

Technician

North Carolina State University's Student Newspaper Since 1920

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Phone 737-2411, -2412

UNCASG to send aid proposal to Legislature

by Gina Blackwood
Staff Writer

A reduction in Basic Educational Opportunity Grants, a major source of financial aid, has made the search for alternate forms of educational financial assistance a necessity.

The lowering of the income eligibility ceiling along with this reduction of BEOGs has severely cut the number of students who can receive grants.

"Last year (1980-82) a family of four with an annual income between \$25,000 and \$30,000, total assets of \$25,000, and one dependent in college was eligible for grant funds," stated a proposal for tuition support for North Carolina students.

This year the upper limit for annual income was \$19,000. This \$6,000 reduction in the income eligibility ceiling caused a drastic drop in the number of students receiving financial aid.

Approximately \$18 million was appropriated by the N.C. General Assembly for Aid to Private Colleges and Private Colleges Legislative Tuition Grants. None of this funding is made available to public college students.

Aid to Private Colleges, a program started in 1972, is designed to assist North Carolina's private institutions in the education of N.C. residents.

The sum of \$200 is available, through current legislation, to private institutions of higher learning for each full-time North Carolina undergraduate student at the institution.

"Early in the summer a super-subcommittee voted to recommend to the General Assembly a tentative appeal to raise the aid to private colleges to \$1,500 per student per year," Jim Yocum, Student Senate president, said. "After protests were lodged by the University of North Carolina system, UNCASG (University of North Carolina Association of Student Government), and state legislators, the committee merely voted to recede the recommendation and voted to approve a statement recognizing the need for Aid to Private Colleges."

If the bill to raise aid to private colleges goes through, less money will be available to students in the UNC system because there will be less money in the general fund, Yocum said.

Lt. Gov. Jimmy Green and former Governor Terry Sanford are primarily the backers of the bill to raise the aid to private colleges.

"The private colleges are pushing for this extra money on the grounds that the UNC system is state-supported competition," Yocum said. "They believe that they should receive compensation for the students who are lost to state-supported universities."

"Private colleges are less cost efficient so their total cost of educating students is higher," Yocum said. "If they were more cost efficient, they could draw more students into their schools."

Private colleges want the extra funding from the state but they do not want to follow any of the rules that go along with the state support and they still consider themselves to be private, Yocum said.

At their September meeting, the University of North Carolina Association of Student Governments proposed that:

- There be created a state tuition advance fund with an annual increment until it reaches a level which will have stability as a revolving fund.

- The loan programs have a non-punitive pay back mechanism. "This would hold the institutions responsible for the collection of the loan at an acceptable rate and continued eligibility," the UNCASG proposal said.

- All North Carolina students who attend accredited colleges or universities within the state, public or private, be eligible for tuition loans to attend North Carolina institutions.

"The UNCASG will send this proposal to the General Assembly and lobbying will take place there," Yocum said.



Technician file photo

A new homecoming queen will be crowned Saturday by the reigning queen even though SAAC feels like the contest is unfair.

SAAC questions judging process, queen selection

by Lola Britt
Staff Writer

The Society for Afro American Cultures held a meeting Tuesday night in the cultural center to discuss Alpha Phi Omega's homecoming queen election procedures. The students felt there were several discrepancies in APO's homecoming queen interviews. They are as follows:

- The questions were not standardized during the interview.

- The selection process was not adequately publicized.

- The criteria for judging was not completely clear.

- The judges did not have all applications.

"The issue is not the five young black ladies who we felt were qualified but were eliminated," Jesse Dillard, president of SAAC, said. "The issue is the procedures and policies of APO that put these and other candidates at a disadvantage."

Representatives from SAAC and from APO along with their advisers met with some University officials to discuss the discrepancies and a possibility of a write-in candidate. The request for a write-in candidate was denied.

"The reason we disagree with write-in votes is because the purpose of having the judges is to guarantee that the girl who does get elected homecoming queen will represent the University well," Harold Davis, first vice president of APO, said.

Carla Watson, a senior in accounting and sponsored as a contestant by Delta Sigma Theta sorority, said, "I feel that the interview was relaxed, but the procedures used were not fair for all of the candidates."

Deady Hill, a senior in speech communications sponsored by and president of Alpha Kappa Alpha sorority, said, "I don't think that the majority

(See "Election," page 8)

Draft prosecution

by Eiman Khalil
Staff Writer

Draft registration was introduced again by the Carter administration in the aftermath of the Soviet Union's invasion of Afghanistan. In the two years since its introduction, many young males in the draft age have registered; many have not.

Although an exact figure of the number of non-registrants is not known, the federal government plans to begin prosecuting as many as possible.

"Some estimates of non-registrants range as high as 20 percent," said John Russell, spokesman for the Public Affairs Division of the U.S. Department of Justice.

A list of 134 names of possible non-registrants has already been turned into his office. The list of names was reduced to 108 because some people listed were aliens and are thus exempt from registration. Now the Justice Department plans to seek out the young men who should have registered but did not.

Letters will be sent to those young men on the list, telling them they should register or prepare for a maximum penalty of "five years in prison or a fine of \$10,000," Russell said. They will, however, receive a

second warning before the prosecutions begin. Their names will then be turned over to the FBI which will take over the rest of the process.

When asked whether the government would make good on its claim to prosecute, Russell said, "Yes." When asked whether or not all registration evaders would be caught, he said he did not believe that all of them could be caught but said that "the government would do everything in its power to try to catch all of them."

Russell said the Reagan administration was giving the Justice Department "full support" in its efforts despite the political sensitivity of the registration issue. In addition, the Office of Management and Budget has allocated "all necessary monies needed to contact the young men."

When asked about the cost of the nationwide effort, Russell said he had no idea what the cost would be. That would depend on how long and how strong the effort would be, he said, adding that Congress would be the body to go to get money allocated.

When asked whether the draft registration was a failure, Russell said that would not be a fair statement. To call it a failure would be to use "harsh language," he said.



Technician file photo

Students protest at a 1970 Peace Retreat. Although no wars exist now to involve the U.S. citizens, the government will still prosecute draft resisters.

Justice Department says it will begin prosecuting non-registrants

Gay candidate for city council post tired of threats

by Mike Mahan
News Editor

Bob Hoy, past president of NCSU (State) Gay Community, is tired of the constant threats and hassling he has received since he announced his intentions of running for city council post, Aug. 26.

Hoy said he has received several threats over the phone ranging from "You ought to stay in the closet" to "You're a faggot; you ought to be killed." He also said he has had problems with keeping campaign posters up.

"I realized my campaign was going to cause an adverse reaction with the public, but I didn't think it would this

much," he said, adding that loss of posters has been "particularly vicious" along Avent Ferry Road.

"I feel like if I was running as a communist I would get much less flak," he said. "It's very frustrating to lose 75 percent of the material we put out."

Hoy, a student patrol officer at State, said that since last Friday when he started putting up campaign posters and signs, he has lost 119 signs which he has planted in the ground with stakes and found 35 posters shredded.

"The poles cost 25 cents apiece and the signs cost 14 cents apiece," he said. "We're trying to replace them but we're running out of money."

Hoy said he has contacted the Raleigh Police Department about the threats and loss of campaign material, and they suggested he tap his phone in order to find where the threats are coming from. It was also suggested to him that he get some kind of protection.

Hoy, though, isn't going to tap his phone or get the protection. He said he is going to disconnect his phone soon anyway and that the protection would cost too much.

When Hoy, 27, announced his intention to run for the district D position in city council, he termed his decision to run as a "largely symbolic" gesture toward the gays.

He said he doesn't regret that decision now, but is upset at the reaction he has gotten from the public.

"I'm furious; my campaign staff is depressed," he said, adding that the threats and loss of campaign material are not going to suppress his campaign. "All I ask is to be able to run a campaign like anyone else in this democracy," he said.

"Anybody who takes a stance on an issue and says he doesn't regret it at some time, of course, is not telling the truth. Overall, it's been my decision and I have to live with it. I could say some good things have come from it."

"Just the fact that someone took a stance ... to let someone know that

we exist. We should have our civil rights like anyone else. We're not someone to hate and loath all the time."

Hoy said he feels like he's in a "zoo." His friends are backing off from him. He walks into a bathroom and everyone runs out. People snicker at him as he walks throughout the campus. A window in his apartment was broken. An egg was thrown at his apartment. His motorcycle's gasoline line has been cut twice.

"It shocks me that it's such a big deal," he said. "It's hard for me to fathom."

"I'm just a person."



Bob Hoy

SAE establishes committee, purges members

by Ann Houston
Staff Writer

Adhering to stipulations placed on it by Student Development, State's

chapter of Sigma Alpha Epsilon has formed a new Alumni Commission which has the task of reviewing the fraternity's members and purging those who do not live up to the frater-

nity's expectations.

Five SAE members have been purged; one was suspended from brotherhood until after graduation and several were put on academic probation. No SAE brother can let his GPA fall below 2.0 for more than two semesters, Bill Thorne, SAE's treasurer, said.

"It's something that has been painful to me and the fraternity," SAE President Buddy Kinlaw said of the purging.

The purging trial process is sanctioned by SAE national law, according to Alumni Commission member John Hopkins.

SAE is working toward regaining the lease on its University house on west Fraternity Court, which was lost over the summer because of a series of occurrences beginning about three years ago, according to Larry Gracie, director of Student Development.

The latest occurrences which caused the fraternity to lose its lease were two bottle-throwing incidents.

Two years ago SAE was put on probation because of financial problems, Gracie said. Later had conducted multiplied SAE's troubles.

SAE may be able to regain its lease during the spring semester. Thorne said the stipulations have been met and he sees no problem in getting the lease back.

The Alumni Commission consists of six alumni members who live in Raleigh.

The commission was responsible for the purging trials and will monitor the brothers' academics and socials, according to Hopkins.

To fulfill Student Development's stipulations, the fraternity has hired a resident adviser, Lou White, to live with the brothers in the house.

SAE gained three pledges during rush this fall, but Kinlaw is very pleased with the number.

"There just didn't seem to be that many people coming through rush," he said. "The fact is we have three excellent pledges."

"We had a condensed rush of about a week," Thorne said. "We had a lot of small, really personal parties, with a lot of one-on-one contact."

The chapter's membership is approximately 30, Thorne said, so they

(See "SAE," page 8)



Staff photo by Cleyton Brinkley

Bummed out?

A transient lies on a nearby bench unaware of E.M. Valentine's plans to alleviate him and others on Hillsborough Street.

inside weather

— IRC passes the buck to SGA. Page 2.

— Cavs to feel Pack's wrath. Page 4.

— Harriers to run against Tech, Mountaineers. Page 5.

— Leon Jordan and his Continentals to perform. Page 6.

Today — variably cloudy with a high in the mid-70s. Lows will drop into the 40s. Weekend — fair and sunny weather make for a pleasant homecoming weekend. Highs around 70 with lows in the 40s. (Forecast provided by student meteorologists Joel Elin, James Merrell and Allan Van Meter.)

Correction and clarification

The Technician's Monday editorial erroneously stated that the dormitory under construction next to the general athletics facility is being built to house athletes. According to Associate Dean of Student Affairs Gerald Hawkins, the original reason for building the 500-bed residence hall was to accommodate athletes but that plan has since been changed.

State's Athletic Department officials decided in November 1980 that their fund-raising organization, the Wolfpack Club, was unable to finance the dormitory, according to Hawkins. The University is currently funding the project.

However, Hawkins said no decision has been made concerning the number of athletes who will be allowed to live in the dormitory. He said he "feels sure" the majority of beds will be made available to non-athletes since the Wolfpack Club is having difficulty raising enough funds to pay for the general athletics facility and could not possibly finance the dormitory too. The Athletics Department has financed part of the construction cost for the residence hall, but no decisions have been made by University officials concerning reimbursement to the department.

Hawkins cited two reasons why the dormitory is being built next to the general athletics facility. The first was the availability of land in that area and the second was the density of dormitories on all other parts of campus.

Technician Opinion

A paper that is entirely the product of the student body becomes at once the official organ through which the thoughts, the activity, and in fact the very life of the campus, is registered. It is the mouthpiece through which the students themselves talk. College life without its journal is blank.

— the Technician, vol. 1, no. 1, February 1, 1920

Benedict Arnold look-alike

At its Sept. 24 meeting, the Inter-Residence Council voted to take no position on the administration's proposed plan to institute five all-freshman dormitories next year. By its action — or inaction — it has taken a stand; it has in effect endorsed the administration's plan. The residents of the four dormitories scheduled to be converted — Metcalf will remain an all-freshman dormitory — should consider themselves insulted by the IRC's latest vote.

The IRC is supposed to represent the students who live on campus, not the administration. Perhaps part of the problem stems from the attitude among the IRC leadership: according to IRC Vice President Bill Peery, the proposed plan is definite and there is no use trying to change it.

Where is it written in the sky that the administration's proposal is final? As long as campus residents are disgruntled — and they are disgruntled — the IRC should attempt to change the proposed arrangements. Agreed, the IRC should work to carry out the final solution — a solution agreed upon by the IRC, Student Government and, most importantly, the residents who will be affected by the plan. But no solution has been agreed upon by those three groups; if every student leader adopted Peery's viewpoint, there would

be no point in having elected student leaders.

Those students who live in Tucker, Bowen, Sullivan and Lee dormitories and are opposed to the plan should first tell their IRC representatives. If that does not produce results — and the outlook for that is grim — then students should start petitions and write letters to the Technician or to their favorite administrator from among the following: Director of Residence Life Charles Oglesby, Associate Dean for Student Affairs Charles Haywood, Vice Chancellor for Student Affairs Banks Talley or Acting Chancellor Nash Winstead.

The IRC representatives from the four dormitories that are becoming all-freshman are opposed to the plan. Many of the residents of those dormitories are opposed to the plan. Judging from Wednesday's Chancellor's Liaison Committee meeting, most of State's student leaders are opposed to the plan.

Regardless of all this, it's obvious the administration does not realize the extent of student opposition since the one organization responsible for telling them — the IRC — didn't. The buck has been passed to Student Government. Perhaps its leadership can do a better job of representing the student viewpoint — a job at which the IRC has failed miserably.

American Journal

Dream community preferable to sterility

They knocked down another movie palace in my town recently: dismantled the grand marquee, all winking, colored, electric lights; ripped out the red velvet seats; pulled up the carpets over which three generations of celluloid addicts trod, popcorn and candy in hand, their eyes glued to the giant silver screen. It wasn't the first old movie theater to fall prey to changing social customs and economic imperatives; it won't be the last.

The lucky old dream palaces, the ones that aren't torn down, are twinned, trebled and quadrupled — diced into tiny boxes, sound seeping through the thin partitions separating Cinema 1 from Cinema 43, the screens criminally small, seats set at weird angles in what used to be sumptuous balconies. They're not much, but at least they're working theaters and not parking lots or condos.

I mourn the passing of the old movie theaters — the Paramounts and Foxes and Loews of motion picture past — because I savor the experience of going out, ensconcing myself in impossibly ornate buildings and passing the evening with hundreds of other people. Movies are a shared experience and there is a community, however fragile and fleeting, among moviegoers. We share the same waking dreams.

That's all changing, of course. Movies, which once provided a cheap night out for middle-class and working people, now cost \$4 and \$5 a head as Hollywood cranks out fewer films with ever-inflating budgets. The

grand old theaters, what's left of them, sit in decaying neighborhoods where fear of crimes committed by people who can't get out keeps away those who have left.

So instead of nurturing the community of the past we entertain a future filled with individually owned techno-toys: video discs and cassettes; seven-foot television screens; cable TV with hundreds of channels; dishes for receiving direct satellite-to-home transmis-

David Armstrong

sions. We'll have private media rooms and home entertainment centers, the experts tell us, that are safe, familiar and comfortable. Our homes will increasingly become places where we play, and — with the use of home computers and keyboards linked to TV screens — work.

Like a lot of new technological applications, the home entertainment center is being promoted by gushing futurists — and manufacturers — as a vast improvement over the bad old days when people actually had to move from one place to another. Personally, I'm not so sanguine. I'll miss the sociability of going out to the movies, the surrealistic architecture of the old buildings, the silver screens big enough to drive a Mack truck into and disappear. What's so great about staying home with



Conservative Thought

Priest exemplifies inconsistencies of Left

The appearance of Daniel Berrigan, a Catholic priest, at State Tuesday afternoon illustrated many of the inconsistencies within the far Left in the United States — inconsistencies which have existed for years.

The first of these was in the co-sponsoring of his visit to Raleigh by the local Catholic diocese and the Greensboro Justice Fund — a propaganda front of the atheistic Communist Workers' Party. A member of the justice fund distributed articles sympathetic to the CWP — copied from religious magazines. American leftists, including Berrigan, were mixing

politics with religion long before the Rev. Jerry Falwell founded the Moral Majority.

"Non-violence" is ordinarily understood to mean peaceful — if illegal — protest, such as that practiced by Mohandas Gandhi and Mar-

peared most were prearranged. His response to the question of whether he thought everyone should practice civil disobedience was particularly self-contradictory. At one point he advocated civil disobedience; later, he somewhat discouraged the practice.

The CWP involvement with the appearance was quite inconsistent with Berrigan's anti-war activism. While he advocates non-violence — and urged young Americans not to fight in Vietnam — the CWP glorifies those shot in Greensboro as "fallen soldiers" who died fighting for the communist goal of violent overthrow of existing government.

Perhaps the ultimate irony was the "capitalist" activities of the leftists which occurred in conjunction with Berrigan's appearance. A justice fund member sold Sandi Smith (one of the five CWP members who died in the Greensboro incident) posters and "Plowshares Eight" booklets as part of the "fund-raising" goal of the tour expressed by the fund's executive director, Marty Nathan. A student distributed handbills offering a free four-week trial period for a "radical newsweekly" — all in the finest tradition of free enterprise.

Leftism in the United States remains as inconsistent — and opportunistic — as it was at its beginning during the Russian Revolution.

Matt Maggio is a staff columnist for the Technician.



Matt Maggio

tin Luther King Jr. Berrigan's activities — from napalming draft office records to smashing missile components — are clearly inconsistent with the non-violence he preaches.

Although obviously a man of action, Berrigan is an unconvincing speaker who contradicts himself. In the question-and-answer session following his speech, he gave no clear response to any question — although it ap-

a batch of clever — and expensive, you may be sure — electronic toys, anyway?

And what's so great about working at home? Oh, I've heard the arguments for it. Instead of driving to the job and wasting all that energy, the arguments go, we can work safely and ecologically at home. Heck, we can labor in our ratty underwear, if we want to, with a half-eaten sandwich and a drink at our terminals. Like all progress, it's happening because it's good for us.

Sounds great, but again it's the social aspect that's missing from this technocratic vision of Utopia-around-the-corner. What happens to the friendships most people make at work by coming into contact with living, breathing human beings? What about the political power that people who actually see one another every day acquire when they organize? Who is going to land — or be assigned — the bulk of the stay-at-home jobs? Women? Will the kids be there too? Call me a mossback conservative if you like, but the personal and political implications of the new technologies are, to my mind, far from liberating.

So as another baroque movie palace is reduced to rubble or abruptly mutated into a four-plex, our lives too are scheduled to be remade. Me, I prefer the floating dream-community of the old theaters and the gritty but sociable reality of the workplace to the shiny, sterile, solitary future being designed for us.

Here and Now

N-O-W spells end of savings accounts

WASHINGTON — Ronald Reagan and other parents must wonder why their children don't save money anymore. In March, Americans withdrew over \$1.7 billion from passbook savings accounts alone, a new record for any one-month period.

What happened to the Great American Savings Account?

Well, Mr. President, it's gone — like a broken piggy bank. With inflation hovering at 13 percent annually, the measly 5-percent passbook account is at worst a waste of time and at best a childish exercise in thrift.

Most people we know have given up saving entirely. They can't afford it. Rents are prohibitively high, home loans are out of sight and heating bills have, for some, made groceries a luxury.

What's most startling is that young Americans who've chosen to live alone in greater numbers than ever before aren't even trying to "put a little away."

Maybe their parents never gave them piggy banks, yet most of our friends don't even know how to save. With what little money they have they buy name brands, have their laundry done professionally and think nothing of paying \$4.50 to see a movie in Dolby stereo.

One 22-year-old friend makes \$11,000 a year working only three days a week; yet her savings habits lead her to complain she can't afford French Ross coffee beans to pulverize in her chic German coffee grinder. It's lifestyles like this that are keeping young

Americans from saving these days. Once away from Mom and Dad, the free spenders want to duplicate quickly the life they've left

Maxwell Glen Cody Shearer

behind: a late-model car, ample living space, stylish furniture, vacation time and some of the most frivolous kitchen gadgets imaginable.

An Ohio couple we know couldn't wait until they were married to drop \$3,000 on an antique bedroom set. The collegiate couple, both of whom are on scholarships, plan to honeymoon in the Middle East as soon as they get married and find the money.

Like many Americans, this couple also has opened a NOW account in preparation for their life together. These new "interest-bearing" checking accounts are more dangerous than credit cards and will enable thousands to flush their savings from high school down the drain.

Though NOW accounts were originally designed for older, wealthier depositors, they've caught on with young people as well. And though it's hard to say for sure, it looks like some have dumped everything into these accounts so they can earn interest and write checks too.

Though NOWs may sound tempting, they're no way for young people to earn any

real interest. Many banks penalize customers for falling below the minimum balance, while others charge for each transaction. These two fees could possibly wipe out the annual interest in several months; some institutions refuse to pay any interest for an entire year if you goof once.

Nevertheless, by mid-March almost \$36.6 billion had been deposited in new NOW accounts — 10 weeks after the federal government permitted banks and savings associations to pay interest on checking accounts for the first time since 1933.

If young people were really interested in saving, they'd dump their money into a less accessible account. Until they do, the 5 1/2 percent NOW account just makes it easier to spend NOW what you earned THEN.

No one can be sure why young people are so uninterested in saving for the future.

Raised in an era of seemingly limitless prosperity, many have grown accustomed to getting anything they wanted. But as the future has darkened, young Americans have lost all faith and are spending as quickly as they can.

Arthur Levine, author of *When Dreams and Heroes Died — A Portrait of Today's College Student*, contends that today's fatalism has fueled a new hedonism. "There is a growing belief among college students that, if they are doomed to ride on the Titanic, they at least ought to make the trip pleasant — make that lavish — as possible, go first class, for they assume there is nothing better."

Field Enterprises

Technician masthead and staff list including Editor in Chief Tucker Johnson, News Editor Mike Mahan, and various other roles.

The Technician wants YOU to join the staff.

Like to write? Then you are our kind of person.

Come by the offices in Student Center suites 3120 and 3121

and talk to any of the departmental editors.

crien

All Crien items must be fewer than 30 words in length and must be typed or legibly printed on 8 1/2 X 11 paper. Items submitted that do not conform to the above specifications will not be run. Only one item from a single organization will be run in an issue. The Technician will attempt to run all items at least once before their meeting date, but no item will appear more than three times. The deadline for all Crien is 5 p.m. the date of publication for the previous issue. Items may be submitted in Student Center suite 3120. Crien is run on a space-avaliable basis and the Technician is in no way obligated to run any Crien item.

GERARD O'NEILL will give a lecture at UNC, 8 p.m., Oct. 6.

classifieds

Classifieds cost 15¢ per word with a minimum charge of \$2.25 per insertion. All ads must be prepaid. Mail check and ad to Classifieds, P.O. Box 5689, College St. Station, Raleigh, N.C. 27650. Deadline is 5 p.m. on the date of publication for the previous issue. Liability for mistakes in ad is limited to refund or reprinting and must be reported to our offices within two days after first publication of ad.

SUPER STUDENT SPECIAL. Available immediately. 1 & 2 bedroom modern apart. meals, stove, refrigerator, dishwasher, garbage disposal included. Quiet location. Only 6 miles from NCSU. From \$255.00. Tryon Village Apartments 772-9453.

RECORD CONVENTION 5. Sunday, October 10, 6-25 Dealers Selling, Buying, Trading Albums and 45's, 1950's to 1980's, \$30 ad. mission. Big Barn Convention Center, Daniel Boone Antique Village, Hillsborough.

COMPLETE B/W Darkroom gear. Dust M301 Enlarger, Zeiss Lens, Trays, Tank etc. \$200.00. Call Pk1 781-9802 after 8 p.m.

TUTOR NEEDED to help me with PY25 several days a week for couple hours. Call Puffy at 832-8945.

COLLEGE STUDENTS TO WORK in grocery store. Variable hours around your schedule. Call 833-8572.

