

Technician

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Eight break-ins occur during Kenny Rogers concert

by James Nunn
Staff Writer

At least eight cases of larceny occurred on campus the night of the March 31 Kenny Rogers concert in Reynolds Coliseum, according to the April 1 morning report from Public Safety.

According to Capt. Liles, spokesman for Public Safety, the victims of the larcenies were at the concert and many of them were from out of town.

"We started getting the reports that night as people started leaving the concert," Liles said. "And we got some of the reports the following day. People were leaving, going home, then calling back."

The morning report showed that the victims were from Garner, Liberty, Fayetteville, Southern Pines, Fuquay-Varina, and Raleigh.

Public Safety was not idle during the concert. According to Liles, Public Safety has learned to expect some trouble at big events.

"Anytime you draw a large crowd at the coliseum at night you can expect some cars to be broken into. We put people at the emergency phones at the northwest and southeast points of the parking deck. That's to oversee the cars in the deck, especially the lower level of the deck and the dark areas," Liles said.

The watch was effective in the parking deck, but the automobile break-ins during the concert occurred elsewhere.

"The concert crowd was so large

that people parked at the site of the new athletic facility, which is an isolated area and is not normally parked in. So, the thieves hit several cars there, and also along Pullen road, near Western Boulevard," Liles said.

Public Safety officers did spot one of the larcenies in progress and pursued three suspects.

Liles said that a passerby spotted three males breaking the window of a car on Pullen Road, east of Gold Dormitory. The witness called Public

Safety on a nearby blue-light emergency phone.

"When we got up there, the subjects ran into Pullen Park, and we chased them into the park and lost them," Liles said.

Liles said he believes that the three males were responsible for all of the auto break-ins. And, while the subjects were not apprehended, most of the stolen property was recovered.

"In most of these cases we recovered the pocketbooks, wallets,

and credit cards. The only thing missing was the money," Liles said. "We found these things by searching the area of each crime."

Liles said he advises people who plan to attend future campus events to park in areas that are not isolated so that Public Safety can protect the cars. The surveillance works, as Liles said, "We had no break-ins at the parking deck during the Rogers concert because we were able to watch over the cars."

Walden discusses role of today's women in balancing home, job

by Tucker Johnson
Senior Editor

Women in today's world are being asked to walk an "extremely fine line" to achieve a balance between career and domestic demands, actor Robert Walden told an audience of about 350 in Stewart Theatre Thursday night.

Walden, who portrays the character "Rossi" in the television series "Lou Grant," spoke as part of this week's campuswide women's symposium.

Walden has appeared in movies including "Bloody Mama" and has had articles published in such newspapers as the *Washington Post* and the *Chicago Sun Times*.

Men and women inherit cultural institutions that "don't make sense," Walden said, and sexual stereotypes are one example of such institutions.

"I realized that to be a man meant you weren't supposed to cry," he said. "You were supposed to be physically strong, protect women, be the dominant person, the aggressive person, the one who makes the decisions — you were supposed to be pretty much like Superman."

"But women seemed to know all along how feeble we are or how inadequate we really are."

Walden said "psychological wounds" have resulted from former cultural practices of treating women as the property of men. Significant changes in society's attitudes toward sex roles will take a long time, he said.

"Men are scared. They are scared of women — enormously," he said.

"Change is terrifying to a lot of people. They think they'll lose their identity... If women act intelligent or aggressive, it could cost them their jobs, personal relationships, their psychological balance or even their lives."

"It is an extremely fine line that women are asked to walk in this century. It's OK if they have a career if

they can also handle the house and the kids. They are being asked to do too much. A little bit less is being asked of men."

Walden said he became aware of the women's movement about 10 years ago when the movement began to gain momentum.

"Women started to talk to one another more than before and found that they had more in common with each other than they had with men," he said. "As a result, the movement got momentum and women found out about the anger of other women."

Walden's interest in the movement, he said, is not "all that altruistic."

"I like to think of myself as a feminist, but I also like to think of myself as a survivor," he said. "I thought that if the women's movement took hold and was successful, then the men wouldn't be too far behind."

Walden described the relationships between men and women in the acting profession as unlike those in other occupations. Because intense teamwork is required among men and women in the theater, he said, sexual stereotypes are broken down.

"You begin to experience the opposite sex in a fairly unique way," he said. "The image of what is a man or what is a woman becomes blurry."

Walden said actresses before the 1970s were regarded mainly as sex symbols. He said numerous actresses in current theater, including Jane Fonda, are no longer regarded as actresses whose primary purpose is to "sell sex."

In a question-and-answer session after his lecture, Walden said he felt it is "unfair but true" that culture defines the success of women in terms of marriage and children.

"I don't think women have come nearly as far in terms of freedom as they have to," he said.

The Equal Rights Amendment will



Staff photo by Patrick Chapman

Robert Walden rambled his way through a speech on sexual stereotyping in the work environment and the women's liberation movement Thursday, April 8 at Stewart Theatre. He was the keynote speaker for the 1982 Women's Symposium sponsored by the provost's office.

probably not be passed before the national June deadline, he said.

