

# Technician

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## Finance Committee has \$20,000 to allocate to student organizations

by Gina Blackwood  
Assistant News Editor

A total of \$20,672 is available to recognized student organizations this semester, according to Student Body Treasurer Sandi Long.

Examples of what these funds have been appropriated for in the past are:

- Partial funding of trips.
- Funding for professional trips abroad.
- Funding for emergency medical equipment to Trained Emergency Medical Personnel.
- Funding for the Personal Programmers Club's calculator programming contest.

"We just want students to know that this money is here if they want to come forward and ask for it," Long said. "Each student at the University pays \$2.65 to Student Government in the form of tuition and fees. Therefore, it belongs to the students, and we would like them to ask for it."

"We do not usually pay full expenses for any student group, because we expect them to get some additional funding on their own. They can get other funding through the Alumni Association, school councils, dues, fund raisers and individuals may even pay small parts."

The amount of money given to each association is usually determined by the number of students it will benefit

and the organization's needs, according to Long.

All groups, small and large alike, are urged to submit bills to the Senate. This should be done five to six weeks prior to the time the money is needed to allow processing.

Groups that are interested should pick up a Senate Finance Package in the Student Government office. It will explain the procedures to request funds.

"I have tried to make it easier for organizations to ask for money," Long said.

After the Student Finance Package is picked up the organization will need

to write a bill and itemize its expenses. Next the organization will have to get a senator to sponsor the bill. This senator should be from the organization's school if it is academically oriented.

The organization's bill must be submitted to the Student Government secretary no later than 10 a.m. on the Monday before it should be presented to the Senate.

After copies of the bills are given out at the Senate meeting, the finance committee will consider the bill at its next meeting. Then it will come before the Senate to be voted on.

The finance committee is composed of a group of senators and the student

body treasurer, who serves as chairman.

At the finance committee meeting a speaker representing the student organization will present the bill and answer any questions that may arise. Most of the bills are amended to a lower amount of money before they are passed on to the Senate floor. After these amendments are made the bill is sent before the Senate.

### Bills

When the bill comes before the Senate, a representative from the group gives a speech and answers questions. Following this is a debate within the Senate. The senators then

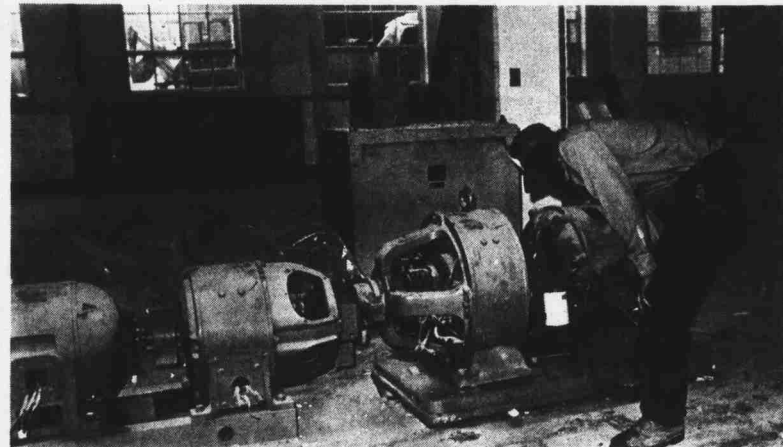
cast their votes for or against the bill. "I would like to see a large number of groups ask for this money," Long said. "Since these are student fees, they should reach as many students as possible."

Coming before the finance committee at its next meeting Jan. 30 are:

- Alpha Zeta service fraternity asking for \$1,583 to put toward Agriculture Awareness Week.

- State's Gay Community is asking for \$1,400 for Gay Awareness Week.

The finance committee meets every other Sunday at 8 p.m. in the Student Center board room. Time and location may sometimes vary.



Staff photo by Wayne Beyer

Daniels Hall is in the process of renovation to create space for teaching and researching in the microelectronics field.

## Daniels Hall in renovation process to provide microelectronics facility

by Eiman Khalil  
Staff Writer

The renovation of Daniels Hall, which is currently taking place, will create areas for teaching and research in the microelectronics field, according to John Hauser, a professor in the department of electrical engineering.

"It is going to be a microelectronics lab," Hauser said. "It will also be an interim lab facility for the Microelectronics Center of North Carolina until new lab facilities are built in the Research Triangle Area."

Once State acquires the plant for teaching and research it will instruct State students in crucial aspects microelectronics.

"We will get a fabrication facility for making integrated circuit chips which go into computers. These chips are the components which are used for electrical equipment," Hauser said.

Hauser said he hoped this project would be finished on time. "It is a five-month project which has four months left to go. It should have been completed by now."

As justification for the \$550,000 being spent on the project, he said, "this will give State an educational and research facility in an important technology area. It is crucial for attracting high technology in North Carolina by providing an availability of qualified people."

"It allows the University to train a significantly larger number of

engineers. It also allows state graduates to stay in North Carolina for employment by creating more jobs in this field."

The transition which will give Daniels' new lab completely to State has not fully been worked out. "There will probably be a gradual transition. The Microelectronics Center is a cooperative effort of all the universities in the area. Other universities have needs to share," Hauser said.

For a breakdown of the \$550,000 spent on the plan, the Technician requested information from Edwin Harris, director of Campus Planning and Construction. "Construction costs are \$462,000, the design fee is \$63,000 and contingency is \$25,000," Harris said.

## State Student Consumers attend Consumer Leaders of America conference

by Karen Freitas  
News Editor

Student Consumer Director Stan Simmerson and Assistant Director Bryan Freeze attended the annual Consumer Leaders of America meeting on Jan. 13 in Washington, D.C.

The students attended the conference for a better understanding of student consumer needs. Seminars were presented on various topics for this reason.

The theme of the conference was Reagonomical Consumer Response. It explained how to be a good consumer and gave new ideas for student consumer leaders on college campuses throughout the country.

Raymond Peck, an administrator of the National Highway Traffic Safety

administration, was a guest speaker presenting government functions throughout the White House. He also spoke on the Reagan administration plans to drop required standards that major automobile manufacturers use in constructing mandatory and restraint devices.

Many workshops were also offered to students attending the conference, according to Simmerson. Those that were beneficial to all students are as follows:

- Consumer Association in Europe — a spokesman discussed the United States' assistance in beginning advanced methods in Europe. He also explained how Europeans boycotted to remove hormones from beef and veal through economical methods.
- Public Utilities — Students

discussed public hearings held for public opinions concerning the process of rate hikes.

"This was of special interest because of CP&L and Southern Bell being a part of students' everyday life," Simmerson said.

"These seminars and workshops made us more aware of the important role of consumer protection. We found out things which are not normally seen by the public on television and in newspapers."

Simmerson said that it would take a combined effort to fight issues, and that students should take part in nationwide economies.

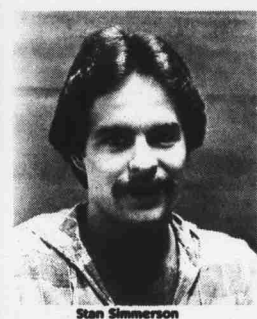
The conference was made up of representatives of national companies

such as Du Pont, Exxon Corp., International Telephone and Telegraph Corp., Coca-Cola Bottling Co. and Pepsi Inc.

"Being a consumer is more than just a person checking prices, according to Freeze. "I think more students should voice their opinions in public hearings so that the public's ideas will be heard. It also helps to write to our senators."

Students need to get more involved and keep up with current issues, he said.

The student consumers are presently planning to print an off-campus housing guide to aid students who fail to make the lottery. This will be followed by a food guide in May.



Stan Simmerson



Bryan Freeze

## Weisiger-Brown General Athletics Facility to be in completion stages in near future

by Gina Blackwood  
Assistant News Editor

The new Weisiger-Brown General Athletics Facility is expected to be finished by Feb. 1, but according to Athletics Director Willis Casey, it may be Feb. 15.

The new facility will be equipped to accommodate 120 football players, 80 track-team members, and 27 wrestlers.

"The facility will have training rooms, weight rooms and meeting rooms," Casey said.

"Up until now there was no place for teams to meet. They just had to gather in offices, lobbies, or where ever they could, but the new meeting room will remedy this problem."

The Wolfpack Club is financing the \$3 million facility that is expected to leave space in Reynolds Coliseum for other things.

"The new facility is entirely different from Reynolds. Reynolds was built in 1949, and comparing the two would be like comparing a Model T

Ford to a present-day automobile," Casey said.

Contrary to what was previously released, the residence hall that is being built near the facility is not a dormitory for athletes, according to Casey.

"We originally talked of participating in the construction of the dorm but the cost was entirely too high," Casey said. "We do hope that they will be able to accommodate some women athletes, but they will pay the same price as other students."

## NCAA to host conference team winners in basketball tournament in late March

by Gina Blackwood  
Assistant News Editor

Athletics Director Willis Casey attended a National Collegiate Athletic Association meeting in Houston, Texas, this past weekend, where it was decided that all conference winners will be extended invitations to the NCAA basketball tournament.

Previously, only part of the conference winners were invited, and a large portion of the participating teams were at-large bids.

There are 48 places in the tournament and with this new decision 28 places will be for conference winners,

while the remaining 20 places will be at-large bids.

Casey says that while State's women are under Association of Intercollegiate Athletics for Women rules now, he would like State to be under NCAA ruling by 1983. But the other Atlantic Coast Conference members will have to agree.

"Once we get under NCAA ruling, women will be under the same rules as men," Casey said. "Presently we are not allowed to pay for women athletes to officially visit, but under NCAA we would be able to."

"Women do have one distinct benefit under the present ruling,

There is no limit to the amount of scholarships and financial aid that they can get.

"This was a very mild meeting," Casey said. "There were no really controversial subjects to come on the floor."

"However, at an earlier, special meeting, it was proposed that a third television network be contracted to do night games."

NBC was the network chosen to be given this additional package, but there were not enough votes on the floor to support it.

Some additional information to the discussion was brought up at the Houston meeting, but it was not voted on.



Technician file photo

State's Chris Mondragon maintains the riding position, but Iowa State's Tim Brown seems amused. The Wolfpack matmen will travel to Maryland for its first ACC dual meet Sunday.

### inside Correction weather

— Computer terminals move into Tucker Dormitory. Page 2.

— "Red" recognized as the "patron saint" of Hillsborough Street. Page 3.

— State women cagers blitz Wake Forest. Page 4.

— Taylor stitches Devils back together. Page 5.

— Control Group bescons to all who appreciate great rock 'n' roll. Page 6.

Wednesday's Technician incorrectly identified the Village Dinner Theatre as the Little Dinner Theatre.

Also, in a front-page "On the Brickyard," the Technician incorrectly stated that those students accepted in the lottery this spring will be guaranteed a room on campus for their remaining years in college. Residence Life personnel are currently considering such a proposal but it has not as yet been acted on by the administration.

Today — overcast with intermittent showers throughout the day. High near 40 with a low in the mid-30s. Weekend — showers continuing on Saturday with partial clearing on Sunday. Temperatures will be warmer with highs in the 60s and lows in the 40s. (Forecast provided by student meteorologists Joel Cline and Jimmy Merrill.)

# Opinion

It is always a relief to believe what is pleasant, but it is more important to believe what is true.  
— Hilaire Belloc, *The Silence of the Sea*

## Computer terminals

### Move for safety

Anyone who has ever taken a computer-science course remembers the long hours that were spent keypunching cards and waiting for a program to run without errors. Usually this meant long, late night hours in the computing center — especially when TUCC would go down for the night.

Walking home from any of the computing centers on campus late at night is never any fun nor is it safe. Residence Life has developed a sensible plan for putting computer facilities on central campus in Tucker Dormitory.

The move is a natural one. Computer technology is becoming more refined and the possibilities for computer location and use are almost limitless. This plan will not only move computer facilities closer to the students who use them, but it will create a safer environment for those students as well since they will not have as far to walk late at night.

The students on central and west campus will benefit immensely from the plan. The students who live in other dormitories or off campus will benefit also because each person who uses the facilities in Tucker means one fewer person using the already existing computer facilities.

This plan is bound to be successful because almost every curriculum at State involves computer use at one time or another. Almost everyone is expected to do some work with a computer before he can graduate from State. If this plan to put computer terminals in Tucker proves as successful as expected, then perhaps it can be expanded to several other dormitories on campus.

It is refreshing to see such innovative ideas coming from the administration. The dormitories at State are a good location to place services because, by doing so, the services are brought closer to the students.

Access to computers is but one example of a service that students need placed conveniently on campus. The same reasoning was behind the drive to keep the Students' Supply Store snackbar located where it is, complete with night hours.

Services that most students use on a regular basis should be located close to where students live. It is not only convenient, but safer too. It's good to see this idea is finally taking hold among some administrators.

## 'I love them. I love them not. I love th—'

The minorities of this nation probably feel that President Ronald Reagan is using a daisy lately to determine how he feels about them. One can almost hear the sounds coming from the Oval Office: "I love them. I love them not. I love them. I love them not."

The president had trouble recently trying to decide if he should endorse blatant segregation or if he should work to prevent it. The issue was whether Bob Jones University and

to do the job — so therefore these schools would receive financial support from the federal government since they would pay no taxes and could declare themselves non-profit institutions. A few days later after hearing the backlash from both whites and blacks, Reagan reversed his position saying he would now seek legislation to prevent the schools from receiving support from the federal government.

All of this makes one wonder just how policy is decided at the White House. Few people know exactly what is said in the Oval Office when it comes time to make a decision. The administration probably decides among various alternatives and then tries to pick the one that will make the fewest people mad. Here's how the decision and indecision affecting Bob Jones University and Goldsboro Christian Schools was probably ironed out in the Oval Office between Reagan and his top aide, Ed Meese:

Meese to the president, "Mr. President, I think I've found a new way to cut taxes."  
"Well, that's just great, Ed," the president responds. "I'm all in favor of cutting taxes whenever possible. Who are we going to give the money to this time? Gosh, Ed we've given the rich about as much as we can. If we give them any more they might forget where they got it from and then forget to contribute to the '84 campaign."

"Not the rich," Meese chimes in, "we'll give it to the those segregationists down in the South. Remember the Klan did endorse us in the last election. If we succeed in rolling the clock back far enough we'll be known as the most dynamic leadership team to hit Washington in years. Who knows what we can do if we really try."

"Well," the president responds as usual, "it's like I said during the debate with Mr. Carter. When I was growing up, we didn't

have a race problem. Whites were whites and blacks were always below us and things worked out just fine. Pass me another jelly bean, would you, Ed? Like I was saying, back then things were just fine and we had a war regular as clockwork just to keep up the patriotism. Do you really think we could roll back the clock to total segregation like when I was a boy right after the Civil War?"

"It'll be a cinch," Meese muses. "We won't even have to get Congress to approve this part of it."

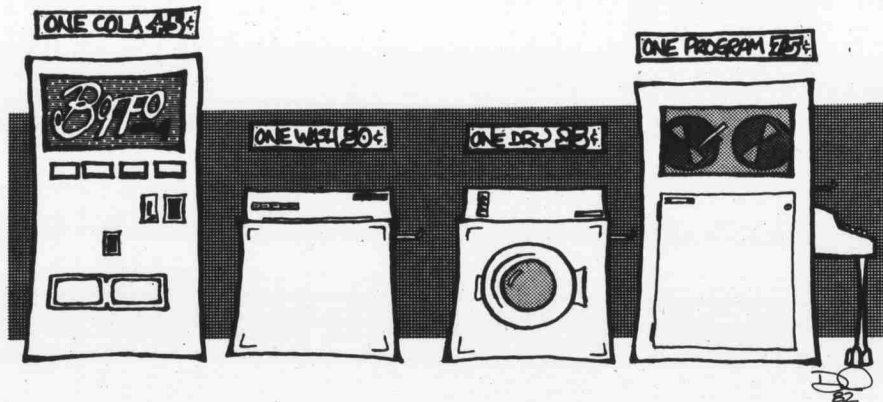
"I wonder what Lee Iacocca over at Chrysler would think about having indentured servants again. Cheap labor might just be the solution for the American businessman."

"I love the idea, Mr. President," Meese beams. "I'll announce it to the press while you check with the NAACP to make sure they believe that this is part of your economic plan which they still think is in their best interest."

"Sure, Ed," Reagan says, "and when you're through with that let's start thinking about cutting back those school lunches some more."

Tom Carrigan is the editorial editor for the Technician.

## Tucker Terminal



## Judges protect judiciary power

WASHINGTON — Federal judges have been doing their best recently to confirm a widespread suspicion that "the courts run the country." A flurry of notable decisions by a handful of fellows has caught Americans by surprise and, in some cases, left them in shock.

On Christmas Eve a federal court judge in Boise, Idaho, singlehandedly voided, as unconstitutional, Congress' 1978 extension of the Equal Rights Amendment ratification deadline and upheld the "authority" of states to rescind their ratification decisions. Unless the Supreme Court speedily overturns the ruling, the amendment can be given up for lost.

Four days later, a senior District Court judge in Chicago ruled that the suburban village of Morton Grove, Ill., had a right to ban the sale and possession of handguns. Gun-control fans lauded the decision as a victory for a civilized society.

And on Jan. 5 a federal judge in Little Rock

Maxwell Cody  
Glen Shearer

### Here and Now

threw out a state law requiring equal treatment of evolutionary theory and "creation science" in the Arkansas public schools. Despite considerable local support for the teachings of Genesis, separation of church and state was reaffirmed.

It would be negligent, of course, to underestimate the import of these decisions for both the players involved and the times in which we live. In each case, a black-robed St. George has scotched the dragons of feminism, firearms and fundamentalism. For the moment, America may be better off as a result of the latter two verdicts.

Yet even these rulings may prove that it's unfair to accuse the judiciary of wielding too much power.

To begin with, Americans tend to be more interested in who wins and who loses than in the merits of the issues at hand. As a result, judges appear to hold more power than they actually do.

As average court-watchers, for example, we care less about the fine points of congressional authority than whether the National Organization for Women will overcome the Phyllis Schlaflys of the world. We also cheer when the underdog gun-control folks ring up a hit against the well-financed National Rifle Association; whether or not to bear arms seems a secondary consideration. And though the rivals in Little Rock seem as strong in their convictions as ever, the case might have pleased spectators best by ending in a draw.

Yet, in our passion for final scores, we act as if a judge's decision can't be challenged and possibly overturned in other arenas. The judge in Idaho, Marion Callister — who moonlights as a bishop in the anti-ERA Mormon church — seems to have not cared that the courts have, in the past, tacitly allowed Congress to set its own deadlines for ratification of constitutional amendments.

By the same token, residents of Friendship Heights, a Washington suburb which recently

banned the possession of bullets, probably recognize that the Morton Grove ruling — and by extension its own ordinance — isn't safe from an appeal by the NRA. Sometimes judges are ignored entirely: on the same day of the Arkansas ruling, the Mississippi Senate overwhelmingly approved a "creation science" provision for that state's public schools.

Judges seem all-powerful in part because they preside over the busiest social and political battleground in America today. We've asked them to resolve all kinds of conflicts and personal disagreements; it's reached the point where some college graduates are suing their schools for failing to educate them adequately.

Not surprisingly, as the late Yale University legal-scholar Alexander Bickel wrote: "All too many federal judges have been induced to

*'Americans tend to be more interested in who wins and who loses than in the merits of the issues at hand. As a result, judges appear to hold more power than they actually do.'*

view themselves as problem solvers, as charged with a duty to act when majoritarian institutions do not." If the courts are powerful, we have only ourselves to blame.

Of course, some judges are legal lightweights who lack training but possess political connections.

But even Supreme Court justices have learned that they don't always have the last word. The high court's 1954 desegregation and 1973 abortion rulings, for example, have been undermined or ignored across the country. And the judiciary's conservative critics in Congress have pledged to limit the Court's jurisdiction further in 1982 with action on anti-busing and anti-abortion amendments to the Constitution.

When rulings on emotional issues are handed down, Americans will temporarily acquiesce as good citizens. But they know there'll always be another round.

Field Newspaper Syndicate



Tom Carrigan

### From the Left

the Goldsboro Christian Schools would be exempted from taxation because they were using religion to disguise their bigoted attitudes towards blacks.

The Internal Revenue Service realized that the Goldsboro Christian Schools and Bob Jones University were nothing more than shams created solely to discriminate against blacks. The Christian religion doesn't advocate discrimination against anyone, so these two institutions had to really stretch their religious point to prevent blacks from mingling with whites.

At first Reagan said he was opposed to the IRS deciding who should or shouldn't pay taxes — I'm not sure just who he had in mind

## forum

### Spirit returns

This letter is in response to Brian Datta's Jan. 18 column ("Sixth player bows out: State fans support team as long as it has chance of winning"). As one who has watched State and ACC basketball for more than 20 years, I feel qualified to comment on the subject of fan support.

While it is true that many fans left Reynolds Coliseum before the Wolfpack's 20-point loss to Carolina was over, it is also of note that the fans were there in the first place. Any State-Carolina game is a guaranteed sellout, but in the years of the great State teams of 1972-73 and 73-74, the games with Carolina have been pretty much it as far as sellouts at Reynolds Coliseum go.

This season there have been two official sellouts (Clemson and Carolina) and one as good as sold out (Maryland). The Clemson game was sold out without the student body back from Christmas break.

