

Staff photo by Drew Armstrong

Edward Robertson makes a telephone call from his dormitory suite. CP&L has asked for a rate hike which would raise telephone rates for students as well as the public.

Telephone rates may cost students if hike approved

by Ann Strange
Staff Writer

Campus telephone charges will increase if the public utilities commission approves Southern Bell Telephone Co.'s proposed rate hike.

With current rates, students pay service charges of \$8.92 for two persons and \$9.11 for suite phones. These charges are included in their dormitory room rent. They will go up to \$13.12 and \$13.54 respectively, if the hike is approved.

Current installation charges are \$20.90 but will be raised to \$62, according to Jack Willis of the communication department at the Public Utilities Commission.

"They are asking for this increase because a public utility is given an acceptable profit margin," Student Senate President Jim Yocum said. "If they fall below that margin they can ask for a rate increase."

"The reason for the increase is a change ordered by the FCC (Federal Communications Commission)," Les

Sutton of the Public Utilities Commission said.

The FCC has established a Uniform System of Accounts — a listing of all accounts the public utilities could possibly use. One of the accounts is the Station Connections Account which lists costs incurred when installing a phone. Until this year the phones were rented to students and the cost of installing the phones was depreciated over an eight- to nine-year period.

The FCC has ordered that these costs immediately be written off as expenses. As a result the rate-hike cases coming up before the Public Utilities Commission in December will ask for an increase to cover those costs, Sutton said.

"I'm going to draw up a resolution concerning Southern Bell's proposed rate hikes for the November 14th meeting of the UNCASG (University of North Carolina Association of Student Governmentals) in Charlotte," Yocum, UNCASG chairman, said.

The Public Utilities Commission will hold the public hearings Dec. 14.

UAB passes student fee increase

by Gina Blackwood
Staff Writer

Union Activities Board members voted Wednesday to raise student fees \$6 per semester and \$2 per summer session.

The increase must meet Provost and Acting Chancellor Nash Winstead's approval before it is put into effect. It would raise the present N.C. resident's tuition and fees to \$341.15, and non-N.C. resident's to \$1259.15 per semester.

"If this rate increase goes through quickly it could come into effect by the spring semester, and if not at least by fall 1982," UAB President Mike Covington said.

"This increase is a result of inflation, basically," Associate Dean of Student Affairs Henry Bowers said. "We have been hit by it just like everybody else. Careful consideration went into this decision to ask for a fee increase."

"The increase will benefit the operating budget of the Student Center, not the UAB itself," Covington said. "It will be used to pay utility bills, like water bills, electricity bills — just basically the upkeep of the building itself."

Since 1979 inflation has risen a total of 44.4 percent, based on the Consumer Price Index. The cost of electricity is up 36.8 percent, telephone

bills 53 percent and postage 38.5 percent.

However, according to Lee McDonald, there has been no increase in student activity fees for the UAB since 1978 when a \$5 increase was enacted.

At the Oct. 28 University Student Center board of directors meeting, McDonald presented two alternatives to remedy the current UAB budget situation. The first was to cut the services of the Student Center. Shorter hours and rental fees for room use were named as two ways services could be cut. The other alternative was a fee increase.

"This fee increase would most likely keep us out of the red for the next four years," Covington said. "This increase is projected to give us break-even balances, not a surplus of funds."

The predicted increase will keep services at their current level and will not increase services due to the rising costs of inflation, according to the minutes from the last UAB board of directors meeting.

"We just want to maintain the present level of services," Bowers said. "We have an activity package as extensive as anywhere. A large variety of programs are offered for all students."

No priority

Student Senate passes basketball ticket distribution policy

by Gina Blackwood
Staff Writer

The 1981-82 basketball ticket distribution policy approved at Wednesday night's Student Senate meeting will alter the way tickets are to be distributed for the State-North Carolina basketball game.

According to the new policy, since the State-North Carolina game falls on the first day of classes, tickets will be distributed randomly.

The first day of distribution will fall on Change Day, Jan. 12. Tickets will be handed out from 8:30 a.m.-4 p.m. If additional distribution time is needed, tickets will be given out Jan. 13 from 8:30 a.m.-4 p.m. No priority system will be in effect for this game.

"We will take half-sections and they will be picked out of a hat to see which order they (sections) will be given out in," David Isenhour, chairman of the Senate athletics committee and Sports Club Authority, said. "Each ticket window will have an equal number of good, fair and bad tickets."

The order in which they will be given out will vary at each window. A half-section will be given out at a time to ensure a person of getting two tickets next to one another.

"However, if say, 10 people are in line together and want to sit together, they may or may not get all 10 tickets in the same section," Isenhour said. "The reason for this is that they may come during the time that the particular ticket window is switching sections."

The policy states that for the State-North Carolina game date tickets will be available in the end zones and upper balcony only. "This is to keep Carolina fans out of the best seats," Isenhour said. "If someone wanting a date ticket comes up when seats other than end zone are being given out, they will be given their tickets from another stack."

Only a limited number of student tickets are available. During the Senate meeting Isenhour was asked why he thought students would not

line up outside Reynolds Coliseum just to be able to get any ticket to the game.

"They can stay out there if they want but they are not guaranteed the best seat," Isenhour said. "You can go out there and camp out but you are not going to be guaranteed a good seat."

"I don't think a lot of people are going to want to stand out there for 24 hours to get section two tickets."

For Change Day, only the side doors to Reynolds Coliseum will be open. The front doors will be locked, according to Isenhour. This will be done in an effort to avoid problems if students choose to line up to get tickets.

There will be 10 general-admission games during the season. These are the Nov. 7 Red-White, Nov. 14 Yugoslavia Red Star, Nov. 28 Campbell, Dec. 2 St. Francis, Dec. 5 St. Peter's, Dec. 9 Appalalchian, Dec. 19 UNC-Wilmington, Jan. 2 Clemson, Jan. 4 Southern Mississippi and Feb. 22 Loyola of Baltimore games.

For these games students will be admitted upon presentation of a picture ID and semester registration card at doors marked "Student Entrance."

For the reserve-seat games the maximum number of tickets that a student can pick up is two. To do this he must have both semester registration cards and picture IDs. One registration card must be the student's and one must be a priority registration card. A student may pick up one student ticket and one date ticket at the price of \$6, provided that he or she has a priority ID.

The rules applying to lines and lists are the same as those which applied to football. Lines may not form more than 24 hours in advance of the start of distribution, and students are asked not to line up during an event in Reynolds Coliseum. No lists of any nature will be allowed for the purpose of ticket distribution.

The rules pertaining to bad conduct and use of fraudulent IDs or registration cards are the same as stated in

the football ticket-distribution policy. "A lot of time went into this policy and it may not be the best policy," Isenhour said. "But who has the best policy? You can't please everybody so you have to please the majority of the students, and that is what this policy is designed to do."

In other business discussed at the Senate meeting:

•Student Body President Ron Spivey informed the Senate that he had been fighting against the CP&L rate hikes on behalf of the students.

(See "CP&L" page 6)



Staff photo by R. Lodge

Students listen intently as Public Safety Capt. John McGinnis speaks at Carroll Dormitory on the myths and statistics of rape.

Prevention program started by Public Safety in response to rapes

by Mary Durham
Staff Writer

Because of an increasing problem with rape on campus, Public Safety Capt. John J. McGinnis has designed a rape-prevention program made to increase rape awareness. Two rapes have been reported on campus this semester.

For a resident adviser project Sue Warren and Joan Robinson had McGinnis present his program Wednesday in the Carroll Dormitory study lounge. McGinnis said he was pleased with the turnout.

"It shows a real interest in your own welfare," McGinnis told an audience of about 40 students, mostly women. He said he would like to see women take a realistic view toward rape and not a "don't-bother-me" attitude.

"Rape is an act of aggression carried out in a sexual way," McGinnis said, adding that with rape the crime is assault and the weapon is sex.

One-third of rapes in North Carolina occur in the home of the victim, according to McGinnis. Many times rape is the result of another crime. McGinnis added that one-fifth of N.C. rapes happen in wooded areas or fields and one-tenth occur in vehicles. Fifty percent of all rapes take place in the daylight, he said.

There are many myths concerning rape," McGinnis said. "You can't dress down to prevent yourself from being raped."

Statistically, an average-looking female is more likely to be raped than a beautiful female.

"A rapist usually does not choose someone he is physically attracted to, because rape is designed to degrade a woman not relieve sexual desire," McGinnis said.

There is no stereotype of a rapist, according to McGinnis. Many have a normal sex life and often are married. However, a bad experience a man has had makes a rapist want to hurt women, he said.

Contrary to what some people believe, rape does happen to respectable women.

"A woman does not ask to be raped," McGinnis said, adding it is also a myth that women enjoy rape.

McGinnis showed a film titled *Rape — Victim or Victor* showing ways to help prevent rape. According to the film, thinking is the key to rape prevention.

Women should use common sense and not judge a stranger's character by his appearance or age, according to film. Women should park in well-lit areas and never pick up strangers.

"The most ridiculous thing a female can do is to hitchhike," McGinnis said. "If you walk alone on campus walk with assurance and act like you know where you are going. The rapist looks for a victim who is alone and not walking like she knows what is going on."

Women should be cautious of people

(See "Program," page 6)



Staff photo by Clayton Brinkley

Concentration

Vernel Wallington demonstrates the concentration and control required by Tae Kwon Do. This is the Korean style of karate practiced by a new State club.

inside

— Maggio examines U.S. membership in NATO. Page 2.

— Pack faces a formidable task in Penn State. Page 4.

— Meryl Streep gives impressive performance. Page 5.

note

Newspaper "addenda" have been prepared to assist students and faculty advisers during pre-registration Nov. 9-13 for the 1982 spring semester.

These are being distributed together with the "Schedule of Courses" to academic departments as well as to the student pickup points in the D.H. Hill Library and the University Student Center.

weather

Today — partly cloudy skies with a high in the upper 60s and a low overnight around 50. Weekend — clearing throughout the weekend with a high both days in the 60s and lows in the 40s. (Forecast provided by student meteorologists Don Cahoon, James Merrell and Allan Van Meter.)

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 are registered. It is the mouthpiece through which the students themselves talk. College life without its journal is blank.

— Technician, vol. 1, no. 1, Feb. 1, 1920

It's your neighborhood

During the past several years many neighborhood organizations have been formed principally to improve life in the Raleigh area. Each of these groups — University Park Homeowners Association, Wake County Apartment Association, Wade Avenue Citizens Action Committee and Cameron Park Homeowners' Association — provides a useful service to individual neighborhoods and the city.

Students living in the neighborhoods affected by such organizations should participate in these groups for many reasons, not the least of which is the simple fact that they do live in the affected areas.

Neighborhood groups function for many reasons and it is fair to say that none has been known to actively and overtly work against students. Last year the University Park Association was criticized as being anti-student because of some actions that appeared to be aimed at reducing available off-campus housing. That criticism was perhaps too hasty and unfortunately could be generalized to include all neighborhood groups located near campus. While the UPA and other neighborhood groups may not be intentionally anti-student, some of their actions do directly affect students.

When these organizations seek to improve a neighborhood they are performing a much-needed service for local

residents. Sometimes, however, things that are "good for the neighborhood" are not necessarily good for the student residents of the neighborhood.

For example, it might be good, as the UPA has suggested, for its neighborhood to have only owner-occupied dwellings and to prohibit "absentee landlords" from buying dwellings and converting them into apartments. However, the presence of 15,000 non-campus resident students in Raleigh poses a definite need for the city to have numerous available apartments.

Perhaps apartments should not be operated by absentee landlords who do not take pride in the community. All ordinances concerning population density and housing conditions should be strongly enforced. It is in this area where students could be a valuable asset to neighborhood groups. Who better than the students who are actually renting the apartments know the conditions of these houses? Community organizations can give students power that could force negligent landlords to conform to more desired standards.

Students should participate in these groups, if for no other reason than to maintain contact with groups whose actions affect students either directly or indirectly. Get involved in your neighborhood and take some pride in it. The quality of life in Raleigh depends on it.

OFF-CAMPUS STUDENTS... BEHOLD
UPGRADE THE QUALITY OF LIVING FOR ALL
JOIN ONE OF OUR MANY CLUBS AND GUARD YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD AGAINST:



Here and Now

FTC chairman's proposal would increase unsubstantiated claims by advertisers

WASHINGTON — Be prepared for an outbreak of deceptive advertising. James C. Miller III, the new chairman of the Federal Trade Commission, recently declared that the government should no longer protect consumers from unsubstantiated advertising claims.

Miller wants to shift the burden of proving a product's claims from manufacturers to consumers. Previously, it's been a company's

responsibility to demonstrate that it has some reasonable basis for specific claims about a product.

By removing the burden of proof from business, Miller would make the policing of deceptive advertising prohibitively expensive. And this comes at a time when the commission's budget for advertisement policing has been cut sharply; Budget Director David Stockman has cut the FTC's total budget by 15 percent.

Miller's declaration has shocked the advertising community. For years, Madison Avenue has relied on ad substantiation as one of the ground rules for fair competition. After years of insisting on an honest deck the Reagan administration wants to play with jokers.

If the FTC approves Miller's plans the pressures within the advertising industry to cut corners and make spurious claims will be irresistible. This will be unfortunately worse during times of economic stress.

Of course, Chairman Miller contended that "consumers are not as gullible as many regulators think they are." But do consumers have the time themselves to test which floor wax actually "shines for six years"?

Meanwhile, back in Cancun, Mexico, add one more diplomatic blunder to the Reagan team's miscues: The U.S. delegation brought its own water. In addition to insulting Mexican officials, the precaution went over as well as former President Jimmy Carter's famous "Montezuma's revenge" remark at a Mexican state dinner two years ago.

Defense Department-funded research, always a staple of American university budgets, increased by 250 percent at Harvard University last year, according to the student-run newspaper, the *Crimson*.

Across America, newspaper front pages have documented the latest episode in the tragic Haitian refugee saga with photographs of dead bodies awash on Florida's Atlantic beaches.

Under a three-month experimental program begun recently, the U.S. Coast Guard has been patrolling the waters near Haiti to nip such tragedies in the bud. Unfortunately, the Coast Guard isn't sure of its impact since it's nabbed only one boat.

An update on an old struggle: Though construction errors and citizen protests have enabled California's Diablo Canyon nuclear power plant to replace New Hampshire's Seabrook as the anti-nuke battleground, the East Coast project is still five years from going on line.

Maxwell Glen Cody Shearer

Two years after 1,400 protesters were arrested at Seabrook, the Nuclear Regulatory Commission has taken steps toward granting the plant a full operating license.

Yet, Public Service Co. of New Hampshire, Seabrook's owner, must still come up with \$3 billion to complete the project. So far it's floated \$30 million in low-interest bonds in European financial markets.

It was hard to digest recent news that 17 inmates in Chicago prisons had committed suicide. We can unfortunately expect more of the same.

The U.S. prison population is booming, according to the Bureau of Justice Statistics. The prisons have swelled by more than 20,000 inmates in the first half of 1981, twice the rate for the same period the year before. Illinois is one of four states that bans paroles.

Presidential counselor and top foreign policy-maker Edwin Meese has visited only one Third World nation in his lifetime — Mexico. Indeed, Meese's staff considers questions about his travels to developing countries irrelevant.

Field Newspaper Syndicate

forum



Staff photo by Sam Adams

Inedible

In my six years at State I have always been able to eat anything University Food Services has served — until today! Congratulations, the impossible — a Food Services product that is inedible — has been achieved.

Today at 11 a.m. I purchased a ham-and-cheese grilled sandwich from the Commons. Surprise — it only appeared to be a grilled ham-and-cheese, for such a sandwich has two slices of bread with ham and cheese in between. This sandwich used the breakfast cinnamon french toast as the bread, a genuine slice of ham, and a white, tasteless cheese product.

Someone may think that this type of sandwich is edible, but not I. Is this the quality of food I can look forward to until next May? If so, I feel sorry for myself and all other affected people. Maybe Food Services could save all the cinnamon french toast sandwiches for next year's freshmen and fix good food for this senior.

Tom Weiss
SR ME

you "do not see what good English 111 and 112 can do-me." Let me open your eyes.

First, during your freshman and sophomore years at State you will take several courses in a variety of curricula. The purpose of this is to give you some experience with other fields besides the engineering curriculum and to give you a well-rounded education.

Let me remind you that approximately 25 percent of the freshman engineering students will graduate in an engineering field. For those who do drop out, it is a benefit to have taken a variety of courses. This helps these students decide what it is they want to do.

Secondly, creative writing is a very powerful tool in the engineering profession. As a professional engineer, Mr. Krumel, you will submit reports and papers to your boss or supervisor. How you ex-

press yourself can make all the difference in getting your work approved or rejected. In other words, you have to sell yourself and your ideas by the way you write.

Thirdly, if you are having trouble in English let me offer some advice. There is a writing lab to help engineering students. I suggest you look into this. If this doesn't appeal to you, I suggest you get a private tutor or ask your professor for help.

Finally, Mr. Krumel, I hope that as a future engineer and a technically-minded student, you are now aware of the benefits of examining all aspects of subjects before you draw a firm conclusion.

Mark Morton
JR AE

Eye-opener

In reference to the Oct. 30 letter to the editor, "ENG 111, 112 unnecessary": Mr. Andy Krumel needs to open his eyes and look at all, both good and bad, aspects of English 111 and 112 before condemning them. Mr. Krumel, you stated that

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Conservative Thought

Alliance suffers because of European leaders' attitude

Since the end of World War II the United States has assumed much of the responsibility for the defense of Western Europe. During most of the post-war period Europeans were concerned and cooperative but the attitude of many today is different, making the following question logical for the 300,000 American military personnel assigned to NATO:

What are we doing here?
During the Vietnam conflict, the relationship between West Germans and GIs became strained — due partly to the anti-war movement, but also to the undisciplined nature of some soldiers and former soldiers. Many Americans assigned to Germany were disturbed by the hostility of some Germans and the indifference of many to the problems of American enlisted men living there, chiefly the availability and price of off-base housing. Rent, combined with poor exchange rates, ended Germany's reputation as a good country in which to serve the armed forces. These problems persist.

Today, attitude is NATO's worst problem. European leaders belittle the U.S. armed forces and the quality of the American soldier. West German Chancellor Helmut Schmidt is typical when he complains about the "all-volunteer" force while ignoring the fact that

some European NATO members — such as the United Kingdom and Luxembourg — have no draft, and Iceland has no military other than a tiny coast guard. Schmidt and other European leaders are also reluctant to allow the United States to deploy the weaponry needed to defend Europe, such as chemical munitions and the neutron warhead.

Many European leaders see the Soviet Union more as a potential trading partner than an enemy. Any trade with Moscow or its Warsaw Pact allies is undesirable from a strategic viewpoint, since the Soviets can then use a higher percentage of their industrial resources for military production.

Much more disturbing is the willingness of Western European governments to "solve" their nations' energy problems by obtaining natural gas from Siberia — thus creating a strategic dependency that would enable the Finlandization of Europe at the turn of one valve, particularly if coupled with another embargo by several leftist OPEC members.

France's new socialist government has shown a total disregard for Western — including NATO — policy of containment by recognizing the Soviet-directed and subsidized guerrilla movement in El Salvador. France also has a lengthy history of

not cooperating in the apprehension and prosecution of known international terrorists — including Abu Daoud, who engineered the hostage incident at the 1972 Olympics in Munich. Another example of the French



Matt
Maggio

government's non-cooperation in the fight against terrorism is the known use of the Palestinian Liberation Organization's Paris office as a meeting place by Arab and European terrorists planning future operations.

The Mitterand government has also slap-

ped America's face with its threatened nationalization program that includes U.S. firms. Political and economic freedom go hand in hand — so it is worthless to try to defend Western Europe against Moscow's tyranny if it will obligingly create its own.

The new Greek socialist government is seeking the removal of U.S. bases — including an important intelligence facility — and the removal of all nuclear weapons from Greek soil. It also wishes to withdraw Greece from NATO altogether.

Our NATO "allies" did not support us during the Iranian hostage crisis — after they agreed to an embargo against Iran. Even munitions were shipped to the Iranian military — weapons that could have been used against any American force reaching Tehran.

NATO exists to defend Western Europe from Warsaw Pact aggression. The unwillingness of Western European leaders to help us help them makes this goal impossible.

We should demand that European leaders cooperate in their defense and general western goals — and if this non-cooperation persists, we should withdraw totally from NATO.

