found in Bellini and Donizetti) of having the chorus repeat a salient line sung by a principal, the use of recurrent melodies and harmonic progressions to identify characters and situations (similar to Wagner's leitmotif device).

Moniuszko pegged "The Haunted Castle" as a romantic opera buffa. It is that, and while an assessment of MOT's production (which will be sung in a new English translation) is still to be decided, one must applaud the company for deciding to mount it.

After all, who needs another tepid "Tosca"?

WMU performing arts will have a new home

Western Michigan University today will dedicate the \$16.2 million Dorothy U. Dalton Center for performing arts. More than 400 faculty members and students will participate in the 3 p.m. outdoor ceremonies.

The 160,000-square-foot center will house the school of music, the department of dance and offices of the college of fine arts.

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