Yes, the "sixth man" had a bad game Jan. 13, but everyone has a bad game now and then. It's easy to say that the sixth man in 72-74 never had bad games, but those fans had the almost unheard-of pleasure of never seeing their team lose.

It's very easy to have the "spirit" when you back an unbeaten team. School spirit has fallen a long way at State since those golden days of eight years ago, but it is on the way back.

I think, Mr. Datta, that we aspire to the same goal but I find your approach a bit too cynical. Don't be too hard on the people who left early; they've always done that except in 72-74, and they do it everywhere that fans watch games. No one likes to see his team get plowed.

On a related subject, it has always annoyed me that the student body at State gets the worst seats in a building that has more than its share of bad seats. At every other arena in the ACC, the student body is seated right on top of the court, but at Reynolds Coliseum the students are



Staff photo by Clayton Brinkley

seated in the endzones — with very few court-side exceptions — and taken right out of the game. Why?

And who can blame someone for staying at home and watching the action on the tube instead of going to the game and sitting in the back of the endzone, where most of the time all you can see is the scoreboard? I've sat there enough times to know.

In light of that, it's commendable that the Pack has played as many full houses at home as

it has. School spirit at State is being revived, Mr. Datta, but it takes some time to fan the flames of a fire that nearly went out.

One final question: did you ever think, considering recent history, that the fans would sit and watch their team get blown out by 20? I didn't and I don't blame them. The Pack is back and the fans know it. They'll be back too, with a vengeance.

Bruce Winkworth  
SR LWE

### Technician

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'He's what you'd call a staple'

## Visit with 'patron saint' of Hillsborough Street

by Jess Rollins  
Features Writer

He sits there like a man who has blended comfortably into his element. Surrounded by friends, gregarious acquaintances and memories, he appears very much at home.

He's well-known, if not famous, and to those who see him nightly, perched atop his favorite spot, he is a cornerstone of sorts. Most regulars would agree — the place just wouldn't be the same without "Red."

Charles J. "Red" Campbell and Mitch's Tavern on Hillsborough Street are practically synonymous with each other. But his presence might go unnoticed, except of course to friends, if it were not for the visible contrast in age between Red, who's 65, and Mitch's other patrons. It's a contrast few would dare criticize, and a difference most would agree adds definite character to the popular college hangout. He got the name Red from his former lock of red

hair. "I used to have hair," he said grinning and pointing under his derby.

Red's been coming to Mitch's since he fell and broke his hip on some ice two years ago. Since then he's "just been coming around regular." But Red's been a regular in Raleigh since 1948.

A transplanted New Yorker who grew up in Brooklyn and Queens, N.Y., Red joined the Army in 1940 and served through World War II in the Pacific until 1945. He met his first and only wife while stationed at Ft. Bragg after the war. He was later divorced.

Red gained the distinction of having the first nightclub in Raleigh in 1949, located on U.S. 1 North. "That's what really got me started," he exhorted with his characteristically thick Brooklynesse accent. "I offered liquor-by-the-drink, because they (the city) told me I could get it. Of course you know when we got that." He followed his last statement with the gruff, short shot of laughter one associates at Mitch's with Red's sense of humor.

"The only entertainment were bands and go-gos. You couldn't even display a liquor bottle."

Red blames the liquor law on his club folding two years later in 1951. His partner, an old army buddy from New York returned home. "I've seen him once or twice since then. That's all."

But Red didn't leave the profession. "I've been in the bar business all my life, bus boy to bartender. It requires a certain knowledge," he said in his punctual, matter-of-fact style of speaking.

"People all have individual tastes. One guy says yaahh (he nods his head enthusiastically) another guy says naahh," Red said waving his hands and turning away in mock disgust.

Looking back on his career, Red said he had no regrets. "I certainly didn't want to stay in the army." Red said his hobbies included reading and watching "C-Span," which covers the N.C. House of Representatives.

"I'm only interested in politics as a bystander, to see how those guys operate, as an education."

"I read most everything. I just finished reading a book about the German Navy. I guess not many people read about that."

His biggest passion though is probably sports. "I'm a sports nut as everybody knows. There was a time I never missed any basketball, football or baseball games at State. I still go occasionally."

"Everett Case is my all time favorite. He put State on the map. Let's face it. That's sports-wise," he carefully and quickly added.

Red has seen droves of students come and go over his five-decade span in Raleigh. He's seen the times change as distinctly as the seasons, yet he finds it hard to compare students today and yesterday.

"It's tough to compare 'cause times change so much. Some people will say it's wilder now. They've (students) always been a little wild."

"In the '60s, boy, you name it. You find out that guys who were running up and down Hillsborough Street in the '60s are the most conservative now. They've made their money and now have more to hang onto."

"Things change," he continued. "Computers change everything." Red drew back and explained that he knew how to work one of today's more complicated advances. "Like Rubik's Cube. I can solve it in five seconds," he boasted as someone looked on in disbelief. Noticing the onlooker, Red paused briefly and then continued. "Yeah, with a hammer. You don't need no bulls— to do it."

Red's popularity with the college crowd is endeared with his sense of humor and the views he shares with the young. "I agree with their viewpoints until they get way out there. You can go too far right or left."

"I'm a college flunk-out too, you know. Oh yeah, I bit the dust. I still say it's the key to anything. But I don't know how to make a dumb guy smart."

Red studied English for a while. "I wanted to be a teacher. Also wanted to be an aviator. When (Charles) Lindberg crossed the Atlantic, I wanted to do it too."

A lot of people come up to Red during the evening — some to talk, some to just say "hi" and pat him on the back. It's almost a status symbol among the friendly customers to know and speak to Red.

"I think a lot of them talk to me because I've been around on Hillsborough Street so long. I know the college. Guys and girls come up to me and ask me stuff they wouldn't ask their mother or father. I guess 'cause I'm not their mother or father. They know I'm not going to say anything about them. I'll answer questions, but I'm not a gossip."

Red was discussing his interest in plays and symphonies when a well groomed young man tapped him on the shoulders. "Hey Charles."

"Hello there Mike."

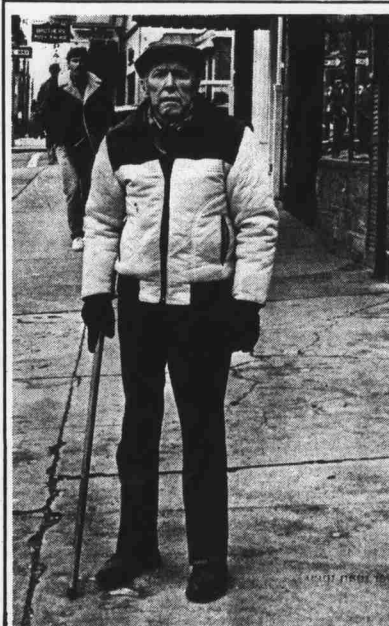
It was a good friend of Red's, Mike Czewski, a clarinetist with the N.C. Symphony. "Red's one of the main reasons I come up to Mitch's. If Red's not here I go someplace else. He's what you'd call a staple."

"He's one of the most knowledgeable people about current events I know. If he played his cards right he could be mayor."

"Nah, let Smedes York have it." They both laughed. Mike continued. "I give Red a schedule so he knows where we are."

"I follow it," Red replied. "I'm a patron saint."

Red's more likely the patron saint of Mitch's. When asked if he ever got tired of coming here, he gave the question a smile and answered, "You don't get tired of nothing as long as you're living, babe."



Red owned and managed the now abandoned College Grill until 1971. The College Grill was located below the present-day Mitch's.

Staff photo by Clayton Brinkley

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## Lawson, Rogers orchestrate State women over Deacons

by Devin Steele  
Assistant Sports Editor

State's Sherry Lawson has always performed her role on State's women's basketball team when needed off the bench.

But, with Ginger Rouse unable to play, the junior got the starting call in the Wolfpack's matchup with Wake Forest Wednesday night and was everywhere but on the bench.

All she did was perform authentically in shooting nine for 10 from the floor for 18 points in sparking the nationally 5th-ranked Pack to a 91-57 conference victory over the Deacons in Winston-Salem.

"Sherry Lawson had her best offensive night ever," said State head coach Kay Yow as her team rolled up its 15th win against only two losses. The game was the first for State to be used in conference tournament seeding.

"Her shot selection was good. She played good defense. She did everything defensively that she's been doing defensively."

Rouse, who was red-shirted two years ago due to a recurring back problem, was suffering a related pain just prior to the game and Yow decided not to risk her playing.

"We've found out from past experiences that it's best not to play her when she's having back pains," she said. "We'll need her more for our next game against Virginia."

In addition, Connie Rogers became only the sixth State player to reach what the Wolfpack calls the "1,000-Point Club" by chipping in 15 points, which put her four-year total at 1,001. Genia Beasley is the most-productive State player in Pack's history with 2,367 points, while Rouse holds the fourth position with 1,321 points. Rogers is closest to Ronnie Laughlin's 1,126 points.

"I'm really glad to see any player reach 1,000 points," Yow said. "The thing that comes to mind about Connie Rogers' doing it is that she's an unselfish player. She's contributed in other ways, but I'm glad to see her get scoring credit, too."

Angie Armstrong and Linda Page added 14 and State shot 56 percent from the field.

The Wolfpack held a narrow halftime lead of 39-31, but a poor shooting performance by Wake the second half — 38 percent — enabled State to widen the margin.

"We were a little ragged the first half," Yow said. "We didn't show much intensity and concentration. We heard down and made things happen the second half, however."

Barbara Durham directed the Deacs with 19 points.

State visits Virginia Saturday night for a 7-30 contest against a team who



Technician file photo

State's Sherry Lawson parcels out to a teammate.

upset third-ranked Old Dominion last week. The Cavaliers are 144 overall and 1-2 in the ACC.

hard-nosed defense. There is little room for errors.

"Mentally, we'll be fired up after playing down at Clemson and seeing how up a team can get for us. We were totally overwhelmed. We will have to play great defense and cut down on our turnovers to beat Virginia."

## Poised Devils stun Pack

by William Terry Kelley  
Sports Editor

DURHAM — Last year several close games left the Pack on the short side but State had been winning the close ones this year — until Wednesday night. A fired-up Duke team that had been winless in the conference with only four wins all season came from 11 points down to defeat the Pack 49-48 here in an ACC game.

Duke trailed 18-7 with nine minutes left in the first half when the Devils started to rally. Duke took advantage of several Pack mistakes that turned the ball over and roared back to take a 23-22 halftime lead. Chip Engelland and Vince Taylor led the Blue Devil comeback with a combined 10 points.

"We're just really pleased; it's an excellent win for our young men," Duke head basketball coach Mike Krzyzewski said. "We played very positively for 40 minutes and smart toward the end."

"I was hoping the crowd wouldn't sound too loud so we could hear the buzzer. When the clock went to zero and he (Sidney Lowe) didn't shoot, I said, 'Just be quiet for a minute.' I thought it was just an excellent game."

With Duke's tallest man at only 6' 8", the Devils played an aggressive 3-2 defense and boxed out the Pack tall men out-rebounding State, 26-24.

"We were up by 11 and we

got careless with the basketball," said State head basketball coach Jim Valvano whose team hosts East Carolina at 7:30 p.m. Saturday in what should be a breather for State.

"We had a couple of turnovers that were not caused by defense. The whistle would blow and all of a sudden the ball was going the other way."

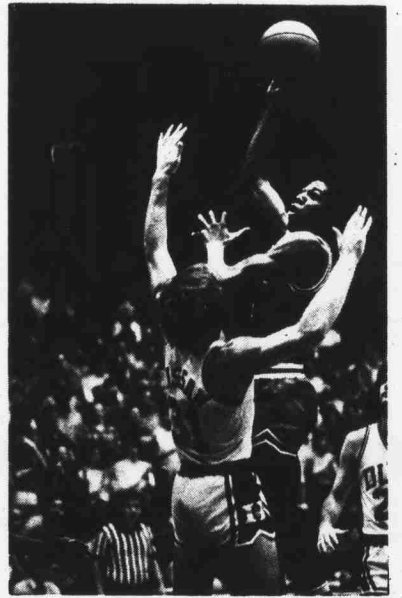
The game was full of action throughout and even more so in the second half as State mounted a possible comeback after falling behind by as much as six.

State pulled to within one on a couple of occasions but good Devil foul shooting prevented the Pack from taking the lead and as Taylor, who led all scorers with 19, missed the front end of a one-and-one State couldn't get the ball downcourt fast enough for a final go ahead shot.

As usual in an ACC contest the officiating was questionable — going both ways.

"I'm not going to complain about the officiating," Valvano said. "After a loss it sounds like sour grapes. There could have been a few calls made, a five-second call at the end."

"But sometimes you can put yourself into situations where the official's call decides things. That's what happened to us tonight. You're going to have some disappointments along the way. We're 13-3 with 13 games left. I think we have an excellent shot at the NCAA playoffs."



Staff photo by Clayton Brinckley

The Wolfpack's Thurl Bailey sky hooks over the Blue Devils' Mike Tissaw.

The shot at the end was never taken because State could not grab the handle on the rebound after the missed free throw with five seconds left.

"On the last play we decided instead of letting Duke set up after we called a time out, to go ahead and get the ball down the floor," Valvano said. "Five seconds is plenty of time. We just didn't get the ball to Sidney or Dereck (Whittenburg) soon enough."

## Wolfpack men gymnasts hook up with Indians

by John Davison  
Sports Writer

State's men's gymnastics team travels to Williamsburg, Va., Sunday for its second meet of the year against William & Mary. State enters this meet on the heels of a 222.6-170.1 victory over

James Madison and is looking for a much closer score this time out.

"If both teams hit, it's going to be within a tenth of a point for the wins," State men's gymnastics coach Sam Schuh said.

Schuh said he feels that his squad will probably be better in the floor exercises

and the high-bar, while he gives the Indians a bit of an edge on the pommel horse and parallel bar exercises.

"Our strong point would be form," Schuh said. "I work the guys on keeping good form. They work harder for the tricks and they sometimes over look the form." Schuh said in

evaluating the Indians.

Schuh said he is also of the opinion that sometimes the older, better established gymnastics squads can "get away with" somewhat sloppier performances than the newer, less well-established teams. In spite of this, the meet in Williamsburg promises to be a close one.

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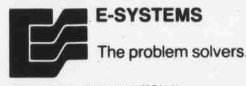
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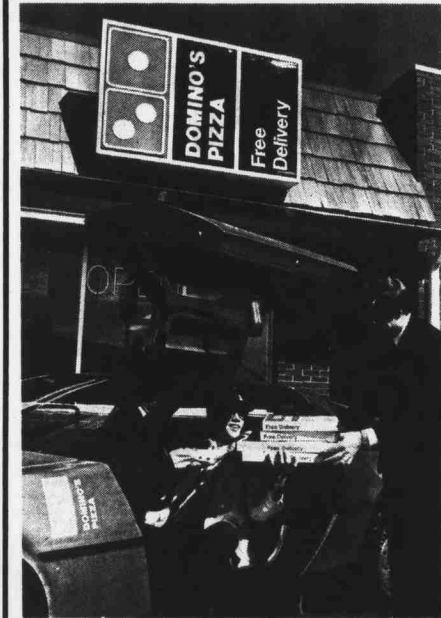
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# 'The Prince' steps up as Duke's ringleader

by Devin Steele  
Assistant Sports Editor

DURHAM — 'Twas but four seasons ago when Vince Taylor first strolled across Duke's west campus, into Cameron Indoor Stadium. The highly-recruited guard had just joined the Blue Devils' basketball squad which had just advanced to the pinnacle of college roundball — the NCAA finals.

Duke's only freshman, Taylor had the whole starting lineup from that team ahead of him. Breaking into the starting roster was practically improbable that year. He was just a "contributor" to that pre-seasonally top-ranked team, just making a small impression.

"It was hard not starting my first year," Taylor remembers.

But still ahead stood four years for the high-school All-America. Expectations were high for Taylor, but he wasn't rushing things.

The following season, Taylor entered the starting roster, but for two seasons was on the wake of the "star" despite turning in some startling performances.

Now, at the departure of Gene Banks and Kenny Denard — the last of the "team" — Vince "The Prince" stands as the lone senior on the Blue Devil team. As the team captain, he is having a super season, living up to many of the expectations imposed on him

in his early Duke days. But "super" isn't the word to describe the season the Dukes are having.

Taylor, who leads the ACC in scoring with a 19-point average, and his team struggled in the early season, going 4-9 and falling short even to some lowly teams.

Now, respect is the name of the game for Taylor and Blue Devil basketball.

"We're getting some of our respect back now," said Taylor after his team gained a healthy amount of respect from State when it upset the nationally 15th-ranked Wolfpack, 49-48, Wednesday night in Durham. The 6-5 senior scored 19 points while grabbing nine rebounds to direct the Devils' first ACC win.

A blowout seemed to be in the making in the first half. The Devils were down by 11 in the first half, but Taylor coolly led his team to a halftime edge which it never relinquished.

"We showed a lot of poise in coming back and holding up," Taylor said. "It's definitely our biggest win this year. We really wanted to get our first ACC win."

It's such a turnaround from Taylor's first three years when, at this point in the season, Duke had several wins behind it and was usually at the top of the list.

And although the Devils are having a lachadairical season, are there any regrets? Not hardly.



Duke's Vince "The Prince" Taylor guards State's Sidney Lowe, who eyes the middle. Technician file photo

"Regrets? No way," Taylor said with his usual schoolboy grin. "I would like to be doing better, I mean, the team. But we don't have the super talent that some of the other ACC teams have. I don't regret it. I'm getting a good education and I'm playing where college basketball is really happening at."

And Taylor is enjoying his

role as the team leader. "My time is now," he said. "I was moved to point guard last year in the middle of the season and I've felt like the leader ever since."

That move may have been one of head coach Mike Krzyzewski's best in his two-year tenure at Duke.

After the change in strategy, the Devils, which

## Athlete of the week



Angie Armstrong is this week's Technician athlete of the week.

Armstrong, State's women's basketball team's star point guard, led the Wolfpack to a pair of wins in the Wolfpack Doubleheaders last weekend and contributed to State's 91-57 win over Wake Forest Wednesday.

The 5-5 playmaker scored 10 points in State's 91-63 win over Georgia State Friday and shared scoring honors with 16 points in the Pack's 72-63 win over Pittsburgh.

Technician file photo

## Clemson, Duke lead ACC in swimming, wrestling

**Atlantic Coast Conference Service Bureau GREENSBORO** — Clemson and Duke are currently atop the standings in the two ACC winter sports, however, in both cases the favorite, State, is lurking close behind and appears ready to make a challenge for the lead soon.

Clemson swimmers have fashioned a perfect 3-0 league record with convincing wins over Georgia Tech, Duke and Virginia, and have a 5-1 overall mark. The Tigers however, will face a stern test when they travel to Chapel Hill this week to take on North Carolina, who is currently in second place

with league wins over Duke and Maryland.

State, the winner of the previous 11 ACC swimming titles, also has two league wins and is unbeaten overall.

Maryland had lost both of its league encounters this season, but is in the process of a good year just the same. The Terrapins hold a 6-3 overall record with wins over East Carolina, Old Dominion, American, LaSalle, Kent State, and Bucknell.

In wrestling, the league's first dual meet encounter of the year, slated between Duke and Virginia, was

postponed last week due to weather, so this weekend's State-Maryland meet will open the ACC season.

To date, Duke leads the league by virtue of its two non-league wins over South Carolina State and Washington and Lee, with Georgia Tech second after beating V.M.I. last month.

State is 2-1, its only loss to Iowa State, with Maryland next at 6-2. North Carolina currently stands at 3-2 but both losses were to highly ranked opponents in Iowa State and Oklahoma. Virginia has wrestled to a 2-1 mark and Clemson stands at 2-4.

## Wolfpack grapplers to face Maryland in first league match

by Bray Toot  
Sports Writer

State's wrestling team will open its ACC schedule Sunday when it travels to Maryland to take on the Terapins. At this point State has a dual meet record of 2-1 while Maryland boasts a record of 7-2.

Maryland is coming off a victory over Morgan State. Maryland has beaten some first-rate competition in

American University and Temple. Maryland's only losses have come at the hands of two very good teams, Navy and Tennessee. The Pack saw many of the Navy wrestlers at the Navy Invitational earlier in the year.

This is the first ACC team that State has faced this year. Last year the Pack defeated Maryland, 33-9, but this year's match should be a lot closer. After its loss to

State last year Maryland went on to finish second in the ACC.

"Maryland has been vastly improving over the last few years," State head coach Bob Guzzo said. "I think it's going to be a very tough match for us."

Maryland has a very young team this year. It usually wrestles three freshmen, two sophomores and three juniors. The lone senior on the team is

167-pound co-captain Randy Thompson. Thompson at this point holds a career record of 11-9.

The other co-captain of the team is 134-pound Mark Dugan. Dugan is considered the Terps best wrestler. So far his career record stands at 15-2.

Other wrestlers that might give the Wolfpack a tough match are 118-pound freshman John Worley,

126-pound freshman Tony Rozzo, 158-pound freshman John Kostilic and heavyweight Darrel White. Both Worley and Rozzo have a record of 7-4. White holds a record of 13-6, and Kostilic has a record of 11-3.

State will be represented Sunday by five ACC champions. All-Americans Matt Reiss and Chris Wentz will represent State in their respective weight classes. ACC champions Tom Newcome, Tab Thacker and Jerry Rodriguez will also be in top form.