Matt Maggio is a staff columnist for the Technician.

State club starts with kick, Tae Kwon Do

by Harvey Smith
Features Writer

When most people think of the martial arts, they think of Bruce Lee, flying bodies and the sickening crunch of caved-in ribs from a well-placed, fast-moving karate chop.

Of course, most of this is Hollywood trash-and-flash but there are serious devotees to the tradition and discipline of the martial arts — even a State martial arts group which practices the Korean style of karate, Tae Kwon Do (pronounced tie-kwon-doe).

New club

The 32-member club got its start when some guys began working out under the leadership of Michael Jackson, who was training for his black belt at the time.

"The group was always thinking of forming some type of organization," Jackson said, "but it wasn't until this semester that we got an official charter and

our adviser Thomas Conway, director of Special Services."

The group has three instructors: Jackson, a first-degree black belt; Jang Kim, a second-degree black belt; and Tim Crump, a fourth-degree black belt. Being students themselves, these instructors work diligently to help others achieve advancement.

An art

One translation of the Korean words Tae Kwon Do is "the art of fist and feet" and an art is exactly what it is. No one is taught to use Tae Kwon Do as a weapon to spitefully hurt people.

"It prepares a person mentally, physically and spiritually," Crump said, "and these three aspects make up the whole person, with no one aspect being greater than another."

With Jackson as the fighting instructor, Kim, the forms instructor, and Crump, the philosophy instructor, all these different aspects are fully covered.

Competition

One member, Alvin Gregg, a junior in electrical engineering, said, "It's made me more competitive — making me want to work even harder for everything else. It has given me the desire to get what I want."

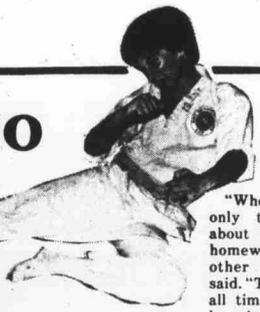
"Most people who are in the club are very serious about it," Smith said. This seriousness paid off in two competitions the club entered,



Bryant Milles — in air — demonstrates a flying kick with Mike Jackson during one of the club's meetings.

which were held in Hartsville, S.C., and Greensboro, N.C. It brought back three trophies from Hartsville and eight from Greensboro. Not bad for a recently formed club.

Vernell Wellington, secretary of the club and winner of two trophies, said she feels that the club is a relief.



"When you're in, the only thing you think about is karate — not homework, politics or other pressures," she said. "There is no time — all time is consumed in learning the fundamentals of Tae Kwon Do from all aspects."

Each meeting of the club is like a class where members learn new routines, moves and the philosophy of Tae Kwon Do. Philosophy plays a very important part in this art, as far as mental preparation is concerned. Philosophy takes a lot of different forms in karate, but the easiest to observe is discipline. Discipline in karate is the respect that one should give to all people.

Philosophy

"Learning the philosophy," Crump said, "we also learn about another culture."

Another member of the club, Bobby Edwards, said, "I got in it for the exercise and, of course, self-defense. But now that I'm in it I have become familiar with the philosophy behind it."

When asked about the goal of the group, Smith jokingly said, "Our goal is to kill or be killed while learning how to kill. Seriously, our goal is to teach Tae Kwon Do."



Preparing a person mentally, physically and spiritually is one of the goals the club strives for. Each time the club meets, a class is held where members learn and practice the philosophy of Tae Kwon Do.

crier

All Crier 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 Criers is 5 p.m. the date of publication for the previous issue. Items may be submitted in Student Center suite 3120. Criers are run on a space-available basis and the Technician is in no way obligated to run any Crier item.

NCSU CAMPUS LAUNDRY and Dry Cleaners has branch offices in Beeton (Rm. 18), Bowen (Rm. 108), Bragaw (Rm. 146), Lee (Rm. 07), Owen (Rm. 33), Sullivan (Rm. 104), Syme (Rm. 194). Complete laundry, linen, and dry cleaning service.

PE 752 DOWNHILL SKIING — Registration and orientation Mon. Nov. 9, 5 p.m. Student Center Ballroom. For further information contact Lynn Berle in the Intramural Office.

ENGINEERING OPERATIONS SOCIETY Tues. Nov. 10, 7:15 p.m., rm. 225 Daniels. Guest Speaker: Walter Griggs, Field Engineer from Square Co.

LEOPOLD WILDLIFE CLUB meets Tues. Nov. 10, 7 p.m., rm. 3533 Gardner. Dr. Roger Powell will be guest speaker. Refreshments served.

SPECIAL OLYMPICS HELPERS needed! Next Tues. Nov. 10, run, dribble, and shoot contest. For more info call Volunteer Services 737-3153.

NCSU AGRONOMY CLUB will be meeting Tues. Nov. 10, 7 p.m., McKimmon Room, Williams Hall. All student and faculty interested are welcome.

"PSYCHOLOGISTS AND THE LAW" Dr. James Lugeburdt, Mon. Nov. 9, Poe Hall, rm. 836, coffee at 3:30 p.m., Introduction at 3:45 p.m.

AGROMECK LAYOUT SEMINAR is the Sun. Layout staff members will have seminar packets delivered to them on Fri. If you haven't received yours by the weekend, call Bill at 737-6182.

JEWISH STUDENTS Beer tasting and pot luck dinner Fri. 6:30 p.m., Nov. 6, please call Carlos at 851-8242 or Lisa at 833-1421 for directions. We welcome all Jewish students, staff, and faculty.

NCSU GAY COMMUNITY will meet Sun. Nov. 8, 7:30 p.m., Green Room, Student Center. All interested students and faculty are welcome to attend.

ASME LUNCHEON Nov. 11, 12 noon, Broughton 2211. Speaker: Mr. Poteet from Exxon. Topic: Energy Resources.

ONLY 5 WEEKS till exams! Are you ready? Need some brushing up on study skills? Then come to Carroll Study Lounge Nov. 11, 8:30 p.m., for "Helpful Hints on Exam Preparing Program."

4H COLLEGIATE CLUB meeting, Nov. 10, 7:30 p.m., 308 Ricks Hall.

UAB ENTERTAINMENT COMMITTEE is sponsoring a Video Rock Show every Mon., D.H. Hill Annex, English-Cloyd Theater, 12:10-1:15 p.m. Admission free.

VOLUNTEERS NEEDED desperately to work in the on-campus Adult Basic Education Program and the GED Program. If interested call Kathleen Heath at 737-3596 or stop in 310J Poe Hall.

ATTENTION All D and D'er's Remember D and D from last year? If so come to the 8th floor lounge of Sullivan, Nov. 10, 8 p.m. Trying to reform club. So all dragons come!

NCSU CHAPTER OF PPC meets Mon., Nov. 9, Brown Room, 4th floor Student Center, 9 p.m. Topic: Indirects for the HP41. Info. Kevin 737-5882.

WOMEN'S SOCCER CLUB MEMBERS We have a scrimmage Sun. 2 p.m., on the upper Intramural Field. Wear red shirts!

RECREATION MAJORS CLUB will meet Wed. Nov. 11, 7 p.m., 3018 Biltmore Hall. Final plans for trip to N.C. Recreation & Parks Society Conference will be made.

TAPPI MEETING — Mon., Nov. 9, speaker from BE&K, 8:30 a.m., 2010 Biltmore, refreshments, all pulp and paper students welcome.

Features Ideas Wanted
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Pack tries to break streak against Lions

Sideline William Terry
Insights Kelley

There is only one thing worse than being thrown to the Lions. That is being thrown to angry Lions.

That just may be the situation State faces when the Pack plays host to Penn State Saturday in a 1 p.m. game at Carter-Finley Stadium. The sixth-ranked Nittany Lions will be coming into the game trying to rebound after a 17-14 loss to Miami last week — the Lions' first loss of the year.

Until last week's loss Penn State had been the No. 1 ranked team in the nation and well on its way to a possible national championship.

"Penn State is truly a great football team," State head football coach Monte Kiffin said. "Pro scouts say Penn State's offensive line is the best in college football. They are a tremendous offensive line — the best line of scrimmage I think I've ever seen."

"They've got more speed than he's (Penn State head football coach Joe Paterno) ever had. This is his best football team ever. He's got tremendous backs and receivers. They've got a quarterback that can run and throw."

Led by junior tailback Curt Warner and sophomore quarterback Todd Blackledge, the Nittany Lions have one of the most productive offenses in the nation. Although Warner's status for the game is questionable due to an injury, he is the fourth leading rusher in the nation with a 143.2 average.

"Curt Warner is a great back," Kiffin said. "He's the Kelvin Bryant-Herschel Walker type of back. He had the second most yards ever in Memorial Stadium in Lincoln,

Nebraska. The guy that had the most was Billy Simms. If he doesn't play they'll start a sophomore by the name of Jonathan Williams that is not too far off from Curt Warner. Blackledge is a proven quarterback. He's a tremendous thrower."

The Lions rank 11th in the nation in rushing offense and sixth in total offense with a 438.7-yard-per-game average as well as No. 7 in scoring with a 33.6-per-game average. Penn State is not an offensive team only, however.

The Nittany Lions are the 20th best rushing defense team in the country and are 24th overall in total defense, allowing only 270.6 yards each game. In scoring however, the Lions are allowing only 10.1 points per game.

"They may not be on defense what they are on offense," Kiffin said. "They're still pretty good. I don't know if I could say it was better than some of the defenses he's had but it's still a good solid defense."

The Pack is meanwhile on somewhat of a losing streak of its own, having lost its last three games including last week's 20-12 loss to South Carolina. In those three games the Pack has failed to score in the second half all three times and has only managed to put 29 points up.

This lack of production and consistency prompted Kiffin to make a switch at the helm of the offense by starting junior quarterback Ron Laraway in place of two-year starter Tol Avery.

The Pack offense fumbled nine times in the Gamecock clash and threw four interceptions although it nearly doubled the Cocks' offensive output. The 124 yards the State defense allowed the Gamecocks is evidence of the superb play of the State defense lately.

"North Carolina State has a very good defensive squad," Paterno said. "Some days they have been very good on offense and some days not so good. They are a very emotional and enthusiastic team and the entire squad is a very physical football team."

Freshman tailback Joe McIntosh leads the Pack offense with 914 yards and a 130.6-per-game average, ninth in the nation and the leading freshman rusher in the country. His 124 yards last week equaled the Gamecock performance but seven fumbled snaps by Avery as well as other mistakes by the up-and-down State offense kept the Pack's defense on the field.

Against the Nittany Lions the Pack will not be allowed to make those kind of mistakes. Laraway may add a little spark to the State pass offense, which will need to be clicking to complement the Pack's running game, as well as back up the rushing offense if the Pack fails to move the ball on the Lion defense.

Six members of the State team hail from the Quaker State. Starters Dan Lute and Jeff Nyce as well as four others will have more than normal interest in this game due to that.

The Penn State game always provides extra excitement for Pack fans, since somewhat of a rivalry has developed between the schools, especially for State after Penn State kicker Herb Menhardt booted a last-second field goal to beat the Pack 9-7 on the Lions' last visit to Raleigh.

State always plays the Nittany Lions close but will be catching them in a not-so-happy frame of mind after last week's loss. State will have to come out of its offensive slump to be able to match the Lions.

The State defense has been playing well and will need perhaps its best game of the season to stop the Lions. Although the State offense has had its problems as of late the Pack has proven it can move the ball against some of the best teams in the nation, and will have to certainly move the pigskin Saturday in order to have a prayer against the hungry Lions.

PENN STATE 27
STATE 14



If injuries don't keep him sidelined, explosive tailback Curt Warner will provide State's defense with all it can handle Saturday.

Red-white contest slated

State head basketball coach Jim Valvano, starting his second season at the State helm, will unmask his 1981-82 basketball squad with a flair Saturday at 7:30 p.m. in Reynolds Coliseum.

In addition to the annual Red-White intra-squad game Valvano has invited fans to a photo session with him and the players at 6:30 and at halftime he will challenge Linda (Hawkeye) Page, the Wolfpack women's freshman shooting phenomenon who hit 100 points last year to break Wilt Chamberlain's scoring record, to a shooting contest.

Additionally, Valvano will join the Wolfpack Sports Network as color man for the game, leaving the coaching chores for the evening to assistants Marty Fletcher and Ray Martin.

Admission to the contest will be \$2 for adults and \$1 for non-State students.

Valvano, who has been pleased with pre-season practice, will try to divide the Wolfpack squad evenly for the game.

Probable starters for the Red quintet will be veterans Sidney Lowe and 7-foot-5 senior Chuck Nevitt along with freshman Dinky Procter, Mike Warren and Lorenzo Charles.

Opening for the White fiveoms will likely be veterans Thurl Bailey, Scott Parzych and Derek Whittenburg, along with point guard Max Perry and freshman center Cozell McQueen.

Valvano, whose initial Wolfpack crew finished with

a 14-13 record, feels that his current team will be stronger.

"We're not out of the woods by any means," he said, "but I feel that we're making progress. If we can get more productive play from our middle man, we could finish in the first division of our conference."

The Wolfpack was 4-10 and finished sixth in the ACC last year.

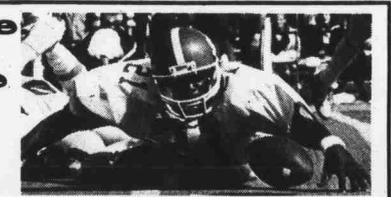
State, which returns nine lettermen this winter, was lead last season by Bailey, who averaged 12.3 points and 6.1 rebounds.

Whittenburg averaged 10.6 points, while Lowe, a second-team all-ACC selection last year despite being hampered by a foot injury, led the league in assists with 7.7 per game, a figure which ranked fifth in the nation.

Athlete of the Week

State cornerback Donnie LeGrande is this week's Technician Athlete of the Week.

LeGrande, a 5-8, 177-pound senior from Mt. Gilead, helped key State's best defensive game of the year Saturday in the Pack's 20-12 loss to South Carolina. The criminal-justice major was credited with seven total tackles, in-



cluding two for a minus-17 yards in losses and a quarterback sack for a minus-13 yards in losses, a fumble recovery and an interception, his third of the year.

The pre-season all-ACC football team selection sat out last season with a nerve condition in his left leg and has led the highly touted State pass defense to four straight outstanding games allowing only 25 of 60 passes to be completed for 240 yards in that span.

State spikers fail to find form in win

by Devin Steele
Assistant Sports Editor

East Carolina volleyball coach and former State player Lynn Davidson professed Wednesday night after her team's match with the Wolfpack that "one of these days East Carolina's gonna beat State."

Her Lady Pirates scratched, dug and clawed the closest ever to that goal of defeating State, but succumbed, 15-8, 15-12, 8-15, 15-11, in a contest that left State breathless and uneasy.

State coach Pat Hielscher, who was celebrating her birthday, was anticipating an overpowering performance from her team for her day. She was expecting the Pack to bounce back in superior form after it fell short in the ACC finals Saturday.

But what she got was an error-prone performance,

which could have resulted in an upsetting debacle.

"I was not pleased with our play," said Hielscher, whose 31-5 team travels to Duke tonight for a 7:30 playing well last week at the ACC (Tournament) disturbed me a little. But, realistically, I don't think we can win every tournament we play in. What concerns me is our ability to rebound from that and play well these remaining two weeks going into the state tournament.

"Now I am probably much more apprehensive — not because of the ACC loss — but because of how we came into the match tonight."

The first game of the best-of-five-match belonged mostly to State as junior Joan Russo served the Wolfpack to an 8-2 lead on their way to an opening victory. After struggling to edge the Lady Bucs in the

second game on senior Stacey Schaeffer's final three serving points, the Wolfpack lost the third game when East Carolina capitalized on three State substitutes.

The Pack found itself in a comeback situation the final game, falling behind 10-5, and escaping with a 15-11 victory.

Duke lost an earlier match to State, 15-2, 15-3, 16-14, but will hold the home-court advantage tonight. Hielscher is hoping the team can pull out of its mental slump tonight and regain its composure for next weekend's state tournament.

"It will be a match that we should go in and set the tempo and be in control," Hielscher said. "That's our job to do that — to get our players out there and make them play to their potential regardless of what the other team is doing."

Women harriers travel to regionals

by Todd McGee
Sports Writer

This Saturday State's women's cross-country team travels to Furman University in Greenville, S.C., to compete in the NCAA Regional meet. Fewer than 10 teams will compete in this meet, but it is considered by many to be the toughest region in the nation.

Only three teams from this meet will qualify for the nationals, and with four Top-10 ranked teams com-

peting, a dog fight is expected. Nationally top-ranked Virginia heads into the meet as the favorite but will be given a stiff test by ACC foes State and Clemson, along with Tennessee.

"Our goal is to win," coach Rollie Geiger said. "We are not running just to qualify. If you run just for that, then you will end up not qualifying at all."

State's main competition for the other two qualifying spots behind Virginia will be Clemson and Tennessee.

State defeated Clemson by 17 in the conference meet, but that was not indicative of Clemson's level of performance. One of the Tigers' top runners, Judith Shepherd, did not compete in the meet and without her their score was a little high.

Geiger expects Clemson to give the Pack a tough challenge. Tennessee has always been tough and, should either Clemson or State falter, will be eager to step in and take their place.

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Pack booters falter, fall to Deacs, 3-2, meet Duke today

by Devin Steele
Assistant Sports Editor

After 16 consecutive showings of outstanding performances, State's soccer team was due for a below par game.

That day came Wednesday afternoon in Winston Salem when the Demon Deacons ran their record to 10-6-1 and 3-2 in the league.

"We just played flat," State coach Larry Gross said. "All 11 players were flat. It was the first game this season that we played poorly. We came out and weren't moving. We didn't click. Wake ran their tails off and hung on for the win."

With the loss, State was virtually knocked out of the ACC championship picture but still stands a very realistic chance of gaining a berth to post-season play.

Wake Forest grabbed the 20 lead the first half that it never relinquished on headers by Bill De Araujo and Mark Erwin. With a minute remaining in that period, Sam Okpodu put State on the board on an assist from Bakty Barber.

"The loss to Wake probably hurt us in that it put more pressure on us going into the Duke game," said Gross, whose booters were denied the league title a year ago by the Blue Devils, who tied the Wolfpack 0-0 on Lee Field. The game will probably be decided in the midfield. They play an outstanding game in the midfield.

"It will be a great game between the second and third-ranked teams in the South. If we win, we'll be ranked second. If we lose we will probably slip. It's definitely a pivotal game."

Erwin headed another goal in the second half to give the Deacons a 3-1 lead. Prince Afajuku tallied once more for the Pack on a Chris Ogu assist, but Wake held on for the upset.

"It was definitely Wake Forest's best soccer game of its two-year history," Deacon coach George Kennedy said. "We knew (State) being the team of their strength level, we couldn't match them up man-for-man, so we wanted to pressure their top players — Sam, Prince, Chris and Francis (Moniedate) — with our top players. We didn't want to allow any chance for quick-counters."

Gross views today's game with Duke as "the most important matchup of the season."

"The loss to Wake probably hurt us in that it put more pressure on us going into the Duke game," said Gross, whose booters were denied the league title a year ago by the Blue Devils, who tied the Wolfpack 0-0 on Lee Field. The game will probably be decided in the midfield. They play an outstanding game in the midfield.

"It will be a great game between the second and third-ranked teams in the South. If we win, we'll be ranked second. If we lose we will probably slip. It's definitely a pivotal game."

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Movie Review

Meryl Streep shines in team effort film

by Karl Samson
Entertainment Writer

The technique of intercutting narrative stories from different time periods is not a new idea. D.W. Griffith wove four different stories together to create his epic masterpiece *Intolerance* in 1916. *The French Lieutenant's Woman*, directed by Karel Reisz, demonstrates that this film technique is still highly entertaining and not as confusing to the audience as one might think.

To intertwine the two stories in this film took a concerted effort by an extremely talented group of people. The success of this film cannot be solely attributed to the actors or director. The cinematographer, editor and musical director all contributed essential elements to this dual love story.

Playwright Harold Pinter adapted the best-selling John Fowles novel of romance in the sexually repressed Victorian era.

When Charles Smithson (Jeremy Irons) first sees Sara Woodruff (Meryl Streep), on a jetty in a stormy sea, his world is turned upside down. His awareness of Sara triggers his own self-awareness. As a Victorian scientist, Charles has long been out of touch with his own emotions.