ACM MEETING 7:30 p.m., 307 Mann Hall, Oct. 6, topic "Your Future in Computer Science."

ASME field trip to CP&L's Sharon Harris Plant Wed., Oct. 7, meet in M.A.E. Lounge at 2:15 p.m. Wear long pants and hard shoes.

ANY FEMALE student interested in becoming a manager for the NCSU Women's Basketball Team should contact Coach Frich at 737-2880 or come by rm 122 Reynolds.

AATCC trip to Technical Center, Mon., Oct. 5, meet in DCL 101, 8:30 p.m. All textile students are welcome.

NCSU FORESTRY CLUB will meet, Tues., Oct. 6, 7 p.m., in rm 2010 Bultmore Hall. All interested are urged to attend.

MEETING for all those signed up for the spring break Bahamas drive trip will be held Wed., Oct. 7, rm 214 Carmichael Gym, 6:30 p.m. Be there, Aloha!

ATTENTION ALL WOMEN'S Soccer Club Members: We will have our first practice Oct. 12, 4:30 p.m., on lower Intramural Field. All new players are welcome! Please remember your soccer ball.

YOUNG DEMOCRATS of NCSU will meet Thurs., Oct. 8, 7:30 p.m., Green Room, Student Center. All interested persons are welcome.

WOMEN'S SUPPORT GROUP is being started by the Counseling Center to address concerns of women. Will meet Thurs., 3-4:30 p.m. Contact Molly Glander or Lois Rosenberg, 200 Harris Hall, 737-2423.

BADMINTON CLUB - Anyone interested in participating in the Badminton Club should attend a short but very important meeting Mon., Oct. 5, rm 213 Carmichael Gym, 6 p.m.

4-H COLLEGIATE CLUB meeting, Oct. 6, 7:30 p.m., 308 Ricks Hall

OPEN RACQUETBALL - Entries are now being taken in the Intramural Office through Oct. 21. Play begins Oct. 26.

PRE-MEDICENT CLUB will meet Tues., Oct. 6, 7 p.m., rm 3533 Gardner Hall. Important meeting. All interested freshmen are encouraged to attend.

NCSU PHOTOGRAPHY CLUB will have an organizational meeting on Tues., Oct. 6, Brown Room, 7 p.m. All interested students invited to attend. New input welcome.

AGROMECK LAYOUT STAFF meets Sun., Oct. 4, 8 p.m., in the office. Layout seminar in Nov. will be discussed.

BUCKEYE CELLULOSE CORP. will be addressing the TAPPI meeting Mon., Oct. 5, 6:30 p.m., 2010 Bitmore. Interviewing techniques geared toward Pulp and Paper Careers will be discussed. Snacks and beverage.

FOUND Bernike female puppy call 737-5523, 6847.

PIG PICKIN - Sat., Oct. 3, 5-7 p.m., NCSU/Meredith Baptist Student Center, \$5.00. Proceeds support student summer messes. Free square dance afterwards. Tickets available at the Baptist Student Center.

HOMECOMING PARADE, "Virginia is for Lovers" On Sat., Oct. 3, following areas will have to be cleared of all cars by 7:30 a.m.: Riddick Lot, Dan Allen Dr. and Cass Ave.

SOCIETY OF BLACK ENGINEERS will present the program "Interweaving Techniques and Expectations" with Buckeye Cellulose Corp. Mon., Oct. 5, Packhouse, 12 noon, lunch will be provided.

SOCIETY OF WOMEN ENGINEERS will meet Oct. 6, 8 p.m., Walnut Room of the Student Center for a Wine and Cheese Party sponsored by Buckeye Cellulose. All engineers are invited.

STUDY ABROAD? There will be a meeting for all students interested in studying in a foreign country, Oct. 6, 7:30 p.m., Alexander International's basement. Light refreshments.



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 and all the trimmings
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rathskeller
 2412 HILLSBOROUGH STREET - RALEIGH

The 'Also Adds'

You can get a good meal at most restaurants. However, it's often the little "Also Adds" that make a place really stand out.

At the Rathskeller, we have a lot of "Also Adds". In addition to things like Homemade Breads, Soups, and Desserts, we "Also Add" things like real butter, real whipped cream, Dijon Mustard, fresh vegetables, and premium Yuban coffee.

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THOMPSON THEATRE

Injury-riddled Pack to face Cavs

Sideline Insights

Terry Kelley

It could be said that the Virginia Cavaliers have gone from riches to rags.

Last year the Cavaliers were 2-1 after three games with a 1-1 conference mark and had high hopes of finishing well in the ACC — something that doesn't happen too often in Charlottesville, Va. Cavalier fans were hyped but that all soon came to a close.

Virginia, which will visit Carter-Finley Stadium for State's first afternoon game of the year Saturday at 1, finished with a 4-7 mark and stayed home during bowl season again. This year the Cavs are not riding as high. With an offensive line that was hurt by graduation — the coupled with the loss of tailback Tommy Vigorito — the Cavalier offense has not produced enough points to win this year.

The Cavs are off to an 0-3 start and will come to Raleigh just as Maryland did last week — with a chip on their shoulder. Tied with Wake Forest for last place in the conference, the Cavs are hungry for a win.

"Their front seven are as physical as any team we have faced this year," State head football coach Monte Kiffin said. "Their defense is unbelievable against the run. They get hurt on the passing. But if you were playing us and defending us would you gang up on the run or would you drop people back on the pass."

"I mean they're going to look at the Maryland film and our passing game isn't exactly going to scare them. They're going to gang up on the running game and really our strength is our running game right now."

But the Pack is also hungry for a win. Sure, State is 3-1 and may not exactly be starved out of the win column. But after last week's humiliating 34-9 loss to Maryland, the Pack will be looking to take out their frustrations of a week ago on the winless Cavs.

A homecoming crowd in excess of 40,000 is expected to witness the 31st meeting between the two teams in which the Pack holds a 23-6-1 series edge. The Cavs have not beaten the Pack since the 1971 meeting which Virginia won 14-10 at Carter Stadium. Since joining the ACC the Pack holds a more decisive 18-1 edge in the series.

State may be hurting when it comes up against the Cavaliers Saturday since it has been crippled defensively by various injuries. Five of the Pack's top six defensive linemen are injured and if that is not enough, tailback Joe McIntosh has not practiced so far this week.

The tackle position is the most banged up with Doug Howard, Todd Blackwell and Dennis Owens all hobbled by injury. Middle guard Al DellaPorta is also injured and may be replaced by Greg Matthews in the starting lineup Saturday, according to offensive coordinator Pete Carroll. Tackle Greg Steele will definitely be out Saturday.



Staff photo by Simon Griffiths

State defenders, surrounding East Carolina's Carlton Nelson, are a bit beat up going into Saturday's conference contest with Virginia.

McIntosh, who ranks fifth in the nation in rushing with a 161.2-yard-per-game average, has been bothered by a bruised thigh that could pose a big problem for the Pack if he cannot play, although he is not expected to miss the game.

The Pack will have a good chance to work on its passing game this week against a young Cavalier secondary. However, State did not receive good performances from either Tol Avery or his backup Ron Laraway last week and that part of the State offense is still questionable.

"We need to have Tol going more to his secondary receivers," Kiffin said. "But everything Saturday night was not Tol's fault. Sometimes the pass protection broke down. Sometimes the receiver turned the wrong way. There were a lot of factors contributing to it."

"But it wouldn't make any difference if we were playing Ohio State this week. We've got to be concerned about ourselves. We must regroup, and we must learn from the mistakes we made against Maryland. You can't make seven turnovers against the Little Sisters of the Poor and expect to win. We've got to get things back together again."

The Cavs will be trying to get things together for the first time this year. The offense showed signs of coming around against Duke in a 29-24 loss last week, but the week

(See "Virginia," page 5)

Athlete of the Week

State free safety Louie Meadows is the Technician athlete of the week for the weeks of Sept. 19-25 and Sept. 26-Oct. 2.

Meadows, a 5-10, 189-pound junior from Maysville, was instrumental in State's 31-10 shellacking of East Carolina Sept. 19 and gave a valiant effort in the Pack's 34-9 loss to conference foe Maryland.

Against the Bucs, Meadows sealed the Pack's win with a 64-yard punt return for a touchdown. He also received the defensive game ball for his performance in that game.

Meadows demonstrated hustle and determination by blocking two field-goal attempts in State's loss to Maryland. He has 39 total tackles this season, including eight solos, 14 first hits and two quarterback sacks for a total of 16 yards.

Meadows currently leads the ACC in punt returns, with an average of 15.2 yards per return.



Staff photo by Simon Griffiths

Booters kick Pirates for 5th shutout, 5-0

by Devin Steele
Sports Writer

Two goals by Prince Afejuku and Francis Moniedafe propelled State's soccer team to its third-straight victory, a 5-0 zipping of East Carolina in the Pirates' Ficklen Stadium Wednesday night.

The shutout, which lifted the Pack's record to 7-1, was goalkeeper Chris Hutson's fifth of the season, while felling the Bucs to 2-5.

"We played really, really well," said State coach Larry Gross, whose booters visit College Park, Md., Sunday for their second conference game of the season. "It was really a total team effort. I'd like to commend the great offensive effort of Prince and Francis."

"There was a good East Carolina crowd in the

stadium. The field was a narrow one, 61 yards. They had the cheerleaders and pep band on hand, which really gave them a lot of momen-



Staff photo by Simon Griffiths

tum. I think we handled them real well considering they had the adrenalin flowing with their support."

Afejuku scored the Wolfpack's only goal of the first half, taking an assist (See "Booters," page 5)

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Engineers

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On-Campus interviewer Gene Roy

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Wolfpack spikers to play in Invitational

by Devin Steele
Sports Writer

State's volleyball team will encounter its third tournament weekend in a row when it participates in the South Carolina Invitational today and Saturday in Columbia, S.C.

The 11-2 Wolfpack will be looking to improve its tournament record which has given State the most trouble the past two years. State finished fourth in the event a year ago - its worst showing of the season.

"We haven't played good in this tournament the past two seasons," State assistant head coach Cathy Tamsberg said. "We have the capability of changing that this year. There's a lot of visibility for the team. Everybody's back now, reasonably healthy."

The 12-team tournament is made up of five teams the Wolfpack has already faced in its young season, including ACC-rivals Clemson and North Carolina, who contributed in both of the Pack's losses.

State's pool is composed of host South Carolina, which meets State first this morning, Division II national champion Morehead, Virginia Tech, powerhouse Tennessee and College of Charleston, which was State's latest victim last weekend.

Pool B matches up the Tar Heels and the Wolfpack Invitational-champion Tigers tonight. East Carolina, East Tennessee State, Mississippi State and always-tough Georgia round out the pool.



Staff photo by Simon Griffiths

Stacey Schaeffer and Liz Ewy rise to the occasion in last weekend's Wolfpack invitational tournament.

"Of the teams in our pool, Tennessee is probably the toughest," Tamsberg said. "It will be a real good match. We lost to them last season and we're glad we're playing them again this year. That'll be a test of our strength."

"Morehead is a team from Kentucky that our kids will probably underestimate. We play South Carolina first. That match is really unpredictable. They've got a new coach, and I think their best player graduated."

The top three finishers in today's pool action will advance to Saturday's single-elimination tournament.

"I don't know if we'll play (North) Carolina or Clemson," Tamsberg said. "UNC is really at a disadvantage going into the tournament, in that they've only played four matches. They also have a new setter and middle blocker. Yet, I think they and Clemson are the teams to beat."

The Tar Heels upended the Pack 7-15, 15-8, 15-9,

Harriers to run against Tech, Mountaineers

by Todd McGee
Sports Writer

This weekend the men's and women's cross-country teams compete in their final regular-season meet at Virginia Tech. Both teams face Tech and West Virginia, while the nationally third-ranked women must also contend with East Tennessee State.

The women appear to be in good shape. "Sue Overbey, Suzanne (Girard), Betty (Springs) and Sande (Cullinane) are all running well," coach Tom Jones said. "Lisa Beck has also shown improvement."

The men, however, are not in as good shape. John George and Jeff Hutchinson are still out with injuries and it is not known when they will return. Jones hopes they will be ready by the state meet Oct. 18 in Durham.

No. 4 runner Bobby Jones has also been under the spell of a cold this week and may not be at full strength.

"Todd Smoot has shown

definite improvement," Jones said, adding that he looks to Smoot for the No. 5 man this meet. Jones said he knew little of the opponents, but "ex-

pects) the women to not have as tough a time as the men." West Virginia's program is rebuilding and is not expected to produce much of a challenge for either team.

ETSU and Tech will not produce a challenge for the women, but Tech's men will be a definite challenge, as the entire squad from last year returns. Jones said

Tech's depth is similar to that of North Carolina's. With George and Hutchinson out, depth will definitely be a problem for State to be concerned about.

Virginia seeks 1st win

(Continued from page 4)

before the Cavs were shutout 3-0 by Rutgers. West Virginia bruised the Cavaliers in their opener 32-18.

Virginia coach Dick Bestwick will be looking to have his team ready both offensively and defensively for this week's game.

"I don't know what happened to N. C. State against Maryland, but State is a fine football team and I'm sure that coach Kiffin will have them ready for us," Bestwick said. "We'll see an aroused Wolfpack, I'm sure. I hope Tol Avery is not as good against us as (Duke's) Ron Sally was on Saturday. Avery is one of the best running quarterbacks we will face. Joe McIntosh looks

like he's going to be one of the outstanding runners in this conference for the next four years."

The young Virginia offense will have to cope with a bruised but inspired State defense Saturday, although State will have to watch quarterback Gordie Whitehead who has completed 63 percent of his passes.

On the other hand, the Virginia defense will be faced with a big challenge in trying to stop McIntosh and the State offensive line. The Cavaliers' defense is nothing to sneeze at, though, as they boast a physical front line. The Cavs may feel the wrath of an angry Wolfpack before the homecoming crowd departs for other festivities. STATE.....30 VIRGINIA.....17

Scoreboard

ACC Schedule, Oct. 4

Clemson at Kentucky, 12:10 p.m.

Virginia at State, 1 p.m.

Appalachian at Wake Forest, 1 p.m.

North Carolina at Georgia Tech, 1:30 p.m.

Syracuse at Maryland, 1:30 p.m.

East Carolina at Duke, 1:30 p.m.

Sports Writers needed

Contact Cara or Terry,

737-2411

Booters play Maryland

(Continued from page 4)

from Steve Green and freshman Bakty Barber from 15 feet out.

State quickly widened the margin to three on Moniedafe's two tallies. The sophomore struck at 39:12 from the left side after taking the assist from Green and Gerry McKeon, and then at 39:22 on an indirect header from another McKeon assist.

Senior McKeon then dish off his third assist of the

game to Afejuku, who connected up close at 19:52 to make it 4-0.

At 18:35, freshman Bakty Barber took an assist from Steve Merlo and Afejuku and booted a goal to end State's scoring drive.

The Pack faces a tougher Maryland team than its 2-3-1 record indicates, according to Gross.

"Maryland's a tough team to score on," he said. "I think they've given up only three goals in six games."

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Leon Jordan and his Continentals keep big band sound in full swing

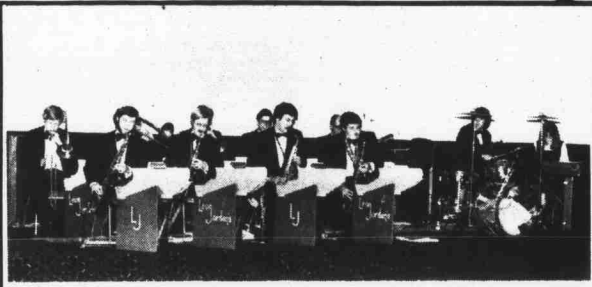
by Karen Freitas
Entertainment Writer

The big band sound is back. The type of music first associated with names like Dorsey, Miller and Goodman seemed to fade away from society during the electric guitar era but regained popularity during the early '60s.

Leon Jordan and his Continentals, a familiar band name to State students, alumni and big-band connoisseurs throughout North Carolina, will be the featured band at the annual homecoming ball at the Jane S. McKimmon Center on Saturday from 9 p.m. until 1 a.m. Sound Approach will be providing the entertainment between sets.

In 1957, Leon Jordan and his Continentals originated in the Raleigh area as a 16-piece band. From that time until 1970, it earned a reputation for reality, versatility, and for providing good, danceable music as well as an outstanding performance.

After a break of eight



Leon Jordan and his Continentals will entertain at the Homecoming dance tomorrow night.

years, the band reorganized in 1978 as an 11-piece band. Since then, the band has been playing with increasing frequency in the Raleigh area.

Leon Jordan and his Continentals has played for fraternities, military bases, country clubs, social clubs, business organizations, pageants, telethons and the Bob Hope Show at the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill.

The band's music can be described as exciting and versatile. Its repertoire not only reflects its origin as a big band in the "swing era," but also current popular music familiar to students.

It plays over 500 songs, from Glenn Miller and Duke Ellington, to rhythm and blues and disco. Leon Jordan and his Continentals

cover the spectrum, creating a great sound for everyone.

The present-day band consists of 16 members and includes vocalists Nancy Fulton and Phil Franklin.

The precise blend of wind, string and percussion instruments, only attainable by a big band, is familiar to anyone who has listened to recent artists like Chuck Mangione or the Blues Brothers. The qualities of such artists are also seen in Leon Jordan and his Continentals.

The interest in orchestrated arrangements was increased during the late '60s by "super bands" such as the Beatles. Leon Jordan and his Continentals performed many of its ar-

rangements as well as popular songs from the '30s.

The band has a music library including more than 500 big-band orchestrations, which is one of the largest in the state of North Carolina. Many of these are original recordings.

Leon Jordan received his bachelor of science, master of science and doctor of philosophy degrees from State. He is currently the assistant professor of university studies and materials engineering.

The homecoming ball will be Saturday, Oct. 3 from 9 p.m. until 1 a.m. Leon Jordan and his Continentals will be the featured band along with Sound Approach playing between sets.



Larry Magnum, musician and composer, promises an evening of unique and enjoyable entertainment tonight at the UAB Coffeehouse.

Magnum appears at Coffeehouse

Larry Magnum calls his musical style "progressive country." But this artist's simple definition of his music cannot begin to cover the diversified spectrum of song produced by this uprising guitarist who originally hails from the mountains of North Carolina.

Growing up in this region of the country it was only natural to become involved in the popular folk and country music scene of the area. Coming from a musical family, Magnum was surrounded by rhythm during the early years of his life.

A degree in aerospace engineering followed, but that didn't uphold Magnum's creativity.

College gave Magnum an educated approach to entertainment which he devoted to record producing, music publishing, concert promoting, and scoring and performing for commercial film and radio.

Magnum's increasing creative desires, though, led him back to recording which culminated in the release of his first album at the end of last year. Titled *Lonnie the Loser and Easy Money*, the album is an accumulation of four years of writing.

It is a pity that the only way to describe a new artist's work is to compare it with established musicians. The album is sprinkled with musical images of Jimmy Buffet, Kenny Rogers and Harry Chapin, yet Magnum is not to be compared to any one of them. Magnum's style is a colorful network of joyous moods, impressions and light philosophy.

Magnum's voice carries a soft timbre on the softer songs, swings to upbeat country-western and even throbs with the gospel sound.

Magnum now spends around 200 nights a year on the road, playing college campuses and small clubs up and down the Eastern Seaboard. Magnum's fine and

varied musical experience promises a unique night of entertainment.

Editor's note: Larry Magnum will be appearing tonight at the UAB Coffeehouse in the Walnut Room on the fourth floor of the Student Center. Admission is \$.60 and refreshments will be served.

STATE'S SILVER SCREEN

A Boy and His Dog Friday, 7 & 11 p.m.
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NOTE: *Zardoz* and *A Boy and His Dog* will not be shown on Saturday night as originally scheduled.

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Stewart Theater Weekend Film Date Change

The Saturday Night Films Scheduled to be shown Oct 3 (Homecoming Night) will be shown: Friday, Oct 2 instead. Friday Oct 2: A boy and his dog-7&11pm, \$.75; Zardoz-9pm, \$.75

ZARD

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the serious page

Greenwood



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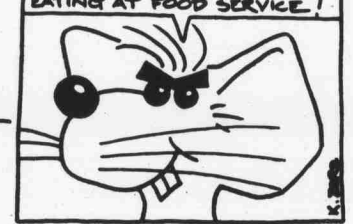
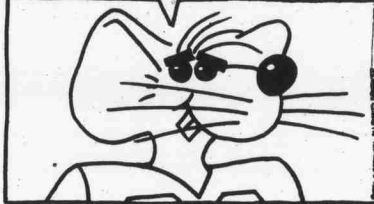


Joe Rat

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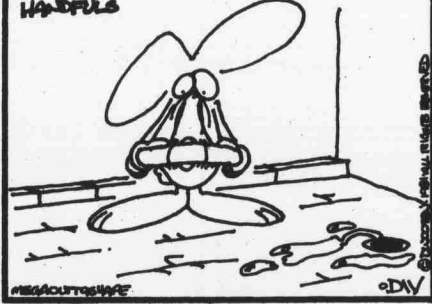
THEY'RE ACTUALLY A BUNCH OF STUDENTS WHO JUST FINISHED EATING AT FOOD SERVICE!



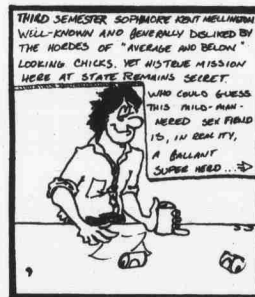
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Duke



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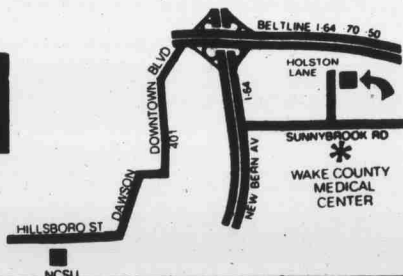
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Daniels Hall to be renovated in one month

by Kimberly Frazier
Staff Writer

As part of North Carolina's move into the microelectronics industry, Daniels Hall will begin renovation in about one month.

Renovations will mainly deal with converting an electrical engineering lab of

4,000 sq. ft. to a teaching research lab.

"The room will have a special clean environment," Dr. John Hauser, professor of electrical engineering, said.

The bidding on the contract for the construction will take place Oct. 15. This will determine "if the pro-

ject is within State's budget," said Edwin Harris, director of Campus Planning and Construction.

There are approximately 30 contractors bidding for the contract which will go to

the lowest bidder. The several contracts that will be made are: one for the plumbing, one for electrical services, one for heating and air conditioning, and one for the construction itself.

The construction will be contained in the back courtyard between the two wings of Daniels Hall and will be fenced in until construction is finished — about six months.



Election questioned

(Continued from page 1)

of the questions asked during the interview pertained to a homecoming queen and her duties; I think the questions in the future should be more standardized.

"I told the girls that they would be asked anything concerning University functions, plus anything they had on their interest sheets," Kathy Smith, chairperson of APO homecoming-queen committee, said.

Thirty-two candidates submitted applications for homecoming queen. Four judges chose 10 candidates. They were judged on their appearance, academics, articulation, poise, extracurricular activities and personal interest.

"I don't think the judges did anything unfair; last year there was a black judge and that didn't make a difference," Dave Cook, president of APO, said.

As a result of the denial of a write-in candidate, some organizations had planned to boycott APO's homecoming-queen parade and write in their own candidate. A march had also been planned for Friday, but due to lack of participation the events have been canceled.

"It is all within their rights and it is their prerogative, but it is not going to change the fact that we will not have a write-in ballot," Smith said.

SAAC and APO have scheduled a meeting for Oct. 12 to further discuss the issue.

SAE purges members

(Continued from page 1)

were trying for quality rather than quantity of pledges.

Financially, SAE's situation is improving.

"We were right on our budget last semester," Thorne said. No new debts have been acquired by SAE over the last year, he said.

"We do have debts that occurred several years ago," Kinlaw said, explaining that through a payment plan they hope to eliminate those debts by the end of the year.

SAE is supposed to meet with Student Development soon to decide if SAE has earned the privilege of its

house. In mid-November the final decision will be made, Gracie said.

If enough progress hasn't been made, Gracie said, SAE will have one more semester to earn the house.

"If we go beyond the spring," he said, "we'll have to look for another fraternity."

Years of compounded financial and disciplinary problems are a formidable task to solve, but Gracie said, "I think they're facing the problems now."