"This doesn't mean that any woman who thinks it should pass should stop trying down to the last minute. I think that it will come about in this century."

"The issues that are being linked to keep it from being passed seem to be primarily economic... but if working women stopped working, this country would fold. And another issue is that men are being threatened, and there are men in the legislatures of these states that aren't passing ERA. Polls of the people in these states show 65 to 85 percent pro-ERA."

Throughout history, Walden said, men have been mystified by women's genitalia, fertility and the birth process. He said people have been hesitant to discuss these myths but that they should be brought out.

"When I was a kid there was this myth that women smelled bad, that their genitals smelled bad," he said. "Women grew up believing this too. With this kind of propagation of prejudice, already our culture is degrading 52 percent of the human race — making them feel less than persons."

According to doctors, Walden said, the pungent smell of vaginal fluids and perspiration is due to acids that are metabolized by the body during extreme emotional arousal.

Walden said sexual harassment of women in the work world is a far reaching problem but a hard one for which to find solutions.

"This is the first time there has been an acceptance that there is such a thing as sexual harassment, so there will probably be some initial overreac-

tion by women," he said.

"Sexual harassment, no matter that it's hard to prove, is staggering because some men are not aware of the way they are behaving. They pat a woman on the behind, which they think is playful."

Walden said television has not "come as far" as theater in eliminating sexual stereotypes.

"Television does appeal to a lower common denominator than do movies," he said. "There has been some really good progress but... the T&A thing still sells and the more oppressed the society is, the more it's going to sell."

He cited Fonda as an example of a woman who has experienced success in many roles, including those of actress, businesswoman, wife and mother.

Panel relates trouble non-traditional roles bring today's women

by Karen Lynne Freitas
Staff Writer

A panel of women in non-traditional roles and careers discussed their place in society Tuesday as part of the week-long 1982 Women's Symposium.

State's Provost's office sponsored a full week of events. The issues discussed were of interest to men and women.

The women, from State and Wake County communities, discussed how they chose their careers, problems they have encountered being female in male-dominated fields, solutions to their problems and occupational rewards.

Peggy Glass, an attorney for Carolina Power and Light Co., discussed the problems she encountered as the only female in the company.

Many times a male colleague would be offended to have lunch with her or even give her company assignments with other corporations in her field, she said.

"I just have to prove to them that even though I am a woman I have the ability to make decisive decisions accurately," she said.

"I feel as though there is a lack of credibility and counseling for women entering non-traditional roles and careers."

One of the main points focused on was that most women are expected to carry on the traditional roles of housewives, secretaries, collar workers and workers of more menial tasks.

Carol Parries, technical sales assistant for Eaton Corporation, noted the distinct difference in the attitude towards women in a non-traditional role by the male-dominated society.

"Women should not let their traditional background stop them from changing their career to one of a male society," Parries said. "They should not let opportunities pass them by because of that fear."

The last spokesperson for the panel was Susan Powell, an animal control officer for the Cary Police Department.

Powell said she was selected over 27 men for a job that requires an enormous amount of physical strength.

"I think one thing that helped me obtain the job is that I wanted to educate the public with the information I knew concerning the care of pets and other animals," she said.

All of the speakers agreed that there are many opportunities awaiting those women interested in changing their present careers to a less traditional role.

Speaker sees little chance of ERA passage

by Cassandra Maurer
Staff Writer

Dr. Sonia Johnson, noted feminist and founder of Mormons for ERA, said Tuesday she feels chances are slim for ratification of the Equal Rights Amendment by the national June deadline.

Johnson spoke in Stewart Theatre. Her talk, "Standing Up for ERA," was sponsored by State's Association for Women Students, as an adjunct to the full week's women's symposium sponsored by the provost's office.

"It doesn't look good for justice for women," she said. The Southern states have traditionally opposed all human-rights amendments, she said, and the ERA is a "classic example of a human-rights amendment."

The opposition of the Southern states to passage of ERA will be hard to overcome, Johnson said. "It would take a miracle but a miracle is always possible," she said.

If the ERA is defeated, Johnson said, it will be immediately re-introduced. The anti-ERA forces underestimate women's efforts, she said.

The women's movement is "on its way to becoming the most powerful movement in the world and certainly in this country," she said.

Johnson said women are definitely thinking about forming a national women's political party. She cited in stances of women who put much time and energy into campaigns for male politicians and received nothing in return.

"The governor of Virginia attributed his win to women, but he didn't do what he could have for ERA," she said. "He traded off ERA for a highway tax."

Johnson said most of the chief op-

ponents of ERA are Democrats, who are not as vocal in their opposition as are Republicans. She cited a need for the women's movement to ally itself with other groups — such as minorities, the poor and the elderly — affected by the Reagan administration's policies.

Johnson said the idea that the ERA would destroy the family unit is "nonsense." Policies of male



Sonia Johnson

supremacy and beliefs that women are expendable have a greater effect on the family unit than does ERA, she said.

According to a patriarchal view, Johnson said, "somebody has to be very vulnerable for the family to survive." But, she said, it only makes sense that the "stronger (the) mom is, the stronger the family."