Jeremy Irons, an English actor, is seen here in his first starring role. With amazing ability, he is able to communicate the rapid emotional maturation of the character Charles after meeting Sara. His expressive English facial features fit naturally into both Victorian and modern times.

Meryl Streep, here seen in a film similar in many ways to Roman Polanski's *Tess* is able to evoke sympathy and compassion from the audience. Natassia Kinski in the title role of *Tess* was able to elicit few, if any, emotions from the audience. However, through her graceful, yet restrained, movements and speech Streep conveys the enigmatic and troubled nature of her character in the most elegant manner possible.

Historic couple outdoes modern pair

The two modern day characters portrayed by Streep and Irons are much less developed than the historic couple. As actors in a film production of *The French Lieutenant's Woman* their roles are reversed. Anna is the analytical counterpart of scientist Charles, and Mike, like Sara, is ruled by his emotions.

Switching back and forth between the two stories becomes effortless for the audience due to the skillful editing of John Bloom. Through the matching of

camera movements between shots of different time periods he is able to move the audience fluidly from one story to the other. At times one cannot tell which story is on the screen for a few seconds due to the choice of shots. This practice builds a smooth bridge between time periods.

However, each story has a different style of cinematography due to the differences in lighting. Freddie Francis, the cinematographer, chose to light the modern story with harsh front lighting which tends to eliminate shadows and delineate features. In distinct contrast, the historical scenes are back and side lit giving each shot a soft warm feeling, thus contributing to the Victorian illusion. Several spectacular tracking shots help create the film's graceful beauty.

Rounding out the film is the musical score by Carl Davis. Rarely is it intrusive as often happens with film scores. Davis uses the music to heighten every emotion in the film whether it is love, fear, confusion or any of the myriad emotions released by this film.

The French Lieutenant's Woman is now playing at the Mission Valley cinema. For excellence in acting, a beautiful romance, and a visually exciting experience be sure to see this film.

Cartoon characters' cels to be on display next week

by Tom Alter
Assistant Ent. Editor

If you are a fan of Bugs Bunny, Wile E. Coyote, Winnie the Pooh or a hundred other cartoon characters, then there is an exhibit that is sure to add some color to your life.

Nov. 11-13, hundreds of animation cel paintings from Hollywood cartoons will be the subject of a special exhibit and sale to be held at

State's Student Center.

Animation cel paintings, called "cels," are the paintings actually filmed in making an animated cartoon. Each character is painted by hand on a clear sheet of acetate, usually 11 inches by 14 inches or larger, then placed against a background and photographed one-by-one to produce a reel of motion picture film.

Cels are one-of-a-kind, not prints or reproductions. They are the culmination of

the artistic process, that is, they are the final image that is photographed by the camera.

Gallery will represent art

This exhibit was authenticated by Gallery Lainzberg of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, the nation's best-known specialist in this unique art form. A representative of Gallery Lainzberg will be on hand to answer any questions.

Serious collectors will be

thrilled with the lineup of cels selected from feature-length Walt Disney films, including *The Jungle Book*, *Robin Hood*, *Winnie the Pooh*, *The Rescuers*, *The Aristocats*, and the recently-released *The Fox and the Hound*. Original pencil animation drawings from some of Disney's early films of the 1930s and 1940s will also be featured.

The very popular Warner Brothers' characters will also be offered. These classic

cel paintings of characters such as Bugs Bunny, Daffy Duck, Wile E. Coyote, the Roadrunner, Pepe Le Pew, Foghorn Leghorn, and the Tasmanian Devil will be featured with some of them bearing the signature of Chuck Jones, widely regarded as one of America's foremost animators.

Other works featured

Competing for the collector's attention are

autographed animation cels from Ralph Bakshi's best-known productions: *American Pop* and *Wizards*.

Another highlight of the exhibit/sale will be artwork from *Gnomes*, an imaginative and popular fantasy film based on the best-selling book.

Finally, the exhibit/sale will include cels from dozens of other cartoons: from vintage Krazy Kats and Betty Boop to cels from current television shows.

Kinks come back with solid new album

by Art Chadwick
Entertainment Writer

Ray Davies and his Kinks have put forth another superb album that is appropriately titled *Give the People What They Want*. This is their first since their 1979 smash LP *Low Budget*, which brought them back into the limelight after a number of so-so efforts.

The Kinks have been around even longer than the timeless Rolling Stones. Yet, singer/composer Ray Davies and younger brother Dave, the lead guitarist, are having too much fun to stop now. This excitement is found throughout this new release.

Side one kicks off with several good hard rocking songs, including "Around the Dial" and title track. The first side closes with two exceptionally fine tunes "Predictable" and "Add it Up."

Side two is far more enjoyable, however, opening with "Destroyer," whose familiar beat was taken from their 1964 hit "All Day and All of the Night."

"Destroyer" is also comical, although at times it seems as if there is a sad quality as well, with lyrics such as:

"oooo, You look so weird
Man, there's really something wrong with you
One day you're going to self-destruct

In fact, a good number of their songs depict unhappy times, concerning frustration, insecurity, monotony and morbid realizations. Although this makes for a depressed mood, Dave Davies compensates with some great riffs while Ray Davies genuinely presents, with utmost loving detail, his sad situation.

The finest track of all is "Art Lover," featuring Ian Gibbons on the keyboards, and the song is a welcome change of pace. It slows everything down a bit with its delicate beat, while as Ray Davies humorously explained, "I'm not a flasher in a raincoat... I'm not a dirty old man."

The album ends with a short, yet quite enjoyable song, "Better Things," which expresses the Kinks' most enthusiastic view of life on the entire record. One even gets the impression that they are looking forward to the future as well.

The versatility between songs makes this album an excellent record but the Kinks' overall consistency, through the years, makes the songs so impressive. Never have they tried to urge rebellion — like the Doors — or corrupt young minds — like AC/DC.

Despite the many bass and keyboard players that have come and gone, as well as all the fads during the

group's existence, the Kinks have proven they can still pump out fundamental rock and roll.

This time around, there are no big single hits like some of the previous years' "Lola" and "Girl, You Really Got Me." However, their 21st album, *Give the People What They Want* is an overall success and is certainly one of the best albums of the year.

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Entertainment Briefs

THE SIGMA ALPHA IOTA music fraternity of Meredith College will be presenting *Arrogance* in concert Thursday, Nov. 12 at 8 p.m. in the Jones Auditorium on the Meredith campus. Tickets are now available at Schoolkid's Records for \$3.75 and at the door for \$4. For more information, call 828-3661.

THE EASY MOVING COMPANY of Raleigh will be opening the 1981 season for the Triangle Dance Guild Inc. on Saturday. The performance will take place in the Stewart Theatre at 8 p.m.

Season tickets are still available for the Dance Series, which contains four exciting professional companies, for \$20 to the public and \$16 for all students and senior citizens. Individual tickets are available at \$6 for the public and \$5 for students and senior citizens.

For more information, please call the Stewart Theatre box office at 737-3105. Both season tickets and individual tickets will be available at the door the night of the performance.

SPOON RIVER ANTHOLOGY, Edgar Lee Masters unforgettable portrayal of life in small-town America, will be presented at the Theatre in the Park, from Nov. 6-8 at 8:15 p.m. This work is widely recognized for its simple, lyrical poetry and has become one of the most popular plays in America. Tickets are \$4 for adults and \$3 for students and senior citizens. Call 755-6038 for reservations.

TICKETS FOR THIS YEAR'S Madrigal Dinner are now on sale for the very entertaining theatrical production which is scheduled for Dec. 1-6 at the State Student Center. Last year's Madrigal Dinner sold out for every performance and the organizers expect to have standing room only crowds again this year. Tickets are \$8 for students and \$12 for others who want to attend the event.

ON SUNDAY, NOV. 8, the State Music Department will be presenting their annual fall Choralefest. The concert will be held in the Stewart Theatre at 8 p.m. The State Chamber Singers, conducted by Dr. Phyllis Vogel, will open the program. Also being featured will be the University Singers, under the direction of Eleana Ward. The University Choir, directed by Milton Bliss, will conclude the evening's program.

STUDIO 1 'Wolfpack' Late Show **\$2.00** ALL SEATS
Fri. & Sat. 11:00 P.M.

The story of two enterprising young men who make an amazing amount of money selling ice cream.



CHEECH & CHONG'S NICE DREAMS

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AMOCO PRODUCTION COMPANY, one of the Leading Oil and Gas Producers in the U.S., seeks innovative and aggressive GEOPHYSICISTS to expand its current level of activity.

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AMOCO will be recruiting here on November 13.

See the GEOLOGY DEPARTMENT to schedule an interview.

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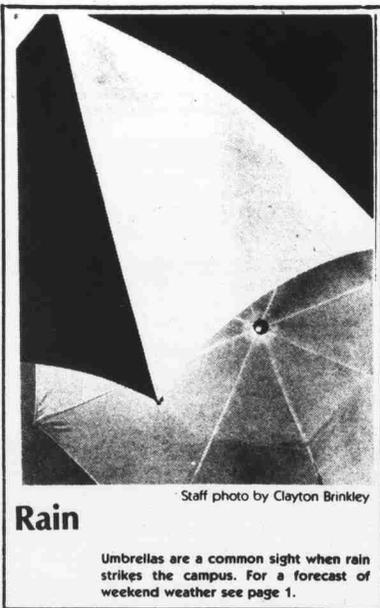
to meet with
Mr. James Muller
our recruiting representative

at the
Career Planning & Placement Center

on
November 12th, Nineteen hundred and eighty-one

to discuss employment opportunities in
the Research and Development field

Further information available in the Placement Center
An Equal Education/ Employment Opportunity Institution



Staff photo by Clayton Brinkley

Rain

Umbrellas are a common sight when rain strikes the campus. For a forecast of weekend weather see page 1.

Professors to display works

by Karen Freitas
Staff Writer

The book department of the Students' Supply Store recognize campus authors during its open house titled "Author's Recognition Day." The event will be held from 2 p.m.-4:30 p.m. in the Students' Supply Store on Thursday, Nov. 12.

A special display of 1981 publications authored by State faculty will be located in the reception area. Campus-authored works published prior to 1981 will be featured separately. Thus far the Students' Supply Store has received books from more than 200 authors including those from the 1960s.

The display will consist of public works by authors such as books, volumes, edited books and co-authored books. Some of the authors will also be present to discuss their works.

"We feel that for a person

who is an expert in his field, such as publishing a text or book in his profession, has completed an accomplishment above average," said Elizabeth Puryear, secretary to the manager of the Students' Supply Store.

"We also think that the authors are entitled to recognition from the University and community at large rather than being limited to the particular department which he might teach in.

"I think that the students would be interested in Author's Recognition Day because of the displays where they could view the books and be surprised to find their teacher has their teachings in print."

The event is aimed at increasing appreciation for the campus for the people who teach at State. It is designed for the faculty to meet each other and learn from each other.

The authors will have an opportunity to meet with

publishing companies to talk about company policy requirement procedures so that if they are interested, they can obtain information directly from the publishing companies.

Many of the books that are now available can be found in either the Students' Supply Store or the D.H. Hill Library. There are a few departments that keep a collection of their professors' public works.

Most of the books that will be on display have been used by their authors as either textbooks or teaching aids on State's campus.

Randall Thomson, assistant professor of sociology and anthropology, has edited a book titled *Bringing Sociology Home* which he and other sociology departmental professors use. The reason for editing the book, Thomson said, was that he wanted to make sociology more effective to the students for a better

understanding.

Larry Champion, English professor and head of the English department, has written seven books. Those most recent are *The Evolution of Shakespearean Comedy*, *Tragic Patterns in Jacobean and Caroline Drama* and *Perspectives in Shakespearean English History*. His books are not required in the classroom but are recommended for the students' enhancement of their studies.

"I guess that most of what I write is out of class experience," Champion said. "Every writer wants to share his professional drive and to have a personal enjoyment out of everything he does."

Abraham Holtzman, professor of political science and public administration, wrote *American Government, Ideals in Reality*, *The Townsend Movement*, *A Political Study and Interest Groups and Lobbying*. He uses the first book as the departmental textbook which is required for all students.

Professor of Economics and Business Thomas Johnson cowrote *Toward Economic Understanding* which is also a required textbook. He also wrote a study guide to supplement the text.

"I try to teach the course so that the students can pass by either attending the lectures or by reading the text," Johnson said.

Various authors will be attending Author's Recognition Day to answer questions for both students and faculty. The Students' Supply Store will also be featuring Joshua Lee, professor of

crop science, for entertainment at 3 p.m. He will tell tales of Georgia and its mules. Lee has written a book titled *With Their Ears Pricked Forward*.

Also entertaining will be Betty Adcock, wife of Assistant Music Director Donald

Adcock. She will read poetry of her own composition.

"Our major goal for this event is for the authors to get a chance to meet the public. We hope that students will take advantage of this opportunity," Puryear said.

CP&L rate hike

(Continued from page 1)

"Just letting them (CP&L) know we are concerned makes a major difference," Spivey said. "We have to let everybody know that we are not locked on campus."

*Student Body Treasurer Sandi Long reported that Student Senate funds have a balance of \$11,252 which includes \$7,000 left over from last year.

*Student Senate President Jim Yocum discussed the Oct. 23-24 University of North Carolina Association of Student Governments meeting. The UNCASG passed a resolution on the Southern Bell rate hike.

Yocum also announced that the N.C. House of Representatives bill to raise

the drinking age has been defeated, and it cannot be resubmitted until January 1983. However, he said, the Senate bill is still standing.

*Senate members voted to pass a resolution to hold all Student Senate elections during the fall.

*Senate members voted to appropriate \$151 to the Phi Psi professional textiles fraternity for partial airplane fare to their national convention in Texas.

*Senate members voted to pass an amendment to the Student Body Statutes to raise the number of members of the Student Judicial Board.

*Senate members voted to approve the Association of Student Consumers' board of directors.

Briefly

FOR UNDERGRADUATE degree students the maximum course load is 21 credit hours a semester and seven credit hours a summer session. To carry more than the maximum, students must obtain the approval of their academic adviser and school dean.

NO STUDENT SHALL BE REQUIRED to take three consecutively scheduled final examinations within any 24-hour period.

SPRING HOUSING REQUEST CARDS are available now to all interested off-campus students who are eligible. Assignments will be made on a space-available, first-come first-served basis. Apply at Housing Office, 201 Harris Hall.

Technician needs Proofreaders!!!
 If you know half the English alphabet or less and can read this ad call 737-2411/2412. Ask for the FOX.

Program developed in response to rapes

(Continued from page 1)

they barely know because the most prevalent type of rape on campus is acquaintance rape, McGinnis said. Ninety percent of all rapes go unreported, according to FBI statistics.

Rapists are repeat offenders. Once they have raped they will continue to do so until they are prosecuted, according to McGinnis. Therefore, it is important that women file reports if they are raped.

If a rape victim does not want to prosecute she can call Public Safety with information on the assault so Public Safety is made aware of the situation. With the victim's permission, Public Safety will talk to the criminal and let him know that Public Safety is aware of his actions.

Public Safety has a new emergency number, 737-3333. This number will soon be placed on telephones

around campus. McGinnis urged all students to know the location of the blue-light phones in case of emergency. There are 44 phones located throughout campus.

"If someone picks up a blue-light phone Public Safety will respond whether they make voice contact or not," McGinnis said.

Student patrol officers are always available to escort students around cam-

pus so they will not have to walk alone, he said.

Generally, the students who attended the program said they felt that McGinnis presented his material well.

"McGinnis made me aware of rape problems without making me scared to walk outside," Sheri Spryn, a sophomore in LEB, said. "It made me wonder if my habits were safe ones."

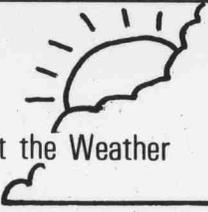
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The Music, Arts & Entertainment Magazine for College News

VOL. 2 NOVEMBER 1981 • DAVID PETERS

Escape

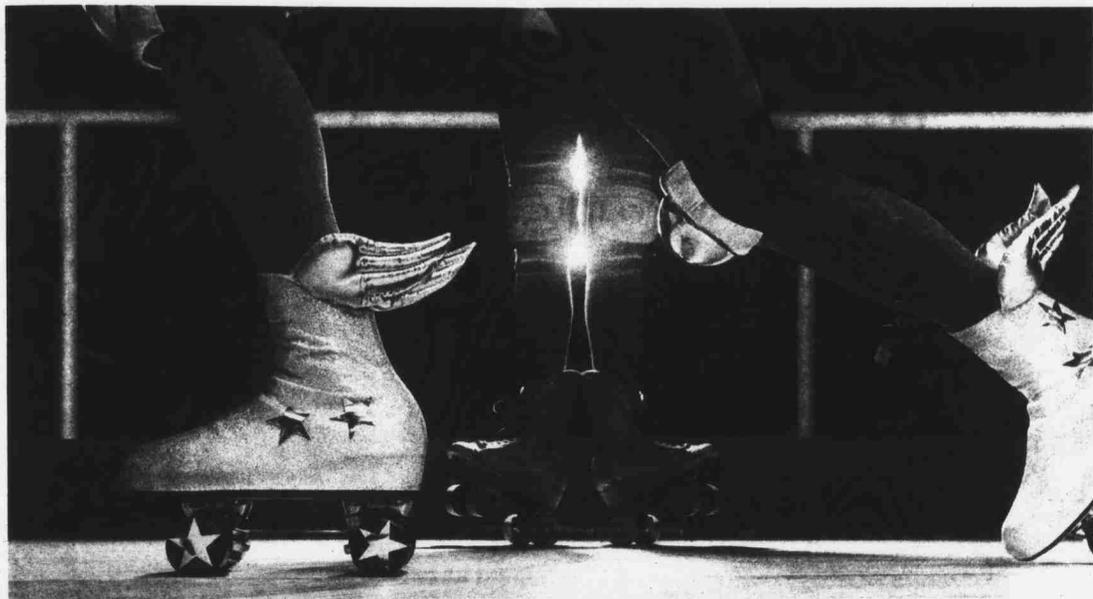
Escape the greasies
Shampoo and Conditioner
will set you free!

with Agree.

Aglee Shampoo
with a little green

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with a little green

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If you think "pads and rollers" are just a California craze, you're not ready for New Memorex.

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Typography COMPOSITION TYPE
Contributing Editors JACOBA ATLAS, MARTIN CLIFFORD, ED CRAV, STEVEN X. REA, DAVIN SEAY, FRED SETTERBERG
Advertising Offices
 West Coast
Director, National Sales & Marketing 1680 N. Vine, Ste. 900 Hollywood, CA 90028 213/462-7175
 Midwest
Marketing Director TOBIN, KRECHMAN ASSOC. RAY TOBIN
Sales Manager MAUREEN REELEY 4753 North Broadway Chicago, IL 60640 312/561-9334
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Sales Manager HOWARD JACOBY 134 Lexington Ave. 3rd Fl. New York, NY 10016 212/696-0994
Office Manager CHRISTOPHER THOR
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OUR COVER

The cover collage of Fridays' nine stars is by David Rivers, who creates the titles for Fridays and seasonal covers for Amperсанд.

IN ONE EAR & OUT THE OTHER

I saw American Werewolf in London and really loved it. I was very pleased to read your story on John Landis. How about a story on the star, David Naughton? Is he no longer doing Dr. Pepper commercials? Does he have any other films coming out? Most important, would he like a pen pal in Saginaw, Michigan?

Name withheld by Request
Saginaw, MI

David's manager Chuck Binder says Naughton is through with Dr. Pepper; he may do other commercials in the future, but nothing is definite. He will do more films — and we'll hear more about those any minute. As for the Saginaw pen palship, you're on your own.

I'm an aspiring music journalist and I've taught myself to follow the trends closely. Lately, it's Dead People Cover Features. I'd be happy to do an article for Amperсанд on Janis Joplin, who seems to be the only one not recently dealt with. Unless Kris Kristofferson is dead and I haven't read about it yet. Obviously, Elvis Presley, Jim Morrison and Duane Allman have been done to death. Hey, I just made a joke!

Bart Theodorian
Lodi, California

What happened to your In Print section in the last issue? I always look forward to that section.

Sandra Kupke
Ogden, Utah

The In Print book review section will now appear every other issue — look for it in this issue, where we feature reviews of show biz books — fiction and non.

How often will you be running the special photography section in Amperсанд? I just bought a camera and it was really helpful. I'm planning to buy additional accessories and I'm wondering if there will be any coverage about that?