Thorne said the brothers' main aim is to get the house back.

"Everything's really upbeat and positive," he said, "It's just the biggest turnaround."

NRC proposes to fine CP&L \$40,000 for violation

ATLANTA (UPI) — The Nuclear Regulatory Commission staff proposed a \$40,000 fine against the Carolina Power & Light Co. Thursday because of alleged violation of radiation control requirements at its Brunswick nuclear plant.

Ben J. Furr, CP&L vice president of nuclear operations, said the company would not contest the fine.

The NRC, in a statement released by its Atlanta office, said an inspection of the plant in July had confirmed a report from CP&L that a plant worker had been overexposed to radiation while repairing a water cleanup system valve. The incident brought the worker's quarterly whole-body radiation exposure to a total of 4.2 rems, which is above the maximum level of 3 rems permitted by federal regulations.

Victor Stello Jr., director of the NRC Office of Inspection and Enforcement, said

the problem was caused by inadequacies in the company's radiation exposure control program.

"Our concern with regard to this overexposure is amplified in that survey data was available which should have indicated that the potential for significant radiation exposures existed during work on a reactor water cleanup system valve," Stello said.

Stello said a contributing factor was inexperience on the part of a radiation control technician who did not meet the minimum experience level required by the Brunswick facility

license.

James P. O'Reilly, director of the NRC regional office in Atlanta, said "no discernible adverse health effects" are expected as a result of the incident. He also said CP&L promptly reported the incident to the NRC.

Furr said the radiation received by the employee was in excess of the NRC limits but below harmful levels.

"The overexposure resulted from insufficient communication between two health physics technicians resulting in personnel error," Furr said.



National news

No guns at gang funeral

by Dan Lohwasser

MARSHVILLE, N.C. (UPI) — Police expected no guns or violence Thursday afternoon as Hell's Angels gathered in the small town of Marshville to bury two gang members who were slain execution-style, possibly by rival gang members.

The funeral for Franklin "Thunder" Finazzo, 40, a powerful figure in the Hell's Angels national hierarchy, and Tyler Duris "Yank" Frndak, was scheduled to begin at 2 p.m. in the Morgan & Son Funeral Home in Marshville, where the group has a clubhouse.

Burial was to follow at the Sunset Memory Gardens Cemetery after a 30-mile procession into Mecklenburg County by members of the gang.

Finazzo and Frndak were found shot to death in the trunk of a 1981 Oldsmobile Saturday near Asheboro, some 60 miles away. No suspects have been arrested, but police are eyeing the Outlaws rival motorcycle gang as possible suspects.

Authorities believe both men were forced to kneel and then were shot in the head. Finazzo had a broken leg, indicating a struggle.

Authorities planned to escort the funeral procession as it moved along Highway 74 between Marshville and Charlotte but had no early estimates of the number of bikers in town.

They said they anticipated no problems, and the funeral home owner said members of the club had been peaceful during the day Thursday as they visited the funeral home to pay their last respects.

"There hasn't been a large number of them here," said Bob Morgan Jr.

Mecklenburg County Detective H.S. Hartness said officers had been in touch with members of the gang who promised no trouble.

"We've had guarantees there will be no guns. We don't expect any trouble. We don't anticipate anything but an ordinary funeral," Hartness said.

In an interview from his home in Middletown, Del., Frndak's father, Raymond, said members of the gang had asked his permission to handle the funeral.

Frndak gave them permission because, "it seemed like the appropriate thing to do," said Frndak in an interview published in The Charlotte News Wednesday.

He said he had no idea why his son was killed, but the slaying "didn't come as a surprise."

"I have a stinking suspicion he simply was in the wrong place at the wrong time," said Frndak.

Finazzo was a native of Omaha, Neb., and a close relative there said he had been a suspect in "quite a number" of slayings, including the killings of six members of the Invaders motorcycle gang in Richmond, Va., last January.

He said Finazzo had a record that included prison sentences for drug possession, burglary, and assault in connection with a fight in which a man was killed.

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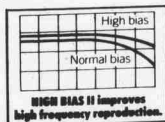
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OUR COVER

Mark Weithorn, Miami photographer, learned things the hard way. Details on p. 19.

I heard recently that Bonnie Raitt has retired from singing. Say it isn't so.
 John T. McBride
 Greenwich, CT

Last we heard, Ms. Raitt had given up Los Angeles for temporary residence in Oklabama, but she hasn't retired. Fact is, she's recording an album now, which will be out in October, or early next year.

About a year and a half ago you did a cover story on Jeff Bridges, and in it he talked about Cutter & Bone, a movie I've been looking for ever since (I read the book and liked it very much). I've seen some reviews of the movie, so I know it must exist somewhere. What happened? Will it ever play Des Moines?

Sara Mekler
 Des Moines, IA

The film's title has been changed to Cutter's Way, it was entered in (and won) the Houston Film Festival and has recently opened in New York, Boston and Seattle (doing excellent business in all 3 cities). It was scheduled to open in Atlanta and Los Angeles by late September — but not Des Moines. Don't give up.

The Plagiarism Plague

IN THE PAST few years Hollywood has been beset by plagiarism suits against films, studios, screenwriters and others. The most recent: Meta Films Associates, an independent production company, just filed suit against MCA and others, claiming that Meta had submitted a script called *Prat Rats* six years ago, written by James Hart and Bill Kirkby, which they claim was plagiarized and became *Animal House*; Meta is asking \$30 million in actual damages and \$25 million punitive. Also filed recently was a suit by Stanley R. Rader, archaeologist Dr. Robert Kuhn and advertising executive Henry F. Cornwall; they say Paramount, George Lucas, Steven Spielberg, Lawrence Kasdan and many others plagiarized a script of theirs and made it into *Raiders of the Lost Ark*. They want \$110 million actual, \$10 million punitive. Earlier this year Bernice Mann won a judgment against Warren Beatty and Robert Towne for *Shampoo*, which she claimed she wrote. She was awarded \$185,000, which was later overturned by a judge, and now Mann is appealing. Last year Harry Klekas, a Utah court bailiff, sued *The Deer Hunter's* Michael Cimino, asking \$5 million in damages from director Cimino, writer Deric Washburn, Universal and others.

No Sense of Humor

NATIONAL LAMPOONS *Joy of Sex* was announced recently (by Paramount) as

— New Contributors —

STEVEN BARNES (On Screen) is a freelance writer and creative consultant born and raised in Los Angeles who claims his hobbies are writing, martial arts and raising strange pets.

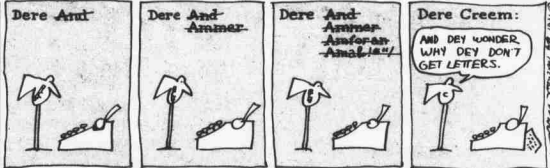
SUSAN ARBINE (On Screen) has an M.A. in journalism from Columbia University and now works for the *Beverly Hills Courier*, about which we will say little.

BILL ROYCE (On Screen), a UC Berkeley graduate in Criminology, spent the last ten years in Hollywood uncovering some real mysteries.

TOM SOBOKUK (*Franken & Davis* photos), is a freelance photographer living in Brooklyn.

RICHARD ARRINDLI (*DEVO* photos) waited patiently for his spud spots. Two days at DEVO World Headquarters. We decided to pay him.

BOID



the third installment of allegedly funny movies from the outfit. But if United Artists has its way, *Joy of Sex* will be the second (after *Animal House*). Seems *National Lampoon* *Gies to the Movies*, a four-part satire of movie genres, is considered so dreadful it may not be released at all. It tested poorly (even with one of the four segments removed), and may end up on pay TV. What with *Heaven's Gate* suffering a similar fate, it hasn't been UA's year. Small wonder the company was sold to MGM a few months back.

What Are All Those Old Saturday Night Live People Up To?

JOHN BELUSHI and DAN AYKROYD just finished shooting *Neighbors*, based on the Thomas Berger book.

JANE CURTIN will co-star with Tom Selleck in *The Divorce Wars* for CBS, about a hotshot divorce lawyer whose own marriage crumbles.

ON TV WILL BROADCAST *Likely Stories*, an hour-long program of mini-films by Harry Shearer, Rob Reiner, Billy Crystal and Chris Guest. Shearer's bit will include his "Reagan Rap." Meanwhile, *Spiral Tap The Final Tour*, starring most of the people in this paragraph plus Michael McKean, is poised for production.

JOHN BELUSHI hosted the pilot of *New Music Theater*, an hour-long version of *New Wave Theater* that was once a public access cable channel in the Los Angeles area. Belushi's program will look at new wave music too, and will air Friday nights at 11:15 on USA network.

GENE WILDER will again be directed by Sidney Poitier (they collaborated on *Stir Crazy*) in *Traces*, also starring Gilda Radner. *Traces* is, like Wilder's *Silver Streak*, an alleged Hitchcock spoof, in which Radner and Wilder get chased a lot.

That's A Lotta Laughs

RICHARD PRYOR LIVE ON SUNSET STRIP is the name of his next filmed standup comedy routine, to be filmed at the Hollywood Palladium for release later this year. For this two-night stand, Pryor will receive \$3 million and 37.5 percent of the gross. Only Lucas, with *Raiders of the Lost Ark*, has a better deal.

We Mention This Because They're The Two Top Box Office Attractions, That's Why

BURT REYNOLDS will star in *The Bourne Identity*, based on the Robert Ludlum bestseller.

Clint Eastwood will star in *Firefox*, about a top-secret Russian fighter plane heisted by the U.S. To film in Vienna and Alaska, but not Tierra del Fuego.

Sequels

GREASE 2 will be activated soon, directed by the original's choreographer, Patricia Birch. Testing for the leads, we're told, are Rick Springfield, Rex Smith and Andy Gibb, Debby Boone, Pat Benatar and Valerie Bertinelli. Producers hope to lure Travolta and Olivia Newton-John back for cameo appearances.

For *Superman III* Christopher Reeve will be paid \$2 million plus a mere 4 percent of the film rentals after \$60 million (he received a pality \$250,000 for both *Superman I* and *II*). Compared to Harrison Ford's 7.5 percent of *Raiders*, the Man of Steel will be on food stamps any minute.

There will be a *Sting II*, and also a movie sequel of *Star Trek*, to star Shatner and Nimoy (it was originally planned as a TV movie).

Stop the Presses

JOHN TRAVOLTA is taking French and violin lessons, separately we hope, the former so that he may converse with his pal, French actor Gerald Dardariou; the latter because he was inspired by Stephane Grappelli. So far Travolta can saw out "Ain't Misbehavin'."

JOHN LANDIS' next project (which he wouldn't discuss in his *Ampersand* interview in this issue), will be a feature version of *Dick Tracy*; he'll write and direct, and says it will be a straight version, not a parody, done in the style of the Thirties and Forties.

Landis will also produce a remake of *The Creature from the Black Lagoon*. Jack Arnold, the original's director, will repeat his duties (he also directed *Incredible Shrinking Man*.)

A REPORTER FROM *W*, the fashion magazine, had the raw nerve to ask Judy Mazel, author of the current fave-rave *Beverly Hills Diet*, why she charges clients \$500 for personal treatment. "You get me," Mazel rejoined. "I see you at least once personally, and I can do the rest on the phone. Jack Nicholson and I talked eight times a day. He can go only so many days without encladings."

Small Screen News

MACKENZIE PHILLIPS, who was fired from *One Day at a Time* many moons ago, supposedly because she was too drugged to work, has now been rehired on the show. Phillips, you'll recall, along with her father John, enjoyed a highly publicized drug cure last year.

NBC IS PREPARING a sitcom based on *9 to 5*, to be produced by Jane Fonda and Bruce Gilbert; Lynn Redgrave, now that she's out of *House Calls*, may win the Fonda role (Fonda will not appear in the show).

& OUT THE OTHER

NEW YORKERS can now subscribe to MTV, a cable video channel which will run all those dreadful promo films of rock stars. The worst so far: the one for "Bette Davis Eyes," in which the dancers mimic slaps and other abuse. Somebody should have slapped the director awake.

Waits Battles Boredom, Terror

TOM WAITS, the Pride of Pomona, will finally release a greatest hits LP. The only catch: *Bounced Checks* (also the title of a well-circulated bootleg of Waits live at the Troubadour) will only be available in import. Among the projected tracks are "I Never Told to Strangers," (a duet with Rene Midler) and the previously unreleased tale of cocktail lounge dissolution, "The Piano Has Been Drinking." Meanwhile, Waits and favorite producer Bones Howe will begin work on a brand new album as soon as Waits' soundtrack work is complete on *One From the Heart*. Describing that year-long (remember glimpsing Tom on the Sept. 1980 cover of *Amperсанд?*) project with director Francis Coppola, Waits calls it, "Long periods of boredom interspersed with moments of sheer terror."

Our Favorite Rumor of the Month

MARGARET TRUDEAU, the one married to the Canadian prime minister (though he's suing for divorce), will star in *Kings and Desperate Men*, about a terrorist group kidnaping the wife of a Canadian prime minister.

Clipped & Cut Down to Size

HYPERKINETIC ACTOR Jeff Goldblum (*Between the Lines*, *Invasion of the Body Snatchers*, *Topseed* and *Brownshoe*), has a stop recently at Artistic Hair Designs, a stubby little parlor favored by many of L.A.'s punk and new wave performers, where he got clipped in a classic Fifties style — slick on the sides and tall on top. "He asked me questions the whole time," moans the shop's stylist, "then, when he saw how it looked, he made me write out a list of everywhere where he could buy Fifties clothes to go with his haircut!"

HOLLYWOOD WHIZ-BOW Steven Spielberg learned the outer limits of his fame on a recent trip to Paris. Inspecting the wonderkin's passport, the Parisian customs inspector broke suddenly into a broad smile. "Ahh, M sieu Spielberg! I know who you are! *Jaws of the Third Kind!*"

Midler Meddles

HIGH ABOVE the NEVILLE BROTHERS, one of the most famous bands in American history but so far unable to make a strong sales tally, score a contract from so unlikely a label as A&M Records? It turns out that Bette Midler caught the New Orleans funk & roll outfit — which once toured with the Rolling Stones and backed a Paul McCartney record date — at a nightclub in their home town. So impressed was the Divine Miss M that she rattled long distance wires the next day that her close friend in A&M's executive suite (Cyril) dedicate a hymn-like chorale and tribute, the Nevilles (Art, Aaron, Charles and "Mona Lisa") to Ms. Midler on their LP, which features a flaming crocodile on the cover and is called *Flyco on the Bayou*.

Midler finally finished that film about romance and gambling, which had four name changes and is now called *Fixxed*

Elvis Encore

AT LEAST TWO MORE MOVIES are planned on the life of Elvis Presley (we can wait). *E*, based on Jerry Jopkins' book *Elvis: The Final Years*, will roll this winter, with Joe Esposito, Presley's long time friend, as technical advisor. The other project is based on Albert Goldman's soon-to-be-published work called *Elvis*, reportedly full of dope and sex and cheap thrills. There have been five Elvis flicks so far (but don't quote us; the count is unofficial): *Elvis on Tour*, *Elvis: That's the Way It Is*, *Elvis* (the TV movie with Kurt Russell), *Elvis and the Beauty Queen*, also on TV; and David Wolper's recent docudrama, *This Is Elvis*.

Some Music News

LINDA RONSTADT decided she didn't want to release the album we've all been waiting for, the one produced by Jerry Wexler with tunes from long ago. She didn't like it (and neither did most of the people who heard it). Instead she'll cut another pop album with regular producer and manager Peter Asher, and will start filming *Pirates of Penzance* early next year. This is the second album she's mixed in its final stages.



MICHAEL JACKSON AND PAUL MCCARTNEY may not be the duo of the century, but they're certainly the pair of the month. Jackson journeyed to Mac's farm in Scotland where they both worked on material for each other's and their own respective albums, both due the beginning of next year. The out-of-focus photograph is by Linda McCartney.

Remember the Dolly Parton/Emmylou Harris/Ronstadt collaboration?

EGGLES' MANAGEMENT swears the group has not broken up, but is simply on an "extended vacation," during which Henley is working on a solo album and Glenn Frey has produced new artist Lou Ann Barton's first record, *Old Enough*, described as "bar-

room brawling" music. Lindsay Buckingham's first solo, *Law and Order*, will be out in late October. His group, Fleetwood Mac, recently reconvened in Paris to diddle in a recording studio, but they're back in LA now. Why Paris? "Because it cost more," commented a disgruntled industry ob-server.

GRAND FUNK RAILROAD has re-formed (but not, we're promised, reformed). Guitarist Mark Farner and drummer Don Brewer have joined with new guy Dennis Belfinger on bass, and their first record to gether will be on Full Moon, distributed by Warner Bros.

It's Hard Not to Love this Man

SCREENWRITER LAWRENCE KASDAN, about to finish up his script of *Return of the Jedi*, may then segue to *Bodyguard*, a project originally set to star Diana Ross and Ryan O'Neal (but no more). Our favorite quote of the week is from Kasdan: while dining at a health food restaurant, he removed a handful of sprouts from his sandwich, looked at the green mass disdainfully and said, "I hate this stuff, it's like going down on an alien."

40,000 Pay Tribute to Marley & Reggae

BY JEFF SILBERMAN

Steel Pulse, Eek a Mouse, Lloyd Parks and The People Band, Barrington Levy and Black Uhuru aren't exactly household names to the average music fan. But they were the highlights of *Sunsplash '81*, a four-day reggae marathon held in Montego Bay from August 5 to 9. Billed as a tribute to Bob Marley, the Fourth Annual *Sunsplash* featured more than 35 acts to dispel the notion that Marley's passing signaled also the death of reggae as a viable musical force. Attendance reportedly surpassed 20,000, with 226 foreign journalists coming from as far as Italy and Japan.

Sunsplash also signaled the recognition of reggae as an official Jamaican export. After three years of financial struggling by independent festival promoters, the Jamaican government took over the production's reins. The Jamaican Cultural Development Commission sold all film and video rights to a production company headed by Michael Butler, who produced the Broadway play *Hair*, for a sum reportedly more than \$2,000,000. Butler's crew shot more than 300 hours of videotape, which will be transferred to a film called *Reggae Tribute* for theatrical release. Garland Jeffreys will narrate what will be a tribute to Bob Marley and reggae in general.

The JCDC's financial windfall wasn't a perfect blessing for festival goers. Camera men, using sophisticated mobile equipment, occasionally got in the way of the performers, eliminating some of the spontaneity and intimacy of the event. Some artists, like Jimmy Cliff, wanted a piece of the action outside of the performance fees. They weren't taped. Also, the promoters wanted the shows to last from 7 p.m. till midnight, so the sizable tourist contingent could spend the wee hours sampling Montego Bay's nightlife. But a power shortage delayed opening night, and reggae's legendary "soon come" reputation had the

shows start from 10:00 p.m. on and last until at least 4:30 a.m. The final night lasted until 8:30 in the morning.

Except for the headliners, the basic format had a backup band playing for a number of singers, down from one to five songs each. Invariably, the quality of the backing group determined the effectiveness of the featured artist. Opening night started slowly with the Children of God, who backed up three slick but unsubstantial acts and Errol Scorcher. Clad in a mock uniform, Scorcher revealed a flippancy, stage attitude that was the festival icebreaker.

Steel Pulse was the first real highlight. The British group combined a strong, pulsating beat with topics like George Jackson, South Africa and the KKK to produce a potent brew. Their colorful attire made them a visual as well as musical treat. From that peak came a valley, not so much in singer Marcia Griffiths, but in her lackluster backup band John Ace. Nonetheless Griffiths had a fine voice and a relaxed stage style. She was followed by Jimmy Riley, who was one of the better practitioners of a polished reggae style.

Riley and the remaining acts were backed by reggae's best rhythm section, Sly Dunbar and Robbie Shakespeare. They provided an airtight foundation for the night's two other highlights, Eek a Mouse and Black Uhuru. Mouse only did one tune, the current Number One single in Jamaica, "Waa Doo Dah," a refreshingly silly ditty about chasing a "virgin bird." Posing like a natty stork, he ignited the crowd with his send-up of a sex symbol. Black Uhuru was a powerful trio who sang of sex, politics and their current hit, "Stalk of Sensemilla." Already popular in Britain, Uhuru served notice that they're ready for America.

Thursday night offered no real highlights. The best act was Judy Mowatt, who with Griffiths and Rita Marley, make up the I-Threes. She too had a marvelous voice, and was an elegant visual stylist. Jimmy Cliff was good but not in peak form.



Friday night was the best. The Mighty Diamonds got things off on the right foot with their class-brand of deep harmonies and inviting melodies. But the surprise of the evening was Lloyd Parks, and who the People Band, a hard-hitting outfit led by a thunderous horn section. Saxophonist Dean Frazier's solo rendition of Marley's "Redemption Song" was spine-tingling. Tapper Zukie had to follow that, and he couldn't compete. Barrington Levy did, however. Natively attired in a white suit, the young singer put on a sparkling display of smooth, sensuous reggae. He could be Jamaica's Michael Jackson.

The headliner was Third World, but their reggae was strained by rock excesses like drum solos. Saving their set was the encore appearance of Stevie Wonder. Starting at 5:30 a.m. with "Master Blaster," Wonder elevated the tired crowd into a state of ecstasy. He projected an intensity with "Happy Birthday," and a moving version of "Redemption Song."

Saturday was anticlimactic. Chalice tried to be both melodramatic and funny, the latter worked and the former didn't. The highlight was Dennis Brown, whose playful reggae style was helped by the We the People Band.

Bob Marley's children, the Melody Makers, did have a sentimental allure, but they were pushing too hard. The I-Threes made a fine appearance, highlighted by a moving version of "That's How Strong My Love Is." The festival ended with the Waiters doing Marley classics with Junior Murvin singing. It only emphasized their lack of magnetism without Bob Marley.

Whether reggae will again have such a charismatic figure, no one knows. But *Sunsplash '81* proved that reggae's supply of vitality remains abundant.

The 20-Minute Quivering Bush... & Other Student Film Treats

BY P. GREGORY SPRINGER

For ten minutes, an Australian ferny shrub has quivered and blurred through a nervous camera lens. Behind the screen a soundtrack of chainsaws and warbles blares into the audience.

The crowd in the 1800-seat Michigan Theatre does not approve. "Cut!" shouts an irate viewer in the balcony. "I confess" shrieks another. A helium balloon is released from the main floor, slowly obscuring a dark path through the shaking foliage in its ascent, and the audience approves with applause.

When Paul Winkler's film *Sydney Bush* finally ends a few minutes later, a roar resounds in ire and aggravation, but no one is surprised or unmoved by such deafening events. The 19-year history of the Ann Arbor Film Festival has been speckled with many more outrageous moments.

Magic Pillow, a 12-minute dream-state by Lyn Gerry, made a deceptively simple start with a shot of her bed. Gradually, as Arabic drones accumulated over the increasingly thick layered special effects, an altered state settles over the audience, the first positive psychedelic experience since the Master's Program at Harvard, circa 1962.

Bottle Up and Go showed black residents in rural Alabama who spend the day canning green peaches, making whistle noises on empty pop bottles, and watching a distorted television. Sometimes they sit outside on rocking chairs and speak in Ozu-like platitudes of indefinable content. As documentaries go, this one discovered the Lost World Inside America.

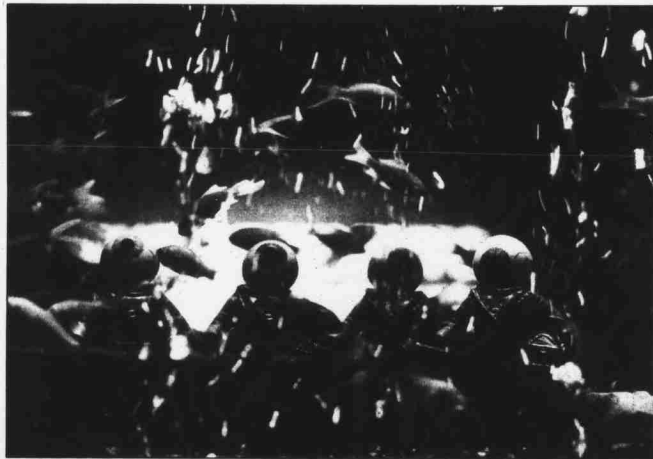
Curious Phenomena, by experienced film techno Stan Vanderbeek, delivered a state-of-the-art glimpse at computer animation, taking three-dimensionality and actual photographic realism into new possibilities with sheery generated images, marred only by a routine cosmic soundtrack.