## scoreboard

1. North Carolina (41)	13-0	11. Georgetown	14-3
2. Missouri (1)	14-0	12. Tulsa	13-2
3. Virginia	16-1	13. San Francisco	15-2
4. DePaul	15-1	14. Arkansas	11-2
5. Texas	14-0	15. State	13-2
6. Minnesota	11-2	16. Kansas State	12-2
(tie) Iowa	11-2	17. Louisville	11-4
8. Idaho	15-0	(tie) Alabama	12-2
9. Kentucky	10-3	19. Villanova	12-2
10. Oregon State	12-2	20. Fresno State	13-1

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## Group's energy bursts with 'controlled' enthusiasm

by Karen G. Fox  
Copy Editor

It's no wonder Control Group draws such large and enthusiastic audiences. The band's obvious love for music and its fans, and its energy, talent and enthusiasm beacon to all who appreciate great rock 'n' roll.

With the group's members seemingly bursting with energy on stage, it is often hard to see how they manage to keep "control." Each member is a talented, hard-driving rock 'n' roller and an integral part of the entity known as Control Group.

Shortly before the band's performance at Tau Kappa Epsilon fraternity house Jan. 14, questions flew all over the room — from the interviewer to the band, and from band member to band member.

"The concept of Control Group began in the fall of 1979," drummer Billy Farrell said.

The band is billed as being from New York, N.Y., but, "We started at Bennington College (Vermont)," guitarist and vocalist Kris "Animal" Heaton added.

The band originally consisted of Heaton, Farrell, guitarist and vocalist Ray Foote, and vocalist Julie Miller. Miller and Foote also switched off on guitar and keyboard bass.

"Then we auditioned Oliver (Roberts, bass and vocals)," Heaton said.

"I auditioned Control Group," Roberts interjected.

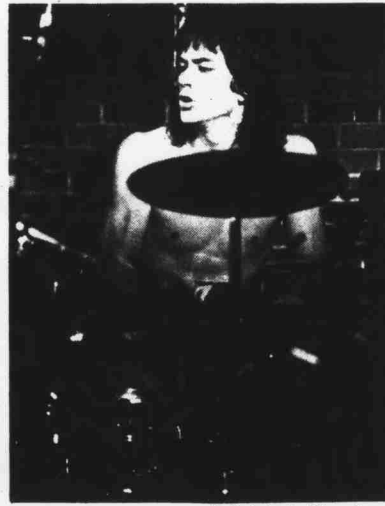
The five-member band continued to practice in the area through the next school year. "Then we decided after that, during the summer, to pursue music full time," Farrell said.

"We decided not to go back — and here we are in Raleigh," Heaton said. "We're all college dropouts."

The members dropped out to follow a dream of rock 'n' roll that has brought the group through many changes.

"We did play up north for about three months: Vermont; New York; New York City; Connecticut," Heaton said.

"We used to play all originals, and maybe three of our own renditions of other people's music," Farrell said.



Staff photos by Wayne Beyer  
Pictured from Control Group are Oliver Roberts playing bass, Kris Heaton on guitar, Billy Farrell beating the drums.

The band dropped many of its first original tunes when Miller left: "Plus the musical style of the band has changed and evolved so the songs that we used to play aren't as apropos to what we're doing now," Heaton said.

Many of the band's songs are still evolving with the group. If one listens carefully to the band's older songs played on WKNC and to the same songs still played by Control Group on stage, one can detect drastic changes in lyrics as well as an updated and more refined instrumental arrangement. The changes are due to the band's inner growth and maturation, and a new vocalist.

After Miller's departure, the band was scheduled for its second N.C. tour in June 1981, and it needed a new lead vocalist. The band received Donna Von Plock's name.

"We auditioned her and she auditioned us and now she's sitting here," Farrell said.

"It came at a time in my life when I was ready to do something crazy," she said. "It was the biggest decision I've ever made in my life. I was ready to devote my life to something."

Von Plock is responsible for the new lyrics on the old original songs. She said she had tried to keep the new lyrics close to those of Miller's original lyrics, but the new lyrics reflect the band's evolved style.

"Treeology" — one of the two songs the group has pressed into vinyl — has become the song "Geometry." Other songs which were changed are "Just Another Night" and "My Sarina."

Von Plock also changed the words to "Super Sonic," but "that was kind of an ambiguous song anyway. The words always changed when we used to play it," according to Foote. "I heard it on the radio, and it was so different."

Changed lyrics and arrangements are not the only things that show Control Group's growth — several new songs have been written.

Roberts has been the main writing force for the band's music. He has written such tunes as "All the Same," "Just Another Night," "Situation," "War is Over" and "Be a Fool" — the other song on the band's single. He is also responsible for two of the latest: "Go Down" and "Back Again."

(See "Control," p. 7)

## classifieds

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Continued from page 6

"I'm the most frustrated of the band," Roberts said jokingly as his reason for writing so many of the band's songs. "I write the melodies, but no one knows that. I play guitar really. I fake bass for these guys and let them have all the glory."

"Seriously, I write all my songs on guitar and then I show them the guitar parts; then I let them improvise and put their own parts to it."

"I really wanted to be a very new-wave bass player at first, but then Control Group was totally into heavy metal, so we merged. We decided to make this 'heavy wave.'"

The band also has three other songs which are examples of this sound: "First Car," "E Man" and "Media Breakdown" — the last two songs were written by Heaton.

The band would like to get a permanent place in Raleigh, but "we're on the road so much that we would only be in the apartment maybe, if we're lucky, eight days a month," Farrell said.

Now the band members just move in and out of hotels in the towns where they are playing and here in Raleigh, the place they now call "home," with each other for family.

"We're very close," Von Plock said. The members of Control Group must be very close, not only to maintain harmony in the living arrangements, but also to maintain harmony in the musical arrangements. The members continue to live and work together to form, what they said they hope to be, a new category in rock 'n' roll.

The members were in somewhat of a disagreement over what's preventing the band back from becoming nationally famous right now.

They could rule out the stage lighting and sound engineering, as Neal "The Wizard" Murray and Jerry Coston really enhance the band's performance. Bert Inabinet has done an excellent job for the band as the stage manager. Dave Jarema, their manager, has been their most honest critic and biggest fan.

One band member said the lack of an album was the cause; another member said the lack of original material. But perhaps Foote had the answer when he said, "Time." Time — to practice, to write, to grow, to develop consistency and stability, and to establish a firm base — was the key.

As far as Control Group's fans, the Control Patrol, are concerned, it can take all the time it needs here in Raleigh. No one should miss seeing this band. The sheer enjoyment of the music and the fun is reflected from the audience to the band and back again.

Your chance is now: Control Group will be appearing tonight and Saturday at The Silver Bullet Saloon.

## Entertainment Briefs

by Karl Samson  
Entertainment Writer

**The Magic Christian** Friday, 7 and 11 p.m.  
Stewart Theatre Admission: \$75 cents

In this outrageously offbeat comedy, Peter Sellers and Ringo Starr wreak havoc on the pretensions of modern society. With tremendous wealth they do whatever their twisted hearts desire, no matter who it offends.

**Hospital** Friday, 9 p.m.  
Stewart Theatre Admission: \$75

George C. Scott stars as the chief of medicine at a hospital in this wicked satire written by the master of satire, Paddy Chayefsky. In this film, hospitals, doctors and modern medicine receive the same treatment that network news broadcasts received in Chayefsky's Academy Award winning film, *Network*.

**Dragonslayer** Saturday, 7, 9:15 and 11:30 p.m.  
Stewart Theatre Admission: \$1

George Lucas' Industrial Light and Magic special-effects team did the wonderful magic in this film about a sorcerer's apprentice who must save the British countryside from a 40-ft. fire-breathing dragon. This was by far the best fantasy film of 1981.

**GOOD GRIEF!!!** Good old Charlie Brown and his fun-loving dog, Snoopy, are live on stage. Charlie Brown and the whole gang will be appearing at Stewart Theatre Saturday. This musical comedy will be performed at 1:30 p.m. and 4 p.m. The performance is recommended for children in grades K-6 and their parents. It will run about an hour and a half.

Come watch all the Peanuts sing and dance in this lively show. Tickets are just \$3.50 per person and are on sale now for both shows at the Stewart Theatre box office, located on the second floor of the University Student Center. For more ticket information, call the box office at 737-3104.

## D.C. punk band visits Raleigh

# Be good 'n' smart — see Bad Brains

by Margaret Johnson  
Entertainment Writer

The Triangle area has recently been fortunate enough to play host to the Bad Brains, a Washington, D.C.-based, punk-reggae band that has transplanted itself into New York City. The band has the distinction of being the best of the first punk bands out of the district.

Such bands as Black Market Baby and the Slickee Boys are also from the first punk era. These bands are still playing together, but the Bad Brains seem to be the major influence on the present punk scene in the district. This scene greatly affects the

Triangle area, as the district has an incredible punk community; the waves manage to ripple into Raleigh on occasion.

A cultural revolution is in progress and the Bad Brains can be given a great deal of credit for firing the first shot in this movement of our society.

### The original group

The Bad Brains have been playing together as a group for about three years. The band remains intact from its original line-up with H.R. as lead vocalist, Dr. Know on guitar, Darryl Jenifer strumming bass and Earl beating the drums.

Rastas and very religious men. They are religious, not in the sense of being Sunday-morning churchgoers, but on a much more personal basis.

A beautiful, though unexplainable aura surrounds the Bad Brains; their music bears witness to this. Near the end of a performance, it is common for H.R. to come into the audience and shake hands. This is a gesture of the desire for togetherness that the Bad Brains seem to strive for and believe in most of all. Their music crosses over our society's barriers, bringing all together as one.

The Bad Brains play sets which consist of both punk and reggae songs. The band

is able to jump from a hard-core punk tune that truly rocks the crowd and provokes violent dancing, to a reggae song that has the audience moving together to one beat.

The band's music is tribalistic and basic. Much physical movement is involved with an unbelievable amount of energy created. Its music reflects the changing times.

The Bad Brains now make their home in New York where they are taking their bite of the Big Apple. They are currently on their first extensive east coast tour.

The Bad Brains will be performing at The Big Bad Wolf Monday night with the Throbs' opening show.

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# Films Board

Friday January 22, 1982  
7:00 & 11:00p.m. \$7.50  
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9:00p.m.  
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7, 9:15, 11:30p.m. \$1.00  
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Monday January 25  
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GEORGE LITO... A BRIAN DE PALMA FILM

**JOHN TRAVOLTA NANCY ALLEN**

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# Farm House Fraternity forms blood program

by Mary Durham  
Staff Writer

A blood service program is being formed on State's campus. Sponsored by Farm House Fraternity, the program will be administered totally by the campus.

"Currently, State is the largest single blood-donor group in Wake County. State gives about 2,100 pints of blood of the 18,000 pints Wake County receives a year," Pete Montague of the Wake County Red Cross Chapter said.

State organizations have about 14 blood drives a year, according to Montague. The most recent blood drive on

campus was sponsored by the brothers of Sigma Alpha Mu Fraternity. The students gave 220 pints of blood on Wednesday, according to John Reeves, fraternity spokesman.

The new blood program will have a board composed of students. The board will work with Larry Gracie, director of Student Development, and Jerry Barker, the coordinator of Health Education Programs, Montague said.

"We are able to offer all State students total blood-service usage," Montague said. This program enables

students and their families to be guaranteed of blood when they need it. The Red Cross can continue this program as long as students continue to donate their blood, according to Montague.

"Wake County is in desperate need of blood donors to keep out of emergency levels," Montague said, adding that the recent snow fall kept many bloodmobiles from making their usual stops.

Students are urged to contact the Wake County Chapter at 833-3016 if they have questions pertaining to blood service.

Mark Wrotry, commander of Arnold Air Society, presents a commemorative sword to acting Chancellor Nash Winstead in a ceremony Wednesday in memory of State Alumni who died in service, and in celebration of AFROT's 35th anniversary on the State campus. The sword is Number 9 of a limited edition by the Wilkinson Sword Company of Canada.



Staff photo by Jim Felt

## 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.

NEED HELP WITH A CONSUMER problem? Want to save money? Call NCSU Student Consumer Assoc. We can help! 2799 24 hrs.

WATERSKIERS: NCSU WATERSKI club meeting on Thur., Jan 28 at 8 p.m. in the Blue Room of the Student Center. Everyone is invited to attend.

THE NC STATE FRISBEE CLUB will meet in the Packhouse 7 p.m. on Thurs. Feb 4. Bring your own refreshments. All interested in any level of the sport should attend.

FREE WINDOVER 1982 posters are available at 3132 Student Center. MWF 10-12, TH 1-3.

JOIN ORCLEK - MONDAY 6 P.M. BLUE ROOM Student Center. This is a special membership meeting.

PRE-MED/PRE-DEB CLUB meeting Tuesday, Jan. 26, 7:30 p.m., RM 3533 Gardner Hall. Important meeting.

RALEIGH PARKS & REC. - Special Populations Division needs volunteers to assist with classes for mentally and physically impaired persons: Ceramics, swimming, wildlife study, fitness, sports and games. Call Volunteer Services 737-3183.

LOST - SMALL, 7 diamond, white gold ring very sentimental in value. If found, please call Susan at 828-4573. Ring value \$5 reward will be paid.

STATE GAY COMMUNITY BUSINESS MEETING SUNDAY Jan. 24 at 7 p.m. in the Green Room. Everyone is welcome.

1982 AGROMECK yearbook layout session "A" begins Sat. morning at 11:00 in the Senate Hall, 3rd floor Student Center. All layout staff members are expected to attend.

FREE TUTORING FOR ENGINEERING STUDENTS in MA 111, 102, 202 ENG 111, 112, PY 205, 208, CH 101, 105, 107. Come by 119 Riddick and ask for Will or Billie.

STUDENTS WHO FEEL THEY may be eligible for an exemption from the results of the random selection process should contact the housing office immediately for an exemption form.

ENGINEERING, MATH, OR SCIENCE STUDENTS NEED to tutor in following courses: MA 111, 102, 202, ENG 111, 112, PY 205, 208, CH 101, 105, 107. Come by to apply in 119 Riddick.

MAR. 29, 1982: DR. DAVID RUBIN, Duke Univ. "Autobiographical Memory"

OPEN HOUSE SPONSORED BY THE NCSU CRIMINAL JUSTICE Service Club on Wed. Jan 27 from 7 p.m. to 10 p.m. in the 1st floor Link Bldg. Lounge. All students are welcome to come and meet prominent members of the N.C. Criminal Justice System. Free beer and other refreshments will be available.

ULTIMATE FRISBEE will be played at 3 p.m. at Harris field on Tuesdays, Fridays and Saturdays this spring (starting immediately weather permitting). Bring a frisbee.

MORAVIAN STUDENT FELLOWSHIP MEETING SUNDAY Jan. 24 at 7:30 p.m. at 2332 Arline Dr. For more information or rides call Rev. Durham at 787-4034 or 787-4191.

MEDICAL TECHNOLOGY CLUB MEETING Monday, Jan. 25 at 7:30 in 3533 Gardner Hall. Please come!

WATERSKIERS: NCSU WATERSKI CLUB meeting on Thur., Jan 28 at 8 p.m. in the Blue Room of the Student Center. Everyone is invited to attend.

CLUBS INTERESTED IN SOME PUBLICITY? Call Julia at 737-6054 about the information booth soon to appear in the library annex.

WE WILL HAVE A COVERED DISH supper on Tues. Jan 26 in the Blue Room, Student Center. The new high school program will be presented at the meeting.

THE ENGINEERING OPERATIONS SOCIETY will meet Tues. Jan 26 at 7:15 p.m. in Daniels 225. All EO's are urged to attend.

"ATLANTIS: EXTENSION OF HUMAN Deep Diving Depth" Dr. Peter Bennett, Duke University Medical Center, Mon. Jan 25, Poe Hall, Room 638. Coffee at 3:30, introduction at 3:45.

FEB. 8, 1982: DR. ILENE SIEGLER, Duke Univ. Medical Center "Psychological Aspects of Aging: Data from the Duke Longitudinal Studies."

MAR. 22, 1982: DR. LOUIS TORNATZKY, National Science Foundation "Organizational Change Innovations and Mental Health."

APR. 26, 1982: DR. PATRICK LOGUE, Duke Univ. Medical Center "Neuro Psychology at 2250 1/2."

THE NATIONAL AGRI-MARKETING ASSOC. (NAMA) will meet in the Green Rm., 4th floor Student Center Mon. Jan 25 at 7:30. Program: Resume Preparation and Interviewing Techniques. Introductory spring semester meeting!

ALL THOSE INTERESTED IN JOINING THE BIG BROTHER BIG SISTER volunteer program offered by the Raleigh Mental Health Center, please call 737-5863 after 5 for further information.

THE BLACK STUDENT BOARD will hold a meeting at 4 p.m., Tuesday, Jan. 26, in the Pack House (Univ. Student Center). All students who are interested are encouraged to come.

ENGINEERS' RUSH THETA TAU - NATIONAL ENGINEERING Fraternity. Party ECU victory celebration - North Hall 8th floor lounge - Jan 23 - 9:30 p.m. until. Smoker - Packhouse - Jan 26 - 6 p.m. Call 851-6686 for more info.

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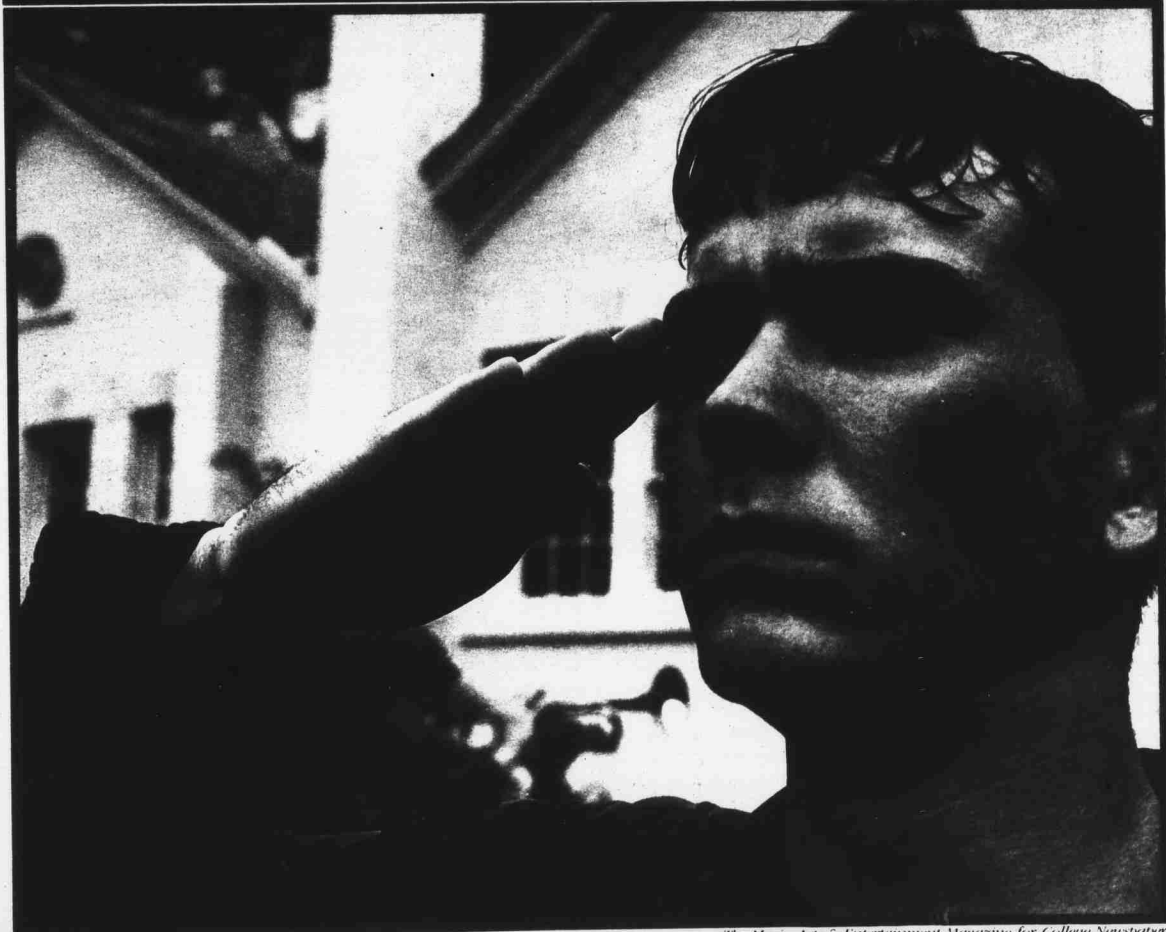
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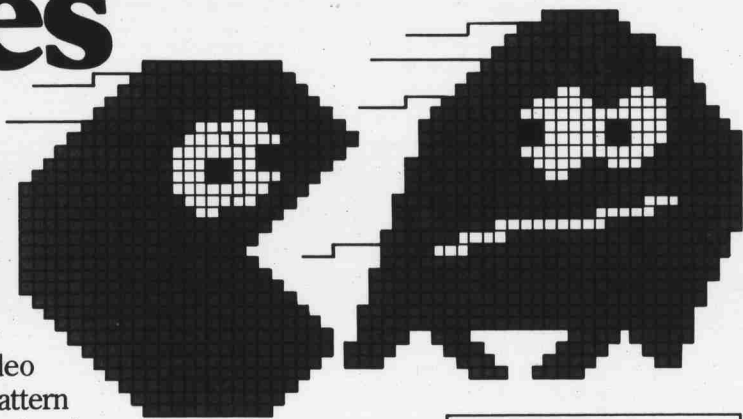
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OUR COVER

The Month Book of David by Tompkins, Photography by John DeLorenzo, Designer: [unreadable]

The Dead require no defense. Anyone who's been there knows there's nothing like a Grateful Dead concert. And to date, *Dead Set* is the next best thing to being there.