Jan Smith
Cal State Fullerton

Quite possibly. Modern Photography and our publishing company are tentatively scheduling one more photo supplement in the spring and two next fall.

I saw for the first time that you are carrying Classified Ads. I have studied advertising, and I just want to point out that you forgot to mention a very important point in your Classified Advertising Order:

NEW CONTRIBUTORS:

Bob Merlis (On Disc) wrote such a stirring article on collecting Studbakers for New West that he got a personal letter from Bill Griffith, creator of Zippy the Pinhead.

Susan Herford (Off the Wall photograph) has done so well recently — awards, museum exhibits and such — that many people forget her stellar cheerleading for Lewis & Clark College.

Jennifer Krueh (On Disc) owns the crummiest looking electric guitar you could imagine, with glued-on white naugahyde panels or something.



This month's winner unlocked our hearts, you bet. Steve Manno of the University of Maryland earns \$30 for his efforts. You too may be so enriched. Simply submit your original Amperсанд, in black ink on sturdy white paper. (Put your name and address on the art.) No ballpoint doodles, please. Send to Amperсанд of the Month, 1680 North Vine, Suite 900, Hollywood, CA 90028.

How to Come out Smelling Like A Rose

JOVAN, THE FRAGRANCE MANUFACTURER, sponsored the Rolling Stones tour — a commercial first for the group and the performer. Most of us would wonder why the Stones, arguably the most successful rock group extant, would want such merchandising; apparently the tour, as originally planned, involved small out-of-the-way clubs, and the Stones weren't sure they'd make any money. Instead they were faced with the biggest, hottest, most extravagantly sold-out tour in their history — perhaps in everyone's history.

Jovan agreed to plunk down \$1 million up front, plus \$2 million in advertising commitments, and in return Jovan's name blared on all radio spots, appeared in all print ads and on the tickets. The Stones, perfume aside, will net an estimated \$12 to \$16 million, split four ways among the original members (Ron Wood is on salary plus a small percentage).

I Quit! You Can't Quit, You're Fired! Dept.

DON'T INVITE Rod Stewart and long-time drummer Carmine Appice to the same pajama party. Sources report "some sort of nasty scene" has clouded their rhythmic relationship. Stewart has officially hired ex-Babys drummer Tony Brock for Appice's chair. That makes two promotions for former Babys — keyboard player Jonathon Cain became a member of Journey not long ago.

Special Effects

SPECIAL EFFECTS WIZARD Douglas Trumbull will direct his first feature, *Brainstorm*, to star Natalie Wood, Christopher Walken, Cliff Robertson and Louise Fletcher, all playing scientific types. The special effects variety, but will reportedly involve sequences inside a brain. Trumbull will also

Form — your circulation. After all, if I'm going to buy an ad, what am I buying?

Ron Jones
Ohio State

Our publisher says "You're right, and we're sorry." Our circulation is presently 860,000 with distribution at 71 major campuses from Boston to Honolulu. Amperсанд has a readership in excess of 1.5 million students, plus a large number of faculty, staff and university hangabouts who don't get counted in the student population.

In spite of your reviewer's saying that the new Joe Ely record, *Musta Notta Gotta Lotta*, was "disappointing," I think it's one of the best things to come out in a long time. Come on, Mr. Ely. Learn to enjoy greatness wherever you find it. Even a jaded rock critic can't be immune to good rickin' sounds. Who do you like, anyway? And is it fair to expect one of the most riveting performers in all of music today to surpass himself by going into a recording studio?

Most of the time, Amperсанд's reviews are pretty fair and accurate. But I couldn't let some foreigner (non-Texan) give our home town here a bad time.

Cheryl Becker
Lubbock, TX

film some of the Rolling Stones concerts to test a new high speed 70mm process called Showscan, and after that he'll direct *Milennium*, about which we know nothing.

DAVID CRONENBERG, the man who perpetuated *Scanners*, is currently at work on *Videodrome*, about a top secret cable TV channel that warps its subscribers' minds in devious and (no doubt) disgusting ways.

NOW THAT STEVEN SPIELBERG has finished *Poltgeist* (he produced, Tobe Hooper of *Texas Chain Saw Massacre* directed), he has already started filming (in super paranoid secrecy) *A Boy's Life*, formerly titled *ET* (as in Extraterrestrial). It's another trilogy, since star Henry Thomas has been signed for three pictures (*Raiders* is the other trilogy). Special effects of the extraterrestrial kind will be wrought by Carlo Rambaldi, who devised the "rubber babies" in *Close Encounters*.

Small Screen News

STEVE MARTIN and MARTIN MULL are developing and writing an NBC special which will star Mull (Martin will not appear in it). Martin is also working on a late night weekend show for the same network, which will reportedly not have a repertory company of actors/comedians like the other two late-night weekend shows.

PRODUCER ALLAN CARR (*Grease, Don't Stop the Music*) will join Tom Snyder on *The Tomorrow Show* as a "recurring special segment" titled "Allan Carr's Hollywood." Carr will not do gossip, sez NBC, but will concentrate on celebrity interviews (gee, nobody's doing those), film premieres, where-are-they-now segments, and so on.

RONA BARRETT, who had the good sense to abandon Snyder's *Tomorrow Show* a couple months back, will be launching a series called *Television: Inside and Out*, to focus on television industry news.

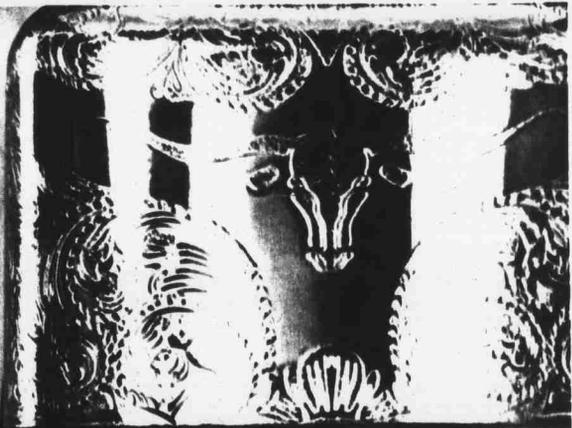
Chaps

RALPH LAUREN



A cologne a man can put on as naturally
as a worn leather jacket or a pair of jeans.

Cologne



Chaps
RALPH LAUREN

& OUT THE OTHER

SF News

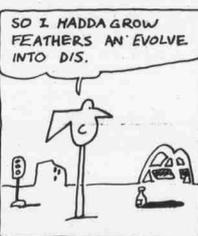
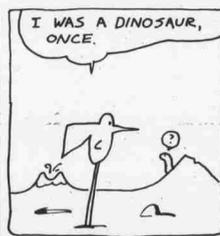
MICHAEL PHILLIPS, who co-produced *Taxi Driver*, *The Sting*, *Close Encounters of the Third Kind* (and *Cannery Row*, due in February), recently announced that he'll next produce (with his wife Liv Faret and Marie Yates) all three novels of Isaac Asimov's *Foundation Trilogy*. Not only that, but the three novels will be filmed at the same time and released one month apart. (Perfect! We wish George Lucas had done the same; we don't want to wait three years for *Revenge of the Jedi*.)

THE 39TH WORLD SCIENCE FICTION Convention, known as "Denvention Two," was held recently in Denver, Colorado; guests of honor were C.L. Moore and Clifford Simak.

Lectures, panel discussions, costume competitions, and displays of upcoming genre films such as *Blade Runner* and *Dark Crystal* were among the highlights. As always, the crowning event was the presentation of the coveted Hugo Awards, science-fiction's equivalent of the Oscar. Among the winners: Michael Whelan (Best Pro Artist); Cliff Sagan's *Cosmos* (Best Non-Fiction); Clifford Simak (Best Short Story, "Grotto of the Dancing Deer"); Gordon R. Dickson (Novellette and Novella Awards: "The Cloak and the Staff" and "Lost Dorians") and Joan Vinge (Best Novel: *The Snow Queen*).

Big & Medium Deals

HOLLYWOOD HOLDS ITS BREATH: Francis Ford Coppola and John Travolta are meeting; this is cause for wishful specula-



tion and many crossed fingers at Paramount Studios, whose executives devoutly hope that Coppola will direct *Godfather III*, and that it will star Travolta as Anthony Corleone (son of Michael). Travolta owes the studio a picture ever since he pulled out of *American Gigolo*. And Paramount, earlier this year, helped bail Coppola out of some of his Zoetrope Studio financial difficulties, perhaps with an eye to the future...

Meanwhile, Zoetrope is abuzz with activity: Coppola is finishing up *One from the Heart*, promises to resurrect the unfinished *Hammett*, and is leasing space to other productions. Zoetrope has also produced its first film for TV, *Sweatsop*, based on a recent expose of Los Angeles garment district sweatshops, to air on NBC next year.

TOMMY LEE JONES will play Gary Gilmore, the convicted murderer who was exe-

cuted by firing squad in Utah a few years back (see "Off the Wall"—page 18). Producer-director Lawrence Schiller claims the film, *Executioner's Song*, is not based on Norman Mailer's book of the same name, though Mailer has also written the screenplay, a distinction of marginal importance. Eli Wallach will play Gilmore's uncle, Vern Damico.

DAVID PUTTMAN AND HUGH HUDSON, producer and director of *Chariots of Fire*, will next collaborate on *The October Circle* by Robert Bolt, set in Czechoslovakia in 1968 (when the Russians flexed a few muscles). The two are also working on another film which remains a deep secret, for reasons unknown.

MARY TYLER MOORE and Dudley Moore will star in *Six Weeks*, about a woman with a married lover and a dying child; she's also set to star in *Finnegans Begin Again*, about a woman in love with a man whose wife is dying. Hmmm.

SAM SHEPARD will star with Jessica Lange in *Frances*, the tragic story of actress Frances Farmer. We hope his role in *Frances* is better (and bigger) than his recent appearance in *Raggedy Man*.

INTERESTING CASTING GAMBIT: in a recent, long story in Hollywood trade paper *Variety*, director Jonathan Demme (*Melvin and Howard*, *Last Embrace*) announced that he wanted Bruce Springsteen to star in *Swing Shift*, with Goldie Hawn; Bruce would play the working class hero, a shipyard worker named Lucky. He wouldn't sing, he'd just look proletarian. But a call to Springsteen's manager, Jon Landau, revealed that neither Demme nor anyone in Demme's employ ever bothered to ask Bruce. "Besides," said the spokeswoman for Landau, "Bruce has absolutely no desire to even discuss [making films.] Whenever someone tries to give him a script to read, he always says, 'I'm not interested.'" So why did Demme bother to announce something he wasn't going to do? Well, he did get quite a lot of space in a Hollywood trade paper. Maybe that's worth something...

AL PACINO, TUESDAY WELD AND DYAN CANAN will star in *Author, Author* as writer, wife and other woman, respectively.

Lawsuit Central

RAQUEL WELCH and her husband Andre Reinwein are suing the *National Enquirer* for \$12 million, claiming slander; the *Enquirer* allegedly published a report that their marriage was finito, and that Raquel had been fired from *Cannery Row* for "unprofessionalism." Raquel is also suing MGM,

among others, for \$24 million for firing her from *Cannery Row* and for implying that she was unprofessional.

MOTOWN RECORDS has filed suit against Bonnie Pointer and her producer Jeffrey Bowen, claiming they failed to deliver an album as agreed, and also claiming that Bowen "substantially impaired" Motown's ability to function because Bowen threatened the life of Berry Gordy, Motown's Chairman of the board, which caused Mr. Gordy to behave in a very careful way. In an effort to verify any part of this story, we repeatedly called Motown's Los Angeles office. Nobody answered.

JUNE E. PRITCHARD has filed a \$75 million suit against horror fiction writer Stephen King, his publisher Doubleday, and Warner Bros. films, claiming *The Shining* was based on incidents and visions in her life which she had related to a psychotherapist in confidence. Pritchard claims the psychotherapist told all this to King, who wrote the book, which became the movie starring Jack Nicholson and Shelley Duvall.

Park Place by Any Other Name...

LOOK FOR TWO NEW board games threatening to emerge this fall. "Stick the IRS" pits players against each other and a common adversary, the Internal Revenue Service. A player may hold \$50,000 and a chance to buy into a new baseball franchise in Alaska. Player writes off more than twice the amount invested, then learns that the opening season has been snarled out and player must pay an additional \$25,000. The player who best uses his or her income and the various tax shelters, and who pays the least amount of taxes, wins.

"The Movie Game" involves the many byzantine byways famous in this town, like Creative Accounting, ostentatious wealth, etc. A sample pitfall: the player hosts an elaborate, expensive screening to promote his or her picture. The press eats everything, leaves, and only the player's mother stays for the film. She falls asleep. The player loses lots of money and status.

Fear & Flying

GARY NUMAN, piloting his single engine Cessna through 50 countries (as a tourist) was forced to make an emergency landing in Visakhapatnam, India. Alas, he landed on a military base, and was held (along with his co-pilot) for two days, interrogated for 10 hours each day, and finally released. They were not harmed physically, and both are back in London now—but the plane and the cameras are still in India.

(Continued on page 19)

Forcing the Issue

Spent Force at Play

BEFORE SETTING OUT to strip America of its few remaining millions, Mick Jagger offered these observations to the *London Observer*: "Rock & Roll is a spent force in that we can't expect any more from it either as music or an instrument for social change. It's merely recycling itself and everything is a rehash. I'm not that good of a musician to break out of it. It's all I can do—I can't go on leaping around forever. It would be unseemly and perhaps I shouldn't be doing it even now, but it would be stupid not to do it while I still can."

If this candor works its way into lyric sessions with Keith Richards, maybe we'll be hearing "I know it's only rock & roll, but I'll milk it" on the next Stones album.

On the clamorous reponse to the Stones' tour, an L.A. musician remarked, "It's like a chance to see Count Basie and his band. Seeing the Stones is like a chance to re-live the past. Nobody plays good rock & roll anymore."

Further Proof of the Spent Force Theory

THE BOOK OF ROCK LISTS, by Dave Marsh (as in mucky territory) and Kevin Stein, modestly lists Mr. Marsh (as in worthless bog) as author of one of "The Twenty Five Best Rock Books": *Born to Run*.

Spent Force Re-groups

CHUBBY CHECKER, figurehead of the Twist dance craze of the very early Sixties, will be back with an album on MCA in a few

months. Our favorite obscure Checker track from the past was about a girlfriend's jaunty two-wheeler: "She's got a motor scooter/With a little yellow tooter," sang the bumptious Mr. Checker. "And I fall to the ground when I hear that sound!"

The Future of the Spent Forces

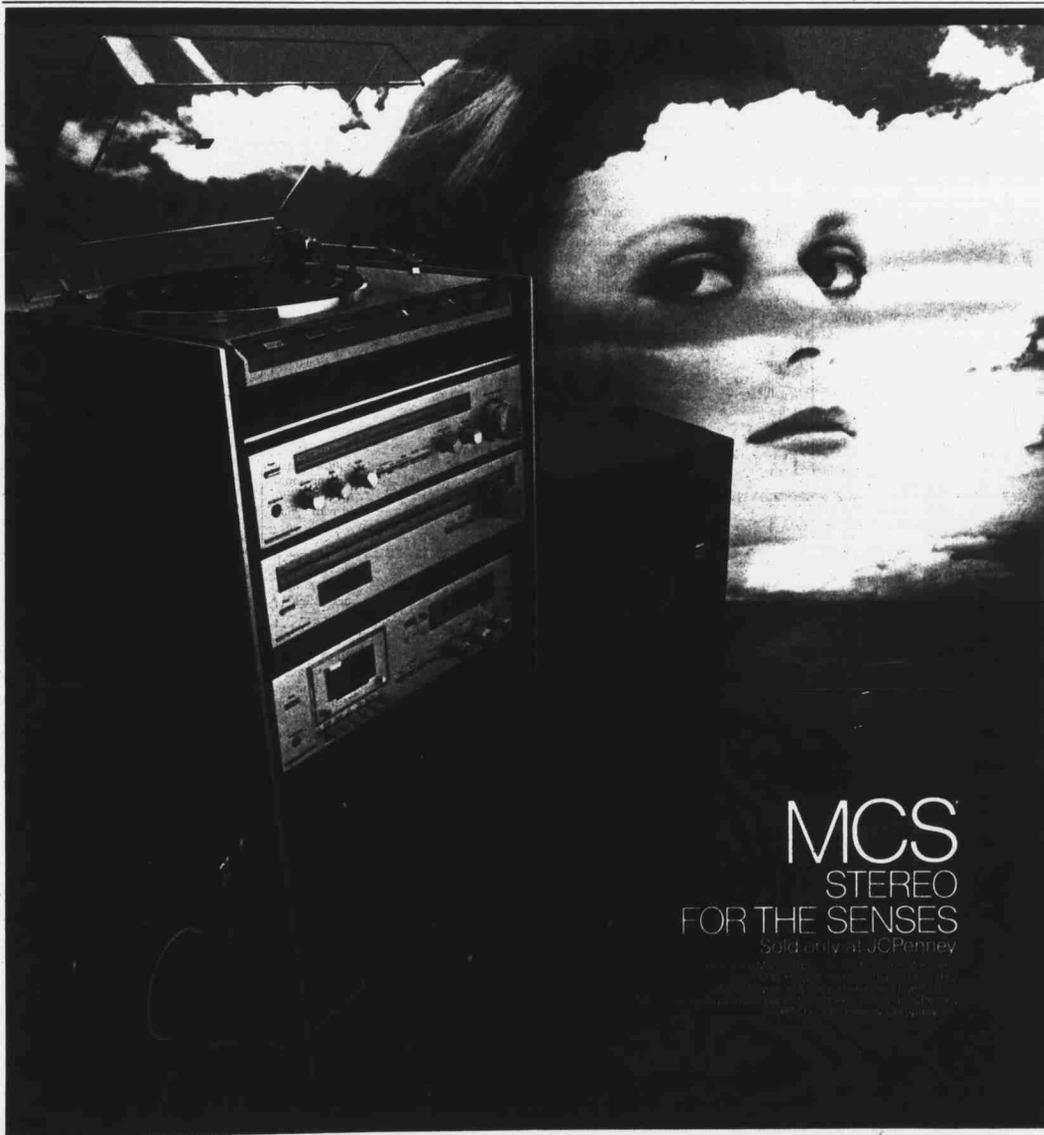
SOOTHSAVERS claim a new Peter Townshend LP will be out after the first of the year, as will outpuses (opiii?) from Fleetwood Mac, Bonnie Rait and Donna Summer, along with a Stevie Winwood soundtrack for the British flick, *They Called It an Accident*.

May The Spent Force Be with You, Daily

FROM BERNARD KAMOROFF, publisher, and Sam Leandro (not the town south of Oakland), author, comes the *Rock and Roll Calendar*—available for 1982 at \$7.95 postpaid. Bell Springs Publishing, Laytonville, Ca. 95454. For the uninitiated, Laytonville lies midway between San Francisco and the verdant marijuana patches of Humboldt County, close to Longvale, Spyrock, Covelo and the Round Valley Indian Reservation.

From the supremely garish 1950 Wurlitzer jukebox on the cover to the unfurled armpit hair of Frank Zappa (Mr. December), the calendar celebrates rock trivia by fixing the dates for various historical milestones—like when Carl Perkins wrote "Blue Suede Shoes" (Dec. 17, 1955) and the June 2, 1941 birth of Rolling Stone drummer Charlie Watts. Taken altogether, the *Rock and Roll Calendar* is the most polished publication in Laytonville history.

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Half a Dozen of the Other: In Wales 'The Prisoner' Hasn't Ended

BY CATHERYN LANHAM

Strolling the grounds of Portmeirion, Wales, are replicas of Number Six, the ciphered character in Patrick McGooohan's late-Sixties television series *The Prisoner*. A brass band is warming up, lined up in rows on the road, while the chess master/jester/executioner wheels his pennyfarthing up and down. (When asked if he could ride it, Max Hora replied, "If someone holds me on.") Multicolored umbrellas swirl as members of *Six of One: The Prisoner Appreciation Society* wait for the director to start filming another scene for a new episode, "By Public Demand." The London correspondent for the *Tribune* has a striped cape tied around him while he too holds up an umbrella, joining members as they chant their lines, "Spade, spade, spade." "Heart, heart, heart."

Filming begins. The brass band starts playing and marches down the road. The director wants to cut and start again. The band keeps marching. Bystanders yell to get their attention, and the band eventually stops at the end of the road while a film crew from HTV in England records the events.