Maetara Filigree, by Sandra Davis, copied Brakhage's silent, fleeting, ironic style with brief moments of veiled femininity, home from work, falling out of broken eggs. At 21 minutes, one empathized with the eternity of birth.

White Silence was not the strobe light whoosh lobotomy predicted. Instead, a polar bear paces at the zoo for 15 minutes.

Ritual quietly detailed the condo housewife's method of French cuisine. She ties her sharpest knife to the unlocked door, ropes herself before it, and lets fate decide whether the dinner timer will ring before her husband bounces home from work. Even Hitchcock didn't dream of that perversity.

Oldtimers recall when Andy Warhol instigated festivities at Ann Arbor in the Sixties. Others remember the censorship uproar caused by Jack Smith's *Flaming Creatures*, the confederate transvestite classic. Whenever this particular festival has been held, some element of avant enters, whether it's Pat Oleszko's nude and costumed performance art intermissions or just a general lobby ambience of weirdness. It's a tradition.



Weird Scenes Inside the Festival Gold Mine: The Residents in One Minute Mooles (top); Nancy Buell in Seder's Phantom Subway (far left); and an unidentified person from Helio Skinny (left).

What's become of experimental film art? Whither innovation? With more and more film schools teaching the fundamentals of the movie industry rather than allowing for creative trial and error, are we to expect a generation of *Smoky and the Bandit*, *Part Two* clones? Whence cometh our next Werner Herzog? Our new wave?

Fear not. Ann Arbor, or one of the other yearly exhibition marathons, will discover its maker. Every year hundreds of student and would-be filmmakers submit their creations for scrutiny, abuse, applause, and sometimes cash awards to these various festivals. David Lynch, before making *Eraservhead* and *The Elephant Man*, circulated a weird insect-beam item called *Grandmother*. Others became hooked on the festival treadmill, making 10-minute art snippets throughout their lives.

One veteran film experimentalist, Standish Lawder, presented his new film at Ann Arbor this March, entitled *Regeneration*. It consisted entirely of a baby being born, in reverse motion. It was not considered an advance.

Athens International Film Festival, held yearly in April at Ohio University in Athens, has come closest to usurping Ann Arbor's throne. By including day-long screenings, simultaneous events, and more feature films, and spreading them over a densely-packed ten-day period, Athens offers better weather, more and var'd films, and a surer chance of exhibition for the

submitting filmmaker. Ann Arbor still maintains its festival over 6 days, with nightly exhibitions and accompanying folderol for bleary-eyed fanatics. Almost \$5000 in prize money was given this year at Ann Arbor, some of it in unusual places.

If any trend could be discerned in the screenings of 1981, it would pertain to rock music films. *Nuclear Beach Party* presented a black-and-white nostalgic punk Fifities glimpse at a science-fiction future where bathing-sued couples surfed in the sandbox of their nuclear fallout shelter. *Rock Lobster* presented Tutu and the Pirates singing "Killing an Arab" while the saga of a disco-fied fat girl and her slovenly boyfriend unfolded with murder results. *The Residents* — San Francisco's bizarre antimusical, faceless combo — brought three filmed versions of their songs to the festival, including "The Simple Song" and "Act of Being Polite." While these cinematic songs are resolutely too weird for television's *Video Jukebox*, they offer up where Devo's mini-movies left off. Devo's concert movies, in fact, were first presented several years ago

at Ann Arbor. Their influence was commemorated this year during intermission, when a 20-minute re-edited version of *Jacko Homo* played over and over through the sound system. When several hundred people are force-fed the repeating notion that "We Are Devo," brains tend to snap.

The future of experimental shorts may again be bright, particularly for those with rock soundtracks, thanks to the burgeoning cable television outlets. Marilyn Horowitz, shorts supervisor for Showtime Entertainment Television, claims she needs a constant supply of continuity product to fill the spaces between feature films on her payable network. An all-music network, featuring only filmed versions of rock singles (like those Dick Clark showed when he couldn't afford the band itself), may already be available on certain cable connections. Video disks will provide yet another outlet for short films. "Video disks are my religion," claimed George Romero (*Dawn of the Dead*) at a recent film conference. Perhaps for the first time in history, dedicated film artists such as Stan Brakhage and Jordan Belson will have an affordable market for their works of art, with disks available at less than \$20. They need only sell a few hundred to earn back costs.

All this could spell important news for the film festivals, which might at last the recognition they deserve as forerunners in the field and as the showcase for the newest commercial

A HANDY READERS REFERENCE GUIDE TO FESTIVALS & ONE NEWSLETTER

Here, for the determined student filmmaker, is a brief list of festivals that accept student films (yes, even Cannes). Write soon for specific requirements and deadlines.

ANN ARBOR FILM FESTIVAL, P.O. Box 7283, Ann Arbor, Michigan 48017.

ATHENS INTERNATIONAL FILM & VIDEO FESTIVAL, PO Box 388, Athens, Ohio 45701

SINKING CREEK FILM CELEBRATION, Box 3253, Davy Crockett Station, Greenville, Tennessee 37743.

KENYON FILM FESTIVAL, Box 17, Gambier, Ohio 43022.

NEW YORK FILM EXPO, B.A.C.A., Brooklyn Museum, Brooklyn, New York 11238.

OBERHAUSEN INTERNATIONAL WEST GERMAN FESTIVAL OF SHORT FILMS, Grillostrasse 34, D-4200, Oberhausen, West Germany (FRG).

CANNES FESTIVAL INTERNATIONAL DU FILM, 71 Rue du Faubourg St. Honoré, Paris 75008.

FLORENCE FILM FESTIVAL, Assessorato alla Cultura Del Comune Di Firenze, Via S. Egidio 21, Firenze, Italia.

BIG MUDDY FILM FESTIVAL, Southern Illinois University, Carbondale, Illinois 62901.

FILM FESTIVAL REVIEW, The Cinema Marketing Newsletter, PO 2505-A, Champaign, Illinois 61820.

product. This sounds unbelievable to the starving diethards of hard-art cinema, but it's a hoped-for possibility. When residents of the feedback Qube system in Ohio were offered a choice of video art from the alleys of SoHo versus more commercial routine fare, the middle-America, middle-class audience voted in favor of that weird stuff.

For now, most of these ingenious gems go unseen except at the festivals and in college labs. Big Muddy, Kenyon, Sinking Creek, the New York Expo, and many more events take pains to discover new breakthrough movies each year. In Europe, the Oberhausens, Florence, and even Cannes festivals make forays into the underground realm, searching for the eye and technique to make history. A newsletter, *Film Festival Review*, keeps tabs on the shifting trends and locations of the hundreds of worldwide festivals, keeping filmmakers posted on where the money and action is.

From year to year, nothing is predictable but the risk. "Hollywood tries to make pictures that will please everyone," said Jean-Luc Godard recently. "In doing this, the studios are more Communist than the Russians. They feel that movies should only entertain, but they do not even do that well. There should not be only one way to make a film. The cinema should not have rules."

Ann Arbor and its ilk have stood by such an anarchic formula since the inception of the alternative festival. Art is, still, anything you can get away with.



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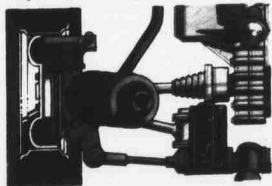
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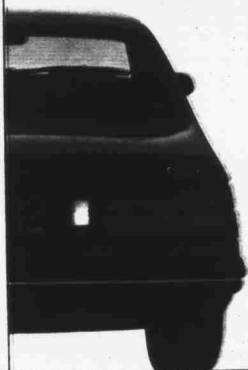
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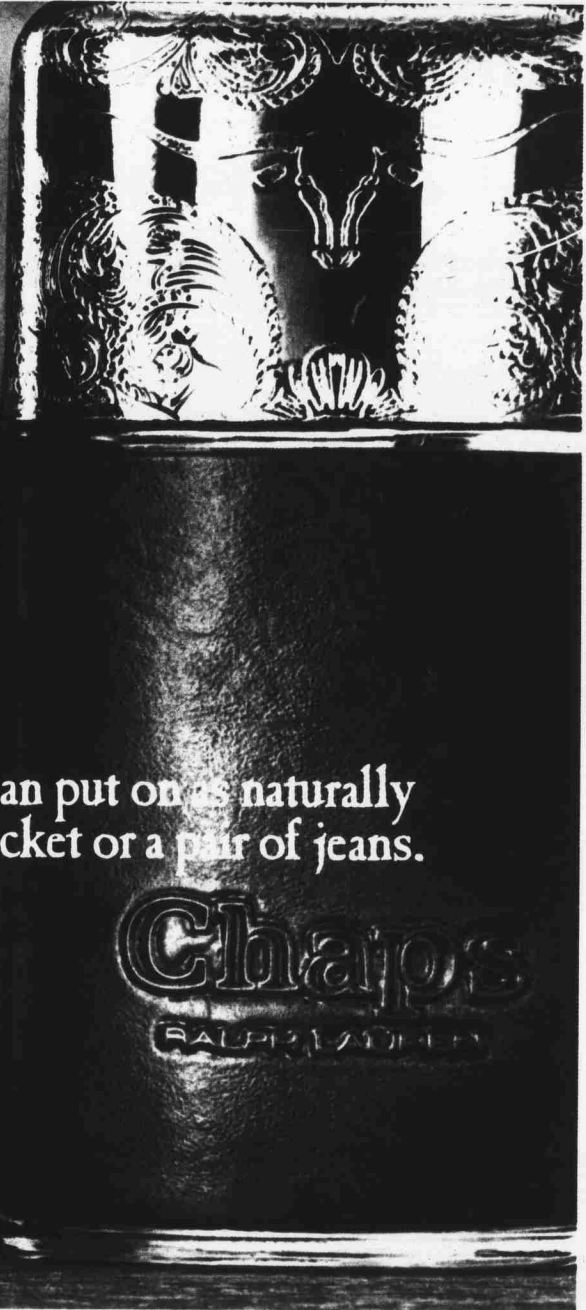


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*Hill Street Blues' Hill & Renko:***Partners on a Winning Team****BY GENE SCULATTI**

When her local station preempted the show, one diehard fan hopped in her car, drove across Texas and watched the missing episode in a rental motel room.

Complaining that programs like *Dukes of Hazzard* portray his colleagues as "buffoons," a New Jersey policeman wrote *TV Guide* "to thank the executives who kept this show about real cops on the air."

In Seattle and Boston and Atlanta, true believers faithfully videotape each episode in a kind of sacramental ritual.

And, of course, the television industry itself recently bestowed 21 Emmy nominations—the most ever for a television series.

All this for *Hill Street Blues*, the critical/cult smash of last season, this season's friskiest dark horse and quite possibly the best police series ever broadcast on network television.

Its staunchest supporters recite a litany of appeal factors: the series' "realism," its exceptionally high standards of dialogue and characterization. Not to mention *Hill Street's* willingness to depict, often explicitly, a world of situations and responses that is considerably less black and white than the cars its cops drive: arranging a truce between warring street gangs, coordinating a Presidential visit to the precinct, dealing with an alcoholic cop who goes on the take. There are also intra-squad antagonisms, a grubby plainclothesman, an epithet-snooring SWAT commander and an oversexed desk sergeant whose corner on the malpropism market could run Norm Crosby out of business. Not your average shoulder holster shoot-em-up.

Hill Street abounds in characters. Daniel Travanti's cool-eyed Captain Frank Furillo anchors the action in most episodes. He spars with ex-wife Fay (Barbara Bosson) and flirts with attorney Davenport (Veronica Hamel). Furillo is flanked by Sgt. Esterhaus (Michael Conrad) and Lt. Ray Calletano (Rene Enriquez). Around them move Bruce Weitz's grimy plainclothesman Belker, Joe Spano's psychology-trained Goldblume, James B. Sikking's paranoid SWAT leader Howard Hunter, policewoman Bates (Betty Thomas) and detectives Neal Washington (Taurean Blacque) and Johnny LaRue (Kiel Martin). Then there's Hill and Renko.

Hill (Michael Warren's conscientious, rulebook black cop) and Renko (Charles Haid's obstinate redneck) are about as far from Friday and Gannon as you're going to get. Ambushed in *Hill Street's* pilot, the pair spend most shows trying to react just, most of the time going for each other's throat in the process. Conflict dogs Hill and Renko, whether they're busting a Haitian woman for keeping an apartment full of chickens or watching a mob form around them when they attempt to settle a curbside argument in the ghetto.

"I couldn't play Renko if I didn't understand anger," says Charles Haid, with no trace of Renko's mild Southern accent. Haid is huge, square-shouldered, broad-chested, the spitting image of the tough, implacable cop. The resemblance stops there. "Being



Charles Haid as Renko (top and middle right); Michael Warren as Hill (top and bottom left) in the best show on TV.



'Hill Street Blues' creators / producers / writers Steve Bosho (left) and Michael Kozoll.

How Do You Spell Respect?

The Prime Cuts of T-Bone Burnett

BY DANN SEAY

"I feel like I deserve a little more respect than I've gotten so far," observes lanky T-Bone Burnett, resting between mix-down sessions for an upcoming Maria Muldaur album he is producing. Rough, herringboned cedar strips slapped against the walls make the claustrophobic Paramount studio look like it can't decide between being a liquor store or a sauna. A large contact paper mural of the rugged Sierra Nevada Mountains defaces one wall.

Burnett may be excused his wistful sentiment: there are few such living legends in pop music as this 6'8" Texas-raised guitarist, writer, performer, laconic wit and homespun philosopher. Certainly there are few nicknamed like a cut of beef.

Actually, T-Bone (born Joseph Henry) drew his nickname from the tall, spare frame inherited from his ex-Brooklyn Dodgers father. His list of friends from nearly twenty years in music — ranging from Kris Kristofferson and Bob Dylan to actor John Hurt and prophesy pundit Hal Lindsey — is enormous. His sunglasses, which he often wears into the dead of night, are impenetrable. "The idea of making music for a living came to me in a nightmare," he reveals through a wry grin, leaning forward on crossed forearms that rest on his knees.

Burnett's earliest musical memories involve sneaking into Fort Worth, Texas bars to hear Delbert McClinton accompany strippers on harmonica. The two struck up a friendship that years later led to Burnett co-producing McClinton's first album.

"I formed a group called Loose Ends with Steve Bruton, who plays guitar for Kristofferson now and some other guys who sooner or later got smart and became lawyers," Burnett recalls. "We played around Texas, Oklahoma and Louisiana until I got tired and bought a studio in Fort Worth on borrowed money."

Sound City quickly became the site for

some of Texas' more bizarre musical fantasies, including a deranged underground masterpiece called "Paralized" by The Legendary Stardust Cowboy.

"The guy showed up one day," recalls Burnett, "in a '63 green Biscayne with a surface map of the moon on the roof. I knew I had something."

Well, not quite. Burnett eventually sold Sound City and became a prototype bio-accident, migrating from New York to L.A. and back through a rather blurry mid-Sixties. He recorded a single for Frank Zappa under a name he can't remember, released a solo LP (*J. Henry Burnett, The B-52 Band & The Fabulous Skylarks*) that collectors nowadays will kill for and which included latter-day Steely Dan star Dean Parks. Later, Burnett taught art for a time at the University of California, Santa Barbara campus.

Glimmers of fame arrived when Burnett, following a stint with the Delaney and Bonnie and Bramlett, was taped for Bob Dylan's Rolling Thunder Review as a guitarist and backing vocalist.

This placed Burnett in the company of Joni Mitchell and Joan Baez, as well as Dylan, and placed him on a 1976 television



big and Irish. I always get cop and priest parts," he laughs. Raised near San Francisco, Haid took up drama in college, after the Navy and a Jesuit education. Upon graduation he directed, produced, wrote and proved himself a remarkably versatile actor — as William Hurt's pragmatic research associate in *Altered States*, as a Beverly Hills heroin dealer in *Who'll Stop the Rain*. He played Ryan O'Neal's ex-roomie in *Oliver's Story* ("They paid him \$3 million to stare at the wall for two and a half hours") and a priest on TV's *Kate McShane*. *The Godbros* put him behind a badge for the first time.

"Renko is a guy whose parents transplanted from Kentucky to the North," Haid muses. "He's never been west of Chicago. He's got three six-packs in the fridge, rides motorcycles on the weekend. You know the guy."

Haid himself shares little with the Renko character; Haid practices transcendental meditation, reads voraciously, drives a black VW Rabbit and lives, with his wife and two children, either in a New York apartment or a home in Carpinteria — many miles from the Bel Air circuit. But Haid understands Renko, well enough to admit he most enjoys the burly cop "when he makes a big jerk of himself. Unless you can laugh, you can't see the pain." Haid has infused Renko with

man-sized portions of both — in the brag-gadocio of his squadroom raps, in the tearful breakdown he experiences when Furillo finally grants him and his partner their "divorce" from duty together.

"Hill and Renko are opposite," explains Haid, "but together they create a whole character with two sides. Hill is precise, careful. Renko's reckless. What they have in common are hearts and souls. That's what draws them to each other. I don't think either they know that's what it is."

"Anybody who wants to be a cop is crazy," says Michael Warren. "It's thankless, the pay is low. But wanting to be a good cop is what Renko and Hill share. They're opposites, in that Renko reacts actively to situations while Hill, having come from that very Hill Street turf and understanding it, is more apt to try and talk situations out. Renko is often right. Sometimes Hill shows too much sensitivity and compassion to be a good cop."

Warren came to play officer Bobby Hill in a roundabout way. Raised in Indiana, educated at UCLA, the 5'11-1/2" actor almost chose a pro basketball career. He played guard for coach John Wooden alongside Kareem Abdul Jabbar on national championship teams but turned down pro offers for a career in show business. Starting with

special chronicling the Rolling Thunder Review as well as the live album from that tour, *Hard Rain*.

Burnett also met musicians Steven Soles and David Mansfield on that tour. They formed the Alpha Band, a crack trio that, some hoped, would be the force in American music that the Band had been a few years earlier. A critical rave, they never cracked the essential singles market; the Alpha Band lasted through three albums. Burnett converted to Christianity mid-way through the group's career. The Alpha Band took a real toll on his fantasy life," Burnett says, indicating that he discovered pop stardom showed itself to be an unworthy goal.

His new religious convictions found their way eventually into his music, but prior to recording as a solo he was whisked away to the wilds of Kalispell, Montana to play a blindingly short part in Michael Cimino's famous *Waterloo, Heaven's Gate*. For a screen time of about six seconds in a movie practically no one wants to see, Burnett logged eight months on the set. Limping home early in 1980, he cut his strongest and most influential album yet, *Truth Decay*. Understated yet firm, musically subtle yet deeply woven with the blues, *Truth Decay* was prominent on several critics' Top Ten lists for the year. Alas, it didn't sell many copies.

"The funny thing is," Burnett reflects, "success has been completely redefined for me. It's respect. And, finally, doing what you want to do... what you have no choice but to do."

A little shy about performing, Burnett nonetheless recently rented the Hollywood Foreign Legion Hall to showcase some new material for a small audience of press, friends and industry wheels. A new LP is mostly finished, as is an intriguing collection of standards called *Broadway My Way*. The latter contains a slow version of "Hooray for Hollywood" that actually makes one listen to the melody, rather than the bombast, of that funny old warhorse. Soon after the Muldaur production is finished, Burnett will tour Europe with Fry Gooder — yet another long-time friend from the ranks of the famous and near-famous. Perhaps his extra measure of respect is almost at hand.

Pepsi commercials, he moved on to act (and serve as technical advisor) in Jack Nicholson's film about a renegade basketball baller, *Drive, He Said* (1972) and on TV's *Marcus Welby, White Shadow* and *Paris*, where he met *Hill Street* producer Boshko.

Like Haid, Warren has a wife (Susie) and two children (intriguingly named Koa and Cash). While Haid works out in gyms, Warren prefers the tennis court.

Despite a chance to do a series pilot and a movie-of-the-week, Warren hitched up with *Hill Street*. He's particularly intrigued by the program's serio-comic format and Hill and Renko's humanizing of the often one-dimensional TV cop role. Accompanying real cops on a number of patrols (including one bloody homicide investigation that drew a rock-throwing mob), Warren "didn't really get the insight into cops I expected. They're too much on guard to reveal a lot. What you do get is real insight into the way the public reacts to them."

Warren carried over some valuable lessons from his earlier near-career. "Athletics teaches you discipline and it emphasizes team effort. If you played on a team with Kareem and you thought you were a star, you'd be badly mistaken. No one on a team is a 'star' because everyone has to work to make the effort successful. Writers, actors,

directors, cameramen — everybody has to give their best to make *Hill Street* a hit."

Ironically, the best cop show that ever happened almost didn't happen.

"When Fred Silverman asked us to do a new police show, we initially refused," says Steven Boshko who, with Michael Kozoll, created, produced and writes most *Hill Street* shows. "Both of us had done so many cop shows — *Kojak* and *Quincy*, *Columbo* — that we said we'd do it only on two conditions. First, that NBC leave us totally alone and let us do what we wanted with the show. And two, that we meet with their broadcast standards department before we even wrote one word."

Meeting with the network, Kozoll and Boshko pressed the point that "We were looking for a maturity of concept, we wanted to do an adult show. There would of necessity, on occasion, be some graphic violence. There were also to be sexuality to the show." (In the latter area, *Hill Street* regulars have observed Captain Furillo's bubble-bathing with public defender Joyce Davenport, Sgt. Esterhaus' on-duty dalliances with anything in hose or halter tops and, once, officer Renko seducing his night school teacher in the classroom — surely one of the most erotic sequences on any network show.)

"We wanted to do a show that was recognizable as a genre show," Boshko explains, "but that was different." The writers' familiarity with police helped. "Working on cop shows, you become familiar with the police procedure and with the ambience that surrounds their work. And you almost build up a rouseau of stories." Equally helpful were the actors' contributions. "They saw things in the characters we'd created," says Boshko, "and they were definitely active in adding dimensions to them."

Boshko assures that "All the characters will be back, and they won't change drastically. In real life, people evolve, incrementally. That's what our characters will do. It would, for instance, be a mistake to have Jim Siskind (Howard Hunter) continue to come in week after week, make cracks about Hispanics and walk out. That pales quickly. So that character will grow."

The series will continue to blend comic and serious, though Boshko admits that during the first season "the balance sometimes got thrown off. We are, in fact, one hour dramatic series. One problem, conceptually, with the first season, was the on-going stories. It tends to confuse the casual viewer if he hits the third episode of a four-part series. We'll stick with multiple stories but each show will have one modular story with a start, a middle and an end."

Such fine tuning should only help *Hill Street*'s rapidly improving condition. Boshko claims last season's final episodes nudged into the Nielsen's top 20; and while supporter Silverman has left the network, NBC's new head is Grant Tinker, former boss of MTM, for whom *Hill Street Blues* was developed.

Charles Haid calls *Hill Street* "the fastest track in town. When you're on it, you'd better be serious and ready to work. Because everybody else is."

Steven Boshko searches his memory for his favorite definition of the show's appeal. "It came from my brother-in-law," Boshko recalls. "He said what he liked best was the fact that he never knew, from one moment to the next, whether something humorous would suddenly turn very complex, or vice versa. Keeping people off guard, that's what makes *Hill Street Blues* different: butting humor up against gut-wrenching drama. On paper it shouldn't even work," he smiles. "But somehow it does."

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*To be announced in the April 1982 PLAYBOY

John Landis howls over Hollywood ... & his werewolf in London

BY JACOBA ATLAS

Universal Studios crams more tourists through its Universal City Studios Tour than Portugal crams sardines into tin cans, and on hot, smoggy days the "marks" bake in the San Fernando Valley sun until the sweat pours off them like so much olive oil. The Big Stop on the tour is the new special effects sound stage which promises to show the curious just how George Lucas made *Star Wars* and Dino De Laurentiis got King Kong to swing. Nine dollars and fifty cents a head is the going price for such information.

John Landis, director of *Animal House*, the highest grossing comedy of all time, runs into these tourists everytime he steps from his office. It's a small, semi-crumbling bungalow that does not begin to suggest the riches this man has brought to Universal via *Animal House* and the *Blues Brothers* (yes, Virginia, the *Blues Brothers* did make money despite its \$31 million budget). The office has plywood stairs and dingy walls and backs into the parking lot where the studio tour buses light to herd the curious, sweating crowds into that special effects sound stage. If Landis opened his windows, he'd hear the forced good cheer of the tour guides as they make their dictatorial statements ("you must return to the exact seat you have vacated") sound like suggestions. But then, if Landis opened his windows, the tourists wouldn't be listening to their guides — they'd be listening to Landis.