Johnson cited statistics connecting women to lower socioeconomic classes. "Of the poverty class, 89 percent are women and children," she

said. "If the current trend continues, by the year 2000 the entire poverty population will be women and children." After many years of marriage a man may divorce a woman and leave her with no money, Johnson said, and this is how men keep women in the poverty class.

Women need to use "confrontation politics" when dealing with attempts to keep women out of a male-dominated society, Johnson said. It is possible women may use disruptive methods in attempting to change society, she said.

The volatility of the abortion issue may bring women together, she said.

"I'm advocating civil disobedience," she said. "I'm not advocating violence. I wouldn't mind if people cared enough to rampage in the streets. These are the things that happen in poor people's movements, but they are not planned and they shouldn't be planned."

The opposition of women has been traditionally non-violent, she said. As examples of classic forms of civil disobedience, Johnson cited non-payment of taxes and hunger strikes to call the attention of a government to the plight of oppressed people.

Johnson, a devout Mormon since childhood, related her discovery of the feminist movement. "I first heard about ERA from the pulpit and it was all bad," she said. What ultimately led her to examine the issue of women's rights was "the Mormon Church coming out so vociferously, so vigorously against it made me wonder what the ERA was that could possibly be that evil."

"I felt uncomfortable even liking mildly something the church not only disliked, but hated... (I) began to feel a kind of rage building up inside me

... 42 years of repressed rage starting to leak out. The women's movement hit me like a 10-ton truck."

Johnson said she once thought the women's movement had nothing to do with her life.

"Women spend a lot of time denying and avoiding the discovery that there is something negative about being female in a male world," she said.

"We have listened to that voice of authority speaking from God, and denied what we have seen with our own eyes and felt in our own hearts."

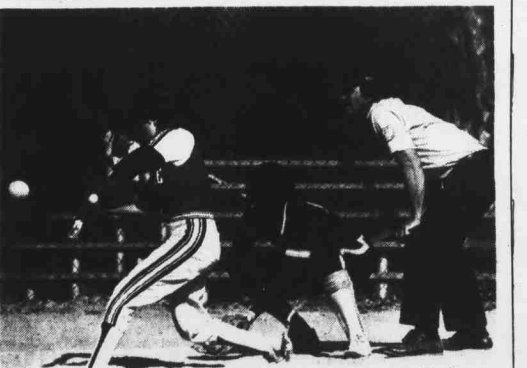
Johnson has written a book titled *From Housewife to Heretic* (Doubleday, 1980). Copies are available at D.H. Hill Library and may be purchased from the Association of Women Students.

clarification

In the article titled "Sky to visit" in the April 7 issue, it incorrectly stated that Sky will appear at the Civic Center on Monday. The correct date and place is April 11 at the Dorton Arena with Kool and the Gang.

inside

- Liz does it again — On with the Show Page 3
- Page 4 Read about loyal film collectors
- Job hunting Page 5
- Packs saves win for rainy day. Page 6
- The Pack pops at Sears Page 7



Staff photo by John Davison

State's Becky Gore makes a sharp cut at an oncoming pitch.

weather

Today — Clearing
today Weekend — Fair Saturday
and Sunday. Highs mostly in the
60s. Lows in the 30s and 40s.

FRIDAY SATURDAY SUNDAY

Opinion

There is a public which swallows, apparently, anything it gets, and never says what it does want, because it doesn't know. So editors have no resource but to pander to their own morbid taste, hoping that it may also be the taste of others.

- Rose Macaulay, A Causal Commentary

Workable solutions found in Carmichael expansion

The department of physical education, acting on the basis of a recent Pack Poll as well as a definite need, is preceding with plans to expand Carmichael Gym. The gym has needed expansion ever since the enrollment surpassed the number for which the gym was originally built.

The Technician supports the goal of expanding the gym. But only the students who are going to get some benefit out of the new expansion should be expected to pay the additional fees that would be required.

The latest Pack Poll only asked if students would be willing to pay for the expansion via a \$40 fee increase. Students were not polled whether they would be willing to pay \$40, \$80, \$120, \$160 or more for something that they would never be allowed to use.

Students would surely answer such a question with a resounding, "No." Students will probably have to pay between one year to three years for a facility which they will not be allowed to use according to latest time table that the department of physical education is proposing.

There are workable compromises available which will allow the physical education department to fully fund the gym expansion as well as ensuring that the students will be treated fairly.

Depending on the type of financing, the early stages of development will probably not require as much money as the actual construction stages. During the developmental stages, only students who will probably get to use the facility should be forced to pay the additional fee.

As more money is needed to pay for actual construction, then more students could pay the additional fees. Students who have helped pay for the facility, but who graduate before the facility is completed should be given some type of future usage of the gym.

When the University Student Center was financed via students' fees, the students who had paid additional fees for four years without getting the use of the facility were given a "Life Membership" in the Student Center. Later, this membership was explained as being purely honorary.