Rosalie McFall  
Isa Vista, CA

Congratulations on your mention of *Community Jobs* magazine in the November issue (Off-Beat Magazine). As a long-time fan of this one-of-a-kind resource, it's great to see it start getting some of the attention it deserves; there aren't many places these days where you can find people offering solutions to this country's problems, instead of merely listing them.

I only hope you don't start going the way of some other publications—giving publicity to a good cause without letting people know how to get in touch. How about printing their address? Any help this magazine gets is a help for all of us.

Robert Whirry  
Torrance, CA

Forgive our oversight. In answer to many requests, the address for *Community Jobs* is 1520 Sixteenth Street NW, Washington, DC 20036.

The plural of opus is OPERA.

Bill O'Brien  
University of Wisconsin, Milwaukee

For your information, the plural of opus ("The Future of the Spent Forces," p.6) is opera. The article on *The Prisoner* [Nov. issue] was terrific—now how about one on doctor Who?

Arne Collins  
No Address

(P.S.: Who? Yes—Who!)

I am extremely offended by the Jensen Audio ad that you ran in the December issue (on page 8). As a male, I cannot say that I know what it is like to be treated as a "sex object," but I do feel that such ads not only demean women, but also men, too, because they portray us as lustful, sex-obsessed, and selfish.

I really like your magazine, and I feel that bands such as the Go-Go's, X and the Pretenders show that women have a lot to contribute to rock. It would be a shame for aspiring women artists to be discouraged by the attitude that is expressed in the Jensen ad.

Christopher Herlby  
Cambridge, MA

### New Contributors

L. R. (LOR) HIGA (In Print) was born in Hawaii (her stationery has a picture of young L. R. with the caption "Portrait of the Artist as a Young Wahine") and now lives and writes in Los Angeles.

WINN L. ROSCH (Stereo Section) is a law student, a frequent contributor to the *Cleveland Plain Dealer* and — may Zeus have mercy on his pocketbook — owner of two Morgan Plus Fours. Morgans are British and unchanged in design since 1954. Rosch is Ohioan and changes design frequently.

DONNA ROSS (On Disc) has red hair, writes songs, and is currently working part time in our mail room. It's a living, right?

R. SUE SMITH (In Print) lives in Bowling Green, Ohio, where she teaches something called Popular Literature. Mysteries, among others.

"nobody can quite account" for *Fridays* finding its audience among "young teens and even children," and it's the musical acts that may be responsible for life "hoots and whoops at the slightest mention of drugs and sex"? A more likely explanation for both phenomena is that *Fridays*' juvenile humor appeals to juvenile viewers. An elderly 26, I find the show consistently unfunny and a poor third to *Saturday Night Live* and *Second City* among the late-night comedy shows.

As for Mark Blankfield's soon-to-be "first" movie, I don't blame producer John Moffitt for forgetting *Incredible Shrinking Woman*.

Chuck Pearson  
Eugene, Or

I would like to express some of my thoughts on the articles in your Nov. '81 issue about the Rolling Stones, particularly the review of *Tattoo You*. On page 6 you repeatedly mention Jagger's "spent force" statement and critics blast every album as not saying anything. I say the press is rehashing; the Stones said years ago that

it was "only Rock and Roll" in their opinion. At its simplest, it's a danceable backbeat, repetitive chord work, and an R&R attitude. *Tattoo* more than fits this criterion. And comparing the old guard to the new wave is as fruitless as comparing pre-'66 rock to post-'67. What did the new wave do? They returned to the roots of rock, a simplistic driving rebellious sound. Others like the Specials, Selector, the Beat returned to the root of reggae-skat! And how about the heavy metal renaissance? And now Lydon, the Clash, Heads and others have expanded into a poly-rhythmic, spacey, jungle (OMIGOD Psychedelic!) sound. You know that sounds like what the Beatles, the Stones and others did in the Sixties. Like a recycling, so it seems Mick is in tune to the real deal, telling it like it is. Open your minds! The 55-63 stars made competent rock while the 64-75 upstairs broke new ground. Now the throne is again being passed on. *Tattoo You* is Rock and Roll, pure and simple.

Donald A Miller  
Lexington, KY

## & OUT THE OTHER

### Can They Handle It?

**FRIDAYS** HOPES TO COME to the big screen; producer John Moffitt says that, should the first draft script be approved by ABC Motion Pictures, the show should go into production in spring or, at the latest, summer. The film may not be titled *Fridays*, but the word "Fridays" will appear somewhere," Moffitt said. He added that it will be "a caper adventure, hopefully, in the nature of *Raiders of the Lost Ark*." The show's regular performers will "play themselves and some of their characters," although the film will have a complete story, not a collection of sketches.

### How Many Pirates Does It Take to Scuttle a Good Thing?

**THE PIRATE MOVIE**, starring Kristy McNichol and Christopher Atkins (who's "put on a couple of years since *Blue Lagoon*," according to our favorite flack) is now filming in Australia. Sure enough, it's *The Pirates of Penzance*... sort of. It's a "contemporary youth picture" with lots of music—some of it from the Gilbert & Sullivan play. The new songs are by Terry Britten, who has worked with Cliff Richard (writing "Devil Woman" for him, among others). Meanwhile, *The Pirates of Penzance*, the one starring Linda Ronstadt and Kevin Kline, is now rolling in London and is cleaving unto the original G&S version. And there is yet a third version scheduled for BBC-TV, written by Monty Python's Eric Idle. Avast! Bellow this!

### Joy of Lamprooning

**NATIONAL LAMPOON'S** FILM FEATURES have had nothing but problems lately; first *National Lampoon Goes to the Movies* was deemed unleaseable and dreadful, now *National Lampoon's Joy of Sex* has been delayed because the director, Bill Norton Jr. (Cisco Pike, *More American Graffiti*) was fired — "creative differences," naturally. Director Joe Dante is the presumed replacement. Meanwhile, though, over at ABC Motion Pictures, *National Lampoon's Class Re-*

union was announced with a suitably tacky trade ad. Sample characters: "Delores Salk. Formerly gripped by polio, now possessed by the devil... Anne Marie Spaniel. Savaged by wolves and now a howler herself at each full moon... Egon Von Stoker. Responsible for Borden's most successful blood drive, now president of the local Red Cross." Give us a break.

### Sue Me, Sue You

**IT WAS ANNOUNCED** in a few trade papers recently that Paul McCartney and Yoko Ono would "probably" be jointly filing a lawsuit against ATV Music Co. (owners of Northern Songs, which holds the early Beatles copyrights) for "breach of trust" over royalty payments. No word on how much money is involved, or even if the suit has really been filed. No one connected (i.e., attorneys) would even confirm the basics.

### Waxing

**X**, WHOSE TWO LPs on the independent Slash Label had finally drawn respect from as far away as New York for the L.A. punk scene, signed with Elektra — home of smirking singer/songwriters and Urban Cowboy's Exene, Billy Zoom and company — are inked for a reported five albums, one of which ought to come out in April. Suggested titles for that release include *Running on Malice*, *Songs for Everypunk* and *Late for the Riot*.

**B**UTCH HANCOCK, who writes some of Joe Ely's best songs ("West Texas Waltz," "Standin' at a Big Hotel"), has two new albums being simultaneously released on Rainlight Records — 1981: *A Spare Odyssey* and *Pirevater* (Seeks Its Own Level).

**S**ITL ELATED OVER SHARING a bill with the Rolling Stones (Keith Richards requested their presence), the Fabulous Thunderbirds — jovial masters of the blues idiom — are at work on a new LP. Production is by Craig Leon, known for his past work with the Ramones and Blondie.

### Richard Pryor Returns in 'Live on the Sunset Strip'

COMEDIAN RICHARD PRYOR, visibly recovered from his near-fatal brush with death in late 1980, was outrageous as ever as he returned to show business, doing two concerts of stand-up routines at the Hollywood Palladium, December 9-10, the results of which will be seen in the forthcoming Rastar film, *Richard Pryor, Live on the Sunset Strip*. Due for March, 1982 release, *Live* will consist of all-new material written entirely by Pryor, who is also producing, and will be directed by Joe Layton, a three-time Tony winner. Haskell Wexler, winner of Academy Awards for *Coming Home*, *Bound for Glory*, and *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?*, is the cinematographer. The film will be Pryor's 14th. His latest, *Star Crazy*, in which he co-starred with Gene Wilder, was Columbia Pictures' top box office grosser for 1981. The two will be reunited this year in Columbia's *Deep Trouble*.

Dressed in a red-orange suit, a black shirt buttoned to the neck (to conceal burn scars) and gold lamé shoes, Pryor admitted he was nervous on opening night, even though he had spent three months preparing material and had done a couple of test runs at the nearby Comedy Store.

The main topic of his monologue, replete with his usual colorful language, was his burn accident, a horrifying experience he often made sound hilarious. To answer the questions in everyone's mind, "What Happened?," he said, "Everyone who knows me knows that I have cookies and milk before I go to bed. Well one night I mixed low fat milk with pasteurized and when I dipped the cookie in, the s — blew up." Then, in a serious tone, he said, "I smoked free base [the mixture obtained when ether and cocaine are combined] every day for a year. It's the devil's smoke. I should have known better because the first time I smoked it, I burnt up the bed. I was smoking so much the dealers said, 'Richard, we can't sell you no dope.' When I found out I was a junkie, it scared the s — out of me." Then returning to a humorous vein, Pryor added, "They ought to use dope in the Olympics. When I was on fire, I ran the 100 yard dash in 4.8. When you run down the street on fire, people don't give you no trouble, they move right out of the way. Except for one old drunk who said, 'Hey buddy, got a light?'" Pryor also recounted his convalescence, brilliantly describing his first, very painful, sponge bath.

With a wonderful array of accents and dialects, the comedian also covered a trip to Africa ("They call it the Motherland but nobody knew me there. I looked in the phone book and I didn't see any Pryors"), a former ice-pick wielding employer, sex and the varied groups one finds in penitentiaries ("All the Chicano groups have names you can't pronounce, but the double Muslims, those are the ones you don't f — with because they can't wait to get to Allah.")

Pryor is truly a visual personage; we can't wait to see the film.

### Science Fiction

RAY BRADBURY'S long-awaited sequel to his 1951 science fiction classic, *The Day the Earth Stood Still*, will have to be awaited even longer. Although it is still in development, there is no script or screenwriter (Bradbury just did the treatment). However, Bradbury's horror novel, *Something Wicked This Way Comes*, is nearly finished shooting at Disney. Starring Jason Robards as the father, Diane Ladd as Mrs. Nightshade and English actor Jonathon Pryce as Mr. Dark, this film is part of Disney's move toward more "mature" features. And more expensive, too: "We built a \$2.5 million set around town square," marveled a Disney publicist.

Disney has two other science fiction projects in the works as well. *Total Recall*, based on Philip K. Dick's *I Can Get It for You Wholesale*, has been written by Ronald Shusett and Dan O'Bannon, who collaborated on *Alien*. It concerns a Walter Mitty-like character whose dream of a life of adventure leads him to purchase the memory of a former intergalactic espionage agent who, it turns out, is (was?) himself. Also, Steve Lisberger has written and will direct *Tron*, which will feature the most expensive use of computer animation in a full-length film to date. The stars are Bruce Boxleitner, David Warner and Jeff Bridges.

### No Respect for a Legend

IKE TURNER, who coached his wife Tina into the kind of performer Mick Jagger would be happy to steal moves from, who led the Ike and Tina Turner Revue through a multi-hit career on the Soul Circuit, was robbed at gunpoint recently in the high-priced Marina del Rey section of Los Angeles. No arrests have yet been reported.

### So You Wanna Be a Horror Film Star?

WELL, LISTEN NOW TO WHAT WE SAY. E.L. Casting is accepting resumes for an as-yet-untitled horror movie. Males and females 18 and over with "athletic ability" are being sought. Said ability is parenthetically defined as "(... able to fall down on floor)." No mention of needing ability to bleed and/or shriek when gouged, clawed and/or chainsawed. Got the talent? This could be your chance to fall, er, break into the big time.

### Will Their Reds Be Redder Than Our Reds?

RUSSIA IS MAKING ITS OWN version of the life of American journalist John Reed (currently appearing on a few big screens in this country as Warren Beatty's *Reds*): theirs, a Soviet-Mexican-Italian production, stars Franco Nero.

Also from Russia: *A Woman for All Times*, the story of famous ballerina Anna Pavlova, with Galina Believa as Pavlova, Robert De Niro as impresario Sol Hurok, and director Martin Scorsese in a small role.

### Big, Big Screens

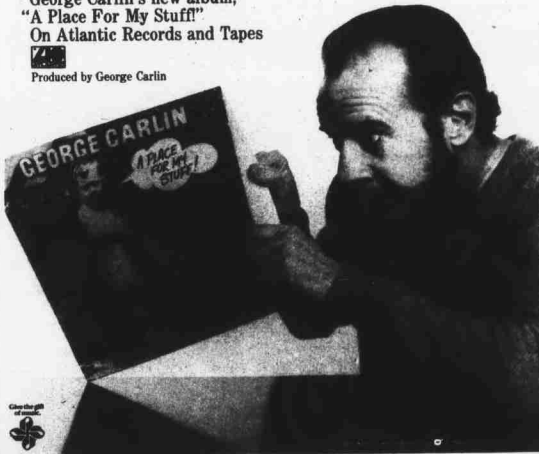
MAX, THE LATEST effort to lure people away from television into theaters, projects film onto giant screens — 70 feet high. So far, like old Cinerama, this concept has been used to show off the medium. Now there'll be a feature film to fill it — *My Strange Uncle* is a so-called wacky farce, wherein a weird will inspires two heirs, a niece and a

(Continued on page 18)

## GEORGE CARLIN HAS FINALLY FOUND A PLACE FOR HIS STUFF... IN YOUR EAR!

George Carlin's new album,  
"A Place For My Stuff"  
On Atlantic Records and Tapes

Produced by George Carlin



© 1981, Jensen Sound Labs



"Now that there's a Jensen made for it,  
this baby's perfect for us."

With a Jensen® ThinMount™ car stereo speaker system, you don't have to sacrifice sound performance for size. Remarkably thin mounting depths let you put full range Jensen speakers in a variety of tight places. Then sit back, listen and be moved.

**JENSEN**  
CAR AUDIO

**When it's the sound that moves you.**

# EVOLUTION ON THE BIG SCREEN

BY STEVEN X. REA

What do you do with a movie that takes place 80,000 years ago, is spoken in a language that doesn't exist, that depicts man's primitive ancestors scratching at their rears and picking their noses, and that co-stars a gaggle

of furry-skinned apemen, red-faced cannibals and elephants decked out in giant matted Beatie wigs? Well, if you're the head of a major Hollywood studio—the head of any of the Hollywood studios, in fact—you advise the earnest folks proposing such a harebrained scheme to take their project somewhere else. Which is exactly what happened to the people responsible for *Quest for Fire*, a picture that took four years to make: three of those years spent trying to convince somebody—anybody—that their idea was actually worth the time of day.

Directed by Jean-Jacques Annaud, a Frenchman whose first feature, *Black and White in Color*, won him the 1978 Academy Award for Best Foreign Film, *Quest for Fire* is the story of a trio of long-faced Homo sapiens who venture beyond their tribal boundaries when their life-sustaining possession, fire, is stolen by a bristly platoon of marauding Neanderthals.

The fire is carried in a skull-like lantern-cage (sort of pre-history's answer to the Olympic torch), and the threesome's sojourn to retrieve the vital embers takes them across treacherous mountains, arid, blazing plains and swampy boglands. Along the way, our hairy heroes—Naoh (pronounced *naw*), Amoukar and Gaw

—have to contend with the likes of wolves, bears, quicksand, flesh-eating humans, saber-toothed lions, giant thundering mammoths and Ika—a cackling, pain-covered nymphet from the advanced Ivaka tribe (read: love interest). Not exactly your average Sunday afternoon outing.

On paper, *Quest for Fire* looks like potential Monty Python material. Indeed, executive producer Michael Gruskoff—a William Morris mailboy grown into Hollywood honcho who has been with *Quest* since October 1977—reports that one of the standard lines he'd be handed by studio chiefs when they were busy saying no was "How are you going to pull this off without having the audience laughing at these people? It's going to look downright silly."

But on screen, *Quest for Fire* is anything but silly. From the opening sequence, when the peaceful Ulam tribe is besieged by the fearsome Wagabous, the audience is swept up in this epic primeval adventure. The makeup, crafted by Englishman Chris Tucker (*The Elephant Man*) and Canadian Michele Burke, is a marvel to behold. The Ulam's features are coarse and elongated, but they're instantly recognizable as the expressive, wondrous visages of our predecessors, the Nean-



A masked Ivaka tribesman (left); bero Naoh (Everett McGill) in the mud (center); and Rae Dawn Chong as Ika (right)



derthals, the animals, the bamboo-matted and beaded villages—all of them resound with the vibrant color and documentary authority of an animated *National Geographic* layout.

As for the actors, they present sympathetic, deeply drawn characters. Miami-born Everett McGill, who has worked extensively on the New York stage and co-starred in such films as *Yankee, Brubaker* and *Union City*, takes the role of the dreadlocked Noah, the hero of the quest. Ron Perlman, a native New Yorker, plays Amoukar, Namerel El Kadi, the son of a Turkish diplomat, is the elegant Gaw, and Rae Dawn Chong, the 20-year-old daughter of Tommy (Cheech and...) Chong, has the part of the skinny, wailing Ika who wins the heart of Noah. We watch as these ignorant, innocent human beings struggle to grasp at new concepts and emotions, as they learn to smile, to laugh, as they make the transition from fornicator to love maker. *Quest for Fire* is a journey-story with the same mythic overtones as *The Odyssey*. As the protagonists' adventures unravel, the humor, the fear, the love, the violence and the bravado—the essence of human nature—come to the fore.

Based on *La Guerre du Feu*, a 1911 novel by Rosny Aisne, *Quest for Fire* is a purely speculative work (the ad campaign treats it as a "science fantasy"), but Gruskoff, Annaud and screenwriter Gerard Brach have gone to great lengths to make it as realistic, as historically and anthropologically accurate as possible. "We approached *Quest* with the same serious intent as the people who made *2001* or *Atanarjuat*," says Gruskoff. "Where they endeavored to create a tenable vision of the future, we tried to create a similar vision of the distant past." Adds Annaud: "We show early man as I believe he truly was, a peaceable creature except when roused, a stranger in an environment he could not understand and had reason to fear."

An avid amateur anthropologist who came to filmmaking from a background in TV commercials, Annaud arrived at his concept of primitive man by consuming a veritable library's worth of information and by pooling that knowledge with his own theories and imaginings. "Intelligent speculation, backed by research, may lead us to the truth," he muses.

The filmmakers' quest for the truth as it may have been eight millennia past led them to elicit the aid of a couple of modern day experts: novelist/linguist Anthony Burgess and author/anthropologist Desmond Morris. Burgess, who created a futuristic lingo for his book *Godzark Orange*, was recruited to shape a new—but theoretically old—verbal language for the Ullans, while Morris (*The Naked Ape*, *Manwatching*) was hired to provide the actors with a complementary vocabulary of physical gestures. Combined, the prehistoric guttural yammering and the simian gesticulations render the film's story line readily understandable. As such, *Quest for Fire* is probably the first movie in history that will play worldwide without the use of subtitles or dubbing.

Burgess, writing in *The New York*

*Times Magazine*, explained the strategy behind his newly formed lexicon. "People usually expect what is called a primitive language to be simple, but the further back you go in the study of language the more complications you find. Simplicity is the fruit of the ability to generalize, and primitive man found it hard to generalize. One word for this ancient weapon and another word for that man's weapon, but no word for weapon. It would have been stupid, preparing a script in a new tongue for actors to learn, to be too pedantic about the probable complexity of an ancient language, so I compromised. But I could not compromise too much...."

"Speech still seems, all these thousands of years ago, to be an aspect of gesture, and speech and gesture together will make things clear. But it has to be established—in what, though promoted as entertainment, is still a serious, even scientific, film—that man is a talking animal, that articulate speech is what defines his species."

Desmond Morris, discussing the nature of our ancestral earth-dwellers, has this to say about his work on *Quest for Fire*. "One of the notions we're seeking to dispel is the misconception that early man was a lumbering brute who was always dragging women off by the hair and living in lousy conditions. If you study the social life of primitive man from the remains we have, you discover that he could only have succeeded if there was a considerable amount of mutual aid, cooperation and love within his group. This sense of assistance, tenderness and friendship contrasted strikingly with the killing and the hunting he had to do to survive."

One would think that with the involvement of popular scholarly types like Burgess and Morris, and with the guidance of an Academy Award-winning director, filmom's financial powers would have readily given the go-ahead to shoot *Quest for Fire*. Not so, says an emphatic Gruskoff. "They said we were crazy. They were worried about it not being in English; they were worried about going way over budget [the picture came in at around \$12 million]; they were worried about the locations; and they were worried about a French director. Sure he won an Academy Award, but he was French—it was exotera land."