Landis, at 31, is best distinguished from the rest of the crop of hothouse-contemporary-under-thirty-five directors by his voice. Where others are shy, Landis is effusive, where others are quiet, Landis is outrageous. He doesn't speak *per se* — he yells, he shouts, he rants, he raves. It's a voice cultivated for the New York subway system, but John Landis has never lived East of the Mississippi.

A week before his new film, *An American Werewolf in London*, is set to open, Landis is saving his voice for the press. Alfred Hitchcock once told him the press is moronic, and Landis couldn't agree more. Proof of that assessment is the fact that the *Los Angeles Times* has printed not one, but four different pictures of what the newspaper insists is the monster, the "werewolf." Landis' press releases had told everyone that no pictures of the werewolf exist and in fact during production crew members were warned that anyone leaking information on the werewolf would be shot. Now the *Times* has come up with some pictures from the movie and printed them with finger-pointing glee as if to say, "See, John, you can't keep anything hidden from us."

Landis, his voice reaching new heights, wants to know why. What was the point? "Is this news?" he asks.

"Printing stolen photographs. Illegal photographs. We checked, they didn't get them from any kosher sources." When pressed for reasons, Landis insists the whole thing is personal. He's certain one of the newspaper's editors is out to get him because this editor has a wife who happens to be an actress whom Landis has happened recently to hire for any of his movies. Landis says he's being paid back "I mean," he adds incredulously, "what else could it be?"

Fouling up the secrecy on *An American Werewolf* is nothing new. The movie is about two American college students (played by David Naughton of the "Dr. Pepper" commercials and Griffin Dunne) who are attacked in Northern England by a creature from beyond the grave. *Werewolf* was supposed to contain a never-before-seen man-to-beast transformation that was done totally without optical effects. However, earlier this year a low-budget exploitation film called *The Howling* was released — lo and behold, it contained a never-before-seen man-to-beast transformation that was done totally without optical effects. *The Howling's* was so brilliant, it never failed to elicit applause from the movie's audiences.

The similarity between the two movies' transformations is not coincidental. Each was nursed into being by a 31-year-old special make-up and effects creator named Rick Baker. "What made me upset," Landis said, "was that Rick gave away some of our secrets on how to do this thing. That made me mad. Rob Bottin who did *The Howling* was actually Baker's assistant. Rick in fact started *The Howling* and I called him up and said, 'Rick, remember I'm making that movie, remember we discussed it in 1971, well I'm making it now,' and he said, 'Yeah, you told me that before' and I said, 'Well, this time I really mean it.' So Rick quit *The Howling* and Rob took the job instead. 'I haven't seen it yet, but Bottin is a gifted artist and I'm a big fan of Joe Dante's (director). But I've read their script and the two films are very different in conception. There is real tongue-in-cheek and ours is decidedly serious. It's very funny, but it's not a comedy. We never make excuses for the story, we're never winking at it. It's straightforward and tragic."

Landis says he was inspired to write *Werewolf* by an incident he encountered in Yugoslavia back in 1969 when he was a 19-year-old flunky in a canvas called *Kelly's Heroes*. While traveling from a location he got stuck in a traffic jam, "which is unusual since there were only about 300 cars in the whole country. Anyway, right in the middle of this crossroads was a burial with two priests and a corpse wrapped in canvas and covered with garlic and rosaries. I said what the f. k. is this? Our driver,



an educated man from Belgrade, went to find out and came back laughing at the peasants and gypsies. He thought it was real funny. It seems this dead guy had been a rapist and was shot and he was being buried in the crossroads so he wouldn't get up and cause trouble.

"I was genuinely impressed by what I saw. The people were absolutely serious. I don't believe in that stuff..." he says, pausing for the right phrase, "but I don't disbelieve anything either. What these guys were doing in Yugoslavia wasn't any sillier than anything they do in the Mormon Church or in the Judaic-Christian beliefs. You can ridicule anything if you want to. But look at *Voodoo*. It's consistently practiced and it works. Papa Doc ruled a country with it. It kills people.

"In *Werewolf* we're talking about the suspension of disbelief. And it's hard. When you put a maniac with an axe in his hand, you believe it because strangers are walking around shooting John Lennon. So no problem, you say there's a man with an axe. Fine... Or go into outer space... again, no problem, you go with whatever you have. But in a contemporary setting with monsters, it's a whole different thing. For instance, *The Exorcist*, which I believe is a great movie, has a tremendous advantage in that it's about Christ and Satan which gives us two thousand years on which we build our suspension of disbelief. You know the rules. Christ is good and Satan is bad. Just like you hold a cross to a vampire and he cringes, you don't have to be told why. It's good and evil. No sweat. But my movie's not about good and evil, it's about the ultimate schizophrenia."

Landis himself may know a little something about split personalities. Those who know him, have worked with him, invariably describe him as two different men. One is impossible,

infantile, egotistical, the other is charming, funny and bright. Eyes roll heavenward when his name is mentioned. One producer who worked closely with Landis on a now defunct project first has praise for the man and then adds derisively, "He has an office full of toys. Steven Spielberg gets the toys designated for kids eight to eleven — Landis gets the ones marked three to seven." Actually there are no toys in Landis' office, only a Mickey Mouse figure, several signed movie posters and a half-dozen copies of *Starlog* and *Monster* magazine.

It's easy to see why Landis elicits such diverse reactions. He's nothing if not opinionated. Why doesn't Jenny Agutter, who's so good in *Werewolf*, work more in Hollywood? "Because producers here aren't looking for beautiful, intelligent women, they're looking for bimbos." What's the hardest emotion to get out of a movie? "Wonderment. Spielberg did that with the first version of *Close Encounters*. You open your mouth in wonder. Very few movies do that. The first *King Kong*, *Pinochio*, maybe *The Wizard of Oz*." *Star Wars*? "Star Wars failed miserably at it. It's exciting, ya ya ya, but it doesn't have a sense of wonder." The press' reaction to big budget movies? "The press is full of s---. *Blues Brothers* was never overbudgeted. We became 1942. Everyone hated us because we were young and too successful. Look what they did to Spielberg after 1941. I mean, what was his crime? Making a movie that didn't work." Is the current crop of hot-shot directors ever competitive with one another? "Never — what an odd question."

He is equally sanguine about the impact of his movies. He says *Animal House* was a breakthrough film and that 11 universities wouldn't let them shoot on campus because the film had

a teacher sleeping with a student. "They said it never happened. Hell, that's the reason most people become teachers. *Animal House* is a political film because at the height of born-again Christianity we made a film about born-again paganism. Toga Parties.

"Look at the end of *Animal House* and look at *Stripes*. *Stripes* is very funny, but it's totally reactionary. It's a fascist film. I was appalled when I saw it. That movie says the Army is great and supports the military establishment. I don't think those who make it know what it said and I'm sure they go through to think my response is out of line. But things are crazy. Do you know people in this country thought *Psy Benjamin* was a women's lib film? Forget it."

"You have a responsibility when you make films."

But Landis won't elaborate on the political impact of movies except to say you have to make them with subversive messages. "Your first responsibility is to entertain, but what I'm proud of is where my films are banned — Argentina, Iran, South Africa. It's terrific. You can always tell if your film is correct by the countries in which it's banned."

One of Landis' next projects will be a movie of Mark Twain's *A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court* (which Jenny Agutter reads to David Naughton in *Werewolf*). The script is being written by Oscar-winning, one-time blacklisted Waldo Salt. "Waldo has a lot of anger in him," Landis says, "and so did Twain. Twain's my hero. He was a bitter, cynical, nasty little guy. Twain's fascinating. *Huckleberry Finn* is the greatest American novel ever written."

It's said you can tell something about a man by the heroes he keeps.

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CAMPUS

With The Editors Of Modern Photography Magazine



Peter Reed Miller/SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

Looking For Action? Don't Forget A Camera!

What with frisbees sailing around the campus, sleepy-eyed seniors trying to make it to 9 A.M. class on Monday morning before the bell rings or enjoying the football, soccer or basketball game, there are plenty of subjects in motion around you. If you've got a fast-acting finger, you can have a lot of fun chasing after action shots. And, with some luck and practice, you'll be surprised how proficient you can become in producing eye-stopping shots.

Let's figure first that you're a real tyro with a simple camera that you've been told won't take action pictures.

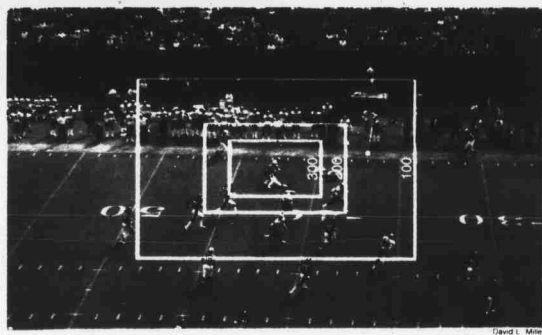
Sure it will. While its fairly slow shutter speed(s) won't stop much action, try following the action while looking through the viewfinder.

Pan the camera smoothly as your subject moves. Snap away when the subject appears most interesting. What you'll get is a fairly sharp subject, maybe with some softness around the legs and hands, all against a blurred background—which is how action looks anyway. (A lot of pro photographers spent plenty of time trying to dope out how to get just such an effect

possible when there's an exciting play and the audience goes wild).

But if you can change lenses, beg or borrow a telephoto or tele-zoom lens. Unless you're in a stadium the size of a walnut, you'll need something with a focal length of between 200 and 400mm depending on just how far away you are from the action and how close you want your pictures to appear.

A zoom lens allows you to use a whole variety of focal lengths, and so gives you many framing choices right from your seat. How long a lens do you need? A 200mm lens gets you four times closer than a regular 50mm lens (or if it's easier to think about, it covers $\frac{1}{4}$ the area of a regular, normal lens). A 400mm covers $\frac{1}{16}$ the area and a 300mm length is right in between.) If you can borrow a tele or,



David L. Miller

Zoom in on the action with a tele-zoom or telephoto lens. A "normal" (50mm) lens was used for this shot. Lines show how tele lenses would have brought players closer

before they tumbled on to a simple camera setting as the solution.)

Simple cameras generally have slightly wide-angle lenses, meaning you've got to get fairly close to your subjects. This sort of rules 'em out for shooting spectator sports (other than the band formations at half time) from the stands. Unless you're an official photographer, you'll probably be stuck there, far from the action. With a simple camera or, as a matter of fact, with any camera having a normal lens (the one that came with camera) players on the field will look like tiny ants. If your camera doesn't allow you to use interchangeable lenses, better stick to snapshots of your fellow spectators (great shots are

even better, a tele zoom and try it out yourself for size you'll decide on the right length pretty quickly and then you can get a tele zoom lens of your own.

Load up with an ASA 400 so you can shoot at the fastest shutter speeds possible (if you want to stop action).

You've probably been told to avoid fast films because the colors aren't as bright and the resulting pictures are grainy. It used to be so but today's fast color films are good enough for many pros to use almost exclusively.

Have a happy game but do try for an aisle seat. When the crowd in front goes wild you don't want to wind up with a shot of bobbing heads instead of the action.

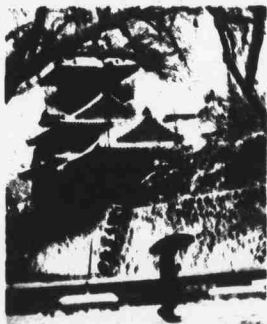
Is There Only One Correct Exposure? No!

If you have a camera with no exposure control or one that sets itself automatically with no provision for any manual variation, you'll probably be very satisfied with almost all the prints or slides you make.

But many more advanced cameras today do allow you to vary your exposure, either through auto-exposure compensation dials or straight manual override.

Auto exposure or no exposure control, cameras will generally yield an average exposure picture. However, by giving less exposure (using one or two smaller lens openings or one or two faster shutter speeds) or more exposure (setting your camera in just the opposite manner) you will produce different results that may even be better (as the pictures shown here illustrate). This is particularly true in contrasty light situations.

If you do plan some exposure variations, stick to color slide film. If you shoot color print film, the processors will probably correct your exposure variations in printing and make all your shots of the same subject look pretty much alike, despite the exposure variations.



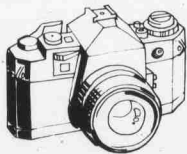
Deliberate underexposure, blacked-out figure, shadows, for effective picture

What Type Of Camera Do You Need????

Pocket 110 camera? Instant-picture camera? All-weather camera? Single-lens reflex camera? Pocket 35 camera? Auto-focus camera?

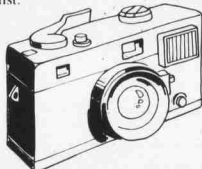
They are all very different and serve different functions and different users. It may well be overkill if you've been persuaded to buy a single-lens reflex when all you want is a no-nonsense pocket camera which means you can learn as little about photography as possible.

Books have been written about proper camera type selection. No matter—we're going to reduce it all into five thumbnail-size sketches and descriptions. We might not be able to accompany you all the way to the proper choice, but at least we can head you in the right direction.



35mm Single Lens Reflex (SLR)

You see what you get by viewing and focusing right through the lens, be it a wide-angle, normal, telephoto or zoom; extremely versatile, available with manual control, auto-exposure only, or auto-exposure plus manual override. But SLRs are bulkier than pocket cameras or other 35s, heavier, more expensive, more complex, take more care to use. Accessory list is enormous with fully-coupled auto flash and battery-powered auto winders heading the list.

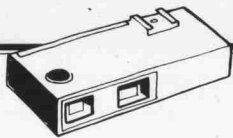


35mm Lens/Shutter Camera

Uses optical finder (like a miniature telescope) for sighting, optical rangefinder in some models for focusing. Lowest-priced models use simple scale; you guess distance, then set footage marker accordingly and hope it's right.

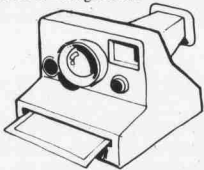
Advantages include rugged, simple design and lower-than-SLR cost, plus greater compactness and lighter weight than SLR. Models now available include built-in electronic flash, auto-exposure, super-compact pocket versions, auto focusing.

But only a few high-priced cameras offer interchangeable lenses. Good snapshot cameras, however.



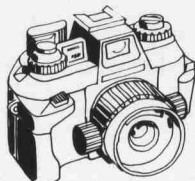
110 Camera

Tiny and super-tiny easy-to-load camera using miniature film size. There's a wide range of models from simple box-camera equivalents to a single-lens reflex and underwater types. Newer models have built-in electronic flash, automatic exposure, built-in auto winders. Rugged, simple, light and compact, the 110 turns out good snapshots but small film size limits sharpness of enlargements.



Instant Camera

If you must see your color prints within minutes, the instants will deliver the goods. Cameras tend to be bulky, lenses slow. Cameras are fully automatic, film fairly expensive, enlargements of poorer quality. Great for making friends all over the world, shooting at parties, weddings.



Underwater/All-Weather Cameras

Specially designed to withstand elements, these auto-exposure cameras are ideal for hunters, fishermen, sailors, backpackers, when extremely rugged camera is needed. Some are water resistant only; others can go to 15 ft. or so. Only one, the Nikons, is a true underwater camera with interchangeable lenses!

Closeups And Copying: School Aids

Have a lab experiment you want to preserve before you break it down? Do you need a copy of a map, drawing or painting but can't get it to a copying machine? Is there some material in a book that you can only gnom on for a few hours? The answer is to copy it or shoot a close-up with your camera. You can use any camera, except pocket cameras—the negatives or transparencies made with them are generally too small to carry enough information—for copying and close-ups.

Most 35mm SLRs focus as close as 18 to 24 in., which may be enough for some copying and close-up work. Other cameras reach 3 ft., which is usually too far.

Close-up lenses are by far the simplest and most convenient accessory to allow you to focus nearer than the regular minimum distance of your camera. They're easiest to use on an SLR, since you can thread one over your normal lens and focus right through the finder. Close-up lenses are generally available in three major strengths: +1, +2 and +3.

While we could give you the distances at which the close-up lenses will allow you to work, what you really need to know is how large an area the close-up lens will take in when fitted on your normal lens. For a 50mm normal camera lens a +1

close-up lens will cover a subject from 9 1/4 × 14 in. to 18 1/2 × 28 in. depending on the focus setting of the camera. A +2 will allow areas from 6 1/2 × 9 1/4 in. to 9 1/2 × 14 in., while a +3 will get you from 4 1/2 × 6 1/2 in. to 6 1/4 × 9 1/4 in.

These close-up lenses can be combined for even closer work with smaller areas. It's now simply a matter of choosing the right close-up lens depending on the size of your subject area you want covered. For instance, if you were copying a map in a book which was 8 × 10 1/2 in., a +2 close-up lens would do nicely.

With a single-lens reflex camera, making a close-up is no more complicated than lining up the camera and subject and shooting. Use the built-in, or a hand-held, meter recommendation for the correct exposure.

While close-up and copying lighting can get very complicated, even shadowless daylight from a window (or from a skylight in a library reading room) will do.

With cameras other than SLRs, follow the directions that come with the close-up lenses as to proper camera distance settings and actual distance from the subject. If you don't have a single-lens reflex, you won't be able to rely on your viewfinder to show you just what will be framed in the close-up picture. Instead, measure carefully from the very center of your camera lens to the very center of your subject using a rigid or coiled metal tape.

How can you hold the camera steady enough, particularly if you need a longish exposure and you don't have a tripod or copy stand? The accompanying pictures show you just how to do this with books as supports for the subject and camera.

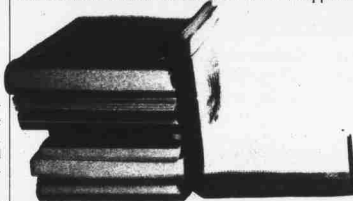


Table-top set-up. +2 close-up lens made picture below for paper on Dickens.



If you load up with a fast (ASA 400) film, you should be able to make good exposure in reasonable light. For sharp pictures with close-up lenses, you will have to close your lens down to f/8 or f/11, which means a fairly long exposure if the light is poor. If your meter can't handle such a low light level, you'll have to experiment by making exposures at a number of longish times until you find the proper exposure.

Avoid using color print film for copying if you are photographing a map or printed matter. Instead, shoot black-and-white negative or transparency material. View the slides (or even the negatives) with a projector or by means of a fairly powerful (10X or more) magnifier. If it's a negative you will want to have a print made.

With careful copying, your transparency or negative should have all the detail from the original that you'll need.

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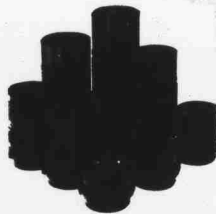


camera's electronic brain automatically adjusts the lens opening for the lighting conditions.

Flash photography is totally automatic as well, and with the new Canon Speedlite 188A with built-in exposure confirmation, you can tell you've gotten a perfect flash picture before removing your

eye from the viewfinder!

There are new and exciting accessories that add even more versatility. The Power Winder A2 provides single-frame and continuous motorized shooting at up to two frames-per-second. Or, for really fast action, you can add the Motor Drive MA for up



to 4 fps. rapid sequence shooting.

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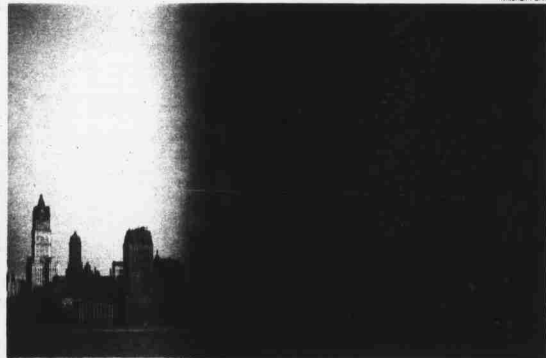
PROGRAM

Trick Filters Can Put a Kick In Your Shots

Got the photo blahs? All the usual campus sights seem old hat and done to death? Try some of the new trick creative filters. They can produce sunburst and star effects, add color selectively, combine images in many colors. There are really too many to list, but a quick trip to your local photo store will give you an eyeful. With most such filters, you can just hold them to your eye or put them over your SLR camera lens and view through the finder to see what the effect will be. Herewith a few oddball creative shots to show what's possible.



Michael Funk



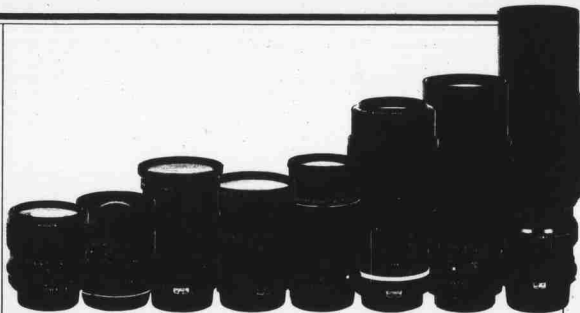
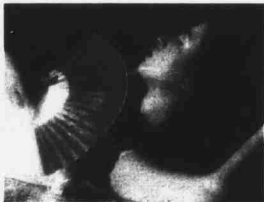
Michael Funk



Michael Funk



Why settle for reality when you can photograph a dream? Here, diffusion filter was used to soften "straight" shot (left) to produce this ultra-romantic vision.



Which Lens? Camera Brand, Independent, Or Unknown?

Ready to buy an accessory lens but confused by all the brands? Here with a short, short, three part course in lensiana.

Camera maker's lenses: Your safest bet, since they were made specifically to work with your camera and are generally of top mechanical and optical quality. If the lens does not work properly with the camera, only one single company is responsible for straightening matters out.

Independent maker's lenses: Some

times less expensive (but camera makers are now offering budget-priced lenses that are remarkably inexpensive). Independent makers' lenses often have special features such as close focusing or compact design possibly not available on the camera maker's lenses. Make certain you buy a well-known independent maker's lens.

Unknown maker's lenses: Many stores try to save money or offer rock-bottom prices by purchasing lenses from small importers or they may even import lenses under their own label. (It's a simple business to have a lens identification ring engraved with almost any name and make and then to thread it into an off-brand optic.) These lenses may be OK, but store importers don't have the wherewithal to test the lenses—and so quality can vary remarkably, repair parts may not be available or be stocked for only a short time. These are garbage lenses and are best avoided regardless of price.



Herbert Kasper

Macro (left) versus non-macro (right). Photo at left was taken from 8 inches, at right from 18 inches. ASA 400 film made 1/8 lens opening possible to gain sufficient sharpness at close range. Two lights were used, one on each side of ring, to eliminate shadows, reveal details of design.

Getting Blurry Pictures? Here's Why

If you're getting blurry pictures, here's a quick checklist you can use to identify the problem:

1. Whole picture area blurred but some pictures more than others. Causes: Not holding camera steady at time of exposure; too slow a shutter speed; dirty lens.

2. Main subject blurred but foreground or background OK. Cause:

Improper focus, either the camera's fault or your mistake. If focus is still off after you focus carefully and shoot next time, have camera checked.

3. All pictures blurred about the same amount. Possible cause: Crummy camera. Have your dealer check to make sure and then, if indeed it's crummy, ditch the heap.

4. Close subjects blurred with non-focusing camera. Cause: Using camera at a closer distance than it was designed for. Back off!!

5. Prints look slightly soft. Possible cause: Color printer can be out of focus. Check sharpness of your negs with magnifier. If they're sharp, have photofinisher make prints over.

Don't Get Stung When Buying

With an almost endless array of cameras offered, and sources varying from your local dealer to distant mail-order firms, buying an expensive item like a camera can be a rewarding experience or a nightmare.

Here are some tips, found out the hard way, to guide you through the maze of desire to the glories of happy ownership.

Learning what you want: Ask knowledgeable friends who are happy with their cameras. Read all the photo magazine test reports and camera literature you can. Handle the camera yourself. Look at your friends' results. Do you think they're good? Go to a store, ask to see similar cameras. If some other camera looks better and seems a better deal, don't go for it on the spot. Take time to think. Ask others about the camera. Read up on it. Make sure any camera you select is convenient to use and handle.

Selecting the right store: Most photo stores near campuses are reliable because bad ones are quickly put out of business by word of mouth. Ask your knowledgeable friends what stores they deal with. Yes, you probably pay more than at a big dis-

count or mail order store but you will get better service right where you are.

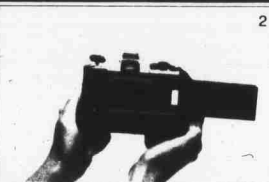
You can buy by mail from the big stores that advertise in photo magazines such as *Modern Photography*, but ask your friends for the names of reliable ones they've dealt with. Don't be surprised if there are delays in getting your equipment because the mail-order stores are out of stock or they try to persuade you to switch brands. Stick to your guns. The advantage of mail order shopping is big savings.