Students who help to finance the gym expansion should be allowed genuine use of the new facility in proportion to the amount of money which they paid. For instance, students who pay \$80 and don't get to use the expansion should be given full usage of the gym and it's facilities for at least 2 years after graduation.

Since most students will move away from Raleigh after graduation, few students will probably exercise the right to use the gym. But at least students will have the opportunity to use the gym. The additional expense of allowing a few former students would be negligible since the facilities would already exist.

A non-transferable card would be the simplest way to allow students to use the gym. This simple plan would still allow for the financing of the needed gym facility and give students the opportunity to use something for which they paid. What could be fairer?

WELL MYRON, THANKS TO YOUR AVERAGE STUDENT I HAD TO NARROWLY AVOID A ZOO DAY!

WE MUST CALL ON YOUR CROSS-SECTION AVERAGE STUDENT EXPERIENCE ONCE AGAIN...

AS YOU KNOW, WE ARE GOING TO CONSTRUCT AN ADDITION TO THE GYMNASIUM...

WE NEED TO FIND OUT THE TYPICAL STUDENT'S FEELINGS ABOUT LOSING TENNIS COURTS FOR THE CONSTRUCTION.



MYRON, DO YOU PLAY TENNIS OR PARTICIPATE IN ANY OTHER ATHLETIC ACTIVITIES?

DO YOU REALLY WANT THE ADMINISTRATION TO GO AHEAD WITH CONSTRUCTION OF THIS ADDITION?

WELL, THERE YOU HAVE IT! THE AVERAGE STUDENT DOESN'T MIND LOSING TENNIS COURTS! CALL IN THE BULLDOZERS!!



NO, IT'S UNUSUAL.

I DON'T CARE...

Its against the law not to vote

Elections not what they seem

He was the defending attorney in the Scopes "Monkey" trial. Public uproar was daily fare. When he spoke everyone listened - enemies and supporters alike.

Several hundred lawyers came from all over the country to hear him speak. He was not to let them down. He startled his audience of attorneys by asking for a show of hands to signify whether that man on the Camel cigarette package was sitting on the camel, standing next to it or leading it by the rope. The group was fairly evenly divided in thirds as to the position of the man. When the voting was complete, he held up a package of Camel cigarettes for all to see. There stood only a camel, no man at all.

And so Clarence Darrow graphically demonstrated his insights into mass gullibility and high force on the lawyers themselves.

Many people, including journalists, professors, government officials and lawyers say there were "elections" in El Salvador on March 29, 1982. I have evidence to the contrary. Evidence I'd like you to see.

Yes, a number of El Salvadorans did cast ballots. And while this is being hailed as a "democratic victory," why haven't the same

people been reporting that it is illegal NOT to vote in El Salvador? I learned this revealing bit of information from Enriquez Baloyre, a professor of political science who traveled to El Salvador to observe the elections - and who believes there was an election.

And why, in a country where 30,000 people have been murdered since the coup of 1979, do people in this country believe that the people of El Salvador could possibly feel

free not to vote? How could one support any form of opposition to a ruling military regime when they know that they may become one of those headless, legless bodies lying on the roadside?

The Catholic Archdiocese of San Salvador's legal aid office reports that over 90 percent of the more than 13,000 people who were murdered in 1981 were killed by government forces and their paramilitary allies. According to CBS News and wire services, this was largely confirmed by the U.N. Commission on Human Rights which assigned responsibility for the atrocities to the armed forces of the government and its allies.

All opposition, even the most conservative dissenters have been systematically annihilated. Included in this annihilation are the murders of 90 people who worked for the agency to develop the land reform program, hundreds of intended land reform beneficiaries, as well as trade unionists, clergy and entire communities suspected of opposition.

An ex-Maryknoll nun, Gail Phares, lived and worked in El Salvador. She reports that the people of El Salvador are required to carry identification cards called carnets, which are stamped when they vote. People are regularly stopped in the street, on buses and in schools to be asked to show their cedula to government militia. The implications of being stopped and not having a stamp, which is detected by a small hand-held ultra-violet light, are all too clear, whether or not the official reason for the stamps was to prevent double voting.

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In spite of this threat, 40 percent of the



Jean Lenzer

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In spite of this threat, 40 percent of the

people who could vote - excluding those 10-15 percent in towns where there was no voting - did not vote. Facing legal prosecution, and possibly even death for being "on the side of the guerrillas" for not voting, these people still did not vote.

Further, another 11 percent of ballots cast were blank or defaced. This left an effective vote of some 20 percent to 40 percent: a vote that could only be cast for right wing parties as no other party was able to appear on the ballot, due to several stipulations made by the current military junta. Stipulations that included the disclosure of the identities of all those supporting the opposition parties, which would be as good as suicide, were enforced.

And how is it that people here can say that the liberation forces have little support when Duarte gets on television to plead for U.S. military aid - now up to 81 million dollars - because "we cannot win this war without U.S. aid"?

And no, don't look to Cuba, Nicaragua or Grenada, because while they could ship supplies on a far smaller scale than the United States. They cannot supply the food, or shelter, or internal support that the United States can to these dissenting people.