Later, a California man wearing the striped top and tan slacks of regulation clothing in the series, asks, "Is this a village? Do you live here?"

His puzzlement is understandable. The village of Portmeirion is not a village at all, but a complex of cottages and buildings designed by Welsh architect Sir Clough Williams-Ellis in a style generally described as Italianate. He created the "village" for his own

pleasure and turned it into a hotel to help pay for it. Many of the buildings were modeled after ones he had admired, and some were created from parts of houses scheduled for demolition. One unique ceiling was purchased at auction for fifteen pounds, and the Town Hall was built up around it.

Club members who stroll under the palm trees and past the prize rhododendrons may find, however, that Sir Williams-Ellis' village is not the Village of the series. Number Six's residence, a small room housing *Prisoner* memorabilia this weekend, is too near the green Dome where Number Two lived. The pastel cottages, the roads that seem sidewalks, even the central fountain appear smaller and are laid out incorrectly. The prisoner's village is elsewhere — perhaps in the mind of Mr. McGooohan.

Patrick McGooohan, having completed his successful *Danger Man/Secret Agent* series, went to Portmeirion on a holiday with his family and decided to use the site for a series about the rebel in society. Portmeirion's unique appearance and its look of isolation would be used in a program about a secret agent who resigned, was kidnapped by either his government or the enemy and brought to an unknown village. When McGooohan presented the idea, with photographs and story lines, to Lew

The Prisoner's trademark pennyfarthing vehicle (above), McGooohan and extras play a dangerous human chess game (below).

Grade, Grade said, "I don't understand a word you're saying. It's absolutely crazy, but it just might work."

Others have also thought it crazy. One woman, coming out from under

the anaesthetic in her hospital room, woke to find *The Prisoner* on television and thought her mind had finally gone. The program's complex symbolism confused some viewers and

frustrated others. The village was peopled by prisoners who were all numbered and under constant surveillance; all were taught or conditioned to conform, to obey, to give up whatever information those in charge wanted from them to do as they were told. If they conformed, they were rewarded and their lives made as pleasant as such imprisoned lives could be. In ultimate control was the elusive Number One: the visible Village manager was the ever-changing Number Two. The prisoner, Number Six, refused to play the game, declined to explain why he resigned, and tried to escape. In the end — well, the end has to be seen to be explained. Compared to an enacting of the last judgment, the show is the most fascinating, the most frustrating, and ultimately the most satisfying finish to any series ever seen on television.

Critics were perplexed and tried to classify *The Prisoner*. Was it science fiction? Adventure? Suspense? Was it Orwellian? Anti-utopian? Kafkaesque? In America, CBS executives were uncertain of audience reaction to the program and scheduled it for the summer of 1968. But viewer response was strong enough to bring the series back for an encore the following summer.

When the series aired again in Britain a few years ago, it generated more interest. David Barrie wrote to ask if his name and address could be broadcast after the program so that others interested in the series could contact him. Initially, he expected a few people to get together with him in a local pub, but the response of over 300 letters in one week led to the formation of the society. McGooohan accepted the position of honorary president and recently told club members that they had done "a fantastic, also lutey fantastic job... Your dedication is extraordinary."

The society is composed of local groups that meet frequently and informally to discuss issues and ideas presented in the series (which is still re-run on local and PBS stations across America). The club also publishes a quarterly, *Alert*, and disseminates information to members, offering articles about the show, interviews with actors who appeared in it, still shots taken during the filming, and an official button bearing the program's pennyfarthing symbol. The society also schedules other conventions during the year and screens episodes provided by ITC for club use.

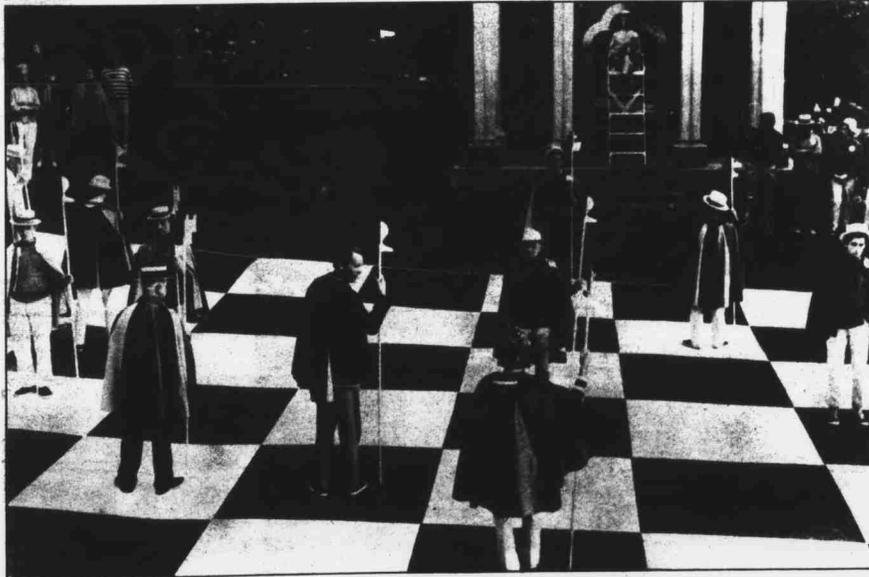
During a break in filming, two women who were extras in the series talk about it and its star. "I feel that he's here. I can still see him standing up there, talking to us," Number Sixty-one looks at the balcony. "We didn't understand a word he was saying."

"He had it all up here," says Mrs. Eastwood, tapping her head. "We didn't understand, not until we saw it on television. He was protesting."

Number Sixty-one touches her badge. "This is the original. I've been offered a hundred pounds for it, but I wouldn't sell it for a thousand."

"The man you see on the screen, that's him. He could have been James Bond, but he didn't want to be." He

(Continued on next page)



brought champagne to the cast party but didn't stay. "He had so much on his mind. He was so tired."

"Once my husband and I were in a scene, sitting at a table and trying to talk. He walked by and whispered, 'Have you tried 'Our Father?'" As something to say."

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The plot of "By Public Demand" is never explained. A rebel seems to be sabotaging the Village contest for the

position of Number Two. A chess game with human figures was filmed yesterday, today another game is being played, but the moves are read from sheets of paper. "That's not right," says one player, suddenly realizing that his opponent and not he is going to be checkmated. "You've skipped a move." The woman and her dog move back to their original square.

Meanwhile, an episode titled "The Schizoid Man" is being screened in the Town Hall. Beneath the salvaged ceiling depicting the labors of Hercules, the film unfolds at a slow speed. When it ends, two men begin to fiddle with the projector. One asks the other why an American copy, with breaks for commercials, is being used. The other tells him that several copies have just been sent to an Arab country. When the films come back, they are coated in camel's hair. Totally unsuitable. The other laughs. What next, Russia? China?

Roger Goodman, the society's coordinator, apologizes for the problems. An interview he taped with Patrick McGoohan is heard instead. In printed interviews, his sentences are generally separated by exclamation points, settling like barbs around his

ideas—the tone of the man felt to be tense, forbidding, and uncooperative. On tape, the tone is calm, after an initial nervousness caused by the presence of the tape recorder during the interview. He relates his meeting with Lew Grade with quiet laughter. What was the meaning of the pennyfarthing symbol, he is asked. "It was a symbol of progress. An ironic symbol. People are planning too quickly for the future, building bigger and better cars while the world is running out of oil and is full of smog." What about the canopy over the pennyfarthing, Goodman asks. Did that have a meaning? McGoohan laughs. "Seat belts. Safety regulations."

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Readers interested in *The Prisoner Appreciation Society* should send a self-addressed envelope, with an international reply coupon, and their letters to:

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makes a
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Roger Goodman, Coordinator
Six of One (Club) U.S.
The Prisoner Appreciation Society
P.O. Box 61
Cheltenham, Glos.
GL52 3JX Britain
A reply may take six weeks or more, depending on mail delivery.

Cathryn Lanham lives in Bloomington, Illinois, and claims the *Prisoner* fans "are very nice people; not crazy like Trekkies." Trekkies should direct their hate mail to us and leave Ms. Lanham alone.



McGoohan:
"He could have been James Bond..."



Now you can park a



IN PRINT

Woody Guthrie: A Life

JOE KLEIN
Alfred A. Knopf, \$15.95

In recent concerts, Bruce Springsteen has strapped a harmonica around his neck, picked up an acoustic guitar, and performed a melancholy-yet-patriotic version of "This Land Is Your Land," a song he introduces as being greatly misunderstood. The Springsteen rendition is a far cry from the usual happy, strummy, summer camp singalong version of the Woody Guthrie tune, but even Bruce slightly misses Woody's original point. As Joe Klein tells it in his biography of the Okemah, Oklahoma troubadour, Guthrie wrote the song as an angry response to Irving Berlin's florid paean to the U.S. of A., "God Bless America." Woody's song was originally titled "God Blessed America for Me," and in-

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If nothing else, Klein's biography de-mystifies Guthrie — not only his songs, but his person. More precisely, he de-mystiques the artist, separating his life from his legend, his contributions from his attributions. What emerges is — as Klein's subtitle indicates — "a life," rather than a metaphor. We see Woodrow Wilson Guthrie, the skinny Brillo-haired Okie, as a gifted, ever-curious man who rather unconsciously tapped into the public's need for, first, a corporate hillbilly, then a proletariat balladeer, and finally a folk music martyr. Guthrie's mythology doesn't seem so much planned as provided by others. As he described himself in comparison to his sensible older brother, "He is making

his life, and I am letting my life make me."

Guthrie's is an engrossing story, partly because Klein's a good reporter (he's covered politics for *Rolling Stone* since 1974) and partly because Guthrie's life contained a full complement of travels, tragedies (several family injuries and deaths in fires, his own sad disintegration under Huntington's Chorea) and triumphs. Klein is to be praised for not turning the book into a psychohistory as so many biographers are wont to do, yet sometimes one wishes for a bit more analysis.

And finally, the book stimulates the reader — at least this one — to seek out a copy of "Dust Bowl Ballads" and listen to Guthrie sing his songs. Lacking that, I play my LP's by one of the keepers of the Guthrie flame, his son Arlo, who usually performs at least one of Woody's compositions per album. Fittingly, it was Arlo to whom Guthrie entrusted the preservation of the *real* "This Land Is Your Land." On a trip

home from the hospital (where he spent his last 15 years), Woody took Arlo into the backyard and, barely able to strum a guitar, taught the youngster the last three — rarely sung — verses to "This Land..." "He [thought] that if I don't learn them," Klein quotes Arlo as saying, "no one will remember."

Michele Kort

The Day the Music Died

JOSEPH C. SMITH
Grove Press

Well, "died" is a little strong. What Joseph C. Smith (we know him better in the music business as Sonny Knight) attempts to chronicle in this novel is the initial abduction of the righteous sound that was to become Rock & Roll and the eventual selling of it into neat, harmless little vinyl commodities. We are told of the evolution

of the genre from the most soulful R&B licks to the insipid teen laments that the industry called the "dumb" sound — from the summer of 1956 to Christmas, 1963 (and we all know what happened early in 1964).

Smith does make an admirable effort to view the industry from all angles, hopping from L.A. to Nashville to Chicago to New York. Significantly, the principle characters are not those who make the music, but the ones who produce and market it, and they are a diverse lot whose ideas vary about where the artistry should end and the cold commerce begin. But as much as we'd like to read this novel as a sort of offbeat textbook on the early days of the business before Rock was mainstreamed, it seems rather random and fragmented. The story is equally unsatisfying. The characters are strong enough, and their changing values do reflect the growth and decay of the morals of the business, but the reading

(Continued on page 22)



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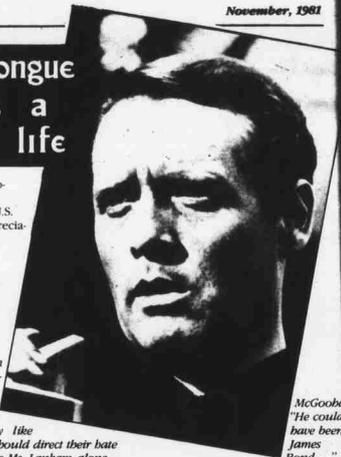
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P.O. Box 61
Cheltenham, Glos.

GL52 3JX Britain
A reply may take
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depending on mail
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Cathryn Lanham
lives in Bloomington,
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Fridays- They Can Handle It!

"We were attacked when we started as a 'Saturday Night' clone, and obviously that was justified. But we've grown a lot since then, and the audience took us to heart."

BY JIM SEALE

'Fridays' co-producer Jack Burns

As if they have just turned in a baffling mid-term exam and are waiting for the posting of the scores, the performers of ABC's late night comedy show, *Fridays*, bide their time in a lounge area at the network studios.

The curtain has just been dropped on the full dress rehearsal of their first show of the 1981 fall season, featuring comedian Andy Kaufman as guest. The applause from the mostly college-age audience is thundering, but the show runs overtime, which means somebody's skit must be dropped. It is Friday, 6:05 p.m. Ready or not, the 90 minutes of music, gags and sketches worked up since Sunday will have to be altered by 9 p.m. when the show will be performed live to millions on the east coast and Midwest.

In a conference room above them, *Fridays*' lanky, ever-occupied producer, John Moffitt, huddles with ABC brass to make the crucial decisions.

Here, however, the cool professionalism prevailing through a week of rehearsal gives way to a tension the performers work off in various ways. The usually plucky Maryedith Burrell is pensively withdrawn while her long-haired boyfriend silently rubs her feet. Mark Blankfield, who did another hilarious turn that night as the speed freak pharmacist, mutters critically about his own performance. Bruce Mahler pours his energies into a classical piece on the piano.

The usually low-key Larry David and John Roark let loose with a manic two-man impression of the Tijuana Brass, a pop instrumental group of the 1960s.

As the group takes places at a nearby conference table, Moffitt rushes in to lay on the verdict. The opening that included Melanie Chartoff and Brandis Kemp as punk-an-country western Siamese twins will be eliminated. Darrow Igus' "Rasta Chef," a continuing character who's a reggae Jamaican version of Julia Child, will be dropped. Inserted will be an extra bit by Kaufman that will have him sing along with the audience.

On cue, the lights go out unexpectedly, and four of the writers march in hoisting a big American flag illuminated with a production assistant's flashlight. They serenade the assembled throng with a song of their own composition, to the tune of the "Star Spangled Banner."

Fortified with that tension-breaking tonic of silliness, the group goes on at 9 p.m. Kaufman, the man who used to wrestle women on *Saturday Night Live*, comes onstage in a polyester three-piece suit and announces his conversion to fundamentalist Christianity. He brings on the proper Kathie Sullivan, who in real life is an up-and-coming gospel recording artist and *Laurence Welk Show* regular, as his intended bride. Later in the show, he repeatedly interrupts the Pretenders — moves which have been meticulously staged in rehearsal to appear impromptu.

Sullivan's manager, Dave Peters II, confirms backstage that the match made in East Hollywood is Kaufman's latest schtick. They're going to ride this as long as they can, but by the time your article comes out

Fridays' writers (top to bottom) Bruce Kirschbaum, Larry Charles, Mark Curtiss, Elaine Pope, Thomas Kramer, Rod Ash, Jack Burns (co-producer). Opposite page: Head writers Joe Shulkin (top) and Steve Adams.

it'll be over. The weird thing is they've really started to like each other. He's even asked her out."

It all does what it is supposed to do — get attention — and viewers jam the ABC switchboards in New York with calls. And Kaufman and the nine *Fridays* regulars put on the kind of 90-minute show which most critics say has made *Fridays* THE late night show to watch. *Fridays* co-producer Jack Burns, formerly of the comedy team of Burns and Schreiber, sums up a week at the show: "This show was put together by glue and Scotch tape when it began and still is."

As fragile as the weekly construction may be, *Fridays* exudes a new confidence these days. There is a new approval from critics, a solid audience, and most important, finally a self-identity.

That last was not easy to come by. When *Fridays* premiered in April 1980, its format was self-consciously copied from that of NBC's successful late night show, *Saturday Night Live*.

Critics scorned *Fridays* as a lame, vulgar imitation, even though *Saturday Night Live* itself borrowed heavily from earlier groundbreaking TV variety shows. *Fridays* had other problems, too, such as six ABC affiliates dropping the show early in its first season (four have since returned). They were outraged over an earthy sketch called "Women Who Spit" and a horror film spoof called "Diner of the Living Dead," in which cast members appeared to eat human flesh.

"We were trying to do something terrific and clever that would grab people's attention, take away from the comparisons to the other show," said Pat Tourk Lee, an executive consultant for *Fridays*.

About halfway into its first season, the show began to hit some right keys and find its own voice. It was the same *Saturday Night* format, but the cheap drug and sex jokes which seemed designed only to get attention gave way to a new sophistication.

The introduction of weekly guests, who have included Kaufman, Madeline Kahn, George Hamilton and others, seemed to provide a badly needed center for each week's show. The nine regulars seemed to connect better with the material, if only because it contained funnier jokes and more memorable recurring characters.

Most visible have been Melanie Chartoff, who anchors the mock news show, and Blankfield, he of the cross-eyed visage whose speed freak pharmacist's desperate prayer is "I can handle it, I can handle it!" Other regular characters include Larry David's wacky orthodox rabbi, Maryedith Burrell's terse news correspondent, Kemp's devoting Rona Barrett, Igus' "Rasta Chef," Mel Rago, a radio queen, Bruce Mahler's Spanish radio announcer, and John Roark's dolish Ronald Reagan.

As *Fridays* ratings audience steadily grew, Saturday was becoming the loneliest night of the week. *Saturday Night* became a victim of its own success, as its cast acquired such renown that they went into movies. The show continues, but few can name its new regulars, and now finds itself with the same identity problem *Fridays* started out with.

Fridays was created by Moffitt, an Emmy award-winning director/producer, and his late partner Bill Lee, who died of cancer early this year. Moffitt turned down a chance to direct the first episodes of *Saturday Night*, but genuinely mourns the dip in its fortunes. "There is no gloating. We all obviously admired the show very much."

Probably the biggest irony about Moffitt's cast is that they're sent ABC's thrusting them into a *Saturday Night Live* mold as much as the critics did.

"We kept getting this stuff like, 'Well, Maryedith has curly hair, she'll be Gilda Radner. Melanie is pretty, she's the Jane Curtin and she'll do the news.' And we're down here saying, 'Oh, come on!'" Burrell said.

"We all knew the consequences of doing something like *Saturday Night*. However, we were just hired to do what the network wanted. If the show was left to us, you would have seen a conscious effort to have done something different," David said.

Another obstacle for the creation-by-committee nature of the show was the disorienting effect of throwing together 9 performers and 10 writers, almost all strangers to each other. *Saturday Night* could hit the ground running because most of its team were old buddies from Chicago's famed Second City improvisational troupe.

"It was like working at the UN here at first," one cast member said. "It took awhile for us all to get to know each other as people and as artists." Burrell said, in a room lined with photos of *Fridays*' cast. "Now that we've learned together, now that the writers know what our talents are, the show's better than before."

The turning point in critical recognition was last March, with "Altered States man," a political satire based on the film *Altered States*, in which Roark as Reagan kept turning into Richard Nixon, Lyndon Johnson and John F. Kennedy. *Saturday Night* attempted its own *Altered States* parody the same weekend, and the *New York Times* wrote that the obvious superiority of the *Fridays* skit "served as a symbolic changing of the avant garde."

Roark's emergence as the definitive Reagan impressionist has helped put the show where it is, though he is a master at mimicking just about anybody or anything else, from Johnny Cash to a CB radio. Besides the President himself, Roark's Reagan was inspired by Herman Munster. "I saw a rerun of *The Munsters* on TV,



and I said, 'That's it!'

Fridays at times moves beyond political satire into the kind of intellectual sophistication even *Saturday Night* never quite touched. "The Song of the Woodman," written by the show's Steve Adams, featured a young couple engaged in the kind of deep conversation about the mysteries of the universe that is usually found only in Swedish movies. The couple is repeatedly interrupted by Father Guido Sarducci and Dawn (without Tony Orlando); the good father's matter-of-fact instructions about where to store their firewood are mistaken by the couple for cosmic truths.

Other recurring characters go far beyond the broad mugging of TV variety shows: Kemp's steel-edged fortune teller, who delivers her predictions of doom as if she'd swallowed a bottle of Dextro-drine; and Michael Richards' quietly subversive Trickster, who sends authority figures into fits of anger by acts as simple as breaking a fountain pen.