Catalog houses are reliable, although prices are slightly higher. Big-city gift shops and stores handling all sorts of general merchandise such as watches, rugs, tape recorders, radios can be real gyp artists with exorbitant prices and discontinued merchandise. Beware of unknown brands: Quality may vary or be poor, and repairs almost impossible.

Buying the camera: Try to get a camera in an unopened box if possible. Cameras come with various accessories: batteries, lens caps, cleaning cloths, which mysteriously disappear from opened boxes. Have the dealer open the camera box and try all controls at all settings before you pay your money. If something isn't working properly, ask for another camera. Examine the store warranty carefully. If the merchandise is faulty, does the store promise to give you your money back or exchange the camera? How many days do you have? Many stores promise nothing and refuse to have anything to do with a non-functioning camera after it's sold!

Checking the camera: Once you and

the camera are back in your room, do not fill out the warranty card that comes with the camera until you have tried the camera with film, have seen the results and are satisfied. Most camera stores won't accept a camera back for exchange if the warranty card has been filled out. Load the camera with slide film (print film can still yield reasonable prints even if the camera underexposes or overexposes). Improper exposure will immediately show up on slides. Shoot pictures under all sorts of light in conditions indoors and out at closest focus, at middle distances and at infinity. Try it at every possible setting. If you can, make all your tests with a tripod. Examine your processed slides with a slide projector or with the aid of a good magnifier of at least 5X power. Pictures should be well exposed, the main subjects and detail crisp. Fill in the warranty card only after you're certain there is no nagging doubt in your mind about anything connected with the camera.



2



3



4



1

1. Image sharpness, lens distance scale should agree. If not, there's trouble.
2. Check camera body for dents, nicks in leather, bare metal spots.
3. Lens openings should change smoothly, front surface be scratch free.
4. Check all shutter settings. Problems usually show up at slow speeds.

Give something really sharp.



Kiron's™ 80-200mm Macro Focusing Zoom. At 80mm, it's a portrait lens. At 200mm, it's a telephoto lens. At macro focus, it's a close-up lens. And it's everything in between. Give one to your Nikon, Canon, Pentax, Olympus, Minolta, Konica or Yashica/Contax this Christmas. And consider the possibilities.

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Muck On Your Lens? It Isn't Always Easy To Remove

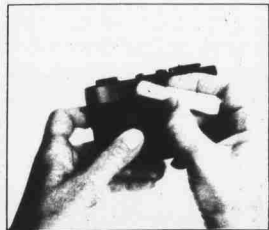
Lenses seem to attract dirt magically. Tromp across a dusty campus with your lens exposed and you'll get a fine coating of dust. Fiddle with the camera and, inevitably, you'll have a nice greasy thumbprint on the lens or finder. Use a dirty lens and you'll get soft pictures and probably lens flare as light hits the muck and bounces around inside the lens and camera instead of traveling straight to the film.

In years past, when no one was looking, many a lens was cleaned with the end of a tie or the corner of a handkerchief (sometimes not too clean). That spread the dust or grease around nicely. Luckily, few students today wear ties or carry cloth handkerchiefs.

Ivory for lenses? A touch in water makes ideal lens cleaner. Other ingredients for good camera housekeeping include Kleenex tissue, lens chamois and lens brush.



Lens tissue is always being recommended for cleaning lenses: who but the constant gadget-bag toter carries it? Even pros can't find it in their camera bags when they need it. Small lens brushes available at photo stores are very handy for removing non-clinging dust from lenses, but you may have forgotten the brush too or probably can't find it. (Hint on buying brushes: Don't buy a paint brush thinking it's cheaper than a lens brush. Some paint brushes are treated with oil to preserve them or to maintain their



How do viewfinders get dirty? Greasy eyelashes! Clean with tissue

shape. You need a pristinely clean brush for a lens.)

For removing surface dust, facial tissue works well. (We can vouch for Kleenex as a brand with less lint than many others.) Replacing dust with lint fibers is a step in the right direction but a dustless, lintless lens is even better.

To remove dust, roll up a small piece of facial tissue and use it on the lens surface like a brush, in a circular motion. Don't apply pressure on the lens surface with your finger behind the tissue. That will only serve to grind the dust into the glass surface.

A grease spot such as a fingermark on a lens is not so easy to remove completely. Buy some lens cleaner and keep it around your room for whenever it's needed or, if you're around a chem lab, a touch of alcohol will do it when applied with the facial tissue or a wad of cotton. Don't moisten too much. The lens surface should not become wet or moisture may seep underneath the lens ring and into the lens.

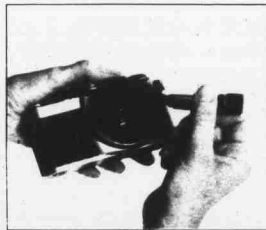
Water with a touch of a liquid detergent soap is another way to go for lens cleaning. Remember to wash off the detergent afterwards with a damp tissue.

One of our favorite materials for lens cleaning is chamois, the softened skin of a special sheep. You can usually get a small chamois at an optician. Use it like you would a facial tissue. Keep it clean in a plastic bag. Chamois and a tiny bit of alcohol or lens cleaning fluid makes a good grease-removing combination.

What about eyeglass tissues? There has been a great deal of argument even among optical experts as to whether the silicon in eyeglass tissues damages coated lens surfaces. If you use it constantly, we think there may be some chance of lens damage, but we would have no compunction about using it gently very occasionally.

Reminder: Lenses have two exposed ends—the front, which you will remember to clean, and the rear, which you won't. Rear lens elements, especially if you have an interchangeable-lens camera, need almost as much attention as the front. Since they are within the camera, you can be lulled into thinking they are clean when they are not. Never put a lens on a camera without looking at the rear for dust or grease.

Don't neglect the camera's viewfinder. They collect eyelash grease constantly (also fingerprints) and make clear, sharp viewing a near impossibility.



Ideal dirt remover, but who remembers to keep one handy? You should

Holding Steady And How?????

Whether you've got a simple pocket 110 or a super camera, you'll get blurred pictures unless you learn to hold the camera steady. Even a fast shutter speed won't guarantee you sharp shots. Here's how pros get them. (Beware of drawings or pictures in some camera instruction book purporting to show how to hold a camera. Many are wrong!)

With a 110 pocket camera, grasp the ends between thumbs and first and second fingers. Hold to your eye. Place the most convenient finger over the shutter release. Press your thumbs upwards against the center of camera while pulling down slightly on the ends with your other fingers—as if you were going to snap the camera in half.

For verticals, it's everyone for himself! Few pocket cameras are easy to hold for verticals so try various two-handed positions until you find a comfortable one. Suggestion: Use your forehead to brace the camera. Press the shutter release gently with a smooth, even pressure.



Hold pocket camera firmly, braced against forehead for vertical shots (right)



For SLR, support camera with left hand, use right hand for shooting

With a 35mm camera, grasp camera and controls completely in your right hand, as if you weren't going to use your left at all. Now bring your left hand, with palm open, under the left side of the camera. Rest camera in your left palm and grasp the lens from underneath between your left hand's first and second finger. Use these fingers to turn the lens mount for focusing.

Hold the camera to your eye. Bring your elbows into your body and dig them in as much as you can for support. Use your left hand to support the camera and your right to aim the camera and work the controls.

(If you have a non-focusing or auto-focusing 35mm camera, you needn't grasp the lens mount. Just keep your hand underneath the camera.)

Ready to shoot? Breathe gently. (No, you don't have to stop breathing!) Keep your feet about 10 inches or so apart for good support. Don't lock your knees. Press the shutter release so gently that someone standing next to you wouldn't even be able to notice that you did it.

OK, you made it. Practice will make perfect—but remember to stay cool, calm, and collected no matter what the excitement around you. And dig those elbows in!



Herbert Kappeler



Easy Ways To Better Pictures

Move in closer: Many pictures are taken from too great a distance so that the main subject—and the point of the picture—is lost. Try taking pictures of people at distances from about six to eight feet for full figures, three feet or less for faces. And don't forget to shift your camera to vertical from horizontal to make the most use of the length of your area.

Move up or down: Don't always shoot from eye-level. Maybe a low viewpoint would dramatize your subject and remove cluttered background. Before you snap, move around to find a more interesting approach.

Avoid the noon-day sun: Direct sunlight is, perhaps, the worst possible lighting, especially for pictures from different angles and distances. With human subjects it's hard to capture the best expression with one photo.

Keep backgrounds simple: Unless you are looking for a specific effect, examine your backgrounds carefully to avoid trees and telephone poles growing out of heads.

Squeeze the shutter gently: Regardless of the camera you use, s-q-u-e-e-z-e the shutter release gently. Don't rock the camera. Above all, don't jerk the camera as you press the release.

The only reason to buy a lesser camera is to take lesser pictures.

The F3.
Choice of the pros.



The FM. For full manual control.



The FE. An automatic you can grow with.



The EM. As easy to afford as it is to use.



Nikon cameras have unquestionably been used by more professional photographers to take more award winning 35mm photographs than any other camera in the world.

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But it really isn't. Nikon makes a full line of cameras, with a full range of features, in a full range of prices. One of them is designed for you.

Whether you choose our professional automatic F3; our versatile, automatic FE; the

fully manual metered FM; or the affordable, automatic EM, you'll be getting a Nikon. A camera subjected to an exacting system of design, manufacture and quality control.

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Nikon
We take the world's
greatest pictures.

Carry Camera At All Times? You're No Twit

A few years ago, anyone who always carried a camera would get razed into total embarrassment. Everyone made fun of the ardent camera fan. Cartoonists had a great time at his expense.

It's changing fast. More and more serious photographers on campus and off carry a camera at all times because they realize that ideal picture taking possibilities don't just occur at the rare instances you might decide to take pictures on vacations and weekends. A college campus is loaded with quick vignettes, scenics and candid well worth shooting.

But you don't have to be a serious photographer to qualify as a constant camera toter. Try carrying a camera yourself for a few days and see if it doesn't pay off. You may get some kidding—until the guy or gal doing it sees some picture possibility they want you to shoot.

A few words of advice. Don't carry the camera closed up in its case. "Never-ready" cases are just obstacles to be overcome before you can actually use the camera. Take the camera out of the case completely and carry it over your shoulder with the neckstrap. However if your case comes apart in two pieces and you can remove the front part that goes over the lens and top camera controls, do so.

Keep your camera on a setting which would allow you to shoot quickly. The speed should be 1/125 sec. or faster with



the focus set to 15 ft. or so. Shoot any fast-changing scene quickly at the preset exposure, and then fiddle with the controls for a better shot.

When traveling around campus, if you don't think you'll be taking pictures, move the carrying strap over your head and carry the strap across your chest. It's safer than dangling the camera from one shoulder. When you think you'll be shooting pictures, the camera should be around your neck at chest level where you can grab it quickly.

Snapshots From Your TV

Always wanted a snapshot of some favorite TV movie scene? Is there some cable TV subject that you'd like on a print? Or perhaps it's some shot a friend has on a video cassette you want to preserve. With your still camera you can shoot the picture right off the TV screen, and in color too!

Tune your set for the best reception possible and adjust the contrast so that you get detail in both shadows and highlight. The contrast should be somewhat less than you have for viewing.

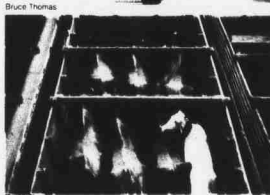
Reduce your room lighting, taking care that no light is reflected in the screen.

Move your camera as close to the screen as it can go and still give you the complete TV image sharply. Use a close-up lens if necessary.

Load your camera with ASA 400 film. Set your shutter speed at 1/30 sec. If you have a focal-plane-shutter camera (most single-lens reflexes are such) set your shutter speed at 1/8 sec. *Do not use a faster speed* (1/60 sec., for example) or you will only get a part of the TV image. With a speed of 1/8 sec., be sure to put your camera on a tripod or other support.

With adjustable cameras, typical settings using 400-speed films (either color or black-and-white) are 1/30 sec. at f/4 or 1/8 sec. at f/8.

Since television sets differ as to image brightness, you may have to make some test shots. Keep a record of exposures and settings for your television set so that you develop a standard procedure. If you're shooting in color, your slides or prints will be slightly bluish. If it bothers you, order a CC40R gelatin filter from your photo dealer and hold it in front of your camera lens. Give one stop more exposure.



Fast eye, fast camera, produced these shots. Carrying a camera at all times will sharpen your reflexes, make you aware of unusual situations. Photos were taken with 35mm camera, regular lens. Keep camera set at 1/125 second or faster, lens to correct opening for light conditions. When you see promising picture, shoot first, then worry about camera settings. Above all, take plenty of pictures, learn from your mistakes.



Photo from tape: 1/8 second, ASA 400 film, CC40R filter used for warmer tones

What do you think?

Got some useful information from *Around the Campus* with *The Editors of Modern Photography*? Have some ideas on what you'd like us to cover in the next section. Any criticisms? We'd like to hear from you. Send to *Around the Campus, Modern Photography, 825 Seventh Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10019*

Win \$100 For Best Shot

If there's a picture you are particularly proud of, send it to us. We'll award a first prize of \$100 for the best picture we get plus a \$50 second prize and a \$25 third prize. Include technical data (camera, film, lighting, etc.) if you can, wrap carefully and send the photo to:

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Modern Photography, 825 Seventh Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10019

Prize photos will be published in *Modern Photography*. Contest ends December 31, 1981, so don't delay.

ANOTHER TECHNOLOGICAL ADVANCE FROM SHARP.

A REAL COMPUTER YOU CAN PUT IN YOUR POCKET.

It was a pipe dream only a few short years ago. A computer you could carry around in your pocket, so you could run programs at home or while traveling; a computer small enough both for your pocket *and* your pocketbook.

Herewith, the pipe dream made real: the Sharp PC-1211 Pocket Computer.

Not a fancy pocket calculator. A computer. With 1.9K RAM memory. Programmed conventionally through the keyboard. Or, using an optional cassette interface, able to load and unload programs using almost any cassette recorder around.

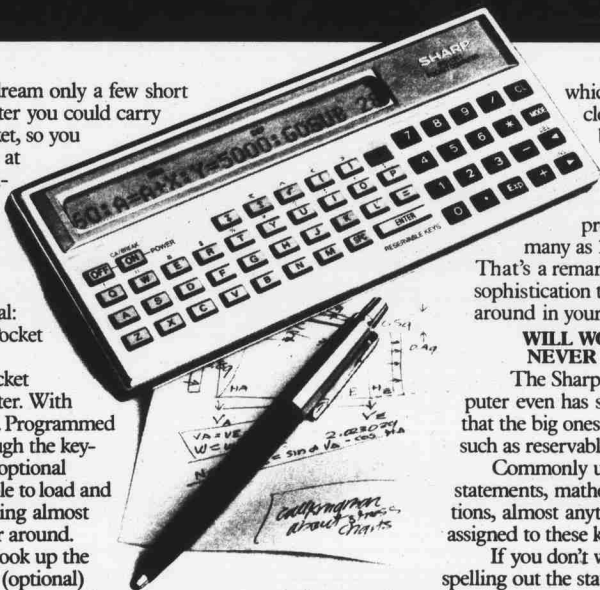
You can even hook up the PC-1211 to a printer (optional) and print out the program results or the program listing itself.

BASIC SPOKEN HERE.

The PC-1211 Pocket Computer has a dot matrix display that scrolls right or left, handling up to 24 alphanumeric characters.

This allows the program to display instructions asking for data, as well as any other prompting the program requires. It also allows you to look at the program listing, line by line.

If you don't know Basic, the PC-1211 is a good way to learn. There are 22 statements and 12 commands at your disposal,



which comes pretty close to the flexibility of a conventional size microcomputer.

It will run programs of as many as 30 or 40 lines. That's a remarkable degree of sophistication to be carrying around in your pocket.

WILL WONDERS NEVER CEASE?

The Sharp Pocket Computer even has some features that the big ones don't have, such as reservable keys.

Commonly used commands, statements, mathematical functions, almost anything can be assigned to these keys.

If you don't want to keep spelling out the statement PRINT, for example, you simply assign it to, say, letter "A." Thereafter you press one key instead of five. Mathematical functions like COS can be assigned. Or $A^2 + B^2$ Or RUN. And so on.

The PC-1211 has many more fascinating features. It's more than a fantastic tool. It's an intellectual adventure.

Go to your local Sharp dealer and fool around with one. You'll see that we haven't exaggerated in the least about the Sharp PC-1211 Pocket Computer.



The PC-1211 with optional printer.



The Pretenders: You Make Me Believe! Or Hynde in Plain Sight

BY BILL BRAUNSTEIN

The Look that would have made most men shrink. It was a venomous scowl, flickering low from impassive eyes, a perfect cross between disdain and indifference so thoroughly dehumanizing one didn't know whether to admire it or fear it. It was so perfect, in fact, one wondered if it was real. Did she mean it, or was Chrissie Hynde, rhythm guitarist, lead singer and songwriter for the Pretenders, just pretending?

The band had come out of their dressing room just five minutes before they would take the stage for a sold-out show in Fort Lauderdale, Fla., the second stop on a stamina-testing tour that would take them through the United States for the next four months—until November—then to England, Europe, Japan, Australia and New Zealand, before finally stopping in March.

One by one the photographer posed each member of the group around a pay telephone backstage. First, lead guitarist James Honeyman Scott, 24, came out, then drummer Martin Chambers, 29, and next, bassist Pete Farndon, 28. Chrissie Hynde, 29, was the last to come from the dressing room.

"Great, just great," said the photographer, as he moved them around. "Chrissie, you look beautiful."

She stopped in her tracks, turned, and then gave him The Look. "Who is this guy?" she snarled, enunciating every word slowly for the proper effect.

The photographer, undaunted, snapped his photographs while Hynde spat out a monologue that would have made Don Rickles proud.

"If I wanted to look pretty, do you think I'd dress like this? Give me a break." She flashed The Look once more.

"Now turn the other way," the photographer said.

"Why should I look that way? Hynde asked. "I'll look where I want to." She brought her hands to her shoulders like a boxer in a clinch.

"So this is for a college magazine, huh? We hate colleges. It's against everything this band stands for."

The group's entrance music, Elgar's "Pomp and Circumstance"—an eternal favorite at college ceremonies—started playing over the P.A. The house lights went down, a roar from the crowd came up, and the four Pretenders marched by and took their places on the stage, leaving behind the slightly dazed photographer.

"Insulting photographers," said Chambers a few days later, "is one of Chrissie's favorite pastimes."



James Honeyman Scott: He's got the touch

The Pretenders, an English group fronted by an expatriate American named Chrissie Hynde, was one of the brightest new bands to emerge onto the 1980 music scene in an otherwise uneventful year. After three successful British singles in 1979, the group's first album, *The Pretenders*, released here in January of 1980, set the states abuzz, selling just under a million copies.

The success wasn't difficult to understand. Writing or cowriting 10 of the album's 12 songs, Hynde proved she was a contender in more ways than one. Her voice is a sensual, lilting instrument that harbors both self-assuredness and a soft vulnerability. And as a songwriter, Hynde's lyrics touched upon an emotional battleground, things like interpersonal relationships, unrequited passion and social enemies. The group's hit single, "Brass in Pocket," a swaggering proclamation of female independence, masterfully combined all her and her band's skills. The album worked.

In short order the Pretenders were being hailed as the first important band of the Eighties. Several rock critics fell over themselves heaping adulation on the still-developing band. An e.p. released last March, *Extended Play*, was also greeted with praise. And now, with the release of their second album, *Pretenders II*, the group finds itself in the unenviable position of

trying to live up to expectations.

Now that the novelty of a rock group led by a female singer has worn off, the Pretenders will have to make it on the only thing that counts—their music. And that's the reason behind the massive seven months of touring that await the band. The question remains: Will the Pretenders have staying power? Are they the real thing?

"As far as what we're trying to do," said the band's manager Dave Hill, "we're really trying to crack this place this time. It's never been here before. As far as what we're trying to do," said the band's manager Dave Hill, "we're really trying to crack this place this time. It's never been here before. As far as what we're trying to do," said the band's manager Dave Hill, "we're really trying to crack this place this time. It's never been here before."

very good to go to places like New York and Los Angeles and Chicago and be known. But I want this band to be known everywhere.

"Whether the American public will go wild and buy 10 million albums, I don't know. All we can do is tour and do the best we can."

Hours before the Fort Lauderdale show, Martin and James, whom everyone calls Jimmy, playfully splash each other in the pool at the Hilton Hotel like two little kids. Martin throws punches at the water, causing it to cascade upward; Jimmy jumps back, as though each punch has hit him.



CHRISIE HYNDE

Chrissie Hynde: He's got The Look

"Take that, and that," says Martin, with each swing, as Jimmy would scream out in mock agony. The playfulness turns to a water splashing fight. Suddenly there is a clap of thunder.

"What's that, mate?" asks Martin. "Nothing to worry about," answers Jimmy. "It's just the sound check."

A few minutes later, Chrissie, who had been staying at a hotel some 20 miles away with her boyfriend of more than a year, the Kinks' Ray Davies, approaches the pool area with Davies in tow. As the two walk by, Jimmy swims over and starts splashing water on Davies' shoes. Davies smiles benignly and keeps walking.

A reporter eyes the couple as Hynde and Davies stop at a table at the far end of the pool, sit down and start to chat. He starts to walk over, but Hynde raises glowing eyes. There it is. The Look. It says, "Come no further."

The reporter walks over to Jimmy instead. "It's just a front, you know," says Jimmy, laughing. "Behind this punk persona that Chrissie has lies the weakest little kitten you've ever met."

The fourth stop on the tour is Orlando, Florida, and Hynde sits in her hotel room, an hour before the show, finally willing

to meet with the reporter. Sitting on her bed, legs crossed, raven black ragamuffin hair framing her pouty face, she munches on a Reese's Peanut Butter Cup. "I haven't eaten one of these in ten years," she says almost apologetically. "This is a flashback to my candy store-going days in Ohio."

Christine Ellen Hynde was born in Akron, Ohio, September 7, 1956. She got her first guitar when she was 14 and became interested right away, learning the tunes of Bob Dylan off records, and writing her own songs. "I'd play in my room alone," she says. "I couldn't really jam with the guys in high school because I was terribly shy. I didn't want them to know that as a girl I was playing things like the Paul Butterfield Blues Band."

After a brief one-gig fling in a band with Mark Mothersbaugh (who would later devolve Devo) when she was 16, and three years at Kent State University as an art student, Hynde knew it was time for a change. "I was one of those thousands of American kids who get out of high school, don't know what else to do, so they knock around college for a few years. After a while, I didn't see any point in staying."

London seemed as good a place as any, so after working at various odd jobs, she left the United States in 1973. "I left because the lifestyle here, in general, doesn't suit me. I never had a car, I never wanted one, and I'll never have one. As far as I'm concerned, if you don't want a car and don't drive, then you better get out of America. It's as simple as that."

When Hynde got to London she immediately found work as a journalist for the British music tabloid *New Musical Express* where she garnered attention for her devastating reviews and off-the-wall musical tastes. But she soon grew tired with her budding journalism career. "The music scene in London in 1973 and '74 was so ultimately boring, there was nothing to write about." Trying to change that, Hynde moved to France with the intention of starting her own band. When that didn't work out, she moved back to Cleveland, Ohio, in 1975, out of a desire to "get back to my musical roots."



Martin Chambers: He's got the fever!

(Continued on page 20)

ROCK 'N' ROLL YOU CAN'T REFUSE!