Finally, how is it that Joe Lawhorn, a political commentator for WRAL-TV, can hail the victory of "democracy" in El Salvador and

'Why in a country where 30,000 persons have been murdered since the coup of 1979 do people in this country believe that the people of El Salvador could possibly feel free not to vote? How could one support any form of opposition to a ruling military regime when they know that they may become one of the headless, legless bodies lying in the streets.'

state that "communists never come to power by free elections, but only by the gun"? An interesting statement in view of the current junta which has lived by the gun and is staying in power by the gun and which has just staged the most "unfree" election imaginable.

Interesting in view of the CIA-engineered assassination of the duly-elected socialist Salvador Allende in Chile, and the overthrow of a duly-elected moderate reformist in Santo Domingo in 1965. Who has been living by the gun and ignoring elections?

U.S. officials are smart; they simply state their case as if it were so. But, remember there is no man on the Camel cigarette package, no matter how many attorneys say there is.

Jean Lenzer is a staff columnist for the Technician.

Middle East prepared for war

The Middle East has once again become the flashpoint for hostilities. There have been rumors for the past couple of weeks that Israel will invade southern Lebanon to rout out Palestinian guerrillas from their bases in that area.

In addition, there have violent protest in the Sinai by Israeli settlers who do not wish to leave their land when Egypt takes full control of the Sinai on April 25. Plus, the Israeli government in the past couple of weeks has kicked out of office a number of democratically elected Palestinian West Bank mayors. Also, there have been violent protests by the Palestinians who live in the occupied West Bank - some 800,000 people - not only because of the firings of the mayors but also from anger over Israeli occupation.

The events of the past couple of weeks have lead some people to believe that another war in the Middle East is imminent. The threat of war does seem likely. Syria is buying a huge supply of arms from the Soviet Union. The PLO is also receiving more sophisticated arms. In fact, most countries in the region are involved in an unprecedented arms build-up.

The reasons for the turmoil and the build-up in arms are:

- The question of an autonomous Palestinian state
- Most Arab nations do not recognize Israel's right to exist

• The question whether or not an autonomous Palestinian state can coexist with Israel.

The Arab nations have continually said that an independent Palestinian state must be part any negotiations with Israel. The late President Sadat made it an important part of his



Henry Jarrett

negotiations with Israel to ensure that an autonomous Palestinian state be created. However, every Israeli government has rejected the idea of an independent Palestinian state. They also refuse to recognize the PLO as the legitimate representative of the Palestinian people, despite the fact the majority of Palestinians support the PLO.

The Israeli government's explanation for rejecting an independent Palestinian state has been that they fear if one was created,

especially if it was established on the West Bank, it would be like having a dagger at their back. Some members of the current Israeli government have thought about annexing the West Bank; Begin has always said that the land was rightfully Israel's because he says it is part of ancient Samaria and Judea. Israeli Defense Minister Ariel Sharon recently wrote that since the majority of the population of Jordan is Palestinian only a little help from Israel would be needed for the PLO to overthrow King Hussein's government.

Anthony Lewis said in a recent column that Israel is moving towards creating an "Ulster." Lewis pointed out that like Ulster centuries ago, the establishment of settlements by a stronger outside force has aroused strong resistance. True, there are currently twice as many Jews as Arabs in Israel now, but the Arab birthrate is higher. If Israel formally annexes the West Bank then the Israeli government will achieve one of the objectives of the PLO: the creation of a secular Palestinian state.

In essence, Israeli policy has been to one nationalism over another. As Lewis points out, Zionism stood for an ethical vision as well as the preservation of the Jews. Instead, in the name of Zionism, the Israeli government takes land from the Arabs and harasses Arab villagers. The Jewish state was supposed to be self-reliant, instead they rely on Arab labor. The Jewish state was supposed to be democratic, yet the rights of one group of people are asserted over the rights of another group of people.

It's no wonder that the Arab nations do not recognize Israel. However, one must remember that Egypt has already formally recognized Israel, and there have been informal contacts between Israel and other Arab nations, such as Israel supplying arms to Iran. Also a recent peace plan introduced by Saudi Crown Prince Fahd includes a subtle hint that recognition of Israel would part of a peace settlement.

The final question is whether or not an independent Palestinian state on the West Bank and Gaza can peacefully coexist with Israel. Both sides have committed atrocities. Israeli warplanes last year bombed Beirut, and killed 300 Palestinian men, women and children.

Likewise, the Palestine Liberation Organization has been known to launch rocket attacks against Israeli kibbutzes killing men, women and children. However, it is not impossible for enemies to become friends or at least peacefully coexist. Two things have to happen: there has to be the establishment of an independent Palestinian state and that Israel must be recognized by all nations in the region as an entity.

The only question is which side will blink first. Hopefully both.

Henry Jarrett is a columnist for the Technician.



Technician

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Easter evokes sentimental memories of English Muse

You might have observed while trying to decipher my abstract thought pattern that I dabble in creative writing. The "talent" required for this style of written communication of thought is not inherent. One must develop a "style" and, contrary to popular belief, a style is developed through aid from outside sources — i.e. English teachers and the like.