Gruskoff, whose screen credits as a producer include Mel Brooks' *Young Frankenstein* and Werner Herzog's *Nosferatu*, tells a frustrating tale of ungrateful rejections, commitments that were cancelled out, commitments that were cancelled out by the ouster of one corporate regime for another and then, finally, after the capital, the cast, the crew and the country had been finalized, he tells about the actors' strike that began in July 1980, two months. "We just sank. Everybody was in London waiting to go to Iceland, which was our original location, and we were stopped cold. So I tried to do some independent financing—if I find some independent financing—if I find some independent financing—we could come to shoot through the strike—and I did, in Hong Kong, but then that fell

through. Then I went to Switzerland and got another group. I had them for a week and then they followed. Finally, I got together with a Canadian-French outfit and we pulled it together."

By the time the new money was found, it had become too late in the year for Iceland and filming began with four weeks in Scotland, followed by five weeks in Kenya and—after a four month layoff due to weather—five weeks in Ontario and British Columbia. The animals—elephants, lions, wolves, bears—were transported from

continent to continent. The actors, barefooted and mostly naked beneath their scraps of hide, withstood the bonechilling cold of the Scottish highlands, the dusky heat of Kenya and the cold, wet North American spring. (Though it's never stated in the film, the Ullans are supposed to inhabit the same general landmass that is today Chile.) The mountains, the mountain trek over the Pyrenees, and the hot, dry plains on the other side is northern Spain.)

Comfortably ensconced in his Culver City studio office, Gruskoff

projects the heady zeal that comes after an obstacle-strewn course has finally been run. Like any self-respecting hot-shot producer, he's already talking sequel, and if *Quest for Fire* lives up to the expectations its creators and its backers have for it, a sequel is certainly in the offing. "We'll have the same principal actors, but we'll bring it into another time period," he explains, gearing up for the hard sell. "Maybe 6,000 years ago, at the dawn of the agricultural age."

Ah yes, *Quest for Hoes*. Sounds kind of crazy, doesn't it?

## ON DISC

### Delbert McClintone Plain from the Heart

(Capitol) For a shady stretch there, it seemed like Delbert McClintone's albums were being cut by someone who only thought they were Delbert McClintone. Early in 1981, though, this longtime rocker scored his first Top Ten hit, a loping track called "Giving It Up for Your Love," from a passable (by McClintone standards) LP called *The Jealous Kind*. Whether that hit restored some deeper confidence base, or simply convinced his label to spend more money on the follow-up, *Plain from the Heart* is the solidest album in several years.

The first three cuts are just hors d'oeuvres to get the party started. The Muscle Shoals team, which smothered a few of *The Jealous Kind*'s tracks, is mixed with multiple horns, but punctuated with some staccato, sometimes trilling riffs.

Side Two is recorded with smaller ensembles, which has a liberating effect on the bluestier side of McClintone's musical scope. Also, every cut on this side has a dose of McClintone's hard-monica playing, a proven quantity since Nineteen & Sixty Two, when it highlighted fellow Texan Bruce Channel's hit "Hey Baby."

"Sandy Beaches," the single release, may be the sweetest ocean sound-emulating cut since Leon Russell's pinnacle "Back to the Island." Also, it's a refreshing change up from the R&B mold, a warm and soulful mood piece.

"Lipstick Traces" benefits from a chugging guitar figure, and "I Feel So Bad" gets what might be the best reading of its entire career. It's still a stronger groove than it is a lyric, though. In Reaganian tragicomic times like these, it's revitalizing to come across music with some power in *Plain from the Heart* is one of 1981's best releases.

Byron Laursen

### HARLAN! Harlan Ellison Reads Harlan Ellison

(The Harlan Ellison Record Collection) This spoken word package containing two of writer Harlan Ellison's best known short stories has all the marks of blatant self-aggrandizement—a sort of audio version of a vanity press Best of Collection. The Harlan Ellison Record Collection, we are told, is the most monumental record society for the spoken word ever devised. There is more than a note of irony in all this, considering Ellison's reputation as an abrasive, outspoken and even arrogant

demi-celeb.

Be that as it may, *Harlan!* is an excellent showcase for its author's professed prose style. Despite the disadvantage of a rather high and at times reedy voice, Ellison delivers a subtle, amusing and resonant reading of his material, with a surprisingly dramatic flair. The emphasis here is on the cadence and rhythm of the words and Ellison's rendering soars and careens with a breathless precision.

"Repeat, Harlequin!" said the Tick-tockman "I, we are informed by the cover blurb," one of the most reprinted stories in the English language." Ellison's treatment of the 1966 cautionary tale—where every late minute of a person's life is subtracted from the total life span—makes us almost believe the claim. Compared with the album's B side—the rather mordant "Shatterday"—"Repeat" is a masterful translation from print to groove. Ellison evokes a marvelous array of character and nuance in the tale, the prose taking on a near-poetic ebb and flow. It is an absurdly appealing tale given a loving familiar touch by its creator. "Shatterday" suffers from a somewhat flat and somewhat monotonous delivery. The delicate transition to sound, but is, nevertheless, a creditable effort.

Ellison is marketing his own albums; those who wish to purchase same (for \$49.95) should write to The Harlan Ellison Record Collection, 420 S. Beverly Drive, Suite 207, Beverly Hills, CA 90212.

Darin Seay

### THE BLASTERS The Blasters

(Slash) The Blasters are a 100%, died-in-the-wool traditional rock 'n' roll band who have their early blues, rhythm & blues and rockably slick down cold. Their second LP—the first was released on the Rollin' Rock rockabilly label—comes courtesy of the LA punk label Slash. But that only goes to show how utterly morose—if not outright blind—major labels are to basic, energetic American rock 'n' roll these days.

The Blasters is fundamentally a groove record, meaning its first objective is to get fingers snappin', toes tappin' and heads bobbin'.

The material ranges from covers of songs made famous by country singer Jimmie Rodgers ("Never No More Blues") and r&b great Little Willie John ("I'm Shakin'") to originals that evoke the best spirit of Professor Longhair ("Hollywood Bed," which features one of two appearances by Lee Allen, the tenor sax man whose solos pop up on all the old Fats Domino and Little Richard hits) and

Chuck Berry (the marvelous "Marie, Marie"). "American Music" not only serves as a statement of the Blasters' intent but is every bit as powerful an anthem as the title declares it should be.

The finest single moment comes on "This Is It" where a few Delta blues licks cartwheel into a rock steady shuffle rhythm while Alvin throws in simple fills that are so utterly right they all but strut out of the speaker, cross the room and yell "YEAH!" in your face.

The album comes a cropper on the "stone country blues of 'Highway 61.'" The Blasters get off that swinging groove that powers their first two tunes and never really find their way back that doesn't change the fact that *The Blasters* is an excellent record.

Don Snowden

### QUARTERFLASH Quarterflash

(Geffen Records) Just out of the chute, in the outside lane is another new band—Quarterflash! Galloping into the first turn they're in good position, with their first single from their first LP on Geffen Records in the top ten. "Harden My Heart" is the kind of ditty one can find oneself singing along to by the second chorus. *Quarterflash* is a glossy, middle-of-the-road pop album. A couple of tracks are dogs, but three or four tunes hold up under repeated listening.

Randy Ross, lead singer and saxophonist, shares the spotlight with her husband, the guitar player, songwriter and sometimes lead singer for the group, Mary Ross.

In 1980, the band independently recorded "Harden My Heart" and had a #1 regional hit with it. Somewhat nosed and they were whisked away to Los Angeles to record *The Album*.

They open it with the hook-filled single and keep it rolling from there with an eerie-melodized, driving rocker called "Find Another Field." "Critic's Times" is the next cut and a surprise because it's a ballad sung by Mary. The theme of the song is great but the lyric is contorted and Mary sings like he's trying on a British accent.

It's Randy's turn again on "Valerie." This is a pop song with a twist: the story of one girl being very attracted to another. Hot stuff and done tastefully to boot. Randy is an engaging singer who shifts in and out of her falsetto with the greatest of ease. She's a good sax player, too.

By the way, the name Quarterflash comes from an old Australian folk saying: "A quarter flash and three quarters foolish." You gotta get a name from somewhere.

Donna Ross

## IN PRINT

**Bad Deeds**

KURT NEWELL  
Pinnacle, \$2.50

Detective novels are like sculpture. Or doo-wop records from the Fifties. Or architecture. Form follows function around and around in a finely patterned dance. What we respond to is choreography, the skill with which the form is fulfilled, the route by which the conclusion is reached. When the sculptor or the vocal arranger, or the detective novelist, brings it off with a sense of novelty or surprise, then we've got beauty.

*Bad Deeds* is a beaut of a detective novel. It's got everything genre fanatics crack the covers for: a private eye protagonist with a hard-boiled hide and a touchable heart, a secretary who calls him "Boss," a full complement of Irish cops, close scrapes and a sense of danger that accelerates like Al Haig's pulse on entering the War Room.

Arnie Kahane springs into action when a jockey friend is the victim of a

brutal assault. Before long, Kahane is off and running—finding out more than he wants to know about doped fillies, L.A. racetrack politics and a bent fatcat with designs on the circuit's foremost female jockey.

He also dodges tommygun-toting, Filipino, reads *Dick Tracy* comics, bows, drives out to the beach at midnight to clear his head (like Chandler's Marlowe), and falls into near love with an airhead dame who's "good in bed."

Kahane is believable (within the well-posted boundaries of the form). His pals and predators are well drawn and fall into their assigned roles with gusto. Best of all, they waltz and hop around a plot that keeps us turning pages fast. Well before halfway into *Bad Deeds'* 300-odd pages, we find ourselves trying to beat Kahane to the mystery's solution: who clubbed Wayne Teagueworthy? Who stands to lose the most if the goon is unmasked, and why did somebody pump lead into the quiet motel room where Arnie was shackled up with the gal jock?

Speed and action are *Bad Deeds'* chief virtues. That and in appropriately

economic prose. (Vagrant witness Horace Ipps is described as wearing "a filthy Salvation Army suit that was baggy enough for two of him.") Ipps' temporary address: "Bushes, Victory Park racetrack. Forwarding address: Bushes, Hialeah, Florida.") Newell's accomplishment is that he applies fresh twists and a sense of newness to a genre that, itself, has been worked over like a rummy, backstreet stiff. Good job.

Gene Sculatti

**Sixty Stories**

DONALD BARTHELME  
G.P. Putnam's Sons, \$15.95

*Sixty Stories* combines works from the author's seven previous collections with nine uncollected pieces and a section from a novel, *The Dead Father*. It is a chattering little beast with a startling satchel of sorcerer's charms, including:

Chaos: "... I produced chaos she

regarded the chaos chaos is handsome and attractive she said and more durable than regret I said and more nourishing than regret she said."

Litany: "... *peuter, snake, tea, Fad #6 sherry, serviette, fenestration, crown, blue* ..."

Repetition: "... butter butter butter butter butter butter ..."

Philosophy: "The death of God left the angels in a strange position."

Allusion: "Judge de Bonfons arrives carrying flowers."

The 100-proposition story: "84. Should I go back for the Band-Aids?"

The epistolary tale: Dear Dr. Hodder, I realize that it is probably wrong to write a letter to one's girlfriend's shrink but ..."

And much much more, not the least of which is literary theory: "... Some people," Miss R. said, "run to conceits or wisdom but I hold to the hard, brown, nutlike word."

Effects on the reader are (1) wonder (2) admiration (3) frequent, spontaneous, and unfeigned chuckles (4) frequent trips to the fat Webster's (5) recognition of common American

speech patterns (6) is he pulling my leg? (7) recognition of American follies and dreams (8) recognition of our (mankind's) common awareness of mortality (9) gratitude, etc.

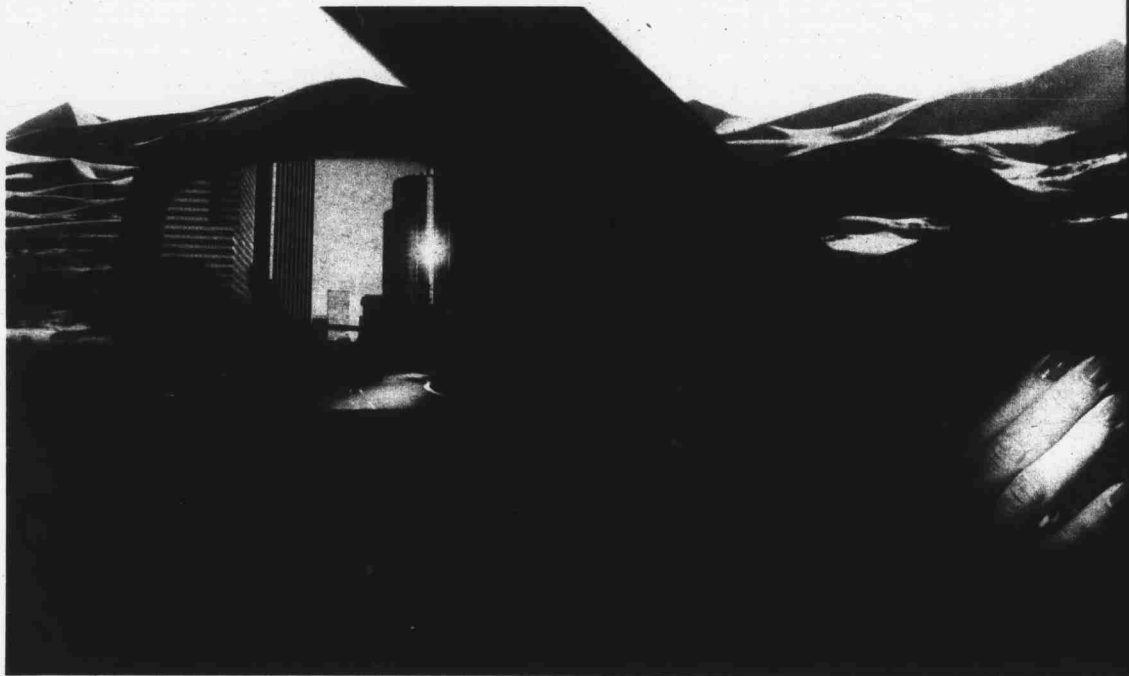
"Surprise," to quote a character in one of the stories out of the original, sexual context, "keeps the old tissues tense." There is a kind of clean, surgeonlike workmanship in snipping apart the cluttered tapes of literary loopage in the storage bins of our brains. Reading this book is like having a tumorlike regret taken out.

Clarke Owens

**Death Notes**

RUTH RENDELL  
Pantheon Books, \$9.95

Death by misadventure" is the verdict when Sir Manuel Camargue is found frozen beneath an icy pond on his Sussex estate. The frigid fatality of a world-famous flautist may have been nothing more than accident. But no accident can explain to Kingsmarkham Chief Inspector Reginald Wexford

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the mysterious visit made earlier to Camargue by a woman claiming both to be and not to be his estranged daughter, or Camargue's announced intention to disinherit Natalie Camargue Arno — an intention he did not live to fulfill.

Was Camargue's death accidental? Is the woman who calls herself Natalie Arno his rightful heir? These are the obvious questions in *Death Notes*; less obvious are the questions Wexford must ask himself as to what constitutes an identity. Is it something fixed and permanent like a passport, or a fluidity within us that alters not only because of how and where we live but from generation to generation? In *Death Notes* Wexford must read between the lines.

His suspicions take him to California, following the Pacific Highway for possible clues left in Los Angeles suburbs or Carmel motels where Arno may have lived. On that trail Wexford seeks as well an understanding of himself as an aging detective in a modern world.

Questions of identity suit Ruth Ren-

dell. Author of 20 mysteries and two collections of short stories, the British ex-journalist writes two very different kinds of novels. The Wexford series of police procedurals moves at the pace of Kingsmarkham itself, a middle-sized village feeling the intrusions of city life. These are sharp portrayals of ordinary people who find themselves extraordinarily linked by violent death. Rendell's non-series novels (such as *A Demon in My View*, which received the 1975 British Crime Writers Association Gold Dagger Award) explore the forces that lead individuals to commit outrageous acts. Her criminals are themselves victims of the necessary transition in English society from its past structured social classes to a chaos of classlessness.

*Death Notes* can be read at any point in the Wexford series with equal pleasure and respect for Rendell's mastery of the genre. Those reading the eleventh Wexford adventure need not return to the first for full appreciation of detective or author, and will find themselves satisfying the hunger mysteryphiles share for deeply-rooted

characters and suspenseful plotting.

R. Sue Smith

### America Now: The Anthropology of a Changing Culture

MARVIN HARRIS

Simon & Schuster, \$12.95

To many Americans, it would seem the American dream has finally turned into a nightmare of cosmic proportions. One need only read the morning's headlines for confirmation of America's sad realities — seen in an evergrowing miasma of bloody violence, decaying morals, sexual confusion and economic uncertainty. But while many Americans simply throw down their newspapers in despair or stop reading them entirely, Marvin Harris attempts to sort out the whole mess via anthropological methods that, while not exactly scientific or original, do make for mildly amusing cocktail party conversation.

After spending a lifetime studying cannibals and kings, Harris, an anthropologist at the University of Florida, has turned his eye to analyzing America's problems in a pedestrian book entitled *America Now: The Anthropology of a Changing Culture*. Here he examines the seemingly unrelated phenomena of American culture (including the rise of homosexuality, cults, crime, shoddy goods, women's liberation and inflation) and theorizes that they are all causally linked. Acknowledging that we are a nation of manipulators and manipulated, Harris traces the root of our cultural troubles to the drastic changes that have occurred in America's economy and social structure since World War II. The twin terrors of American big business and American government are blamed, the former for uniting into all powerful oligopolies, the latter for being an inefficient bureaucracy that excels at proliferating more inefficiency. Together, says Harris, they've worked to destroy the very foundations of the American dream. But writing about cause and effect relationships is a

tricky matter; while Harris takes on some interesting issues — like why there's high unemployment among blacks, deteriorating nuclear families, women who work and vocal homosexuals — he fails to completely convince us of the connections between these phenomena. The most interesting chapter is that on homosexuality, in which Harris discusses the practice in primitive and vanished cultures.

Many of the questions Harris raises simply cannot be answered because American society has no yardstick by which to measure itself, being a unique nation of diverse ethnic and cultural entities without a common thread. In addition, and quite obviously, the new technologies of our time are going to affect America in ways we cannot yet predict since we have nothing to which they can be compared. One thing Harris' book makes quite clear — in an age of decaying morals, traditions and economy, America has very little to comfort it ... and much to fear.

L. R. Higa



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# Stevie Nicks

## DOES IT AGAIN

BY BARRY ALFONSO

The sun streams in and warms the soft couch in Stevie Nicks' Marina Del Rey condominium living room.

Nicks is late. She'll miss the sun. But then, considering the shadowy, moon-struck feel of many of her songs, it may not be surprising that mornings don't suit her best. As the reigning

anymore to spend a whole evening sitting at my piano, so when I do see a night coming when I'm not going to have anything to do, I jump on it...

It's true that Nicks has had fewer free evenings of late. More a happening act than ever, her *Bella Donna* solo LP has been on the charts since late summer and has passed the platinum

far from her mind.

Nicks sits down at her piano and begins to play a simple chord progression and intone a few poetic fragments. From this germ of an idea, she explains, a song will grow. "I have these lines written down on a big pad," she says, tilting her head towards the artist's sketch book placed on top

of things like mood and shades of emotion are much more important to Nicks' art than technical considerations. At her best, her music has an oracular quality that makes it seem she's taking on the voice of some disembodied Other. The most famous of such songs, of course, is "Rhiannon," the tune that helped Fleetwood Mac

don't know... maybe old Rhiannon's up there and she wanted a song to be written for her." Nicks flashes a pearly, satisfied smile at the thought.

When Nicks was writing, "Rhiannon," she and ex-boyfriend (and current partner in Fleetwood Mac) Lindsey Buckingham were financially depressed and near-disillusioned, seemingly at a career dead end after the release of their duo LP on Polydor, *Buckingham Nicks*, in 1973. Waiting for a time, Nicks was writing the songs that would eventually make her famous. "It was probably the lowest point for Lindsey and me as far as our belief in what we were doing goes," she remembers. "I was in a real slump, period—I didn't think anything that I was writing would be on anything at that point." The course of Nicks and Buckingham's fortunes changed around New Year's Eve of 1975, when Mick Fleetwood asked the two of them to join the newest incarnation of Fleetwood Mac.

With the multi-platinum records that the Mac has earned has come well-publicized friction between the band members, disagreements that Nicks doesn't hesitate to discuss. "Fleetwood Mac changes all the songs I give to them," she says. "And many times, they're changed into something I don't like. At that point, I usually compromise—I'll give up the whole idea of something if I feel that somewhere the essence shines through. But when that essence goes completely, I can't handle it."