BILLY SQUIER

DON'T SAY NO

the chart-topping album featuring
"THE STROKE" and "IN THE DARK"

Get stroked in the dark
by Billy in concert!
Now appearing with Foreigner

SEPTEMBER

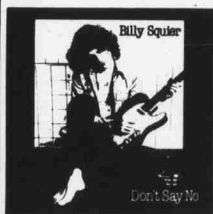
- 15 Charleston, WV
- 16 Knoxville, TN
- 18 Johnson City, TN
- 19 Lexington, KY
- 20 Nashville, TN
- 22 Biloxi, MS
- 23 Baton Rouge, LA
- 25 Tallahassee, FL
- 26 Birmingham, AL
- 27 Huntsville, AL
- 29 Jacksonville, MS

OCTOBER

- 1 Memphis, TN
- 2 Little Rock, AR
- 3 Dallas, TX
- 4 Houston, TX
- 16 Buffalo, NY
- 17 Rochester, NY
- 18 Hartford, CN
- 20 Washington, DC
- 21 Norfolk, VA
- 23 Pittsburgh, PA
- 24-25 Philadelphia, PA
- 27 Glens Falls, NY
- 28 Boston, MA
- 30-31 New York, NY

NOVEMBER

- 1 New York, NY
- 3 Evansville, IN
- 4 Cincinnati, OH
- 6 Detroit, MI
- 7 South Bend, IN
- 8 Chicago, IL
- 10 Milwaukee, WI
- 11 Indianapolis, IN
- 13 Toronto, Canada
- 14 East Lansing, MI
- 18 Cleveland, OH



Capitol
RECORDS

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The Pretenders

(Continued)

"It never occurred to me to go back to Cleveland," she says, "I'd spent all my time trying to get out. But I became very one-track minded about music at this time." She played in a band called Jack Rabbit for about six months in Cleveland and when the band broke up she made her way back to France for another abortive attempt at organizing her own band. Then, in 1976, Hynde returned to England for a visit, just as the punk movement was beginning to take hold. "You could just smell there was something cooking, and I thought 'I've got to get back to London!'"

Hynde had been making demo tapes with different people she'd known over the years, and finally one tape landed on the lap of Dave Hill, a promo man for a small English label. "I was really bowled over by her," he recalls, "so I was determined to do something for her." He left his job to manage her. The first step was to get a band together.

Bassist Pete Farndon had met Hynde in the spring of 1978 while Chrissie was making her latest effort to put a group

together. Farndon had just split from an Australian folk-rock band, and when he met Hynde he was impressed with the singer's material and feisty determination. He called upon guitarist James Honeyman Scott, whom he remembered as the little brother of a girl he dated in his home town of Hereford.

Hynde made her typical first impression upon Scott when they saw each other in the little rehearsal studio she and Hill had rented. "When I first met her," recalls Scott, "I thought, 'What a loudmouthed American cow. Who the hell does this woman think she is?'" But, he too, was impressed with Hynde's single-minded drive.

The band recruited an Irish drummer named Jerry Mcleuduff and recorded a demo tape that include two original Hynde compositions, "The Wait" and "Precious" and a cover version of a 1964 Kinks song, "Stop Your Sobbing." This done, and seeing no future, Scott moved back to Hereford. But a few weeks later when Farndon phoned to say Scott's hero, Nick Lowe, wanted to produce a single of "Stop Your Sobbing," Scott wasted no time rebounding back to London.

Mcleuduff, on the other hand, was not

working out. He was a married man with three children and couldn't give the commitment Hynde demanded of people. "Nothing was more important to me than the band," said Hynde. "If someone said they wanted to be in the band, but their car, or their house, or their job, or their girlfriend seemed more important, I dropped them like a hot potato." Exit Mcleuduff, enter Chambers.

Martin Chambers had played in a variety of bands, ranging from blues to classical to a rock band called Cheeks he played in with Jimmy years earlier. He was living not far from the others in London, where he was earning money as a driving instructor. Coincidentally, he was from Hereford too. When Martin was called to audition for the band, the chemistry was immediate. A band was born.

The group's name, taken from the fifties song, "The Great Pretender," was a last-minute choice, made in desperation the day before "Stop Your Sobbing" was released in January of 1979. It immediately made a respectable show on the British charts, cracking the top thirty. Two more singles followed. Before long the band was playing around

England to the praise of critics — an amazing feat, considering they had never played live together before the release of the first single.

Nick Lowe didn't think the band had enough material for an album, and politely declined to produce the Pretenders. A friend of Hynde's, Chris Thomas, who had produced the Sex Pistols, Wings and Pete Townshend, agreed to work with the band for a week on an album. The week turned into six months of recording. And he's been with them ever since. *The Pretenders* was released in January of 1980 and the group hasn't had time to look back.

A knock on the door by tour manager Stan Tippins signifies that it is time for Chrissie to get ready for the show. She's been cooperative, gracious and talkative.

Minutes later, Chrissie and the other Pretenders meet in the lobby of the hotel and then get into the white limousine; she and the driver up front; Martin, Pete and Stan, the tour manager, in back. Jimmy, hanging out with some friends, arrived at the auditorium ear-

lier. As the car drives the short distance from the hotel to the concert hall, the people in the car are subdued, quiet. Chrissie turns around and looks contentedly at the people in the back.

When the car pulls into the auditorium's back lot a few fans surge closer to the limousine. Finally the car comes to a stop.

Outside the car, a photographer, who has been waiting more than 30 minutes, readies his camera and as the car door opens starts clicking pictures at Chrissie, who almost instinctively shields her face.

The calm Chrissie Hynde disappears and a different one emerges, the one seen earlier. "Stan," she calls out to the tour manager, "there's a photographer out there. Get rid of him."

The tour manager jumps out the door and tells the photographer to stop. Then the members of the Pretenders, led by Chrissie Hynde, walk through the crowd, into the auditorium.

Hynde turns to see the photographer being hustled away. And there it is. The Look. It's back on her face. And you still couldn't tell if it was real or just pretend.



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ON SCREEN

Body Heat

starring William Hurt and Kathleen Turner, written and directed by Lawrence Kasdan.

Kasdan, in his first directorial effort, has managed a near-perfect updating of the Forties film noir style, losing none of the shadowy sensuality, retaining all of the mystery, passion and corruption; and adding the realistic embellishments (sex!) that weren't possible in the more constricted earlier days.

Body Heat, like the classic *Double Indemnity*, deals with a man's obsession for a woman, climaxing in their plot to kill her husband for his money — and for their freedom. William Hurt, a second-rate attorney, is gorgeous and appealing, but in a shabby, low-rent sort of way; Kathleen Turner, wife of a rich man with mobster connections, is thin and classy, and she

wraps herself around Hurt like a slowly tightening noose. The supporting cast is excellent, the Florida background alternately foggy and steamy, and the inexorable, inevitable denouement almost — but not quite — satisfying.

Continental Divide (see accompanying review), I'm told, represents Kasdan's early work, while *Body Heat* is his latest; he's definitely getting better. I'm impatient for his next film.

Judith Sims

Continental Divide

starring John Belushi, Blair Brown and Allen Goornitz, written by Lawrence Kasdan, directed by Michael Apted.

A peculiarly lackluster production, in spite of its Rocky Mountain locations and surly-faced star, *Continental Divide* seems to hover on the verge of amiability



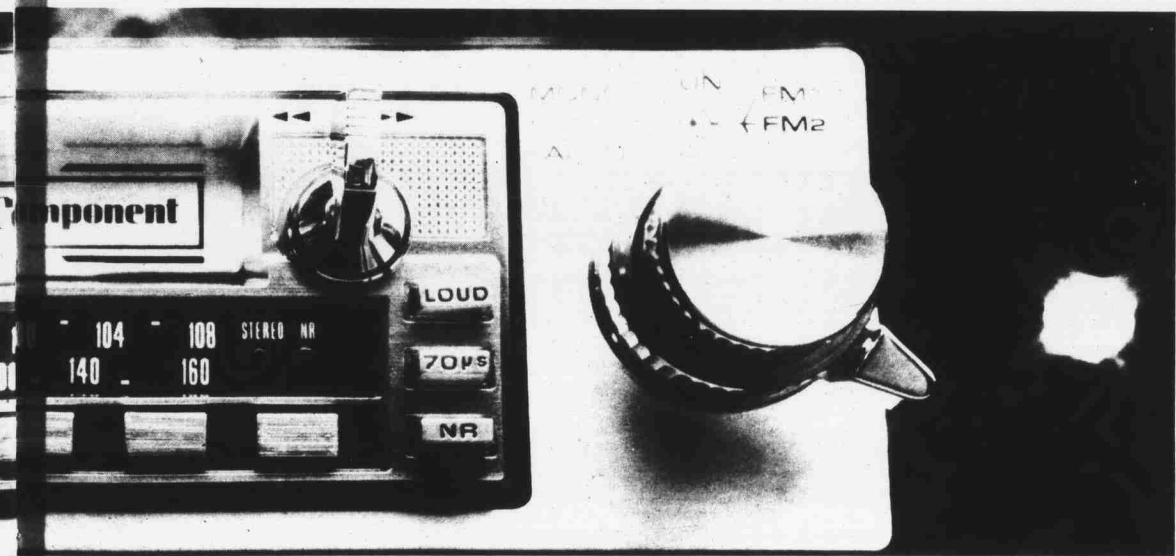
Hurt & Turner in *Heat* and Belushi in *Love*.

but never quite commits itself. It's an alleged romantic comedy about a muckraking Chicago newspaper columnist and a reclusive ornithologist who studies bald eagles in the Rockies. Unfortunately, it's not all that romantic, and the laughs are mere smiles, rather infrequent. Belushi seems tentative and unsure of his character except when he displays flickers of his old irascible *Saturday Night Live* persona. There are no sparks between the two lovers, just as there is no spark anywhere else. (We know Belushi is

in love because he walks around like a zombie and can't write.) There were times during *Continental Divide* when I thought the script (by Lawrence Kasdan, who's writing everything these days — *Empire Strikes Back*, *Body Heat*, *Raiders of the Lost Ark*) must have been fun to read, but somewhere along the line it lost most of its charm.

Director Apted seems to have trouble presenting believable male-female relationships. His films (*Stardust*, *Coal Miner's*)

(Continued on page 27)



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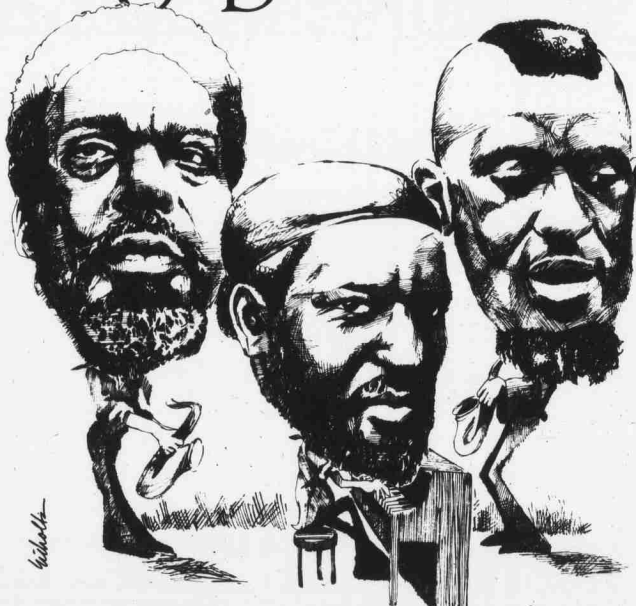
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ON DISC



THOSE FANTASTIC FANTASY VAULTS Fantasy twofers

(Fantasy Records) Fantasy Records has mined its seemingly endless wall of classic Fifties and Sixties jazz and come forth with a group of eight twofers that spotlight musical mountain-movers Thelous Monk, Sonny Rollins, Charles Mingus and Max Roach and lesser miracle workers Johnny Griffin, Eddie "Lockjaw" Davis, Cannonball Adderly, Gene Ammons and J.J. Johnson. All of these releases are good, some of them are simply first class.

At the head of the list go Monk's *April in Paris* (Milestone) and Rollins' *Vintage Sessions* (Prestige). The two are musical cousins. Both put rhythm at the heart of their work and it is that unshakable swing, coupled with melodic imaginations of colossal proportions, that has made their art endure. Too, both are exceptional composers. Rollins still writing fluently today while Monk has remained dormant—the last appeared in public in 1975 and is reported to be in ill health; many of their compositions (Monk—"Round Midnight," "Well, You Needn't"; Rollins—"Oleo," "Airegin") have become classics.

Live, a 1961 date, presents a routine familiar to those fortunate enough to have heard Monk in person: each tune, excepting the piano solos "Just a Gigolo" and "April in Paris," consists of a reading of the melody, solos by tenorman Charlie Rouse, Monk, bassist John Ore and drummer Frankie Danton and the melody once again Rouse's airy, amber tone and semi-rigid style fit handily with Monk's on-the-beat comping, and the pianist's solos, with rephrasing of the melody

and widely spaced intervals, are commanding. Monk may be a little hard to decipher at first, but when one finally "hears" him, he sounds traditional and uncomplicated. Such titles as "I Mean You," "Off Minor," and "Rhythm-a-ting" are played.

Vintage documents Rollins' first five trips to the studio as a leader, appearing with Miles Davis (it was Miles' date and he insisted Sonny cut a tune, and it was later issued under the saxman's name), the Modern Jazz Quartet, pianists Kenny Drew, Elmo Hope, and Monk. Though he was only 21-24 when these 1951-54 sessions were held, the by-now familiar Rollins trademarks were in evidence: an innate rhythmic sense, stunning melodic outpourings, a stark, brash tone, and a selection of rarely heard material. Sonny works his magic on a lazy "Time on My Hands," "I Want to Be Happy," with Monk comping merrily, and a rippling "Movin' Out," one of four cuts where the great trumpeter Kenny Dorham and a Bud Powell-influenced Hope are highlighted.

The influence of Monk trails over into 1961's *Live at Minton's* (Prestige), where tenor saxophonists Griffin and Davis engage in joyous musical combat. Griffin worked with Monk for half of 1958 (*Live at the Five Spot* on Milestone is recommended) and the pianist's "In Walked Bud" and "Straight No Chaser" are included here, along with a generous measure of blues and bop tunes. While the saxmen are both disciples of Ben Webster, they express his influence differently: Davis' sound is swarthy and raspy, Griff's lighter and leaner. Both love to play chorus after chorus, as does Junior Mance, one of the finest blues-based pianists extant.

Tenor saxophonist Ammons was another jazzman who thrived on the blues, and three of the eight lengthy tunes on *The Big Sound* (Prestige) are

blues, of which the snail-paced "Blue Hymn," with Ammons' sound oozing thickly out of his horn, is a particular delight. Also welcome are the four numbers with Pepper Adams' husky baritone sax and John Coltrane's alto (1), with the latter in a rare appearance on that horn. Ammons, who delivered ballads and uptempos with equal aplomb, is in excellent form on this 1958 date.

Three of the twofers offer live sessions: Mingus' tumultuous triumph at the Sunday afternoon concert of the 1964 Monterey Jazz Festival can be found on *Mingus at Monterey* (Prestige), a superb album if only for the bassist's plucked rendition of Ellington's "I Got It Bad" and his exhilarating arco work on "Mediations on Integration," though altoist Charles McPherson and pianist Jaki Byard also shine. Drummer Roach's *Conversations* (Milestone) has two long performance cuts, spotlighting Clifford Jordan's ringing, passionate sound, while the two studio sides are worthwhile for the wonderful duets with Roach and bassist Art Davis. *Four Trombones ... The Debut Recordings* (Prestige) presents Johnson, Kai Windling, Bernie Green and Willie Dennis, four seminal side men, in a 1953 club date that covers standard jazz material in a jam session context.

Cannonball's *Alabama/Africa* (Milestone) completes this bounteous release, combining John Benson Brooks' four-movement "Alabama Concerto"—with written and ad-lib sections that utilize the talents of guitarist Barry Galbraith, trumpeter Art Farmer and the altoist—and "African Waltz," a sixties big band date that finds Cannon's soaring horn out front on "This Here," "Stockholm Sweetinn," and some succulent others.

Zan Stewart

ON TOUR

Koko Taylor
Concert Review

NEW YORK, AUGUST 5, 1981

Willie Dixon (famed blues songwriter and bassist) found Koko Taylor playing local clubs in Chicago. He was doing A&R for Chess Records then and knew he'd found a rare figure—one that's even more rare 16 years later—a woman belting the blues. She was unstudied and powerful. He took her to Leonard Chess, she signed, and kept on playing the small clubs.

She plays the clubs almost nine months a year.

"If I stayed home I'd get real lonesome," she told fans at Tramps on a sufferable August night in New York. She had filled the city's only regular blues venue on a Wednesday night. "These are your people," her label rep told her, "Koko fans. They aren't the same people who come here all the time." Indeed, she had drawn Doc Pomus—legendary pen of the rock & roll/R&B song trade ("Suspicion," "Surrender," "Save the Last Dance for Me")—who stayed for three sets, and got tribute from Taylor's band doing "Born in the Country (Raised on the Ghetto Streets)."

Offstage, Koko Taylor offered a fresher of personal reflection: proud recollection of her brothers' homemade cornb harmonica and hay-baling wire guitar, B.B. King as her hometown deity, the inspiration of Memphis Minnie, Elmore James, Magic Sam, Howling Wolf and Muddy Waters, Talkative, low-key, sweet and big-spirited, she let fall some of the self-effacement that seemed so surprising onstage.

For most of the show, Taylor met standard blues form. Her own "I'm a Woman" was triumphant, confident, proud. "I can make love to a crocodile ... I know my stuff/I ain't never had enough." "You Can Have My Husband (But Don't Mess With My Man)" did its crowd-pleasing turnaround on the "outside woman" genre in blues and pop soul. "Trying to Make a Living," a song from the Depression Thirties, said volumes about the Reagan Eighties.

Taylor's stance and attack recalled James Brown. She's a small woman with a big face and she has Brown's ability to draw herself round the microphone and commandeer the first words. She's powerful; there's a rolling scream way back in her throat that would break most singers in one show a week, let along three sets a night.

Still, the Tramps date showed a professional's pace, and a long-hour

traveler's distance. The air wasn't loose until sometime in the second set; the between-songs talk was time-worn (excepting a loving introduction of Pop Taylor, husband and driver), and the band didn't rock too far from format. At 200-plus nights a year, she was doing the one sane gig, the slow build toward intimacy and *give* that a small club allows and rewards.

"In the blues it's just Big Mama Thornton, myself and a few more. You can count them on two hands, the women that's really singing the blues today. Let's face it, you can get radio airplay doing disco," Taylor told us. Clearly, Koko Taylor is in her prime. She refreshed the blues at Tramps. While the pop media inhale and spit out six trends a month, Taylor quietly and forcefully makes a person want to hear the blues.

Linda M. Eklund

Al Di Meola,
John McLaughlin,
Paco De Lucia

GREEK THEATRE, BERKELEY

An elegant evening of acoustic guitar virtuosity enriched one August Saturday night in Berkeley when Al Di Meola, John McLaughlin, and Paco De Lucia performed a concert much like the one at the Warfield Theatre in December that spawned the trio's best-selling new live LP, *Friday Night in San Francisco*.

The Berkeley's show's material included pieces from *Friday Night, Night in San Francisco*, and shared both the transcendent, exhilarating moments and the hyped-up audience-pandering ones that fill the record.

The concert opened with each performer doing a brief solo spot—and supplying some of the night's most tasteful, concise guitar work. The solo pieces also comprised clipped introductory phrases about the guitarists—De Lucia, deft, but limited; McLaughlin, quick, complex; Di Meola, fluid, percussive.

The next segment—duets—cracked with zest and magic. But part of that bargain was periodic gaps in discipline and structure. McLaughlin and De Lucia peered out a spirited rendition of Egeberto Gismondi's dreamy "Fredo Rasgado," and bits of the other duets were equally uplifting, yet occasionally it seemed that crowd-pleasing and sheer speed were more important to the guitarists than tasteful, lyrical playing.

That wasn't entirely their fault. In an evening of all-acoustic guitar, an audience may well appreciate, say, the enticing melodies, or maybe the contrapuntal/unison playing. But the audience response, most vocally to wild-fingered pickings or occasional snipped bits of incongruous music (country strumming at the Berkeley show or the "Pink Panther" theme on *Friday Night's* version of "Short Tales of the Black Forest").

In the final portion all three musicians finally joined forces. Di Meola, McLaughlin and De Lucia were more controlled and precise than during the duets, yet maintained the magic, soaring triumphantly on a shimmering new McLaughlin piece, "La Balena," as well as the set-closing "Fantasia Suite."

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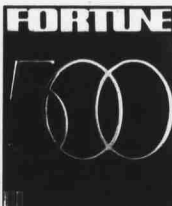


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OFF THE WALL

Fall Fashion Forecast: Franken & Davis Abandon 'Saturday Night Live' for College Capers & Bigscreen Pix

Reveling in the latest campus epidemic—Dull Normalcy—those great guys and tip-top comedians, Al Franken and Tom Davis, show how to come down with an acute case.

Imagine an outdated mail-order catalog, perhaps found lodged behind the rifle rack in a messy farmhouse. Cross-pollinate the Young Men's Ready-to-Wear section with Sporting Goods and School Supplies (scissors and paste can be helpful at this point), and you've got it: Dull Normalcy. Or, at least, you could have it. With a little effort.

BY JIM GULLO

Al Franken and Tom Davis were on that old television show called *Saturday Night Live*. You remember, it was the terrific concept in television comedy that everyone loved for a few years and then it stopped being real funny but everyone kept watching it anyway. Franken & Davis were among the group of original writers (they had a hand in the creation of such skits as *The Coneheads*, *Jeopardy 1999*, and *Nixon's Final Days*). They also performed occasionally as the Franken & Davis show within the show, and in the last season with the original cast, Franken became very visible with his "Al Franken Decade" riff on Weekend Update.

At a New York sidewalk restaurant, Franken and Davis recently talked about sick, sophomore comedy, their college tour, and the screenplay they're writing.

"College audiences are a lot of fun for us to do," the slender Davis said over eggs Benedict. "They're not drinking during the show."

"Well, there's nothing wrong with drinking during the show," the shorter, curly-haired Franken cut in. "As you recall, when we performed at Harrah's (in Reno), we performed to a basically middle-aged, middle-class crowd, and they were fun because they were drinking."

"College audiences have their drawbacks," he continued. "They're a little immature in some respects. They'll laugh at certain things that are maybe... we do some stuff that is..."

"A little blue," Davis said.

"It's a little blue," Franken repeated. "And usually the blue stuff we do, we try to have more than just one level to. But very often, a college audience will take on the dirty joke."

"As opposed to the stunning, looks-like-the-human-pysche kind of thing," said Davis hopefully. "The difference between a dirty piece and a brilliant piece can be very fine sometimes."

An example of Franken & Davis blue material occurs in the "You've Come a Long Way, Buddy" sketch, which was done on *SNL* and which they repeat in their stage show. The sketch is a talk show for men, where the guests talk up male accomplishments. One of the guests is a guy who has started a rape hot line for men, and he says, "Sometimes men who have raped are reluctant to call the police because they think they might be harassed or mistreated. We encourage them to call." I reminded them that when they did the sketch in a New York club, there were women hissing in the audience.

"There are always like four girls in the audience who hiss at that," Davis said. "As we all know, there's nothing funny about rape. We know that."

"The point of that sketch, the large point," Franken went on, "is that women don't go to the police very often, because they get harassed by the police. That information is feminist information." The joke is in the turnaround of the situation, and Franken points out that *Ms.* magazine asked for and reprinted the sketch after it had been aired.

"When we do colleges," he went on, "we have what we call a beef box, where the audience can ask us questions. And the questions were always, 'What's Belushi like?' 'Do you take drugs to come up with ideas?' 'Does Belushi take drugs?' And after getting these questions asked... (a loud hammering is heard in the background, from construction in the restaurant)... we figured... (the hammering gets louder).

"Stop it, Tom."

This year, juniors from Hochbound Shores Tech (Mudfield, Maine) to Sunny Coast Junior College (Hollist, Hanabach, California), will be accessorizing with—have you guessed it yet?—books! Books and more books, in fact. *Geometry*, *First Aid*, *Applied Sheer-rocketing*. It doesn't matter. To pass *The Look over the top*, as Tom so often does, accessories further with a ring binder. Notice how books and binders coordinate with Franken & Davis' shoes—all being made of cardboard.

For most Dull Normal, sports are A-O-K, you bet! For that on-the-beam sports look like a real football to classes. Lift your knees high with each stride. Let your darting eyes scope out the sidewalk ahead for downfield blockers and holes in the defensive alignment. Football for the fashionable come in all shapes, sizes and colors; some of them, called basketballs, are round, and others, variously called volleyball or baseballs, are also round and mainly white. These latter are for the times a Dull Normal is really on a tear. For day-to-day, the basic burnt sienna pigskin is timeless, a classic on the order of basic black and pears. Come to think of it, why don't you say basic black and pears? Al does.