I would like to take the liberty of dedicating this column to my high school mentor who taught me

ON WITH THE SHOW
LIZ BLUM

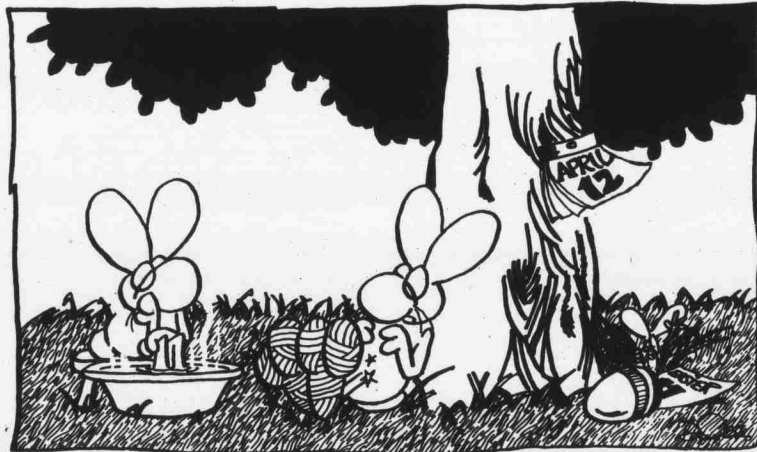
creative writing and sophomore English. Sally Smisson has directed many a budding writer down the road to bombarding the world with their words. And I am a product of her talented style of coaxing creativity from neophytes.

Tangents are more the rule than the exception when I sit down to compose my column. To begin with, I can get away with it because it is a column. Secondly, I usually write news and my column is a place where I can throw adjectives, adverbs and unheard-of nouns around without someone going, "That's not factual."

The point I'm trying to reach is my response to a "Forum" letter entitled "Cheap imitation" from one Fred Tutwiler, a junior in micro-biology. Apparently Mr. Tutwiler has misconstrued my meaning, not to mention reading my column and taking sentences out of context.

He contends that I have superior knowledge of "poor dumped-on girls." He also says that my column does not qualify as legitimate journalism. He then accuses Debbie Boyd, Technician copy editor, of allowing a "cheap imitation" — of what he does not specify — to be printed.

Mr. Tutwiler, I do not claim to have superior knowledge of anything. I merely write on what I have observed in my 33 years on this earth. I also do not try to pass my column off as "legitimate journalism." It is merely a place where I can have fun



with words and observations and hopefully amuse my readers. Try to tell me Dennis Rogers of the *Observer* always writes just the facts.

Finally, Debbie Boyd only edits copy for grammatical mistakes, mistakes in spelling and things that are not clear. She does not tell me what to write or the content of my column. Besides, she happens to like my writing.

Now, Mr. Tutwiler, let me leave you with one piece of advice. If you have so little a sense of humor, then I suggest that you skip my column the next time it is printed so as not to upset yourself any further.

Anyway, back to the business at hand. On with the show.

In between learning about similes, metaphors and paradoxes, Ms. Smisson inserted a lot of fun things to do with words. My favorite was funny bunnies.

You might ask, what on this green earth is a funny

bunny? Well, you take two words that rhyme, make up a definition for the phrase and ask someone what it is.

Example: What is an inebriated stinkbomb?
A drunk skunk.
Try this one. What is a wet woman?
A drenched wench.
What about a titled man who is yawning?
A bored lord.
This one is easy. What is a Godzilla movie?
A creature feature.

These are just examples of what fun one can have with words. Think of all those times you have sat

Frisbee fair soars for Easter Seals at State Saturday

by Michael Kahn
Contributing Writer

Those much loved flying disks known as frisbees will be swarming all over the State intramural fields this Saturday. If you're not too busy ducking, join in the fun for what will be the largest non-competitive frisbee demonstration/clinic ever held in North Carolina.

The State Frisbee Fair will run from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. and is being held as a fund-raiser for Easter Seals. Members from the State Frisbee Club will be showing people a variety of games they can play with frisbees as well as performing in exhibition ultimate

games against other North Carolina frisbee clubs. Steve Guth of Guth Sound Systems will provide the club with an "excellent" concert sound system. Domino's Pizza is going to be bringing out free pizza all day long. Also WADR told the club they would send over the Mountain Dew Pump so people will be able to drink soft drinks. The State Inter-Residence Council gave \$250 to be spent on pizzas and T-shirts. There wasn't any help with supplying beer so money for kegs is being supplied by the Frisbee Club. The beer is free but donations will be given for Easter Seals. The Frisbee club will be

waiting in an office, a bus station or someplace with nothing to do. Take out a sheet of paper and make up funny bunnies. Or try your hand at similes and metaphors.

Stuff that you might never use in conversation or a letter can still be fun. Some that I've come up with in various situations are:

- A deserted beach is like a long-awaited break in the world's hurry and scurry and skyscrapers
- The end of the day is like "Old Man Time" dragging his feet, pulling the day behind him.
- She's about as prudish as a rabbit.