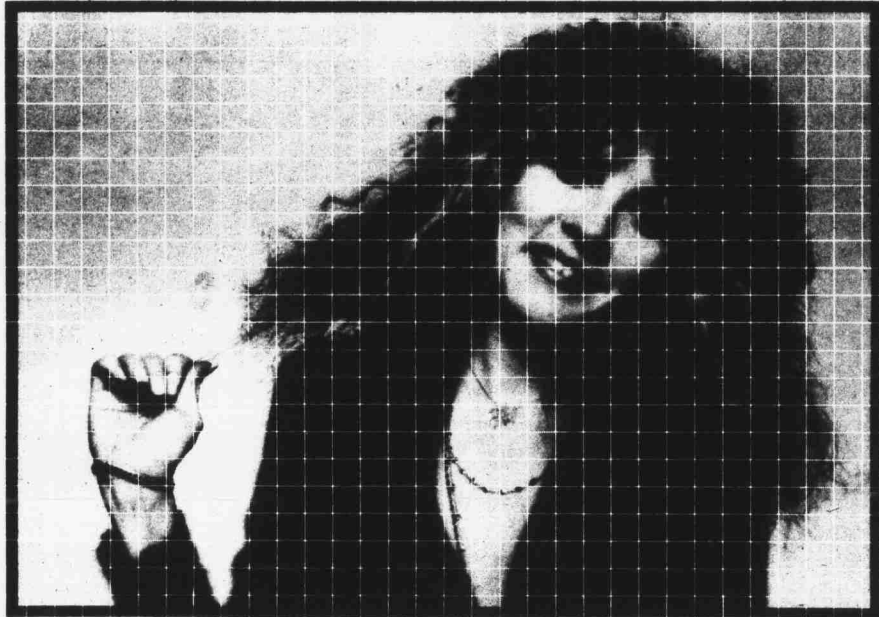
One sore point that irritates Nicks to this day is the exclusion of her "Silver Springs" from Fleetwood Mac's *Rumours* album (the song can only be found on the B-Side of the band's "Go Your Own Way" single). "The song went off the album because they said it was too long," she fumes. "Lindsey decided to put another one of mine, 'I Don't Want To Know,' in its place. I literally had a nervous breakdown over that. I ran out into the parking lot of the studio and screamed!" She laughs and adds bemusedly, "That was not a good experience at all."

*Bella Donna*, on the other hand, features Nicks' songs more or less in the same form they were originally conceived; she was involved in the recording of *Bella Donna* every step of the way, in contrast with her Fleetwood Mac experiences. "Before, I've been banished to the control room—on the Fleetwood Mac albums, they play, I don't. I never fought to be one of the players, so that's my fault, not theirs. But with the solo album, my producer, Jimmy Iovine, didn't allow me to be dependent on anybody. He said, 'If you want to do a song, you'd better learn how to play it real good and go out and do it.'"

Nicks is currently in the position to pursue any career option she chooses: remain with Fleetwood Mac, go solo, or attempt to do both.

"The fame and fortune hasn't made much difference," Nicks insists. "If it had, I would've quit if it had started to kill my love of songwriting. I don't let the rest of the world in on that particular plane of my life too much."

Whatever astral plane Stevie Nicks' music is created on, it obviously has filtered down into the hearts of millions of record-buyers. It's reassuring to know that as introspectively whimsical a person as she can make it to the big time. "I love atmosphere, to have twinkly things around me that startle me a bit. Even when I'm on the road, I light a candle, put a drape over a lamp and create atmosphere anywhere I am. I can make a hotel room into a real groovy little place."



Good Witch of AM Radio, the Fleetwood Mac songstress traffics in a brand of mysticism that has given her a Spirit of the Night image.

There's a large smoked-glass crescent moon mounted on a pedestal, an old fashioned lamp with a patchwork, fringe shade, a pair of children's fairy tale books on the coffee table before me. With a large video player and stereo equipment surrounding me, also, the atmosphere here is half-antique, half-1980s.

Nicks is up by about two o'clock or so, dressed in a mostly-purple neocortress outfit. "Sorry I slept so late," she offers. "I was up all last night writing—I don't have that much time

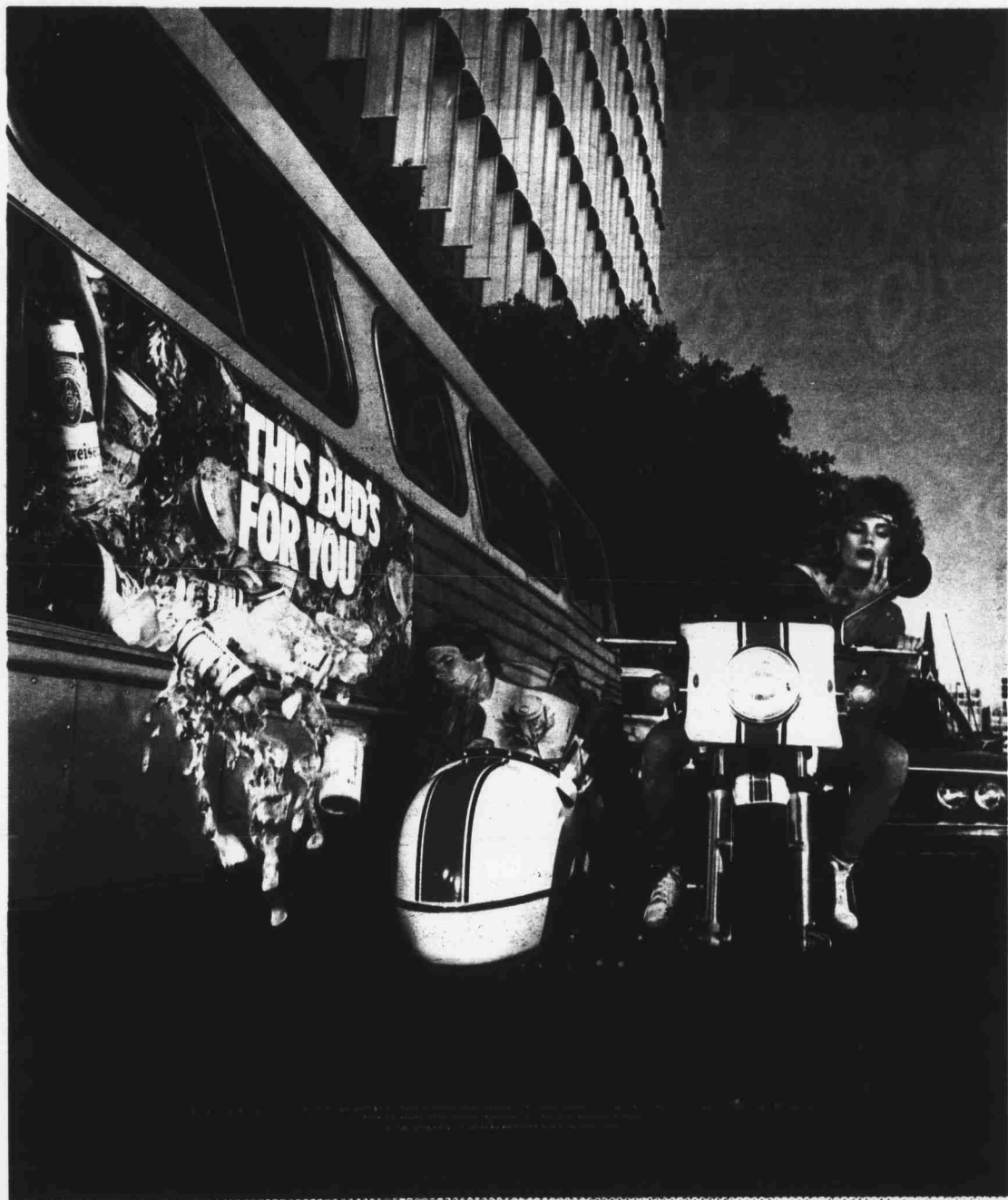
mark. "Leather and Lace," her duet with Don Henley, is currently ascending the singles charts, likely to match or surpass the success of "Stop Draggin' My Heart Around," which paired her with Tom Petty. Naturally, a tour was called for in the wake of the LP's appeal, and so Nicks spent late November through mid-December on the road in the Southwest with keyboardist Benmont Tench (of Petty's Heartbreakers), pianist Roy Bitan (of Bruce Springsteen's E Street Band), session guitar-whiz Waddy Wachtel and other rock notables. Yes, Nicks' time is at a premium these days—but, she emphasizes in our conversation, her first love of songwriting is never

of her piano. "I just pull lines out of them and sing them to see what sounds best. I record it over and over, and the whole song happens from there."

Benmont Tench, who completed an unfinished Nicks tune, "Kind of Woman," for *Bella Donna*, added some insights on Nicks' writing process on the phone some time later: "She writes in an almost two-fingered piano style, very stream-of-consciousness. The way she works is fascinating—her songs are kind of wild in structure and entirely instinctive. She's not locked into the things that musicians who know a lot about chords and so forth are."

rise to the pinnacles of rock popularity in the middle of the Seventies. Dramatizing the song on stage, Nicks improvises new lyrics as she weaves about in trance-like fashion. More than any other of her songs, "Rhiannon" defines Stevie Nicks' particular niche in pop music.

"It's a very strange thing with that song," she explains. "When I wrote it back in 1974, I hadn't read the legends of Rhiannon, a witch in Welsh mythology. I'd read the name in a novel and liked it—two years later I read the books of Rhiannon. It turns out that Rhiannon was the goddess of steeds and the maker of birds, and there's birds all over my 'Rhiannon.'" So, I



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by Winn L. Rosch

## Can You Still Live with Your Stereo?

**T**ime has a way of tip-toeing past us. Before we realize it, the new car has depreciated so badly scrap dealers won't touch it, the last Congressmen we voted for are eligible for parole, and we discover those faint lines behind the tuning dial of our receiver are actually cobwebs. Hi-fi components fortunately give us the opportunity to outrun the ravages of time by upgrading each part of our stereo system as technology leaves it by the wayside. But when is the proper time to replace a component in a venerable stereo system?

The primary purpose in getting new components is to improve the sound. When new

advances overtake the capabilities of your equipment you'll end up listening to sub-standard fidelity even if your equipment was once top of the line. More importantly, as you learn more about sound reproduction and music through the years, your ears will become more critical. You may actually out-grow your system.

The best way to decide when and what to update is to compare what you have to anything and everything else that is currently available. A Herculean task, to be sure. But if you know what to listen for and how to properly focus the scope of your search, your quest will be not only manageable but

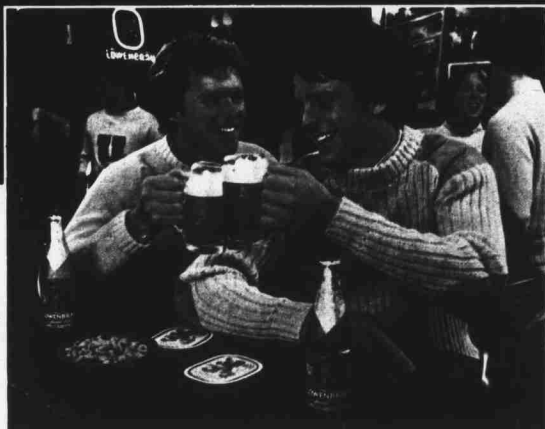
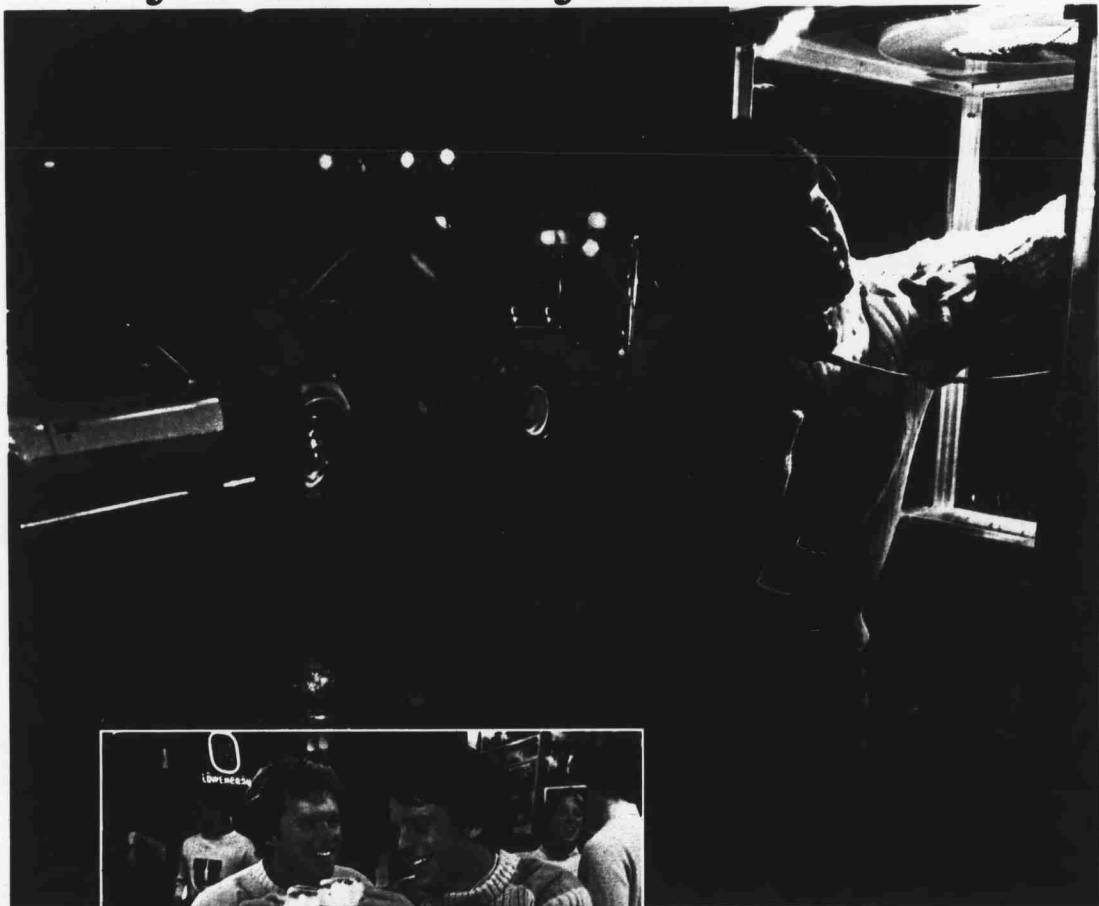
worthwhile.

If you're not happy with what you hear through what you have, it's time to find out what's wrong and where improvement is needed.

The following is a brief guide to stereo system symptomatology that, when properly applied with a liberal dosage of common sense, should lead to a complete cure of your listening problems.

**T**he best place to begin is with the inherently simplest piece of stereo gear, the turntable. All one has to do is spin records around — and be able to do it so smoothly and accurately its workings

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you find out who your friends are.**



It's the middle of the night and everyone has an excuse. Then, finally, you get the one person who, even though he's not very happy about it, will come through. And you think, "I knew it. Why didn't I just call him in the first place?"

So when the crisis is over, he's going to deserve something a little special. Tonight, let it be Löwenbräu.



**Löwenbräu. Here's to good friends.**

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are inaudible with 100 db. of amplification. In other words the best turntable, like any piece of high fidelity equipment, is one you cannot hear.

The test for gross faults in an older phonograph is listening for obvious sounds that, like the ticking of a timebomb, say something is amiss and may soon get out of hand. Merely turn off the rest of your stereo and listen carefully to the spinning turntable. Any noise besides a faint hum from the motor—grinding, rasping or clicking—is too much.

Such noises indicate something is maladjusted or wearing out, like bearings in need of lubrication. That same mechanical noise easily finds its way through your amplifier to pollute whatever music you want to enjoy.

Although a good cleaning and lubrication can usually relieve such ailments, the doctor's bill from the repair shop may total \$25 to \$40, probably more than your little mechanical engineer's nightmare is worth.

The test is to listen through your complete system for the shortcomings of all record spinning devices, turntables and changers alike. These can be classified as either rumble, wow and flutter, or speed variations.

Essentially rumble is a minor earthquake, vertical movement of the record surface, arising from assorted sources.

An easy test can be conducted by switching your receiver to "mono" while listening to a good quality record pressing. When you flick the switch you cancel all vertical information your cartridge is picking up, including most rumble.

ated by merely guiding the arm with your finger across the arc it would trace on a record. Any resistance, particularly notches, is too much.

Arm geometry and mass problems can be found by ear. Since all tone arm deficiencies create tracking difficulties, they show up first as distortion on low frequency passages when using high compliance cartridges. As you don't know what to listen for, reduce tracking force below that which your cartridge's manufacturer recommends and play an unworn record. You should hear obvious mistracking and bass distortion. In quarters or half gram steps increase stylus pressure. As you do the problem should reduce. If it does not go away completely by the time you've reached the upper extent of the recommended tracking force, your cartridge/arm combination is far from optimum.

The best strategy is to replace the arm or arm/turntable combination because adding a lower compliance cartridge would be taking a big step backward.

Judging the adequacy of a cartridge alone is a tricky business because there is no good home standard of comparison.

My recommended procedure begins by first checking your stylus for wear using the microscope most local hi-fi emporia reserve for that purpose.

Next, visit a reputable shop for a cartridge with sound that pleases you. Try coaxing your dealer into using the same model cartridge that you want to replace as the basis of the comparison. If you invade the store during a non-peak shopping hour (say 10 a.m.), you may be able to get a friendly salesman to mount your cartridge to use as the reference standard.

Then you can be absolutely sure of your comparison.

**M**y listening test for tape units, whether reel or cassette, is the simple A-B or source-to-tape comparison. If you hear any difference

between a source and a recording of that source, your machine is simply not state of the art.

Although sorting a live performance from a tape may be an easy chore for anyone but Chuck Mangione and Ella Fitzgerald, most better cassette decks in top form make copies that are indistinguishable from an original broadcast or disc pressing at normal listening levels.

Make sure that your recorder is set up properly for the brand and type of tape you are using by adjusting the "bias" and "equalization" (or combined, all-in-one "tape") selector switches.

If you're too attached to deep-six your vintage recorder, you might boost its quality nearer acceptability by using premium "ferric" (low bias, 120 micro-in) tape.

Probably, though, an older machine is devoid of that high fidelity necessity, the ubiquitous Dolby (or other noise reduction system). When conducting the A-B comparison the need for Dolby becomes obvious because bias is the primary pollution cassette adds to music. At moderate listening levels with Dolby on, you shouldn't hear any hissing tape noise—it should be as far or farther in the background as the background noises you expect from phonograph records.

Next in the comparison, concentrate on the sibilant in voices or cymbal crashes. In the original of what is being recorded, they will probably



have a sharp edge. If the copy sounds notably duller and distorted by a splashy, tattering sound, the tape is being saturated. Reduce the record level until the phenomenon goes away.

Now focus on the high end again. Note any change in its character between tape and original. There shouldn't be any.

**A**lthough open reel tape machines should easily pass the same no-difference A-B test that top-notch cassette recorders do, judging from the vast herd of 20-year old Webcor recorders I've encountered recently, most are unlikely to do so.

The big trouble with replacing your old receiver is disappointment. The quality of broadcasting does not match that of hi-gear (although there are a few superstations that justify having the best in home stereo).

While reception has improved so that now the average FM station can transmit tenths of a percent of distortion instead of the halves and full

points they did five years ago, that same technology has also pushed accuracy in the other direction. Stations can now broadcast with less dynamic range than ever before, they can distort frequency perspective with multiband processors so that every recording has essentially

the same sound, and they can simply chill the hell out of the high end to squeeze the most and loudest signal under the 75 microsecond pre-emphasis curve.

Some improvements in receiver design can help, though, if you live in less than an optimum reception area. You can glom a larger chunk of the airwaves and find more listenable stations with the added sensitivity and selectivity of newer receivers. You can sort through multipath better with today's lower capture ratios. But don't expect miracles. The improvements on the order of a db. or so may not be audible to most of the musical better antenna will be more effective than a new receiver in improving reception.

About the biggest advantage of a new receiver's radio section is improved tuning. Frequency synthesizer, crystal control, and phase-locked loop circuitry will make distortion caused by improper dial adjusting.

The effects of the improved amplifier sections in new receivers is

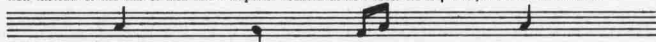
also a feast of subtleties. Most people will find that increased power (within reason) can do nothing but help their stereo. But don't expect to blow down apartment walls with increased loudness. Twice the volume will take ten times the power—to handle it.

**T**he biggest mistake most audiophiles make when considering the replacement of their speakers is listening to advice rather than the speakers. Every design variant sounds different. Your choice becomes an existential one, sorting between different realities.

The acoustic suspension speaker bud high fidelity in a reasonable-sized box decades ago. Now mathematical formulae make what once was a mixture of art, black magic and luck into an entirely predictable affair, and our expectations have shrunk. In fact we now expect the tiniest boxes to give big bass.

Most old speakers don't wear out. Some may burn out, a few dry out and fall apart, but overall an old speaker is just as able a performer as it was when new. The time to change is when your taste and discernment changes and what you have begins to sound boomy, muffled, or just plain bad when compared to something you've heard elsewhere.

The most important question is the same one you should ask yourself when making any decision in stereo: Can you hear the difference?



## The Big Beep

BY P. GREGORY SPRINGER

**S**ince pre-Renaissance times, the wristwatch has been strapped onto arms to symbolize time, elegance, efficiency, gits of adornment, and twenty years ago, a status symbol. In the last half decade, modern technology has turned it into a whoopee gizmo.

The watch—and particularly my watch—now has a stopwatch to time yellow lights at the intersections, to notify me when I break jogging records, and most importantly has a miserable shell beep which elevates me three feet in the air from the prone position every morning about 9 a.m. Other people's watches do even more musical things, like accidentally cranking out Brahms or "Love Story" at inopportune moments in the most artificial and nasal tones ever devised by man.