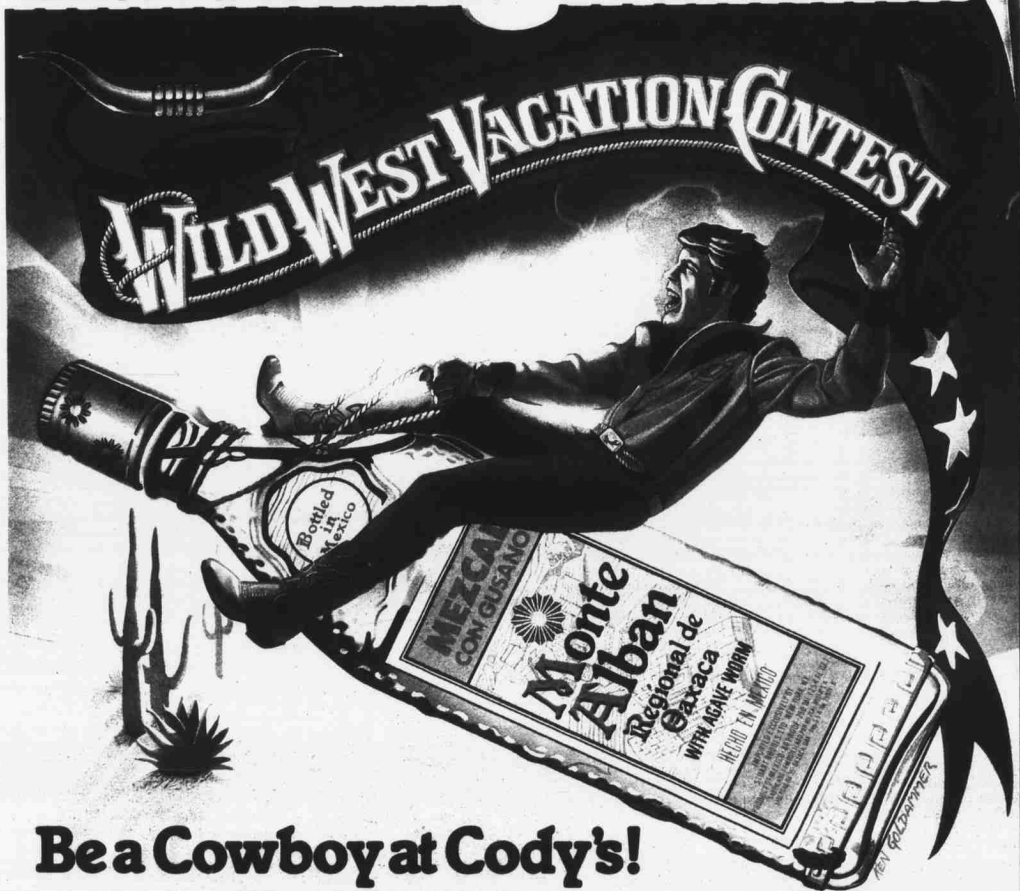


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Davis: "Sorry, I'm trying to get this bird-house done by 2 o'clock."

Franken: "No, we're doing an interview."

Davis: "Okay, I'm going to have 14 martini's living in my backyard."

Franken: "He's really excited about this birdhouse."

Me: "It's amazing how these guys can eat lunch, do an interview, and build birdhouses all at the same time."

Franken and Davis met in high school in Minnesota, where they began doing their silly skits together. After high school, Al went off to study at Harvard while Tom wandered around Europe and Asia ("No, I didn't have a green backpack, but I had a pony-tail"). They reunited occasionally and did more silly skits and when Franken graduated, they turned pro. They went to L.A. and performed in the Comedy Store and other clubs, supporting themselves with odd jobs (including playing Santa Claus and Winnie the Pooh in a department store; "We switched off").

"We did pretty good," Davis recalled, "compared to all those people who were performing for free. People like Steve L., who eventually threw himself off the roof of the Continental Hyatt House into the parking lot of the Comedy Store with a note saying, 'I was a comedian. I used to perform at the Comedy Store.' He lost his sense of humor."

"Somewhere between the 9th and the 14th floors?," I wondered.

"Or the 14th and the 9th floors," corrected Franken.

"It's very important to maintain your sense of humor," said Davis.

After a year and a half of getting by, the boys landed a big job at Hara's in something called "The Boob Tube Revue." Six months later a William Morris agent sent a portfolio of their work to Michaels, who was looking for writers to start his new show, *Saturday Night Live*. It was what you'd call your basic Big Break.

Franken remembered one SNL, hosted by Bea Arthur, in which they seemed to get away with uncensored murder. "We did 'First He Cries' on that show, which is about what a husband goes through when the wife has a mastectomy. And in that show, I was the science editor, and I was talking about how cockroaches are the oldest form of life and they're very difficult to kill." He and Davis started giggling.

"And I had all these roaches. I stuck pins through them and boiled one. I put dish-washing liquid on one and pulled the legs off another. It was a terrific hit. I had a great response from it. But I also got incredible mail."

"You should be shot for what you did to those cockroaches," Davis remembers the letters as reading. "The people who don't live in New York City thought it was terrible. They told us that cockroaches had souls, too. Some people really dislike Al Franken."

Davis talked about another sketch they wrote which never got on the air. The piece was entitled "People Who Wanted to Kill Ted Kennedy," written when Kennedy was being pressured to run against Carter in the primary. The sketch consisted of a talk show with nuts who offered ways and reasons to kill Kennedy. They said things like "I will complete the hat-trick."

"It's good, sick comedy," Davis insisted.

"If you're going to be liked," Franken said, "you're going to have people dislike you. People hate Steve Martin, and I don't

know how anybody can hate Steve Martin."

As for the movie they're writing, along with fellow SNL writer Jim Downey, Franken & Davis volunteer that it will be a spoof of future-negative-utopia films like *Logan's Run* and *Soylent Green*. Lorne Michaels is producing it, and they hope it will be better than their SNL colleagues' film work. Remember *1941* or *The First Family* or *Seems Like Old Times*? Neither does anyone else. About that, Davis said diplomatically, "We keep hoping for the big, immortal movie to come out, like a *Citizen Kane* or a *Dr. Strangelove*. We haven't seen that yet."

"I'm not as happy with my colleagues' work as Tom," said Franken. "I'm a little more critical. We liked the *Blues Brothers*. *Animal House* was the best, but that wasn't written by anyone who wrote for the show."

"We're trying not to have the big basketball game at the end of ours."

ON SCREEN

(Continued from page 21)

Daughter, Agatha, except for *Agatha*, are bloodless and bland in their portrayal of love and sex. In *Agatha* Apted cast two extremely confident actors, Vanessa Redgrave and Dustin Hoffman, in a perversely fascinating tale of attraction and obsession. But Sissy Spacek and Tommy Lee Jones never made their courtship or marriage understandable in *Coal Miner's Daughter*, and now in *Continental Divide* we have the weakest lovers of all.

Both Kasdan and Apted have done better work than this film. Perhaps they'll remember how in future projects.

Judith Sims

Prince of the City

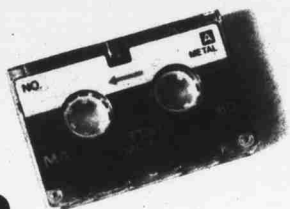
starring Treat Williams, Jerry Orbach; written by Jay Presson Allen and Sidney Lumet, based on the book by Robert Daley; produced by Burt Harris; directed by Lumet.

I know the law," says detective/informant Danny Giello towards the end of *Prince of the City*. "The law doesn't know the streets." *Prince* was directed by Sidney Lumet, and it resembles his earlier work, *Serpico*. Both films portray the struggle of a tough undercover cop who fights alone to uncover corruption. But where *Serpico* was a one-sided account of an honest cop versus all others, *Prince* is a story of a man being swallowed whole by the legal bureaucracy, his ideal of ending corruption being itself corrupted.

Deciding to work with a Federal investigation into corruption, Giello (played by Treat Williams, from *Hair*) begins by nabbing corrupt lawyers, mafiosos, and far-straying cops. But the investigation snowballs into a McCarthy-esque witch hunt — there isn't *anybody* out there who hasn't broken some law — and Giello ends up implicating everyone, including his closest friends/partners. Williams' portrayal of Giello grabs our attention and holds it throughout, especially difficult because he's virtually always on-screen. He rages, he fights, but he also becomes baffled by the complexity of a system which has its own rules for behavior. The legal system, with its baffling ways and its lack of understanding

(Continued on page 29)

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Mutants in the Ma



DEVO drops the mask (but they still won't play Aerosmith)

BY BARRY ALFONSO

Jerry Casale of DEVO spears another fish fragment from his plate of sushi delicacies, then resumes an attack on 20th Century life. "What DEVO is dealing with fundamentally is the absurdity of the human being," says the 31-year-old bassist emphatically. "We hate what is assumed to be real — what most people assume to be true and real. *Isn't* it all disgusts us..."

Sitting across from Casale in the wood-paneled, soft-lit surroundings of a Los

Angeles area sushi restaurant, absurdity is on my mind as well. Mid-way through my interview, it strikes me as a tad incongruous that DEVO's chief public spokesman, a musician supposedly dedicated to wising up the "spuds" about the insanities of modern man, seems so comfortable in this chic setting. Watching a member of DEVO feast on a crab-and-quail-egg roll while railing against predatory capitalism is slightly disillusioning.

Which brings us to the question many are asking about DEVO these days: has the techno-costumed quintet from Akron, Ohio with the message about human de-evolution been compromised by the big time? When their debut LP, *Q. Are We Not Men? A. We Are Devo!*, was released in late 1978, the band was critically hailed as the dadaist guerrillas of rock. Everything about the group, from their clockwork rhythms to their robotic stage manner and lyrics about

happy mongoloids, suggested that they would never rise above cult favorite status. That was then—today, in the wake of their near-platinum *Freedom of Choice* album (and its Top 40 single, "Whip It"), the band has released a new LP, *New Traditionalists*, a disc which brings them even closer to mass acceptance.

Back to the sushi bar: Casale places another order (green tea ice cream, this time) before addressing the sell-out issue head on. "We're like 'the band that fell to earth' now," he says with a wry smile. "We got sucked up into the music business and now, with *New Traditionalists*, the transformation's complete. It's inevitable — we've always said, 'Watch us devolve, watch us become what we're laughing at and see how gracefully we survive...'"

"Whip It," DEVO's breakthrough single, is a prime example of what Casale means. Intended mainly as a tongue-in-cheek moral

uplift peptalk, the lyric actually succeeded through its more vulgar sexual implications. Casale says it's all to be expected: "We wrote a patently disgusting lyric and, sure enough, it worked. As long as there's sexual innuendo in a song, it'll be a big hit. It was perceived on that level: beating your meat, beating your woman, beating *something*."

New Traditionalists continues in the direction of *Freedom of Choice*: more mainstream song structures and arrangements, with simpler, less overtly bizarre lyrics. Casale and DEVO co-leader/vocalist/keyboardist Mark Mothersbaugh are writing tunes in a more direct vein and, together with guitarists Bob Mothersbaugh and Bob Casale and drummer Alan Myers, they're playing more conservatively as well. Such tracks as "Soft Things" and "Love Without Anger" may be the latest DEVO satires of America's sexual fixations — or perhaps they're celebrations of them. Buzzwords drawn from mass media advertising and sci-fi, usually a DEVO staple, are all but unused this time. The language is vaguer though still ominous, as in "The Super Thing." In short, the band has rounded off some of its sharp edges — but does it necessarily mean they've sold out?

Yes — and no. DEVO's peculiar, irony-laden aesthetic allows the band to blatantly stoop to conquer without violating its basic principles. The crass, the grotesque, the sweepingly inane: they've been elements in DEVO's music and video presentations since the very beginning. By "mutating" (a favorite DEVO word) to fit America's tastes, the band hopes to expose its doctrine to millions, though, Casale admits, "only about 3 percent of our audience really get our ideas."

Our conversation ended, Casale heads off for a meeting as I continue to mull over his words. While he was pleasant enough company, something about his press secretary manner disturbed me. He was too glib in his spouting of DEVO's creed, too pat in his statements about the band's intentions. Pulsating beneath the neatly-packaged android exterior of the group, I knew, was a heart of stone *craziness*. DEVO might be working within the system at present, but I was confident that the madness which nurtured DEVO back in Akron lived on.

My conviction was confirmed later that night after several hours of enjoyably warped conversation with Mark Mothersbaugh at his home in L.A.'s Miracle Mile district. I was told by DEVO's management that Mark preferred to leave press relations to Jerry Perphes they were afraid to unleash him on. Or vice versa. In any case, I responded to Mothersbaugh's personality immediately. He radiated the sincerity of someone who's lived on the social fringes for so long they can never truly join the masses. For better or worse, the 30-year-old Voice of DEVO struck me as *real*.

Mothersbaugh's upstairs duplex pad is short on furnishings, but filled with all sorts of flossam: children's toys, strange collages and other art pieces, tape after tape of old DEVO material. His trademark bangs cascading down his forehead, he leads me about the place, seizing my tape recorder to help me keep pace as he sweeps from his

instream



Opposite page: DEVO corporate beads meet at DEVO World Headquarters. Above: Dadaists in detention. Below: Blasters set on satire, DEVO maintains spudland security.



RICHARD MERRINELL PHOTOS

living room into his home studio and back again.

Along the way, he paints an hilarious picture of how he and Casale distilled DEVO out of the various creative projects they were involved with back in Ohio. Both as art students at Kent State University in the early Seventies and Akron-area musicians/filmmakers near the end of the decade, they revealed in their status as outsiders. While gigging in fairly conventional bands (Casale played in a hard-core blues group while Mothersbaugh was briefly part of a rock unit which included Chrissie Hynde), the two of them were living out the concepts that DEVO later made world-famous.

"Back in '75, Jerry and I would wear masks our whole waking days nonstop," Mothersbaugh recalls with laughter cracking his voice. "At the time I was managing an apartment building where all the tenants were scared out of their minds me. One

night, we were up making a tape. It was a torture routine and we were getting pretty carried away, shouting things like, 'No, not the punishment come!' Mothersbaugh bounds out of his chair, as if to answer an imaginary knock. This old lady knocks at the door at two in the morning, and I answer it in a dress and a hood. Jerry had this rubber chimp mask on and his hands were tied behind his back. That poor lady..."

Alternately sickened and amused by the cultural desert around him, Mothersbaugh found a variety of outlets for his creative urges. A revealing document of this time is *My Struggle*, a limited-edition collection of his mid-Seventies writings Mothersbaugh published three years ago. Skimming it, I found the germs of DEVO songs and packaging concepts from notes and drawings dating back six years or more—Booji Boy, the mutant child-monster credited with authorship of the volume, is now a mainstay

of DEVO's films and stage shows. Filled with disturbing William Burroughs-esque fantasies and an overall disdain for all things "normal," *My Struggle* reveals Mothersbaugh to be a bonafide obsessive. It effectively squelches any belief that DEVO was invented as a money-making vehicle.

Mothersbaugh snickers as he remembers his early attempts to interest the music biz in his songs: "Jerry and I drove out to L.A. in '75 to play our tape for Joe Walsh (another Kent State lad). We went to his home in Coldwater Canyon and, boy, we were impressed—he had video tape machines and all the things we wanted! Then we put the tape on and Walsh ran out of the room after the first few seconds. We couldn't understand how anybody could hear DEVO's music and not think it was great stuff."

Further rejection followed. Frank Zappa was among those who didn't appreciate the band's "great stuff." According to Mothersbaugh, Zappa advised DEVO to stay in the garage they recorded in ("The day he said that to us, he said it to the wrong spuds," Mark asserts). Home town audiences were even less sympathetic. At one local gig, Mothersbaugh and company entertained a club full of long-hairs who demanded conventional rock 'n' roll. "I was dressed up as Booji Boy all night. Everybody was getting real angry. Finally, some big hippie came up on stage while I was singing and ripped my mask right off my head and screamed, 'I said play some Aerosmith, goddamn it!'"

Through such tough times DEVO persisted, until the climate of the American music scene loosened up just enough to allow them their chance. To Mothersbaugh's mind, what DEVO is doing today is essentially the same as ever: "What we're releasing now may not be as patently weird as our earliest stuff, but it's saying the same thing. Some of my favorite songs are things we've never put out, but you don't lay your most intense stuff on people right away. I get off on the challenge of how much DEVO we can get into people."

Mothersbaugh continues to scheme new ways to spread the word. "We've been offered a five-minute spot every week on a couple of TV shows. We want to do something called 'Club DEVO,' where we can play our most bizarre music and put things like Booji Boy up front. We want to do things like that after people take what we say seriously. Maybe DEVO could be responsible for something good, like getting rid of the leaders of the Republican party."

Such a lofty goal, I suspect, is beyond the imagination of most pop music groups. But, then, is DEVO truly a pop band at all—or is that identity just another of the masks Mark and Jerry have been fond of all these years? Is there, ultimately, an identity that wears no mask? I can't really say. But even an ordinary spud like me can sense the delight Mothersbaugh takes in molding reality on his own terms. "I think what DEVO really means is knowing that things are f—d up and laughing along with it while it's happening to you," he reflects. "What I want to do is to choose my mutation rather than just accepting one—when my times come, I'll just get silicone injections and turn into Booji Boy."

ON SCREEN

(Continued from page 27)

for the people with whom it deals, is the real enemy.

Jim Gullto

Shock Treatment

starring Cliff de Young and Jessica Harper, written by Richard O'Brien, produced by Lou Adler, directed by Jim Sharman

This film musical, a sort of quasi-queer to *The Rocky Horror Picture Show*, is in color and has Dolby sound.

That's the good news.

The bad news is that this posturing, pandering, clatteringly directed attempt to mine the same *Rocky* vein of Divine Decadence has come up totally empty. It hasn't a memorable character, a toe-tapping tune, a single moment so outrageous as Dr. Frank N. Furter (Tim Curry's stop-stopping rendition of "Sweet Transvestite" or even actor Charles Grey wiggling atop his desk singing "Let's Do the Time Warp Again," *Rocky Horror* was for specialized tastes, but at least it was sincere in its message, which was, basically, "loosen up and boogie."

This film, whose cross is borne by many of *Rocky's* same "creative talents," has no discernible point of view. It's plot, if one insists on abusing that term, has Brad and Janet Majors (the only characters carried over from the first film, and the *Oz* and *Harriet of Transvestism*) appearing on a faintly amusing version of the *Newhouse Game*. Janet is encouraged to send her husband to the funny farm, where he is stuffed with enough drugs to o.d. Cheech and Chong. Meanwhile, she is corrupted into the new advertising sex symbol for television magnate Farley Flavors, who turns out to be Brad's long-lost twin brother.

Utterly wasted is the lovely Jessica Harper, who sings her heart out and does her best with material thin enough to sneeze through. Tim Curry, the saving grace of *Rocky Horror*, is notably absent here, presumably turning down a chance for an encore. Judging by the audience reaction at the screening, he made the right decision.

Steven Barnes

Chariots of Fire

starring Ben Cross and Ian Charleson, written by Colin Welland, produced by David Puttnam, directed by Hugh Hudson

After a demoralizing glut of wretched or disappointing films, *Chariots of Fire* comes along with little hype, no advance warning, and a depth of commitment and breadth of talent that make the other movies in release look like anemic, subintelligent runs.

Chariots of Fire revolves around two British runners who ultimately compete in the 1924 Paris Olympics. Eric Liddell (Charleson), Scottish missionary, runs for God; "I honor Him when I run; I feel His pleasure." The other, Harold Abrahams (Cross), a wealthy Jew, runs to defy the bigotry he encounters even (perhaps especially) in Caus College, Cambridge where he is a law student, presumably living a privileged life. Describing this dichotomy as his access lover, Abrahams says, "I'm semi-deprived, they lead me to water but they don't let me drink." This is not just another sports film obsessed with beating

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(Continued from page 29)

the other guy, it's about personal triumph, and it's not merely good, it's elevating — but not in the sappy violence-and-tears tradition. The film looks perfect, I don't know why it is that the British can make period films look right (with a relatively small budget) and we can't, but we should rejoice that somebody knows or photographs anywhere. My only quibble derives from my ignorance of the 1924 Olympics: we don't learn exactly who won what. Also, the title (a line from William Blake's "Jerusalem" is a mystery to most Americans.

But don't let these minor omissions stand in your way; spend your money on a movie that deserves it. There are so few...

Judith Sims

Honky Tonk Freeway

starring William Devane and Beau Bridges, written by Edward Clinton, produced by Donald and Howard W. Koch, Jr., directed by John Schlesinger.

So little of the humor in *Honky Tonk Freeway* is of the intelligent variety that one seriously wonders why such actors as William Devane, Geraldine Page, Hume Cronyn and Jessica Tandy had anything to do with it.

Honky Tonk Freeway purports to be the story of the commercial crash of the town of Tula, Fla., which, in spite of promises from Tallahassee, does not get its own exit on the newly built freeway. On their ways to Tula are a renegade family man from Chicago (Bridges), a pair of not-too-charming bank robbers from New York (George Dzundza and Joe Grifas), a busload of Asian orphans and, the only redeeming subplot, an elderly ad man and his tipsy wife (Cronyn and Tandy), who are, as always, a dynamite pair. As in a sort of misbegotten *Nashville*, these parties mix, match and play musical cars until they are all chaotically brought together.

There are a few good moments. The opening shot of an exploding grove palm trees is a subtle parody of the same moment in *Apocalypse Now* (and later comes the blowing-up of the bridge, or in this case, a freeway overpass). The film's climax is a High Noon-type showdown with the town's mayor/minister/inkeeper (Devane) striding down the deserted streets to meet with the evil government bureaucrats. There is the rather touching plight of a young nun (Deborah Rush) who steals away from her superior (Page) for forbidden dates of perfume and dips in the pool. And there is the immortal line: "The International House of Pancakes is the one consistent thing in my life."

But most of what we get is tasteless. We see the drive-thru mortuary. We meet a dizzy young blonde (Beverly D'Angelo) who carries her late mother halfway across the country in an urn; a wasted hitchhiker (Daniel Stern) winds up snorting the contents of that urn. We meet Bubbles, the water-skiing elephant. Get the idea?

Do not fear, friends, that your life will be incomplete without *Honky Tonk Freeway*.

Susan Arminis

ON SCREEN

Tarzan the Ape Man

starring Bo Derek, Richard Harris & Miles O'Keefe, written by Tom Rowe & Gary Goodard, directed by John Derek

Tarzan, the late Edgar Rice Burroughs's mythic Lord of the Jungle, has about as much to do with John Bo Derek's much-publicized remake of *Tarzan the Ape Man* as Jack Nicholson has to do with Jack-in-the-Box. Since the film's focus is on Bo-as-Jane for at least two-thirds of its considerable length, MGM should have rechristened this saga *Jane Goes Ape*. Offensively, the script deals with the conflict between Jane, a turn-of-the-century heiress, and her father, a long-absent Great White Hunter she has followed all the way to Africa. But this father-and-daughter skirmishing is merely a prelude to the film's Big Moment — Jane swings with Tarzan. That, in turn, allows John Derek (who directed and photographed) to shoot what amounts to a *Playboy* layout-on-film, a kind of *Blue Lagoon* for the *Cosmo* crowd. Unfortunately, two things get in the way. First there's Bo, who loses what undeniable appeal she has every time she opens her mouth and delivers line readings flatter than any that can be heard in your average Army basic training film. The second problem is a much-muscled, extremely tall player named Miles O'Keefe, who, as Tarzan, is supposed to be enraptured by Jane but actually carries an expression of annoyance which suggests he has better things to do... like a modelling assignment for *Playgirl* or a trip to the gym. The film's climax, which finds Tarzan, Jane, Bo, and Big Daddy (Richard Harris) at the mercy of some pygmies, is initially quite confusing. Why are all these petite creatures jumping up and down with venomous looks crossing their brows? Finally, it dawns on the confused viewer why they are carrying on like munchkins-on-speed. They're mad... fighting mad. They read the script.

Bill Royce

American Werewolf in London

starring David Naughton, Jenny Agutter and Griffin Dunne, written and directed by John Landis.

Werewolf's best scenes are the first two scenes wherein American college students Naughton and Dunne trek through deserted portions of northern England on a full moon night. Their dialogue is sharp and real and witty, and the film never quite attains that level again (except for one brief scene later when nurse Agutter feeds patient Naughton). The actors are engaging, but there is little style on display here. It's neither a spoof of, nor homage to, the genre.

Those who adore horror films with hairy creatures and foggy forests and lurid special effects will probably find *American Werewolf* tame — its exposition somewhat incoherent, its monster too too cuddly. But for the rest of us — those who think most horror/werewolf/vampire movies stupid and childish — Landis' film is funny, diverting, inoffensive and OK.

Judith Sims

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