Of course, all of this is courtesy of Sally Smisson. She's the teacher everyone has. The one who encouraged when everyone else condemned, the person who always had some way for you to improve. She's the friend you never appreciate until years later when you realize that she was the one at the fork in the road who sent you down the path you are now on. Ms. Smisson is mine. She is the one who started me writing constructively. I guess she didn't realize what she was turning loose.

I can get a bit sentimental at times. Well, I've run out of wind today. I guess this weekend will give me the sufficient time to revitalize, regroup and restock my literary juices for my next column. After all, Easter is a time of new beginnings.

Hope you have a happy and safe Easter weekend. May the Easter bunny be really good to you and bring lots of candy so you can get lots of cavities and lots of dentist bills.

And what do we call that?
A sweet treat that brings a killing billing.



Technician file photo
You'll see a lot of determined faces at this year's State Frisbee Fair as throwers demonstrate their talents.

selling t-shirts designed by Carolina State Frisbee Ted Bartelt especially for Tournament last year and the fair. Over 400 people even more will be expected to show up for this.


Championship Sailing

Starting tomorrow, the State Sailing Club will be participating in the Southeast Regional Sailing Championships at Clemson.

State held its own ragatta recently with four universities and colleges including the Carolina Sailing Club from Chapel Hill, who helped with the rules, and Davidson College's sailing club. "We had very good winds," John Parks, a member of the club, said. "Everyone had a great time. We served the other teams lunch and later gave a party." Interest has really grown for the sailing club and there may be a sailing course offered by the physical education department sometime in the future.



Staff photo by John Hurite



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Lovers of old films converge at Syracuse convention

by Karl Samson
Entertainment Writer

Every hobby and special interest has its few fanatics. These hardcore fans are the people who will spend \$100 for a ticket to see Bruce Springsteen or The Rolling Stones. These groups of people often acquire interesting names, such as "Dead Heads" for fans of the Grateful Dead.

People will travel across the nation and further in pursuit of that very specialized activity that brings them pleasure. Whether it is a Star Trek convention or a baseball card collectors convention, there is bound to be a weekend in the year dedicated to your special interest. It could be a classic car convention in the Motor City or a rainbow gathering in the state of Washington.

The "film buff" is, of course, no exception and comes in many forms. There are "B" western film buffs, Laurel & Hardy film buffs, cartoon buffs, silent film and early musical film buffs. These are the dedicated students of film who will drive for 25-hours in order to sit in a dark room to watch films for 12 or more hours a day.

What is it that drives these seemingly mindless creatures on for days with little sleep? It is the desire to see those long-forgotten films which have lain hid-

den in film archives and attics around the world. It is the desire to make a good deal on those films or film memorabilia you've been searching for all those years. It may be a desire to meet an aging film star, but most of all, it is a chance to talk with people who share similar interests.

These are the cinephiles, lovers of film, who recently converged at Syracuse, N.Y. for a weekend of buying, selling, trading and watching old films. In attendance were such notables as William K. Everson, film historian and owner of probably the largest personal collection of films in the world, and Leonard Maltin, author of several books on animation and film in general. Both of these gentlemen have given presentations here at State.

Guest, Colleen Moore

Also in attendance, as the special guest of the convention, was Colleen Moore, silent screen star. Many of Miss Moore's wide range of films were shown including *Orchids and Ermine*, *Irene* and the recently restored *Twinkletoes*.

At 79, Miss Moore is as vibrant and outgoing as she was in her films 50 years ago. After the showing of her film, *Irene*, she thrilled the audience with recollections of the early days in Hollywood. Such in-

teresting anecdotes as the story of Charlie Chaplin trying to win the role of Jesus Christ, a serious role, allowed rare glimpses into the lives of the stars of the silent years.

Recent antique-collecting magazines have been filled with stories of the escalating values of movie posters and other memorabilia. In Syracuse, the dealers' room was always filled with people. The Ronald Reagan posters were commanding some of the highest prices, although, the most valued pieces of paper were being traded only. These included movie posters for *King Kong*, *Hell's Angels*, *The African Queen*, *Gone With the Wind* and many other screen classics. Lobby cards, press books, sheet music and photographs of stars were all trading hands rather briskly.

However, the busiest tables in the dealers' room were where films were being sold. Although most of the films for sale were 16mm, there were also Super 8, Regular 8 and a few 35mm. Most people probably do not realize that there is a large business in selling films, both old and new.

Today everyone is familiar with the skyrocketing video tape industry. However, prior to the development of video tapes, film sales were already a big business.

Collecting films has its many advantages over col-

lecting video tapes. The greatest advantage is print quality. It is impossible to achieve the clarity and resolution of celluloid on a video tape. However, due to printing costs, films are much more expensive than video tapes.

The list of films shown in Syracuse included an all-black musical from 1929, a 1922 Sherlock Holmes starring John Barrymore, two rare Lon Chaney Sr. films and a compilation of Al Jolson musical numbers. In addition, many other silent films and early talkies were shown.