Unlike other TV shows, *Fridays* writers work directly with performers in rehearsal. "There isn't a better job in television for writers who want a say in their material, and our material is less like the rest of TV and more like the writers," said Adams, who started his Hollywood career four years ago writing for Donny and Marie Osmond's variety show.

"Here, if your sketch doesn't get a laugh, you feel like you've struck out three times. At Donny and Marie, you didn't think it was funny, either. On *Fridays* if it doesn't work, you can't blame anybody but yourself," he said.

The biggest thorn in the sides of the writers is the group of ABC censors, to whom all material must be submitted. Sometimes a dispute over a line is not settled until hours before air time.

One such negotiation involved the lyric of an original song in a sketch: "The U.S. could use another war." After two days of heated battles, ABC finally suggested the subtle distinction of "couldn't the U.S. use another war?"

Joe Shulkin, who with Adams is co-head writer, remembers that dispute well.

"Each person we talked to at ABC said that line couldn't pass because it was editorializing. One of them made the brilliant statement, 'You're a satirical show, you're not supposed to editorialize.'"

Sometimes the network vetoes an entire segment, particularly containing relationships with sexual overtones. Even a boy and his car are suspect. "Autoporn," written by Rod Ash and Mark Curtiss, the team which created Blankfield's pharmacist sketches, was a montage about guys' passionate devotion to their cars: a guy in his jockey shorts tenderly checking under the hood, as well as a "morning after" cigarette enjoyed by a young man next to his car, which exhaled its own fumes through its exhaust pipe.

"Johnny Carson, who we compete against, gets more latitude than we do in terms of sexual references," Shulkin complained. "I once asked a network executive why we couldn't get the same freedom, since we compete with him. And he actually said the difference was that it was more offensive for young upstairs to say these things than this older gray-haired man who does it with a boyish grin."

One phrase that did sneak by was lettered on the T-shirt of Wendy-O. Williams, the mohawk-haired lead singer of the Plasmatics. Network officials later asked the meaning of "Don't Be a Wanker," a British slang expression meaning, uh, one should not frivolously handle one's own procreative instrument.

"We told them we didn't know. They still to this day don't know what it means," one staffer said. For months afterward, the name was dropped into sketches by the amused writing staff.

Groups such as the Plasmatics, the Pretenders, and the latest in new wave who appear in spots on the show have helped give *Fridays* its own identity, since such bands rarely make it to the tube outside the Don Kirschner-Solid Gold circuit. The liveliness of such acts is probably responsible for a certain raunchiness in the live studio audience, whose hoots and whoops at the slightest mention of drugs and sex sometimes unnerve the performers.

But nobody can quite account for the demographics of the *Fridays* home audience. ABC set out to get the *Saturday Night* market of 25 to 40-year olds, but instead found a surer footing among young teens and even children.

That grammar school playgrounds are
(continued on page 22)

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MAGAZINES OF OUR TROUBLED TIMES

Easyriders

Staffer Gets Into Fight

People Show Homosexuality

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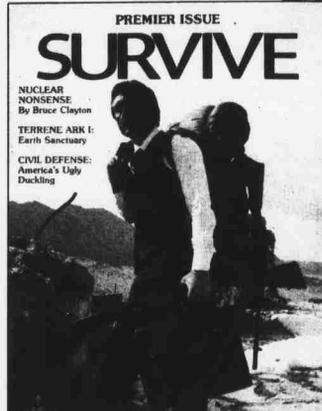
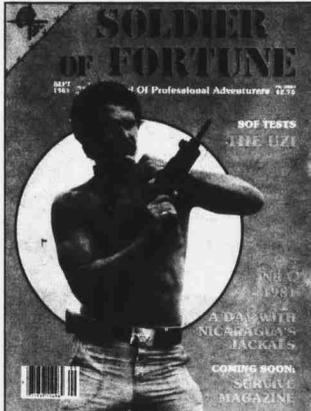
Mind-Boggling Fiction

Fantastic Warlike

What Else

Could You

Want?



Several Small Magazines That Americans Are Reading Today

BY FRED SETTERBERG

People are seduced by books and magazines everyday. We have only to consider the renewed interest in school and public library censorship to recognize the power and fear that is still the mark of the printed word. (The American Library Association recently entered its protest over the wave of publication-banning that has spread throughout the country as part of the national advance of a conservative social agenda. The marked illiteracy of the censors is the one bright spot in the ALA's otherwise gloomy report: the book-banners, it seems, haven't read a new book in years, and they are still fighting over the old standards such as *Brave New World*, *Soul on Ice*, and *Catcher in the Rye*.)

Yet, the censors, as ugly and dangerous as their trade may be, are operating from an accurate premise. They are correct in believing that ideas are dangerous. They are right in worrying about the printed page reflecting reality and perceptions in their coarsest, most damaging and seductive (read: subversive) forms. The censors understand another important fact about ideas and images once they have been placed upon the printed page; they understand that in our society — generally literate and media-saturated — our personal and collective realities, our sense of the possible, is not merely reflected, but also shaped by our slogans, by our books and by our magazines.

Easyriders is a slick and newsprint monthly aimed at the adult male biker. Like other specialty magazines, its existence pivots upon a single concept and a targeted readership. Unlike most specialty magazines — *The Canadian Horse*, *The Woman Bowler*, *Stonemobile News* — it has a considerable following, circulation runs 405,000. "It's not *Boy's Life*," warns the editor in the 1981 edition of *Writer's Market*. *Easyriders* is written for "the individualist — a rugged guy who enjoys riding a chopper and all the good times derived from it."

A recent edition of *Easyriders* included several illustrated tips for customizing bikes; a short story about boxing, entitled "Feelin' Your Age," by a writer named Wino Joe; a lengthy report on an in-house editorial squabble over whether to review rock or country music. ("Either start writin' about music that people like," says Spider, the magazine's Executive Junior, father figure, and apparently the man-in-charge, "or I'm gonna run your stuffed armadillo up your butt.") As in most issues, there are several color spreads of naked women straddling motorcycles and random amateur photos of bikes, bikers, of ladies and ruggats (parance for women and children); it's a family magazine of sorts, a biker's family, homey and obscene, full of belches and farts and other lapses in simple good taste that are usually reserved for those whom we know best and trust to understand. Each issue contains serious reports, printed on newsstock rather than glossy paper, about highway safety, legislation pertaining to bikes, police actions against bikers; there are pages of idiotic jokes and crude cartoons, advertisements for biker apparel and paraphernalia ("Who Sez You Can't Smoke at 60 m.p.h.") The tone of individualism is maintained throughout the copy: "Don't muddle now in a bro's problems," cautions the Astrology forecast for Taurus, "cause your motives could be misinterpreted." *Easyriders* is everyman with a chip on his shoulder and a warrant out for his arrest, probably due to a glove compartment full of unpaid parking tickets. It claims to

be written "like men would speak to each other without women being around," yet it is highly stylized, pandering to a ritual uneducated toughness and ungrammatical constructions; we suspect that everyone involved with the magazine, from reader to writer, is a lot smarter than he's letting on.

"I love bikers, their macho attitude, leathers, and Harley-Davidsons," reports Luscious Lisa, the featured pin-up for the September issue. They are the true free spirits... nomads, riding across the plains, renegades traveling to see the world. The last of the romantics." But for all the romanticized muscle-flexing and talky roughness of the magazine, there remains a quirky sense of dread and powerlessness running through ad and editorial copy. We are misfit, *Easyriders* seems to be saying with a certain dark pride and baroque celebration; not only the outlaws of society, but the unwanted and forcibly removed. "I was drafted right after high school and forced into 'manhood' at the age of nineteen," writes a reader in *Easyriders*. "Vet Voice column." Viet Nam left both physical and mental scars that to this day still haunt me." Isn't this the very voice of the powerless, and it might be suggested, the oppressed? Without romanticizing the biker ("If you dig POT" Allen Ginsberg wrote to the Hell's Angels in 1965, just as they were threatening to bust up an anti-Viet Nam march in Berkeley, "Why don't you dig that the whole generation who don't dig the heat, war, also dig pot and consciousness & spontaneity & hair, and they are your natural brothers"), and without suggesting that the expressed brutalities and sheer meaning of the *Easyriders* creed are anything better than absurd defects and blackholes of unreason, it is still important to recognize that we are talking here about people who are not at all stupid about their relationship to power and wealth. The *Easyriders* of America — remember, some 405,000 strong — do not merely compose the club rosters of the Hell's Angels, Gypsy Jokers, Satan's Slaves, and the like; they primarily represent thousands of everyday working guys who own, "or

desire to own," or know that they will never get it together to own a very expensive, beautifully crafted, highly-individualized piece of stylish machinery, a passport to the world. Indeed, the magazine strikes a posture of rowdy estrangement from those "normal" people who wield power, those who hold and enjoy money and respectability. The magazine speaks to a greasiepi rebellion that lacks the ambition (and analysis) to take control. There's anger here, some justified and some of it loopy, but it is, finally, an anger that fails to find its logical end in useful recognitions or action beyond the bar brawl.

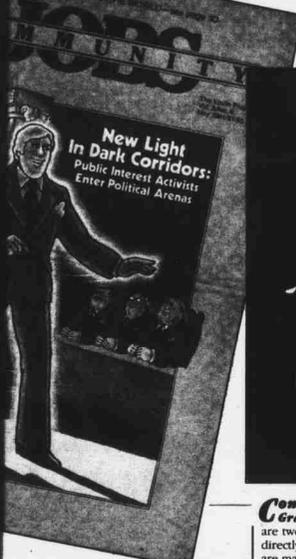
Soldier of Fortune, "The Journal of Professional Adventurers," boasts 200,000 readers, an increase in circulation of nearly fifty percent over last year. This slick monthly publication is produced as a trade magazine for mercenaries, a technical guide and fantasy device for would-be killers in the service of whatever particular might is now defined as right. (Might, in *Soldier of Fortune*, is always aligned with the political right. The current issue here, some justified and some of it loopy, but it is, finally, an anger that fails to find its logical end in useful recognitions or action beyond the bar brawl.) *Soldier of Fortune* is a salvo of unspeakable acts. The magazine assumes a cool, measured, professional tone while detailing the theory and practice of warfare. In these pages, death is never a messy item; it is laboratory-clean, quantifiable, and engagingly spry. This is a world in which the idea of nuclear holocaust is cute. A recent issue ran an advertisement for t-shirts reading "Support First Strike," the drawing across the front of the shirt depicts a sleek American missile piercing a map of the Soviet Union.

"In America," Alan Wolfe wrote recently in *The Nation*, "guns are a way of life, sometimes a political philosophy... guns, after all, are a commodity, and the unwritten law of American life is that thou shalt not seriously

interfere with the buying and selling of commodities." The marketability of *Soldier of Fortune's* peeping-Tom violence is evident throughout the twining of ad and editorial copy. Mail-order displays for the five volume opus, *How to Kill* (the ad contains pictorial details of the eye gouge, head smash, and two-fingered strangle) is the perfect complement to an article entitled "Commando Quiz Rate Your Toughness" ("Hitting slightly behind and below the ear with a forceful edge-of-the-hand... strike will break a subject's neck. True or False?") Deeper into the magazine, there are ads for Rhodesian Army recruiting posters; the ads set up a lengthy report on Soviet actions in Africa. The monthly reader's column of "I Was There" experiences ("We could almost taste the heavy odor of gun powder and blood in the air...") is the natural relative to the magazine's classified section: "Man for hire: Good with small arms... I'll do the job right."

Soldier of Fortune is highly successful in the game that it plays. The magazine's mere availability introduces bloody possibilities into the realm of everyday life, its founding principle — as let's say, its marketing concept — is an applied rape of commonsense and commonplace tough-guy fantasies. *Soldier of Fortune* fondles death as though it were a new toy and likes to tell the world that killing is a chuckle. Suddenly, through the strength of a few pages, life becomes a Manichean heresy, devoid of texture, complexity, or moral dilemma.

"The multitude of books," said Voltaire, "is making us ignorant." The printed word can dissemble far more easily than it may scratch out the truth. In particular, the magazine — more accessible (and disposable) than a book, and enlisted in the service of all things timely — has shown an inherent drift towards serving up disinformation. (A march through the back pages of, say, *Life* in the 1960's will tell us less about what was happening in Viet Nam than how those events were being misrep-



resented and misperceived.) Fact or fantasy, it all reaches back to first things: why, aside from the enormous motive of making money, does the magazine exist? What does it believe about the world?

Survival, another monthly slick soon to be available from the publishers of *Soldier of Fortune*, believes that the world is very soon going to come to an end. The world will end in fire and ice, famine and combative anarchy, but you, the reader, may wiggle out of the collective fate if you are prepared to take the necessary steps. *Survival* is a guide and catalog to extreme preparedness. "What these accounts, and in fact, the people have in common," explain the publishers, "is the underlying belief that an individual must provide for himself and his family. Uncertain times demand self-sufficiency for survival."

I would argue that uncertain times, these times, make self-sufficiency impossible, and that too many discussions and strategies for private solutions to public and even global problems must speak directly to the very bottom of the American spirit — rapacious individualism steered against the community. Certainly, the retreat from belief in a social gospel, religious and secular, is today both evident and understandable; it is as understandable, in its response of fear and the need to act, as the limited and rather pointless brotherhood of bikers, or the lunatic rage of the weapons expert. Each of these solutions — the middle-point to the small specialty magazines that we have been leafing through — is a different interpretation of a single, but pervasive notion that now touches us all, establishing and adjusting both personal and public agendas. That notion: in America, things are not well, for Americans, there is work to be done.

Community Jobs and The Grantsmanship Center News

are two specialty magazines that speak directly to the principle of work. They are magazines of public solutions; they tell us how community researchers can use a small computer to examine local environmental policies, and how to cut a path through the maze of federal grants support ("What has 500 Paris, Costs \$83 Billion, and is Condemned by Almost Everybody?"). Recent issues have taken on grassroots fundraising, reducing energy costs for low-budget consumer-based organizations, the use and management of consultants in organizational and political work. Both magazines are decidedly action-oriented, containing a great deal of useful information on the care and feeding of non-profit groups and community organizations. (*Community Jobs* also runs — in fact, is based upon — an extensive listing of service, advocacy, and organizing jobs available throughout the country.) These are self-help guides in the best and strongest sense; they exist to offer solutions, to make accessible vital skills. They are also concerned, as detailed in a recent issue of the *News*, about the psychology of community work, about the "ways that will help keep the person who is fighting the good fight alive, well, effective, and balanced for the duration."

Community Jobs and *The Grantsmanship Center News*, like their counterparts — *Easyriders*, *Soldier of Fortune*, and *Survival* — illustrate the range of possible response to our turbulent age. The great difference, of course, is that the two former publications take the time and effort to identify some of our problems below the scale of mythic catastrophe; they set a course toward solutions; they fail the option for inebriated fraternity, dreamy privatism, reactionary violence. All of these magazines address the great disturbance that is reaching through our country. And each of these magazines, in ways that are alternately heartening, profoundly disturbing, and wildly, sometimes perversely eccentric, are telling us, for good and ill, about some of the choices that are being made, about the sides that are now lining up.

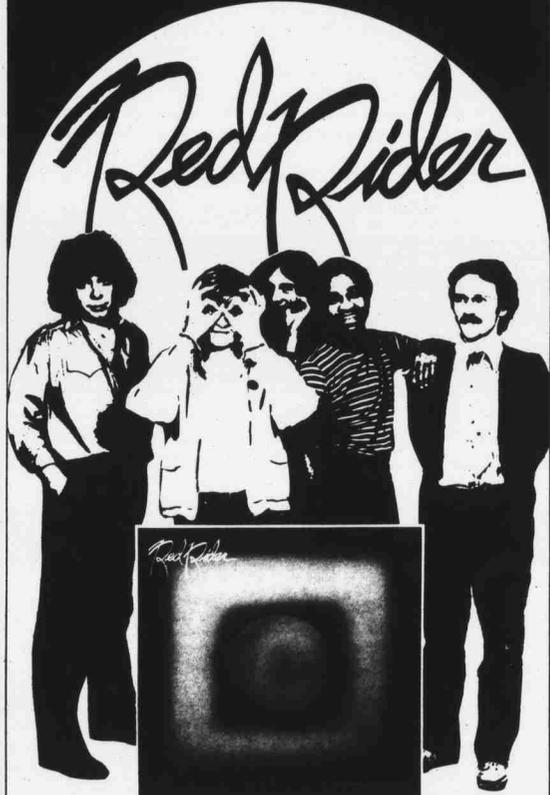
ROCK QUIZ

Question:

Who does the bizarre hit single

"LUNATIC FRINGE"?

Answer:



from the abnormally entertaining album

AS FAR AS I AM



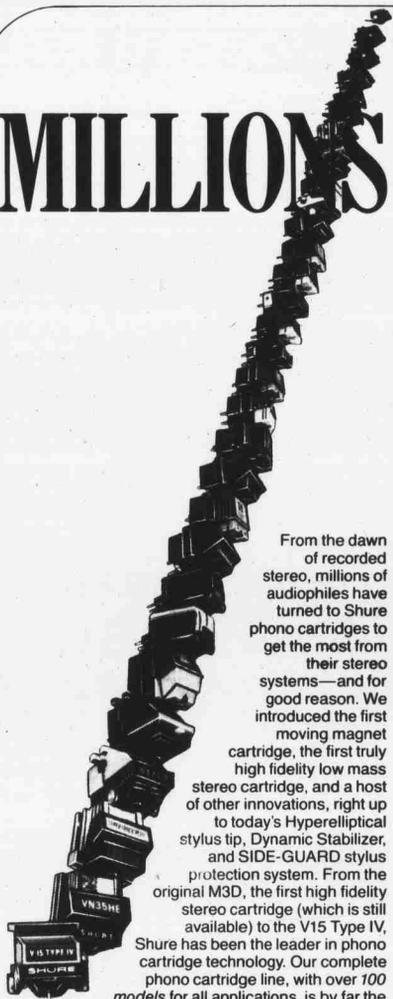
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THE KINKS

Give the People What They Want

(Arista) Kinkie Ray Davies has long been a rocker with a social conscience, though his band's most recent LPs have found his voice somewhat muted. *Give the People What They Want*, however, is loaded with topical commentary, some of it rather heavy-handed. Davies has a lot on his mind and he speaks it forcefully throughout the disc.

The album's social overview, if not completely despairing, is tinged with a distinct cynicism. The title track is an ironic anthem for entertainers (including, perhaps, the Kinks?) who pander to their audience's worst instincts. "Bring on the lions and open the cage," Davies sings in his trademark droll manner. Despite their bitter overtones, though, Davies' lyrical observations seem rooted in morose conviction. Such songs as "Killer's Eyes" and "A Little Bit of Abuse" (the latter a portrait of a battered wife) touch on themes of responsibility and proper conduct, pointing fingers at the thoughtless and selfish. "Better Things," the LP's closing tune, is sticky-sweet in its optimism that it underscores the seriousness of Davies' writings even more.

And, oh yes—the music. Davies' lyrics are so up-front that the playing on the album may get passed over. For the most part, the Kinks' music here is clean-cut rock, nothing fancy but generally high quality.

Still, this LP is Ray Davies' soapbox, and his message is loud and clear: "Give the people what they want—and may God have mercy on your soul."

Berry Alfonso

THE ROLLING STONES

Tattoo You

(Rolling Stones Records) The lyrics to an old Howlin' Wolf blues—"How many more years are you goin' to dog me around"—come to mind when listening to the new Rolling Stones opus *Tattoo You*. Mick, Keef and the boys, with their last wholly-realized album almost a decade behind them, are still dogging us around with phoned-in, vacuum-packed projects like the new release.

Tattoo You is the latest in the continuing series of dismaying post-*Exile on Main Street* albums—*Goat's Head Soup*, *It's Only Rock and Roll*, *Black and Blue*, *Emotional Rescue*—that have served to remind us how spiritually dead the Stones have become in their declining years. Oh, the fabled Stones sound is still there, and it's a fooler: you can sometimes be seduced by the contorted guitar licks and the feverish drums. But on *Tattoo You*, as on most of the other Stones releases of the Seventies, the sound surrounds a lyrical core full of air—sort of the rock & roll equivalent of glazed donuts. The bright moments on 1978's *Some Girls* look more and more like inspired flukes with each succeeding album.

Tattoo You's fast side/slow side strategy makes its lack of emotional weight all the more apparent. The rockers on side one, with their pat intros and familiar arrangements, blare by, to be rapidly subsumed in the mind.