The singing watch tips the iceberg on a musical revolution which puts to shame the minor advances perpetrated by the recent so-called New Wave. Electronic musical instruments and compact recording and playback devices have already caused young ears to evolve in ways undreamed of in the Seventies. Our ears have accepted the beep replacing the electric buzz, the tone upsetting the tune, and synthetic sound squalling over any natural noise.

### The Casio VL-Tone

**T**he Casio VL-Tone VL-1 Electronic Musical Instrument and Calculator makes a kind of music which has been described as sounding like a frankfurter made of chicken parts. Yet, its capacity for creating songs reaches several sophisticated levels far beyond any other basic pseudo-instrument developed for non-musicians.

White, plastic, about a foot long and three inches high, the VL-Tone stuffs

into a vest pocket. Its keyboard of about 2-1/2 octaves has little plastic pegs of black and white, like any piano's, an L.E.D. read-out which shows each note's numerical equivalent as it is played, ten special keys for the rhythm box, the tempo setting, the recording mode, reset, plus four switches to alter octaves, instrument sound, volume, and calculator function. The speaker is built right in.

VL-1. Very large scale Integrated Circuit, makes the VL-Tone to hold so much within so little a space, but the tool (I hesitate to call it an instrument) lacks a cute nickname, like the ocarina had, which may inhibit high school band directors from giving it any widespread acceptance. The range of musics which can be created is nonetheless quite various. For example, by setting the rhythm box to "swing," "rock-1," or "rock 2" of 7 others, "bossanova" is too complicated, "rhythm" too defined, and "march" clearly too stultifying, the program mode then can be activated to record up to 100 notes of, say, "96 Tears" and stored in memory. Plug the VL-Tone into your stereo amp, and play the whole thing back at full volume without touching a button. Your neighbors will think Question Mark has returned from the beyond. If you rather haltingly recorded the tune the first time around, a feature called "One Key Play" allows you to re-record the song at any speed and syncopation; you choose by pushing just one button instead of misfiring on the keyboard.

One can understand why avant-garde violinist Laurie Anderson is keen to write music especially for an orchestra of the little monsters. It's like having Kraftwerk condensed into a squashed cube much simpler than Rubik's to conquer.

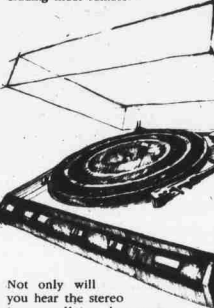
Beyond simple daddling about possibilities, the VL-Tone drives relatives

crazy at family reunions. There are five instrument sound settings: piano plunk, fantasy (twilight zone synthesizer woo-woo), nose-bell violin, trilling flute, and electric guitar. Aunt Hil-da's proud rendition of "When the Saints ..." can be played back in each sound, at any of nineteen different tempos. In addition, a feature called ADSR (Attack, Decay, Sustain, and Release) allows you to program the envelope of any sound so that one can actually create new possibilities for the electronic tone, no less than 80 million different ones. Then, "When the Saints ..." comes out sounding like the wawa of Jimi Hendrix's ghost, or the piercing wail of a Haitian banshee, or a tuba, or whatever, all of course confined within the original chicken frankfurter quality sound.

The VL-Tone makes a superb toy, much advanced beyond the toy pianos of yesterday. If all else fails, there are orange dimes on a button to which blurs out a "German Folk Tune," utilizing five different instrument sounds and four rhythms, making it appear that you can actually make the new technology work and have talent after all. They all laughed when you sat down to play the VL-Tone. Or, you can balance your bank book with the calculator.

### The Realistic Synthesizer by Moog MG-1

**F**or a few hundred dollars more, Radio Shack will give you all the authenticity of a funeral parlor organ rising through your living room. Unlike the VL-Tone, you must affix the MG-1 to your stereo or through your rock group's PA before any sounds come out of it. About the size of the Compact Edition of the Ox-



Not only will you hear the stereo image collapse, but you may hear a pervasive background sound vanish. (Should you use a mono record, if you can find one, the disappearance of rumble won't be confused by the change in stereo perspective.)

Wow and flutter are short term speed variations that are most apparent as changes in musical pitch or vibrato on sustained notes.

Any recording with an extended single note, such as the last sustained plunk of a piano piece, is an excellent flutter test. Pitch should be unwavering. Should you hear a tinge of vibrato, try another record to be sure.

Wow and long term speed variations, which sound similar to an off-center record, can be determined by the same test.

Of course the spinning platter is only part of the record playing system. Old tone arms not only impair fidelity, an inferior arm can also slowly ruin records. Typical aging tone arms may suffer from tight bearings, mechanical connections to trigger a trip cycle or just massive, battleship-style construction.

The grossest problems can be lo-

ford American Dictionary (but lighter), it's portable and could be strapped to the body, but not jammed into the hip pocket.

By the time one has exhausted the imagination with pure experimentation on the MG-1 (about the time the neighbors are exhausted as well), the manual provides answers on how the 30 buttons actually can work in harmonic consort. With or without back-up band, the instrument enables the player to be many things to many people. With only three more keyboard keys than the VL-Tone, it can be manipulated like a real piano made for human fingers rather than elf's knuckles, and within that 2-1/2 octave range, a polyphonic capability allows you to play chords as well as single notes. No memory capability or rhythm synthesizer is included, but the easy-to-follow-but-not-very-complex instruction booklet does explain a number of true synthesizer terms such as auto contour trigger, detuning, cutoff frequency, peak emphasis, and other jargon of the tone. Following some diagrams for dial-twiddling, one builds the sound into an electronic organ, a hurricane, a violin, a tuba, a helicopter, electric fuzz guitar (but one even the Ventures wouldn't have touched, I might add), the clarinet

(ditto Benny Goodman), and talking robots (an incomprehensible kitchen sink). Beyond these prescribed functions, and a cursory description of the six boxed, color-coded sections which control modulation, two tone sources, contour, filter of brightness and low tones, and the mixer, you are on your own.

My own basic forays into possibilities, done in conjunction with *Orchestral Maneuvers in the Dark* plugged in through an overdub plug in the back, cranked out such hybrids as a dentist drill, the gamut of bird calls, Echoes of the Lost World, and other amazing conjunctions of sound to drive any ordinary record reviewer

insane with metaphorical phrase-making. To wit, a searing meltdown which explodes seconds after the button is pushed, a burbling brook with warm heart blips reverberating, regurgitating on belltone background, etc.

Make no mistake. The MG-1 is a real instrument. If the advertising picture is to be believed (and it must be seen to be believed), Elton John uses one. Still, I would assume that the primary kick one can derive from playing with the machine is scoring the themes from *Pac-Man*, *Donkey Kong*, and *Asteroids*, or simulating any hundreds of special effects. The theme from *Jaws*, for example, can be created and left running by itself, playing endlessly for your bathtub pleasure. Personally, the more traditional possibilities enticed

me, and I found myself working up snide arrangements of "Silent Night" and "Rudolph the Red Nosed Reindeer" (using as much white noise as possible) to play at the annual chow-down.

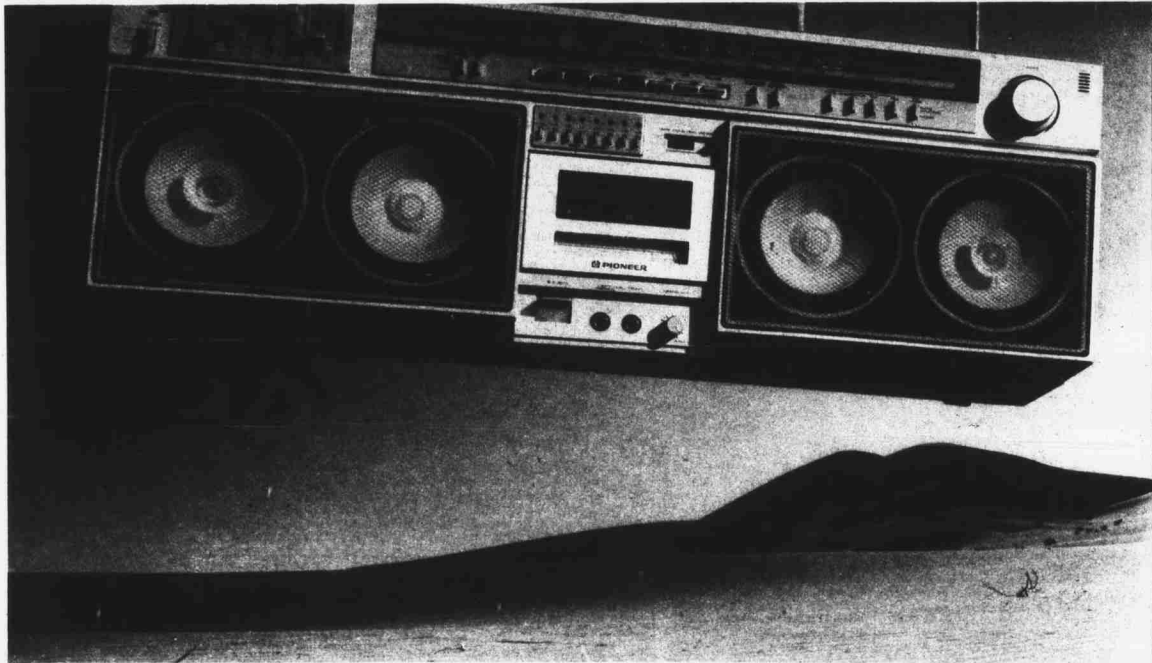
By interfacing your MG-1 to a home computer, you can program many more musical possibilities. With a button called random wave shape, a computer generated noise system of beeps, drips, kerplunks and zaps will speed across the keyboard endlessly without any sense or aesthetic for as long as the machine is plugged in. It's not exactly a comfort on a lonely evening, but it does do things by itself if you're still feeling incompetent.

The best possible solution for such musical nonalient is the personal stereo, the ultimate compression of musical ability into a small space. Let someone else do all the driving.

## The Personal Stereo

First on the moon, Sony lucked onto the generic label of Walkman (plural: Walkmen), like Kleenex for tissue, but everybody's into the action. Panasonic has a personal stereo that's more cumbersome, General Electric's Escape comes in striking blue, Penney's has confusing controls, the Infinity Intimate costs a bundle (with the FM module), and more than twenty others compete, each dropping in size and price from day to day. Technology virtually jets along. WM-II is the size of a cigarette pack, Sanyo's machine plays the tape both ways without flipping, a few types record as well as play back, earclip speakers can already replace the headband, everything is getting smaller and smaller than Alice's "eat me" mushroom. We'll be infecting jams before the Nineties.

Now, there are good ways and bad ways to utilize the amazingly snobbish personal stereo, and the bad ways are the most fun. Strapping on a Walkman and heading out on wheels undoubtedly takes first preference. Roller skates, bicycles, mopeds, tractors and wheelchairs, any means of transportation gets a boost when the crystalline separation of a good P.S. unit provides



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a throbbing aria from the croaking chords of an Angus Young or a Joey Ramone in your ears. The danger gives a tingle, too, as all other sounds take second place, including irate horn honks and skidding tires.

Sony claims, "The Walkman is more than a breakthrough product. It has established itself as the representative product of an entire generation. Television, color television, and sports cars held this distinction for previous generations."

Does this imply that a sprouting crop of robots are about to invade our walkways, maneuvering as solitary zombies, blocking out all the world but for their chosen sounds, never to talk to one another again? Will disco music return?

The more practical service of the personal stereo exists for the opposite group, the non-mobile types. Bed-ridden patients, unable to haul their stereo components into the ward, can enjoy high quality stereo without crowding. Sedentary jobs, from factory work to truck driving, can block out the blahs. Time seems to fly while washing dishes, and the chances of the p.s. dipping into the suds are remote, especially if one utilizes the belt hook instead of the neck strap to attach it.

For most purposes, the strap secures the machine nicely, keeping hands and waist free. Want to go strapless? Sony's WM-II fits into a shirt pocket, and features "soft-touch" controls which operate through the fabric. Most brands offer a "mute" feature, to enable you to speak to the check-out girl without clicking off the tape. You can communicate while the music flows on deep in the distance. Some machines have a microphone with the mute, eerily broadcasting the external noises into the soundtrack, suitable if you prefer to croon with the tune.

Despite the lightweight comfort of the headphones, sound quality is



usually sharper than stand up speakers, the lyrics brought closer to the brain, with subtleties distinguished. Record reviewers have been known to tape their free promos, in order to listen while biking to their day jobs as busboys.

The political ramifications of the Walkman and its proliferating ilk may balance on the obsolescence of sidewalk "boom box" radios. Clearly, one need not advertise his preference for high volume P-Funk to the generic crowd passing by, but on the other hand, there is nothing particularly suave about accidentally belting out the chorus of "Bette Davis Eyes" in an otherwise quiet and crowded elevator. And, the person next to you doesn't need to be shouted at to understand. He can't hear REO cranking in your ear.

These potential snags are quickly learned, and overcome. The larger model personal stereos might not be as cute as Sony's, but they are still small enough to fit comfortably in the most active situations. The FM radio units, while draining batteries at a much slower rate than the 9 or so hours cassettes get on 2, 3 or 4 AA batteries, sometimes don't get consistent reception, dependent upon the area and the activity where they're used.

The best personal stereo models offer an FM module which snaps in like a cassette, allowing you to opt for recorded or broadcast sounds.

Some begrudging competitors don't hold much for the future. Richard Sutton of Toshiba America claims, "It's just like the CB boom. It will go down

the tubes in two years. With the Koreans and Hong Kong manufacturers in there, pretty soon you'll see them for \$29.95."

In the meantime, who's waiting to find out? I've got a date to scrub the bathroom floor with Ellen Foley, and I can't wait.



## The Many Roads to Hi Fi

BY MARTIN CLIFFORD

There are no upper and lower limits to high-fidelity sound, and since listening to music with an assist from electronics has so many different approaches, one person's hi fi is another person's phooey. What you may like in the way of audio and what you will ultimately buy depends on the way you interface with audio components, on your budget, age, sex, environment, personal taste and musical training. Fortunately there are various ways to set up a hi-fi system, some of which are a dead-end arrangement, others permitting the system to grow as your budget and musical taste permit.

Getting a hi-fi system is a decision making process and the selection of the wrong option can be costly, time-consuming, and stress inducing. The problem is compounded by the fact that you cannot really hear a hi-fi system until you've listened to it for about a half year. It is only then that the old duties of the system you have set up will begin to emerge.

Your natural yearning for audio can be satisfied in a number of ways. Basically, there are two approaches, compact vs component, but there are a number of subheadings under these two. A compact system consists of an

(Continued on page 22)

## AND LESS.

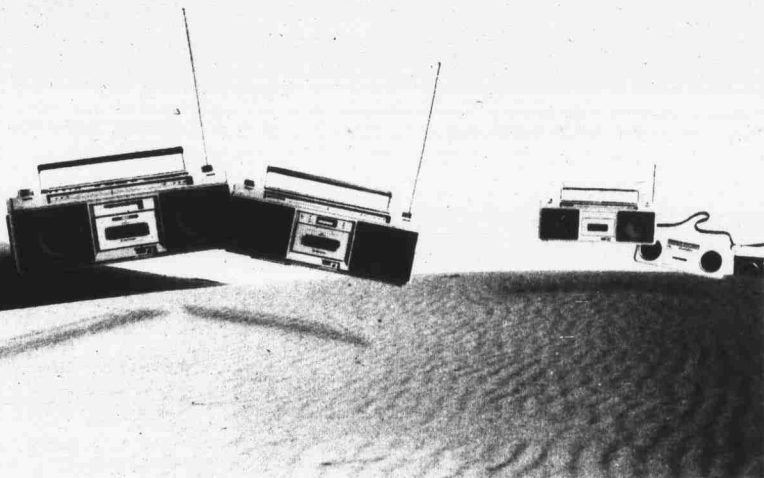
one-button feature switching.

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# & OUT THE OTHER



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**TDK**

(Continued from page 5)

nephew, to compete in a silly race to see who wins the estate. Producer George Englund is one of the men behind this. He's also involved in *The Life of Walter Lippman*, starring Paul Newman as the influential American political pundit (that'll be an ABC TV movie). Englund says he's also purchased rights to the Ron Settles story—Settles, a Long Beach State University star halfback, was recently arrested, and later found hanged in his jail cell. Not a suicide.

### Gainfully Employed

**A**IRPLANE'S ROBERT HAYS joins up with *Superman's* Margot Kidder in *Trenchcoat*, a comedy mystery from Disney filming in Malta and San Francisco... Bee Gee Barry Gibb will star in *Byron*, about the romantic English poet and his role in Greece's struggle for independence from Turkey... Gene Hackman stars in *Euroka*, a murder mystery locating in British Columbia and Jamaica, directed by Nicholas Roeg (*Don't Look Now*, *Performance*)... William Hurt won't be making any movies for awhile; he's playing *Richard II* on stage in New York... Richard Pryor will star in *Color Man*, turned down by Bill Murray; it's about a "color" sportscaster (a TV term for the jock interviewer/commentator)... Dustin Hoffman stars in *Tootsie* as a transvestite soap opera actor in New York, which may or may not interfere with the rumor that Hoffman is first choice to star in *Gorby Park*... Carly Simon will make her acting debut in a CBS cable movie; she'll play a dual role, one a Forties torch singer, the other a modern thrush... There will be more *Pink Panthers*, even without Peter Sellers. Ted Wass (formerly Danny of *Soap*) will be the new Clouseau... Kenny Rogers stars in *Six Pack*, to be directed by Daniel Petrie (*Resurrection*; *Fort Apache*, *the Bronx*) in Atlanta... *The Billy Crystal Show* (he was Jody on *Soap*), a one hour comedy variety show, will emerge on NBC soon, if not already... Michael McKean, Lenny of *Laverne and Shirley*, is starring in *Young Doctors in Love*, (another ABC feature film) which marks the directorial debut of producer Garry Marshall (same show, among others), for which no one has been waiting with bated breath... Mary Steenburgen will play Marjorie Kinman Rawlings (author of *The Yearling*, one of the most affecting books youthful Americans are encouraged to read) in *Cross Creek*, to film in Florida... Two best sellers of a few years ago are finally headed into film: Dee Brown's Amerindian Saga *Bury My Heart at Wounded Knee* will be a five part TV miniseries; *The Nuth Wave*, Eugene Burdick's novel of American politics, will be a feature.

### We Heard It Through the Grapevine, Too

**C**HERIE RECORDS out of Detroit recently started showcasing some of its acts in that city's Hotel Pontchartrain in order to lure major labels into distribution deals. Atlantic had already snapped up Jerry Carr ("This Must Be Heaven"), but so far no deal for their ace artist, Barrett Strong, one of the first artists ever signed to Motown, co-writer of "Money" and "I Heard It Through the Grapevine." His new album is all finished, waiting for a distribution deal; titled *Love Is You*, it features all new Strong songs.

### What's Bruce Springsteen Up To?

**B**ACKSTREETS devoted to news of Springsteen and band, tells us that Big

Bruce will be producing an EP for Dick Dale, once known as King of the Surf Guitar back in the dawn of the Sixties. Dale, who once harbored dozens of wild animals in his suburban Costa Mesa, California yard, was, according to *backstreets*, "the first rock 'n' roller to appear on the Ed Sullivan Show." Anyone interested in subscribing to *backstreets* should send inquiries to Stephen Ryan, 1500 Coachwood Street, La Habra, CA 90631.

### Still Busy

**T**HINGS ARE TOUGH ALL OVER is the next Cheech & Chong film, and here's the big scoop: no dope just one small reference to the devil weed. Their wives (Rikki Marin and Shelby Chong by name) also appear in the film, as French women, while C&C portray themselves and... Arabs. All directed by Tom Avildsen, cousin to director John, and filmed in Las Vegas and Chicago.

**S**TEVE TESICH, who wrote *Breaking Away*, *Eyewitness* and *Four Friends*, is now finishing *Weatherman*, about a Chicago TV weatherman who becomes politically influential. Robert Redford will supposedly star, but don't hold your breath; Redford's last film, *The Verdict*, is proceeding without him. Tesich has also completed his first novel, *Summer Crossing*, which occurs in the same time and place as *Four Friends* (Tesich admits to a strong autobiographical bent).

### New Wave Old Enough for Comebacks

**S**HANDI SINNAMON is going public again. For those who missed the first go-round, Ms. Sinnamon was a rising star on LA's New Wave scene two years ago. Capacity crowds at her Troubadour appearances. Tough girl charisma. Producer Mike Chapman, then cresting on successes with the Knack ("My Sharona") and Blondie ("Heart of Glass"), but currently unable to get himself arrested, tagged Shandi as his next disc-over. But the record flopped.

### An Hour Later, They Wanted to Hear Again

**O**N A RECENT TRIP TO CHINA, director John Landis screened *The Blues Brothers* *Mortie* for curious film industry people. They were impressed by the intricate work with miniatures required for the movie's several dozen-car crashes. Then they were dumbfounded to learn that those were all real life-sizers, crunching at the rate of several thousands of dollars per second.

They dug Aretha Franklin, those Chinese hipsters, but couldn't connect any significance to the various blues, country and rock music scenes. "They said it all sounded alike to them," reports Landis.