The ballad side is on the surface

ON DISC

more involving, the Stones still know how to set an evocative mood in a slow piece. But once you get past the dreamy chording and the lush floating-on-a-cloud production, you're left with a collection of songs that tickle the backbone and leave the cerebral cortex out to dry. With one notable exception, these songs strike one as emotional charades; listen to them, and then to "No Expectations" or "Moonlight Mile" or "Wild Horses," compare, and you'll get the drift.

The Stones do manage to rise to the occasion once on *Tattoo You*, on the album closer, "Waiting on a Friend." The song, a lament about romance considered from a mature perspective, is honestly and achingly sung by Jagger and embellished with an economical Sonny Rollins sax solo. Like the very best Stones songs, it rings true and cuts deep, but here it's a sad case of foot loose too late.

Chris Morris



Dogg Does the Hat Trick

SWAMP DOGG

I'm Not Selling Out/I'm Buying In

(Takoma) Time seems to have obscured the fact that rock & roll (we're talking real rock & roll here—not "rock," that modern industrial commodity as packaged by strutting fops in hockey arenas) was invented by black people. Might have been Robert Johnson, maybe Roy "Good Rockin' Tonight" Brown, could have been Louis Jordan; the actual culprit will never be found out but keep in mind that, like virtually everything else

original in our culture, rock & roll was the creation of involuntary immigrants from West Africa and their progeny.

So why, then, is Swamp Dogg such an anomaly? A black guy who does rock & roll—not funk, not disco, not lounge music—shouldn't be odd, considering the dark-hued origin of the form. Maybe Swamp is the last black rocker or maybe he's the vanguard of a black rock renaissance. One doubts he's had time to give the subject much thought in light of the obvious deep concentration unspared on the music and lyrics on his latest album. Soulfully sung, brilliantly arranged and written with irony, pathos and lots of humor (all credit to the Dogg himself), Swamp has his heaviest album out since the legendary *Total Destruction to Your Mind* made underground waves twelve years ago. You want protest? Try "California Is Drowning and I Live Down by the River." You want a contemporary love song? How about Swamp's duet with blues queen Esther Phillips on "The Love We Got Ain't Worth Two Dead Flies." You want a think piece in the Joe South tradition? Lay the needle down on "Low Friends in High Places." But, mostly, you want rock & roll and that's what you get in virtually every track, and most especially in the rollicking "Wine, Women And Rock 'n Roll."

It is entirely appropriate that Swamp Dogg is the fragment of the mind (and body) of producer/arranger/instrumentalist/singer/entrepreneur Jerry Williams, Jr. The Dogg character can do what no real human can do: transcend the swill of the commonplace and forge ahead in a totally iconoclastic musical mind groove. Only a Dogg can do all that and get away with it.

Bob Meritt

AU PAIRS

Playing with a Different Sex

(Human) The Au Pairs, hailing from Birmingham, England, North of London in the industrial midlands, play with a whole new deck of cards. In Birmingham, unemployment runs high and apathy seems conducive with and encouraged by the State (expressed in no uncertain terms in "Headache"). *Playing with a Different Sex* is a far cry from the band's first self-produced single "Kerfuffle," dismissed by Rough Trade Records in England and America. Rough Trade has long been noted for advocating equal rights.

(Continued on page 21)

GRATEFUL DEAD

Dead Set

(Arista) If anyone had bothered to ask whether we really needed another double live Grateful Dead package, then *Dead Set*, their latest long-winded labor might never have seen the light of day. That would have been too bad, because *Dead Set* is the album that finally proves a million Deadheads can't be all wrong.

Dead Set is a followup to their two-LP all acoustic album *Reckoning*, which, in turn was a followup to a venerable tradition of interminable guitar solos, drum pyrotechnics and ragged vocals from *Live Dead* to... fill Europe '72 to *Steal Your Face* to... fill

in the bank.

The palpable difference with *Dead Set*—and one that gives the effort the distinct feel of a qualified success—is the pacing. From the opening thud of "Samson and Delilah" to the final wheeze of "Brokendown Palace," the band is deliberately and unwisely nonsensical. And that ain't bad! None of this overheated New Wave flappoodle for Jerry and the boys. Noisecore. The Dead opt for attention in quite another way—they hypnotize you. And if you just give up, and, face the music, it's really kind of soothing. Like an alpha wave trance or crashing surf—little wonder thousands harken. *Dead Set* is music for tomorrow's elevators.

David Sney

No one knows how far John Prine's storytelling might reach. At the close of an amiable interview last year he mentioned a 6'8" brother named Billy — "The most dangerous Prine. He makes me look like Pat Boone" — with a rockabilly band called Whiplash and the Law suits. I believed that as much as the story preceding it, about a new label to be called Oh Boy Records. "I'd just record female Country and Western singers," said Prine. "It'd be a fun way to grow old. Tonight, following his second consecutive sold-out night at the Roxy in Los Angeles, in which John Prine dressed in his usual black shirt and black spurs, took with an extraordinarily tall, long-haired young man smiling behind, "Hi, says Prine. "This is my brother Billy."

If Prine's legions of fans and supporters had their way, the effluent Illinoisian with memorable stories told in song would be rich enough to start all the record companies he wanted. Prine went from mailman to recording and performing star and magazine cover boy in an astonishing four months. His terrifically-written, country-folk-rock songs did the trick: not an ambitious nature. But that was ten rocky years, two record contracts and no gold records ago. Meantime, Prine has evolved from a rather reluctant almost-star ("I feel like this job picked me instead of the other way around," he said last year), to a guy laying careful plans for success.

The Roxy show was a triumph. Usually, Hollywood clubs are subsidized by record labels eager to showcase their acts for press and company brass. Prine doesn't have a company, just his songs. The capacity audience was so responsive,

yelling out requests and singing on their favorite choruses that Prine had to chide them. "You give an 8-track more chance 'n you give me." Before he could finish thanking the audience at the end of the set, the majority was on its feet.

The first record will probably go gold, someday," Prine says in his resonant, whiskeyish baritone. We're up in his hotel room now with classic interview props spread on the table between us — glasses, bottles, a tape recorder and plenty of ice. "It's like a jazz album. Never on the charts but it'll probably go gold from people wearing out their copies and buying new ones. It's *The Dark Side of the Moon* syndrome." He laughs. "Billy and Shyly, it's a lesson made him rich yet, his unpredictable career has at least taught Prine the survival value of a comic sense of humor.

I mention that he seems more refined and happy than a year ago. I had seen him very drunk at a party and, in our interview then, he had mentioned a possible divorce.

"That's an account of me makin' some major moves. Some of em I can't discuss right now," Prine says.

Born October 10, 1946 in Maywood, Illinois, Prine is one of four sons. Around age 14 he got a metallic blue guitar with a white heart painted on it from Montgomery Ward and began making up songs. Meanwhile he struggled to pass high school, regularly flunking English and being sent to summer sessions. He went to work for the Post Office, spent 1966-68 as an Army inductee in Germany, married and resumed the mailman routine for two more years.

In 1970 a change came. Prine tried some of his songs on *Floor Night* at a club

called The Fifth Peg. They clicked, and so did a friendship with expert guitarist Steve Goodman, author of the song "City of New Orleans." One propitious night Goodman steered Kris Kristofferson and Paul Anka to a late Prine set. Both were thoroughly impressed. Anka paid to have Prine and Goodman fly to New York the next day to cut a demo. "It just seemed better than walking in the snow and sticking mail to people's boxes," Prine reflects.

First night in town he visited Kristofferson's performance with Carly Simon at The Diner and was called on stage to sing three of his songs, Jerry Wheeler, big-time record producer and executive was in the audience. Almost overnight, Prine had a contract. The first LP drew cover versions from Steve Nutter, Al Kooper, Bonnie Raitt, even venerable bluesman inventor Bill Monroe. Bob Dylan joined him for an onstage jam in 1972. The *LA Times* plastered him on the cover of its Sunday magazine the week he hit town for a minuscule second-bill slot, three days at the Troubadour.

It didn't add up to sardonic, though. Prine was just too unlike other radio fare to crack playlists. "There used to be some

wide open FMs," he says, "but not no more."

"People were real nice to me from the labels," he adds (five albums were released on Atlantic, three on Eledra), "but they didn't know what to do with me when I gave 'em a record." Prine uses a pack of matches for an impromptu imitation of a program director checking out a Prine LP, dropping a toner on random cuts.

"Nope. Doesn't sound like Kenny Rogers." On to another track. "Nope. Doesn't sound like Pink Floyd."

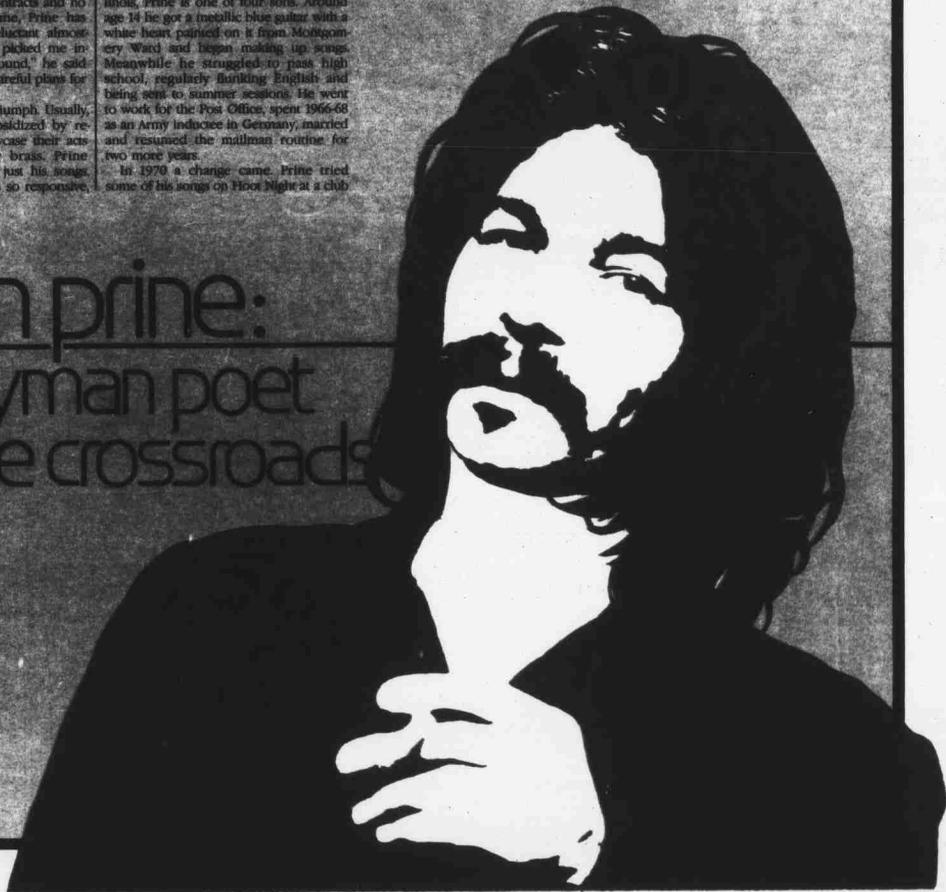
"And that's FM," Prine says, himself again. "Forget about AM! But I don't forget about it. I want to knock the average guy on the shoulder with his car radio and say 'listen to me, listen to this.'"

To that end, Prine's working presently on a record now in Nashville. Several musicians, producers and disc jockeys are helping with donated work and advice. Prine's goal is a collection of songs that he likes and that also stands a chance of getting airplay.

"Cause I've got to like my own music," he says. "I sing it every night. Sometimes it's the only thing I can fall back on, that'll catch me."

John Prine: everyman poet at the crossroads

BY BYRON LAUREN

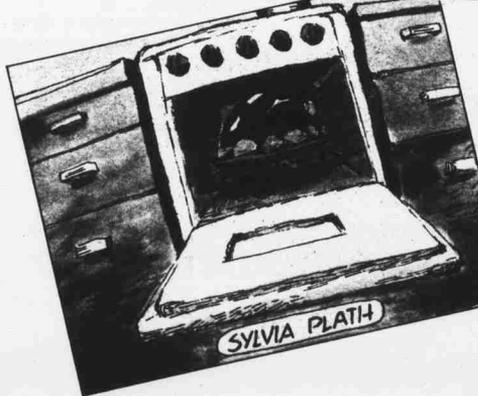
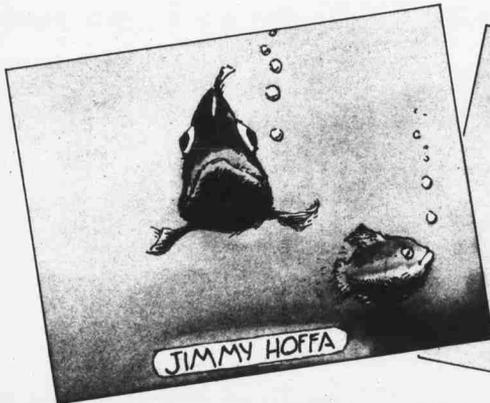


FAMOUS LAST SIGHTS

BY BILL PLYMPTON



"Bill Plympton draws beautifully, perceives accurately and is mean to his subjects to the different degrees they deserve it." That's dean-of-underground-cartoonists Jules Feiffer's boost for *Tube Strips*, the first Plympton anthology, which came out in Bicentennial Fever Year 1976. *Medium Rare*, a 1978 compendium, stirred these words from the homonymic but famous George Plympton, author of *Paper Lion* and editor of *The Paris Review*: "Plympton ... combines artistic skill (some of his caricatures reflect a close study of Honoré Daumier) with a lively sense of his function as an artist-commentator in these parlous times ..."



Plympton is a New Yorker whose neighborhood is so scroungy that playing an electric guitar all afternoon at volume 10 doesn't phase anybody. This is a tested and proven fact. Before New York he was an Oregonian, which might explain how he can be both wide-eyed and snide. Most summers he goes back to the Clackamas River and a dangling rope that dangles from a tree over a wide bend in the river, conveniently close to his parents' home. He commuted from there to Portland State College (now University) long enough to win a 1969 degree. Nowadays he revisits the downtown campus to teach an occasional summertime cartooning class.

Currently, Plympton anchors the rhythm guitar slot of Ben Day and the Zipatones, a casual band if there ever was one, and waits for publication of his third, as yet untitled book *Out*. *Rolling Stone*, *Penthouse*, the *New York Times*, *Soho Weekly News* and *The Village Voice* are among the more savory of his publishing credits. His melting-head Ronald Reagan is the best in the business.

ON SCREEN

& OUT THE OTHER

Time Bandits

starring John Cleese, Sean Connery, Shelley Duvall, Katherine Helmond, Ian Holm, Michael Palin, Ralph Richardson, Peter Vaughan, David Warner, written by Palin and Terry Gilliam, produced and directed by Gilliam

The fantasies of 11-year-old boys are not my idea of captivating cinema, but *Time Bandits* is not the expected saccharin heroic wetdream: it is refreshed every few minutes by some nasty, or at the very least snide, remarks in true Monty Python tradition. Palin and Gilliam, of course, are well known for their work in Python (see our feature in this issue).

There isn't much of a plot: six rascally dwarves and jacks (David Rappaport, Kenny Baker, Mick Purvis, Mike Edmonds, Malcolm Dixon & Tiny Ross), the Time Bandits themselves, lure a young British schoolboy into joining them as they wander through time, dropping through "time holes" into different centuries, trying to avoid the Supreme Being (from whom they stole the map of time, thereby fearing his revenge) and the Evil One (David Warner, who, to prepare for Taking Control of the World, feels he must learn about microchips, computers and direct digital dialing...). John Cleese plays Robin Hood, Holm is Napoleon, Vaughan and Helmond are Mr. and Mrs. Ogre, while Duvall and Palin portray a courting couple in two completely separate centuries (in Sherwood Forest and again on the *Titanic*). There is also a giant, a pig, some knights, and Sean Connery as King Agamemnon of ancient

Never underestimate the power of Wretched Excess in Hollywood, past and present. Director Robert Aldrich has often used that power (in such films as *The Legend of Lylah Clare* and *Whatever Happened to Baby Jane*) but nothing he's done before (no, not even *The Last Days of Sodom* and *Gomorrah*) could prepare the unsuspecting viewer for the new lows Aldrich plumbs in this film. With his track record in the action genre (*The Dirty Dozen*, *The Longest Yard*), Aldrich may have seemed the perfect choice to helm this latest rip-off of the *Rocky* formula.

Peter Falk, in a cross between John Belushi in *The Blues Brothers* and Ernest Borgnine in anything post-*Marty*, portrays the manager of a pair of lady wrestlers (Laurene Landon and Vicki Frederick) who bill themselves as "The California Dolls." But during the course of this 112-minute film, we see much more of the inside of the beat-up Cadillac Falk uses to transport the ladies from bout to bout in town to town than we ever do of a wrestling ring. It is only at the end, when the "Dolls" are up against a pair of odds-on favorites (whom they, of course, ultimately vanquish) that the audience gets some idea of where these women earn a living. In between, we have Falk calling the ladies "cows" and mugging mercilessly. As for the "Dolls," newcomers Frederick and Landon are so wooden one fully expects Falk at some point to reach over, spray them with liquid Pledge, and start polishing away. For a supposed sports-oriented film, ... *All the Marbles* is all talk, no action.

Bill Royce



Franklyn Seales, Powers Boothe & Keith Carradine in *Southern Comfort*.

Greece, looking absolutely breathtaking in a curly wig and a long red dress.

The Time Bandits themselves are the special attraction, especially Randall (David Rappaport) the leader, who has wit and charm, a sly, interesting face and stubby little fingers that don't seem to have any knuckles. He's 3'11", and sexy (Kenny Baker, the smallest of the Bandits at 3'8", is known to us all as R2D2; he was the invisible midget in the droid in *Star Wars* and *Empire*.)

Unlike the dreary *Jabberwocky*, the previous collaboration between Palin and Gilliam, *Time Bandits* is a captivating, sweet, but not entirely innocent dream. Obviously, there is more to 11-year-old schoolboys than I ever suspected.

Judith Sims

...All The Marbles

starring Peter Falk, Laurene Landon and Vicki Frederick, written by Mel Frohman, directed by Robert Aldrich

Southern Comfort

starring Keith Carradine and Powers Boothe, written by Michael Kane and Walter Hill & David Giler, directed by Hill

Southern Comfort teaches us four important lessons:

1. Try not to join the Louisiana National Guard.
 2. If you can't avoid #1, by all means avoid going into the Louisiana swamp.
 3. If avoidance of #1 and #2 is impossible, do not, under any circumstances, steal a Cajun's boat.
 4. And don't make a movie about Numbers 1 through 3. Not even if you're Walter Hill, with some fine films behind you, like *The Warriors* and *Hard Times*. Not even.
- P.S. Ry Cooder's music is perfect: haunting, spooky and, in the Cajun feast/dance scene, eerily—but happily—infectious. Naturally, there is no soundtrack album.

Judith Sims

(Continued from page 6) About Those Bette Davis Eyes ...

ACCORDING TO THE AMERICAN NASAL & Facial Surgery Institute, there's an upswing in celebrity transformations. Not routine facelifts for aging stars, mind you, but actual attempts to put famous features on workday faces. For women, reports the Institute, the greatest numbers of requests are for a lower lip like Brooke Shields, ears like Bo Derek (jughandles), cheekbones like Jane Fonda and a forehead like Farrah Fawcett. Men are interested in Paul Newman's eyes, Robert Redford's lips, Gary Grant's nose, John Travolta's cheekbones, and Clint Eastwood's nostrils.

Cash in a Flash from a Rehash Depart.

AS IF IN SUPPORT of Mr. Jagger's Spent Force Theory, an axiom which will find a place in history alongside Woodoo Economics, several remakes of early Sixties hits are in current release. Among them are the Ronettes' "Be My Baby," covered by Rachel Age of Consent Sweet; Timi Yuro's "Hurt," covered by Carly "How About These?" Simon on her new LP of torch songs, and Tommy James and the Shondells' "Mony Mony," covered by Billy "What's in a Name?" Idol, former singer for Generation X.

Down & Out in San Diego?

HIS SUPPOSED TO BE IN EUROPE, according to his record label, Arista. Nevertheless, persistent Iggy Pop sightings in San Diego continue. His newest release, *Party*,

is climbing the charts as handily as anything Mr. Pop ever recorded. But it takes a long while for receipts to trickle down to the artist, so Pop is reportedly filling the gap by sitting in with various San Diego bar bands.

Her Lucky Break

PAM DAWBER (Mindy of *Mork and Mindy*) star ring on stage in *The Pirates of Penzance* in Los Angeles, was struck with ailing vocal chords one recent night. Her understudy was also ill. Egad! A crisis! Lo and behold, who should be hanging out backstage, visiting her vocal coach? But Linda Ronstadt soon to star in the film version of the same musical! She volunteered her services, and when her name was announced in substitution, the very words received a standing ovation. Mark our words, this kid'll be a big star.

Another Belushi-Aykroyd Update

DAN AYKROYD will earn a cool \$125 million to star in *Delirious*, a Bruce J. Friedman script about a pimp and his girls. Michael Pressman will direct the (not finished) *Some Kind of Hero*, also about a hooker, Margot Kidder, and a Viet Nam vet, Richard Pryor.

JOHN BELUSHI has regained all the weight he lost for *Continental Divide* (believe it or not, he was 40 pounds heavier than he appears in that film). He spent the summer on the beach on Martha's Vineyard Island, sunning and eating... Maybe he was depressed because *Continental Divide* is a complete bust.



"If he didn't have a Jensen, I wouldn't be in this position."

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Monty Pythons Terry Gilliam, Michael Palin & John Cleese Join Sean Connery, Shelley Duvall, Six Dwarves, a Kid & Many Others in

TIME BANDITS

BY STEVEN X. REA

Terry Gilliam has this thing about objects that plummet from the sky: in the old *Monty Python's Flying Circus* TV series, he created the giant foot that drops willy-nilly out of the blue to obliterate any number of the troupe's wonderfully inane sketches; in *Monty Python and the Holy Grail* it's the coconuts that inexplicably fall from the heavens onto Arthurian England; and in *Life of Brian* two Slinky-eyed aliens blast their rocketship into Biblical times just as the alleged Messiah is hurtling to his certain death from a castle tower.

So it comes as little surprise that Terry Gilliam's latest endeavor, *Time Bandits*, should feature six dwarves and midgets who literally drop out of nowhere — a kind of *dwarfus ex machina* — onto the unsuspecting heads of historical figures such as King Agamemnon, Napoleon and Robin Hood.

"Yes," enthuses the unflagging 40-year-old Gilliam, "I think I've actually made a commercial picture for once. It's just a jolly entertainment for everyone to enjoy. It's the film that

doesn't embarrass anybody."

Commercial? A children's story about a half dozen weird, greedy dwarves who flee through the Cosmos, jump through time holes, and plunder sundry civilizations for all the gold and loot they can get their grubby little mitts on? A dark, surreal, violent fantasy replete with giants, ogres and minotaurs?

Well, Terry Gilliam — the sole American member of the British Python clan — thinks so, which just goes to show you exactly how far gone this guy really is. Then again, he may be right. Compared to 1975's *Jabberwocky* — Gilliam's first non-Python cinematic effort and an unmitigated box office disaster — *Time Bandits* has all the makings of a boffo blockbuster. And unlike *Jabberwocky*, which starred a couple of Python players and a gaggle of unknown Anglo actors, *Time Bandits* boasts a mighty impressive cast. Sure there are six dwarves and an eleven-year-old child, but there are also Sean Connery, Shelley Duvall, Katherine Helmond (from *Soap*), Ian Holm (from *Alien*), Sir Ralph Richardson and

David Warner.

Tucked away in a back booth at a Hollywood restaurant, Gilliam picks on some real, still somewhat awe-struck that the likes of Sean Connery and Ralph Richardson are in a picture that he wrote (along with Pythonite Michael Palin) and directed — a picture, he dreamed up one weekend while he was sitting in his North London studio with nothing better to do.

"We wanted a hero and Connery's a hero," explains Gilliam, referring to the Scottish actor who plays the fatherly King Agamemnon. "In the original script we wrote — before he actually got involved — it says, Agamemnon the Greek warrior pulls his helmet off revealing himself to be none other than Sean Connery or an actor of cheaper but equal stature." Then our producer, Denis O'Brien, said "Well, let's go out and get him," and he did."

As for Richardson, landing him was just the result of dogged pursuit on Gilliam's part. "I wanted one of the acting 'sirs' for the part of the Supreme Being, and Richardson is my favorite."

On the other hand, getting Shelley Duvall to play the flighty Pansy was a cinch: the tall, Texas-born actress is an old friend of the entire Monty Python group. Gilliam sent her a note while she was in Malta doing Robert Altman's *Popeye*, requesting her services for a few days' work when she was through being Olive Oyl. Says Duvall: "It would have been a lot of fun shooting *Time Bandits* if Terry hadn't fallen on my head [adopting a stuffy, uppercrust English accent] I mean, it's not often that you get to do a film where the director bloody falls on your head. He nearly broke my neck!"

The Duvall mishap occurred during the setup for a scene featuring one of the dwarves' high-velocity re-entries — this time they're supposed to land on a carriage transporting Duval and Michael Palin (as her bumbling lover, Vincent). "Michael and I were sitting and talking. The dwarves were a little worried about jumping off this 4 ft. scaffolding and landing on us. So we're sitting there cross-legged in our beautiful costumes and Terry's telling the dwarves 'It's easy, it's easy.' We

were not paying attention, really. Then all of a sudden Terry decided to show them how to jump off the scaffolding without hurting the actors, without hurting us. *So Boom!* Without warning Terry leaps off and lands directly on my neck. All 180 pounds of him! [adopting her British accent again] A brute director he was!"

While he may not really be a brute, Gilliam will be the first to admit that he's a hard-working, impatient, meticulous director. *Time Bandits* was shot in Morocco, London and Wales on a gruelling 12-week schedule for the almost unheard-of small sum of \$5 million. Adding to the sense of controlled panic, *Time Bandits* began production with an unfinished shooting script (the starting date was rushed to accommodate the commitments of the likes of Connery, Duvall et al.) which was in turn fleshed out, altered and rewritten as the movie rolled happily along.

"I was very proud of the fact that while a lot of people were making hugely expensive films and ended up having very little to show for the effort, we were making a very, very cheap



Shelley Duvall, left, on the *Titanic*; the six rascally dwarves, top right; director Terry Gilliam with Katherine Helmond and ogre Peter Vaughan, lower right; and heroic king Sean Connery, far right

film that looks like a big multi-million dollar production.

"Everybody who worked on *Time Bandits*," continues Gilliam, "has said that it was the hardest film they've ever worked on. And there were people who worked on *The Shining*! But they all enjoyed it. There wasn't a lot of fating around. The only person who probably didn't enjoy it was Shelley—when I fell on her I doubt if she enjoyed that."

Like *Jabberwocky*, and like the two feature-length Python epics, *Time Bandits* has its share of gruesome, vivid gore: the dwarves munch on live rats, there are bloody gladiator battles and more than a few severed limbs. But Gilliam, who has screened the picture for his five-year-old daughter, doesn't take it seriously. "My argument has always been that it isn't real. Like in *Jabberwocky*, with all the blood at the bottom of the just—but to me it's so over the top, it's so extreme that it's cartoon violence, it's *Tom and Jerry*."

After the band of time-travelers land on Shelley Duvall and Michael Palin's heads in Sherwood Forest, they meet up with Robin Hood, played with fop-pish pomp by gangly Monty Python member John Cleese. As they approach the Merry Men's encampment, we see an arm-wrestling bout wherein the opponent's arm suddenly snaps completely off and is hurled by the champion wrestler onto a huge pile of other broken, cracked-off arms. "The weird thing that happened with the arm-wrestling scene," recounts Gilliam, straight-faced, "is that I wanted a one-armed man so we didn't have to fiddle about when his arm comes flying off. So one of the assistant directors came up one day and said he'd found a guy who only had one arm.

We worked out how to do the show, and on the day he arrived in costume and everything—I had asked for a guy whose arm was totally gone—it was obvious that this fellow's arm ended at his elbow. It wasn't what we wanted. It was so embarrassing, he had come specifically because he only had one arm and we had to tell him he wouldn't do. So we put him in the background and ended up using a two-armed actor who just had a false arm on. But it was awful, in a funny kind of way."

"Actually, in the *Holy Grail* the knight with his arms and legs hacked off... for the final part of that scene we used a one-legged man, and when he's just a torso that's him as well. It's easier to dig a hole for one leg than two," Gilliam laughs, "and cheaper as well."

Gilliam, who began his career drawing for Harvey Kurtzman's *Help!* magazine, and whose bizarre collages and cartoons for Monty Python have injected new life into the animation field, sees *Time Bandits* as an attempt to "make my animation come to life. That's what was interesting about having dwarves as the lead characters, because they're very cartoonish in proportion. When I draw a cartoon I tend to draw a large head, and the limbs and bodies are much smaller. It's the face that's interesting."

The Minnesota-born, Los Angeles-bred expatriate speaks with affection about his six little actors—David Rappaport, Kenny Baker, Jack Purvis, Mike Edmonds, Malcolm Dixon and Tim Ross—referring to them as "the gang." Gilliam reports that after he got used to the height differential (Kenny Baker, who plays R2D2 in the *Star Wars* saga, is only 3'8"), there was no problem directing the dwarves. "In fact, we saved a lot of money, because we didn't have to build big sets. The sets look huge because we're down on the ground with wide-angle lenses, and those guys are so small."

Gilliam is hoping that the advertising and marketing campaigns for *Time Bandits* make it 100 per cent clear that "this is not the new Monty Python movie." Part of the problem with *Jabberwocky*'s promotion was the "continuing nightmare" of it being sold as a Python film, resulting in many an avid fan's drastic disappointment.

But what about the future plans of the entire Monty Python brigade? Given all the various independent projects (Palin's doing a film of his own next spring, Graham Chapman's finalizing a picture deal, Eric Idle's doing some TV and has a play opening in England, etc.), is there room for another collaborative undertaking in the near future?

"Yes," Gilliam happily reports, "we're supposed to start shooting next June. We've got about sixty minutes of material written already. We'll have one more writing session this year, and then another one in January. The as-yet-untitled Monty Python project will harken back to their TV shows, with a lot of nonlinear episodes and recurring jokes. "More and more we keep saying that it would be nice to go back and do a sketch film that works—because we didn't really feel that *And Now for Something Completely Different* worked. Also, it means more room for all of us. Eric's material and my material can get a bit disjointed and can be harder to fit into a plot framework."

"Ultimately it's good to get back together and really clear the air," says Gilliam, waxing sincere as he downs his last piece of veal in a hungry gulp. "And the Python films always seem to make us more money than any of our individual projects. After all, it's greed in the end that takes over."

ON DISC

(Continued from page 16)

Au Pairs avoid the record business and claim, uncompromisingly, that they would rather do it themselves. As with most of the recent independent groups, the Au Pairs have been tagged post punk. In interviews, their strong stand on feminism without role reversals and having no time for sex objects may lean more toward commitment than nihilism or hedonism, but, musically, they are a sexy band.

Lesley Woods, singer and guitarist, sings as hard-edged and knowingly as the recent voiceings of Marianne Faithfull. There are no guitar leads. Paul Foad's guitar tears in and out like Andy Gill from the Gang of Four, and is laid over a tight bass and drums (Jane Munro and Pete Hammond). The rhythms carry a Jamaican flavor, stating and shifting themes, yet remaining unpredictable.

This juxtaposition of danceable music and altruist lyrics (best represented in "Armagh") has brought many critics to label the Au Pairs a "political band." If the Au Pairs are political, it is personal politics and concern for human rights, not just another sad bunch of complainers screaming to be heard.

Jennifer Kriegel

THE SPECIALS

Ghost Town EP

(2 Tone/Chrysalis) It's interesting that the #1 song in England during the royal jubilee week was "Ghost Town," a seathing indictment of governmental callousness that stands in stark contrast to the "jolly old England" image epitomized by Charles and Lady Di. And how appropriate that the song came courtesy of the Specials, the band that most fully embodies the widely divergent elements that have characterized British music since 1976. "Band" isn't really the appropriate term for the Specials these days. It's virtually a mini-orchestra with an almost ridiculous arsenal of musical voices to employ over supple, reggae-derived rhythms. Just listen to the multitude of elements — a snakecharmer organ riff for the main melody, horror movie soundtrack brass flourishes, a constantly shifting assortment of lead vocals, jazzy trumpet and somber trombone solos — artfully woven together in the six-minute "Ghost Town."

"Why?" deals with interracial violence in England without any breathtaking new insight. But simple, eloquent logic coupled with a beautiful reggae melody and inventive "dub" arrangement is nothing to sneeze at. "Friday Night, Saturday Morning" likewise draws its specifics from British life but the attention to pertinent detail ("Wish I had lipstick on my shirt/Instead of piss stains on my shoes") invoke desultory, aimless weekend nights spent on the town.

This is 13-1/2 minutes of marvelous music that makes its points without making a point of it and incites dancing as well as sober reflection on the real world we live in. It's all the more reason to hope that the recurrent rumors of an impending split in the Specials' ranks aren't true. The Specials are no of the premier groups in the music world today and this town will be even more like a ghost town should they throw in the towel.

Don Snowden

Break into the

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(Continued from page 11)

experience is an elementary one and Smith's style, despite its sardonic lightness, could be much tighter.

Still, the vital point is made, and with it a bit of social comment: the fact that Rock & Roll, in its popular form, was drawn almost entirely from black music, and that the black musicians who created it were never given their due by the record companies or the listening audience. And how the industry's outward disdain for what it termed "race" music prompted it to respond with the shallow, formula hits that then made it so vulnerable to the onslaught of British music in the sixties.

Susan Armine

Deep Blues

ROBERT PALMER
Viking, \$14.95

Palmer isn't a standing stylist, but he's just about the hardest working writer in music journalism. In *Deep Blues* — which is the story of the music first and the players closely second — he's made the best popular book on the subject to date, packed with deep research and comprehensive, many-stranded storytelling.

The illustrator R. Crumb recently noted an ironic fact: his portraits of early blues artists sold better than their records did. "The legend of these guys," he mused, "is very appealing."

Palmer has traced their legends, and styles, doggedly — through the lives of such greats as Muddy Waters (Palmer's principal figure), Robert Johnson, Little Walter, Son House, Charley Patton and Sonny Boy Williamson — all the way back to specific tribes in Africa at the dawn of the slave trading era.

Did you know, for example, that such musically-related words as "dix," "jive," "hip," and "cat" come to English from the Wolof tribe, which, in medieval times, ruled all of Senegal and Gambia?

Some of the book's territory is familiar, like the exodus of country, plantation-working performers to northern industrial opportunities, leading to amplified Chicago blues. But the story has seldom been told with such wide-reaching scope and balance of personal and sociological information.

Fridays

(Continued from page 13)

ringing with cries of "I can handle it!" is borne out by the kind of fan mail received by the cast, especially Charloff and Blankfield.

"I got a letter from a little boy saying he wanted to perform certain acts involving ice cream and certain other desserts with my body," related a deadpan Charloff, who offstage is a relentless charmer with a certain finishing school poise. "He said that if Charloff and Blankfield, I certain of these acts interested me, I should write to him care of his best friend, because if his parents found out they'd kill him."

Outside of Charloff and Blankfield, who will star in a film to be released next summer called *Jekyll and Hyde Together Again*, none of the rest of *Fridays*' cast has yet achieved the kind of recognition the *Saturday Night* members enjoyed.

But Moffitt asserts his cast hasn't

Blues is a music of great simplicity combined with great subtlety; a storytelling, emotional music wherein the same few chords are colored by micro-variations in pitch. *Deep Blues* is likewise a simple book, with an easily followed progress of events. Yet it's a subtle piece of work, too. It brings to those appealing legends a measure of aliveness.

Byron Laursen

Canary

TONY COHAN
Doubleday, \$3.95

Here is a paragraph from Joan Didion's *Play It As It Lays*:

"But the next morning when the shower seemed slow to drain she threw up in the toilet, and after she had stopped trembling packed the few things she had brought to Fountain Avenue and, in the driving rain, drove back to the house in Beverly Hills. There would be plumbing anywhere she went."

Ms. Didion's heroine, an actress named Maria Wreth ("That is pronounced Mar-ey-ah, to get it straight at the outset"), is driving rain, drove back to the house in Beverly Hills. There would be plumbing anywhere she went.

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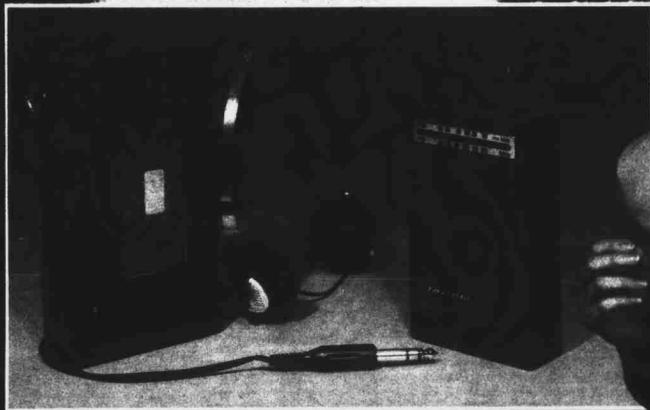
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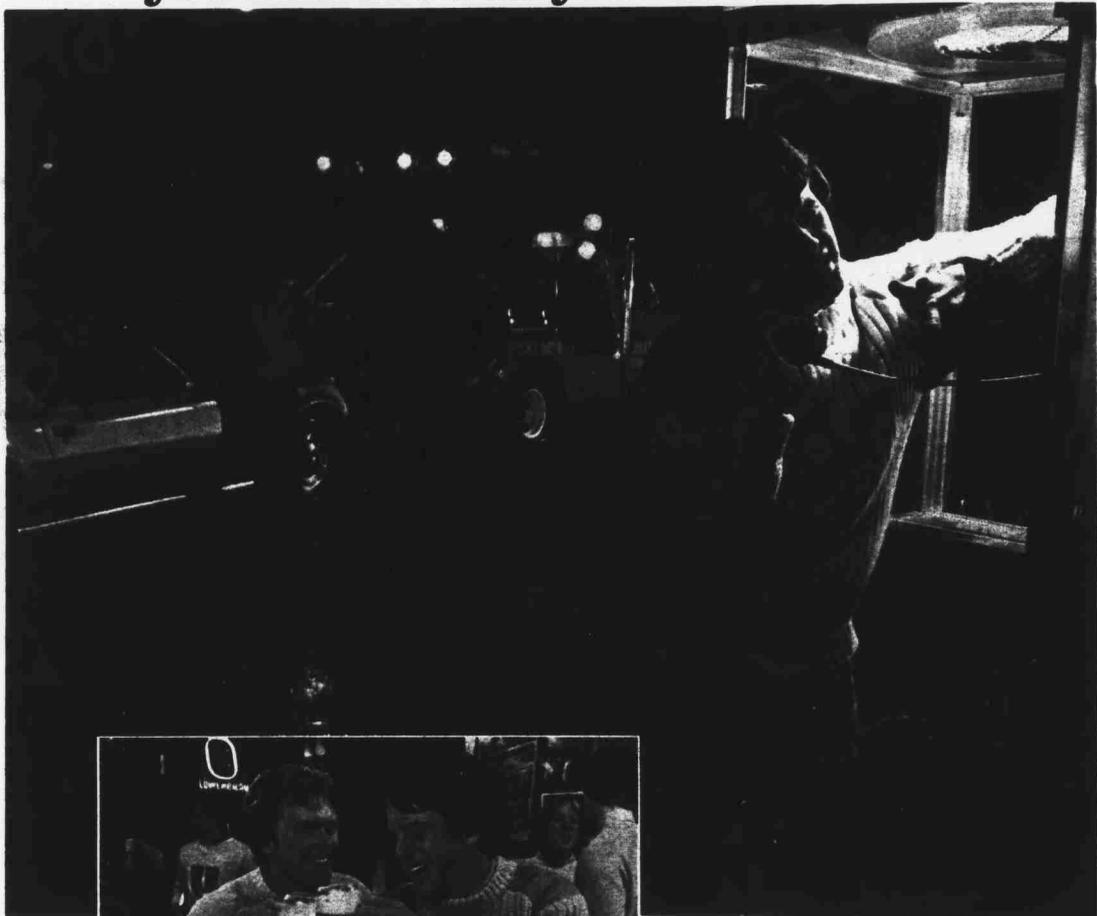
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