### Where Are They Now & Who Cares? Dept.

**D**R JOHN, the infamous Night Tripper, has laid down a soundtrack of bar-house boogie-woogie piano for *Cammy Row* that's probably the best thing about the flick. Root Boy Slim, whose bid for stardom entitled *Boogie Till You Puke* did not become an FM radio staple, is recording for Moonlight Records. Arthur Brown, as in *The Crazy World of*, is waxing tracks for Lone Star Records.

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**IT'S WORTH IT.**

# TIM HUTTON

## America's Best Young Actor?

BY BYRON LAURSEN

In real life, Tim Hutton is equally as complex as Conrad Jarrett, (his character in 1980's multiple Oscar-winner, *Ordinary People*), a guy who looked like he'd sucked an electrified nipple. But Hutton's real-life complexity is benevolent. He's a mix of talents, all of which he loves to put into play. A good shooting guard, if NBA-undersized at six feet and 150 pounds, he even offered his services to the Ampersand Avengers city league team (currently in a building year). A capable jazz and rock drummer, he and old high school friends love to jam on tunes as demanding as "Round Midnight." A child of divorce, he seems to hold both parents in high admiration. Typically cast as a troubled youth, he can evoke compassion like no one else in the business. Nonetheless his existence is strictly enviable: a new electric red Porsche 911SC, a sumptuous Malibu Colony beach house, a brand new Oscar and Golden Globe Award, no shortage of female attention, a prestigious new film just hitting the screens.

The Stones sing "I'm just sitting on a fence" when I step into Hutton's recreational vehicle dressing room at 11 a.m. on a moody-skied day early last June. Hutton is between takes for *Taps*, his second feature film, a shared star billing with the formidable George C. Scott. In cadet-style trousers with a

sideseam stripe, Hutton also wears a t-shirt and is smoking the last cigarette from a pack.

"You don't smoke, do ya?" he asks. The question is a cue for his press agent, who has been recumbent on a naugahyde bench. He slumps dutifully over to the vehicle's aluminum door. An impish grin overtakes Hutton, who was trying to play the scene coolly. "Merit ... Marlboro ... anything but menthol," he instructs, and the press agent vanishes.

*Taps* is set at Valley Forge Military Academy, three hundred acres of rolling, sloping, rural Pennsylvania with over forty buildings, mostly Georgian brick-and-column stalwarts. Oppressive or inspirational depending on one's feelings about the military, the campus is a perfect setting for a story about someone trapped by the momentum of tradition. Hutton's Brian Moreland character is just that: a model cadet, he nearly worships Scott's character, the general in charge of the academy and its program of breeding staunch leaders. Trying, in a crisis, to act as he imagines Scott would, Hutton turns the Academy into a battleground and the line between make-believe and real war is crossed by the treads of a tank. Though only

*Obsessive, upright cadet Hutton (left and below) uses firepower to take over a military academy. The fancy dress soldiers, Tom Cruise and Sean Penn (center), are two of his accomplices.*

time will tell about popular acceptance, *Taps* has the makings of a classic coming-of-age story. And, in Hutton, it has one of the best young actors in several years, someone who does copious research and who tries to assume characters from the inside out.

"The class he showed in *Ordinary People* is more than continued in this film," director Stanley Becker told me a few minutes earlier, behind some rigged-for-explosion scenery in the Academy's armory building. "*Taps* lives or falls on Timothy Hutton, he's the lifeblood, the key performance."

Hutton is pleased by the director's remarks when I relay them. He nods respectfully, but isn't anxious to dwell on himself as subject. Instead, he fumbles for a book he's been reading, one of those list-books, which are to literature what the medfly is to agriculture. In a list of the "Twenty Greatest Rock Albums of All Time" Hutton is perplexed by number 14.

"Let me just find this," he says, scrambling through the pages. "It's really important." The right page reveals itself. "Here ... The Velvet Underground with Nico ... I've never heard of them!"

In 1966, when the Velvet Underground was a brand new band and inspiring reviews like "an assemblage that actually vibrates with menace, cynicism and perversion" (*Chicago Daily News*), Tim Hutton was only six years old. His father, Jim Hutton, was a



man of astounding talent and mischievous bent. "Cocky and contented," *Photoplay* called him. He won a Hollywood contract by using all his accumulated Army leave time to venture to the German location of director Douglas Sirk's *A Time to Love and a Time to Die*. There he won a small part, that of a neurotic army officer. He also got busted, around the same time, for arranging a gag in which he and some cohorts invaded a mythical American film star's (namely, Bette Midler) and—through elaborate play-acting—made that imaginary actor from page news at the Berlin Film Festival of 1957.

Jim Hutton's career peaked with a string of light comedies. He was memorable alongside a very young Jane Fonda in *Period of Adjustment*, a 1962 release. He and Maryline Poole Adams, Tim's mother, divorced when Tim was three.

Most of Tim Hutton's growing up was in Connecticut and in Berkeley, California. He lived with a mother, quite apart from show business influences. Exception came when young Tim and friends started a barnyard production *Oliver*. "It was great," Hutton recalls. "I got to sing. I had this little high voice."

When he was sixteen, Tim Hutton moved to Los Angeles, to live with his father. He enrolled at Fairfax High, where he took the role of Nathan Detroit in a production of *Gays and Dolls*. He visited his father now and again on the set of *Ellery Queen*, a TV mystery series starring the elder Hutton. Then the two starred together in a dinner theatre production of *Harvey*. Finally, Hutton the younger decided acting was definitely what he wanted. He dropped from high school, scored a General Equivalency Diploma, and auditioned for made-for-TV movies. His widest notice came for *Friendly Fire*, co-starring Carol Burnett and Ned Beatty.

Beatty praised Hutton to writer Bruce Cook for *American Film* magazine. "I myself tend to be an actor who makes broader choices," said Beatty, "so I appreciate an actor who can do the same thing making more subtle choices, working more or less internally."

Robert Redford, who directed *Ordinary People*, has said that he saw something that was natural in Hutton, rather than something that was acting. The two spent a lot of time taking walks together, tossing a football around, establishing intuitive trust. Somewhat, Hutton and George C. Scott built a rapport through the "days of *Tape*" shooting schedule. They held marathon chess games, all of them won by Scott. Chess spread like a fever, lasting long after Scott had filmed his short segment. Just before I played in on Hutton, twelve of the young cadet extras were at the same long table, intent on six separate chess matches.

"George doesn't like to sit down to play just one game," Hutton says. "You keep going with him until you've played five, six games in a row. It's really intense concentration. I never beat him. But by the time he left I was playing chess better."

The Stones tape has given way to Weather Report. Hutton is mouthing percussion accents to "Birdland."

The press agent arrives at this point, holding three naked cigarettes upright. "These are from your usual nicotine supplier," he says, and re-assumes his horizontal position.

"You know," I comment, "Johnny Carson and Chevy Chase also have

backgrounds in drumming. They've said that it helped build their timing."

"Really?" Hutton's face flashes with a nanosecond of delight, then levels off. He genuinely likes to converse, but he doesn't like the feeling of being set up to talk about himself personally. "I brought some drum pads along and set them up in my hotel room so I can play along with the tapes. I wanted to bring along a snare and a floor tom, but I think that would drive people crazy. Anyone with a Snickers, he asks, offering from a small stash of candy bars on the table.

"Do you have any particular notions of what your strong points in acting

are? Say, timing for example?"

"Um . . . I don't know. It's sort of tough to be objective about that. I just sort of work from instinct. And not really from any method I've learned." Instinct, by research, makes sense. Hutton is a voracious reader when preparing a role. For *Ordinary People* he read *The Catcher in the Rye*, *A Separate Peace*, *East of Eden* and a book on psychological problems of the children of wealthy parents. He also spent time talking with patients at mental hospitals for teenagers, even posing as a "trial" patient for a day. He says the experience was "moving," especially when other patients unselfconsciously

checked his wrists for suicide-attempt scars.

*Taps* motivated Hutton to read *American Caesar*, a biography of General George S. Patton, Herman Melville's *Billy Budd* and other books focused on authority and conflict. In addition, he spent four weeks living at Valley Forge Academy before filming began. I ask if *Taps* is a story of social processes or a private, individual story. "I'd say it was more private," Hutton comments. "Moreland doesn't know anything more than this private world he lives in. He doesn't have any broad scope, any overview. So it's more private, a world in which he is the com-

mandant.

It appears almost certain that Hutton's influence will extend beyond the gates of this fictional military academy. But exactly where it, and his career, will go, Hutton isn't prepared to guess. "I don't know," he says at the interview's close. "I can't really think in the future, never really have been able to. 'Cause it's a very moment kind of thing, from role to role. I mean, *Ordinary People* and the success of that film has given me the opportunity to, I'm sure, for the next couple of years, find work. But beyond that, I don't know. I mean, things just sort of happened. I was very lucky."

## ON SCREEN

### Reds

Starring Warren Beatty, Diane Keaton, Jack Nicholson, written by Warren Beatty and Trevor Griffiths, directed by Beatty.

Radical journalist John Reed was born in Oregon and was buried in the Kremlin. That quantum leap in geography and the political polarity it implies sum up Reed's extraordinary life. Although he was dead just a few days after his 33rd birthday, his life was crammed with more adventure than most people ever know or want to know. He went to Harvard, wrote plays, organized with the Wobblies, became a journalist, lived with one of the richest and most controversial women of her day (Mabel Dodge), wrote poetry, broke hearts, traveled with Pancho Villa and immortalized the Russian Revolution in *Ten Days That Shook the World*, a piece of reportage that is now more notable for its dramatic than for its truth. John Reed was a star of his generation and a legend in his own time.

Warren Beatty first discovered Reed more than ten years ago and became obsessed with putting his story on the screen. He ultimately spent more than two years in production on *Reds*, and between \$35 and \$40 million. The film lasts three hours and nineteen minutes and is a kaleidoscopic vision of Reed and his times. The film is audacious and often startlingly successful, while at the same time faint-hearted and predictable.

Beatty, who wrote the screenplay along with British playwright Trevor Griffiths (with reported assistance from Elaine May and Robert Towne), chose to focus on Reed's affair and marriage to Louise Bryant, a temperamental and tempestuous woman who craved the spotlight but was never certain she could win it on her own. When she met Reed, she not only found a lover, but a ticket to the fame and fortune (not in the monetary sense) she coveted. She was, without too much of a stretch, Bianca to Reed's Mick.

Diane Keaton plays Louise, and at times it's a very daring and amazingly subtle performance. She's not afraid to show the audience that she's frivolous and unlikable; she never stops to woo the audience. By the end, when her maturity and commitment to Reed are tested in the extreme, her anguish and strength are all the more compelling. At times Keaton seems a bit too

modern, some of her political spouting sounds as if they were left over from Woody Allen's *Love and Death*.

Beatty is a fine producer and an interesting director, but he's a limited actor. He's best at playing men who are so slow that life eats them up (*Bonnie and Clyde* or *McCabe and Mrs. Miller*), or California golden boys who belong in bed (*Shampoo*). He doesn't begin to convey Reed's compelling intelligence or his clarity of thought; he's much too anxious to please. Beatty never shows us Reed's darker side, his selfishness, his devils. The complexity of the man is missing.

Also, and this is most curious of all, the sexual chemistry between Beatty and Keaton is all but non-existent. They never ignite on the screen, although we keep expecting them to. This has been sold as a movie not unlike *Doctor Zhivago*, although it's a far better movie, it doesn't tug at the way that film did. In fact it isn't until *Reds* is just about over that Keaton and Beatty manage to break our hearts, particularly in the one totally apocryphal element in the movie: Bryant's trek across Finland and Russia to find her ailing lover.

This is not to say that *Reds* is without sexual chemistry, but it's supplied by Jack Nicholson, who shows up briefly as playwright Eugene O'Neill. Nicholson's scenes with Keaton are the best written in the movie, and although she doesn't give off much raw passion, Nicholson gives off so much we forget the imbalance.

Beatty has also shown his courage by inter-cutting a dramatic movie with straight-to-the-camera testimony from people who lived through that same era. Like Marcel Ophüls in *The Sorrow and the Pity*, Beatty has let people who knew Reed and Bryant talk about them. Some remember everything all wrong and some have an axe to grind, but the device is riveting. The major objection is that Beatty never identifies these people and it just isn't fair. Some faces may be recognized, such as Henry Miller or George Jessel, but how many people know Rebecca West by sight or Roger Baldwin, the founder of the ACLU?

All in all, *Reds* is a movie to see. It'll give quite a history lesson to most audiences, as radical Americans are not exactly well represented in mainstream history text, and it has a scope and daring that few Hollywood movies have these days. Beatty has crammed his movie with people and places, ideas and emotions; although he's not always successful in making them coalesce, he's on a very right track that

few filmmakers these days ever bother to mount.

Jacoba Atlas

### On Golden Pond

Starring Henry Fonda, Katharine Hepburn and Jane Fonda, written by Ernest Thompson, produced by Bruce Gilbert, directed by Paul Rydell.

Simple stories often make the best films. Ernest Thompson's *On Golden Pond*, adapted from his play of the same name, is a simple story, well told, and it speaks of life. In Mark Rydell's care, the story has made an excellent transition to the screen.

Norman Thayer, Jr. (Henry Fonda) and his wife, Ethel (Katharine Hepburn), have returned to spend the summer at their rustic home on Golden Pond in rural New Hampshire. Norman's 80th birthday is approaching and in celebration of the event, daughter Chelsea (Jane Fonda) arrives from her home in California with current flame Bill (Dabney Coleman), a dentist, and his son, Billy (Doug McKee). The two lovers dash off to Europe, leaving this 13-year old in octogenarian hands, a situation that begins badly but ends warmly. Chelsea returns alone (Bill had to rush home to aid a patient) and has a reconciliation of sorts with her father, with whom she's been at odds all her life. As summer ends, the couple, in perfect fair shape for two old birds, pack up and head home to Boston for the winter.

Superb performances from Fonda and Hepburn as a pair who've been together for around 50 years, and still care deeply for each other, make *On Golden Pond* a special event. Fonda is stunning as the cranky, complaining Norman. He's got a right to be mad; he's old, he's losing his memory, he's got angina, he feels dead constantly hovering about. "You're old and I'm ancient," he tells Ethel in a fit of pique. "I'll show you the bathroom, if I can remember where it is," he says to Billy, overhearing remarks about his fading memory. During a particularly feisty exchange on death, Ethel says, "Don't you have anything else to think of?" to which he responds, "Nothing quite as interesting."

Yet for all its sentimentality, the film is never less than stirring. As a gets the best lines and Fonda is delightful, throwing out one dry, crackling line after another, all delivered without a twinge of a smile. In most cases, clichéd instances of melodrama have been admirably avoided by Thompson

and Rydell, though the relationship between Norman and Billy is sometimes a little too dear. And Ms. Fonda's playing of Chelsea doesn't seem to ring true. But the flaws are slight and the lead performances remarkable.

Zan Stewart

### Buddy Buddy

Starring Jack Lemmon and Walter Matthau, written by Billy Wilder and I. A. L. Diamond, based on a play and story by Francis Veber, produced by Jay Weston, directed by Wilder.

Veteran director and writer Billy Wilder fell short in the making of *Buddy Buddy*. Rather than being an outrageous comedy, the film is merely an outrage. It's sad to see such a pro (*Some Like It Hot*, *Sunset Boulevard*, *The Seven Year Itch*) hop haplessly about like a fly trying to run a 50-yard dash through a vat of peanut butter.

Walter Matthau plays a highly-paid underworld hitman, who has rubbed out two victims, one by bomb, the other by poison. He's about to make the final kill in his illustrious career. Enter Jack Lemmon, a distraught husband whose wife (Paula Prentiss) has run off with the director of a sex clinic (Klaus Kinski). As Matthau stands poised from a hotel window with his high-powered rifle about to blow away the target mucker, Lemmon in the room next door constantly distracts the assassin by loudly, and ineptly, attempting suicide. That is the plot in a nutshell—although a trash bag might have been a better place for it.

While Matthau barely manages to muddle through this farce with the tired mugging and deadpan delivery we've seen so many times before, Lemmon fares far worse. His histrionic antics wear thin, calling to mind a combination of the stuttering Mel Tillis crossed with that Daffy Duck. Prentiss and Kinski often look about as animated as cigar store indians.

The real fault lies with the writing of Wilder and cowriter I. A. L. Diamond. These two old pros show a lack of originality as they trod over well-worn comedic territory. Tired jokes about policemen, sex, drugs and hippies (*Ingalls*: "Good grief!" inhabit this last less said is soonest mended).

The one thing that is amazing about the film is that it manages to fail on so many different levels. *Buddy Buddy* is about as dated as last year's calendar, and just as useless.

Bill Braunslein

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# ANXIETY

(Continued from page 17)

AM/FM stereo receiver, a pair of speakers, an 8-track cartridge tape player or a cassette recorder/player, with a record player as the crowning glory sitting on top. And all this is arranged in and on some kind of cabinet, sometimes described as nouveau fruit box.

Usually made by no-name-brand manufacturers, the best you can say of this setup is that it supplies sound. The speakers are usually fixed in position, although some now permit the speakers to be separated. No specs are supplied for compact systems, which is probably just as well. But the arrangement does have its advantages. It is the lowest cost system and comes pre-packaged. All you need do is to put the AC plug into the nearest outlet. So it is aggravation free until you've listened to it for a while. It does not permit system expansion nor does it lend itself to upgrading.

The opposite approach is buying the components individually and that could mean two or more speakers, possibly including a subwoofer, a power amplifier, a pre-amplifier, a tuner, a cassette deck or an open reel deck (or both), an equalizer, and one or more record players. The record player itself may also be subdivided into separate components such as a tone arm, a phono cartridge, a stylus, and the record player mechanism. But you can also start with just a receiver and a pair of speakers. The receiver is an integrated tuner, pre- and power amplifier.

The technique of buying individual components can be the most aggravating, requires some understanding of the electronic vocabulary used in spec sheets, demands that you select components, possibly from different manufacturers that will work well together, and is by far the most expensive way to go. It also means the responsibility for interconnecting the individual units is yours. But if you've done some reading about hi-fi, this arrangement can supply sound you will find incomparable. If space is a problem you can get micro components that work just as well as larger ones.

One advantage of the component system is that it lends itself to the addition of more units, as your budget permits, or replacing them based on advances in hi-fi technology. Whether you can add or modify the

system depends on your original purchase. Buying hi-fi components means keeping an eye on the future, buying units that have enough inputs to permit their easy inclusion in the system. The quality of what you buy now will determine the quality of subsequent add-ons. No hi-fi can do any better than the lowest quality component in the system add-ons can increase the flexibility of a system, but not its overall sound quality.

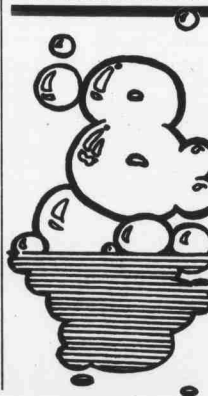
There are alternative approaches, for these two, the compact and the component, are extremes. Some hi-fi dealers sometimes advertise complete packages. The bait in this case is that the cost of such a system is at a price that is lower than the sum cost of the individual components. Further, those that are selected by the dealer will probably work well together, relieving you of the need to make tedious buyers' decisions. The problem here is that the components may not be quite what you would have wanted, or they may consist of stock the dealer has been unable to move on a single component basis. They may also consist of outdated models. So this arrangement is somewhat of a trade-off between the extremes of compact and individual component selection.

Another approach is to buy a complete system offered by a manufacturer. This is a takeoff on the total system merchandising technique used by dealers, is more expensive than the dealer offered, but is less expensive and time consuming than shopping for your own components. The total cost is often, but not always, less than the sum cost of the individual components. And, if you select a known, name-brand manufacturer, you can be sure the buyer's remorse will be designed to work well together. And sometimes the manufacturer or his dealers will supply a free caster-mounted rack, complete with a glass door, that will house all the components. Further, you will receive a set of cables for interconnections.

Such an arrangement may or may not include the speakers. These should be separated by a distance of about 8 feet or more. You may have room for free-standing floor speakers or you may need bookshelf types.

Still another hi-fi arrangement, relatively new, is the portable made up of micro-sized units which can do double duty by working in—as well as out-doors. These generally have two speakers, one on each side, attached by clips. The speakers can be removed and separated so as to supply full stereo effect.

These Happy New Year bubbles (from champagne, we like to think) were wrought by Jeff Devins of Honolulu, Hawaii, attending the University of Hawaii. He earns thirty whole dollars. Other artistic types can also earn big bucks; just submit your original Amperсандs (in black ink on sturdy white paper—no ballpoint doodles, please) to Amperсанд of the Month, 1680 N. Vine, Suite 906, Hollywood, CA 90028. (If you wish to key your Amperсанд to a particular holiday, we must receive it two months before that holiday.)



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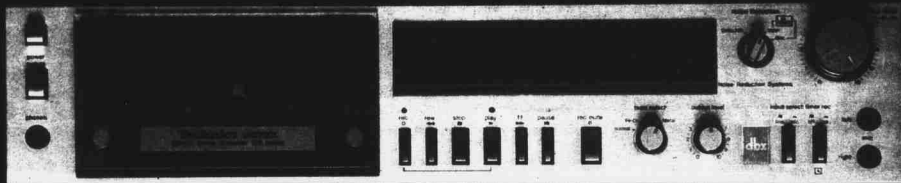
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