The highlight of any cinephiles convention is the auction. This is where the greatest bargains can be found. Anything that hasn't sold yet might end up on the auction block. The owners usually don't want to drag heavy objects back onto the home-bound plane. Thus, few offers are refused.

Depending on your interests there is probably a cinephiles convention for you. In Columbus, Ohio there will be a convention during Memorial Day weekend and in Davenport, Iowa there will be a convention during Labor Day weekend. For anyone interested in the golden age of Hollywood these conventions will be exciting adventures.

Write to Entertainment Department for details.

Kihntinued's driving beat compliments previous LP

by Rick Allen
Entertainment Writer

The Greg Kihn band has once again put itself on the music map with its latest album *Kihntinued*. This album is an excellent complement to their previous album *Rockinroll* which featured the hit, "The Breakup Song."

Kihntinued will be a real pleasure for Greg Kihn's fans. The entire album is upbeat. All but one of the songs, "Family," have a driving beat. The energy of the band is infectious and comes through in its music quite clearly. It is very hard to just sit and listen to this album.

"Happy Man" sets mood

The first song on the album, "Happy Man," sets the mood for the whole album. The tone of this song is seen in the lines: *I'm going to be a happy man, just you and me, while we still can...*



Greg Kihn band members: Steve Wright, Larry Lynch, Greg Kihn, Gary Phillips and Dave Carpenter

The next cut, "Every Love Song," has a melody that leaves the listener constantly humming the tune, and so the album goes. Side one does not contain any second-rate songs, as a matter of fact, a couple of songs could be rated as great.

The second side of the album is just as good as the first. It could even be better depending on one's tastes.

One song on side two called "Sound System" is about a performer's dependence on his equipment while he is on tour. The song has a snappy tempo that is impossible to resist.

The album also includes a remake of the song "Higher and Higher" which is done well.

The band consists of five members. They include

Greg Kihn - guitar and vocals; Steve Wright - base guitar; Larry Lynch - drums; Dave Carpenter - guitarist; and the newest addition - Gary Phillips on keyboards. This is a talented group of guys and *Kihntinued* proves it.

A national tour is in the making for the band which should be received well.

The music they play is not hard rock, but it is definitely pleasing to the ear. The whole album is made up of well-written and different songs. It should receive airplay for several cuts.

The Greg Kihn band is sitting on another hit album, and it's a group you are bound to hear more from in the future.

Tropical band

Island to maroon at Silver Bullet

by Karen G. Fox
Entertainment Writer

"Yeah, I like groups such as Pink Floyd, Genesis, UFO and The Who," you say. "What about it?"

"Then why haven't you seen Island yet?"

"What's Island?"

Well, if you haven't heard of Island, then read closely before you miss your next chance to see this rare gem in the showcase of local rock 'n' roll bands.

It's refreshing to hear something different - and this band is different. Island's copy material is unlike any other band's in this area.

Variety of music

Not only does the group play material by Pink Floyd, Genesis, UFO and The Who, but is also plays material by the Beatles, Led Zepplin, Jethro Tull, Cheap Trick, The Babys, Todd Rundgren and Asia.

no one will listen," Island's keyboardist E.T. Carroll said.

Island currently consists of four very talented musicians: the keyboardist; James Flynt, bass guitar; Jeff Coleman, guitar; and Guy Brandt, percussion.

All of the members also sing vocals, but the band is looking for a new lead vocalist.

Island, which has been together about six months, recorded most of its original material only

material as no one remaining in the band could reach the necessary notes.

Bass player sings

One of the originals that was recorded features the bass player as the lead vocalist. This song, "In Control," is currently receiving air play at WKNC.

The band currently performs a second, unrecorded original called "Heroes." The members are also writing new material that they can perform themselves.

"We're all determined musicians, and I think we've done rather well on our own," Flynt said. "Rather well?" I would say, "quite well," after seeing them perform.

If you want to know how "well" firsthand, Island will be playing at The Silver Bullet Saloon on Sunday night. So don't spend your Easter vacation marooned alone - head for the "undeserted" Island.



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Studies find job hunting requires planning, preparation

Industry is laying off professionals and inflation is bringing home-makers back into the labor force. Add to that the 1982 college graduates and it is apparent that the competition for the decreasing number of available jobs will be intense.

The non-profit Consumer Education Research Center has just completed a survey of personnel people in industry to find out how they make their choice from a number of applicants with similar qualifications. CERC distilled this into a "how to" book entitled *A Job Hunter's Guide* - How

"A Job Hunter's Guide"



to Locate and Land the Position You Want. The researchers found that many resumes were

never read because the cover letter that accompanied them lacked information that would have made the applicant seem special. Other cover letters turned off employers because they were not personalized for that particular company. A person, who does not take the trouble to compose a different letter for each prospective employer will probably be a lazy or indifferent worker.

"The cover letter that is sent with the resume should be highly personalized," Mr. Berko says. "It should make the prospective employer feel that this is the only company for which the job-seeker wishes to work." The book tells how to write a resume to spotlight particular talents. Some resumes should be in chronological order while others should have education or job experience at the top. A resume set in type and printed on a good quality bond paper jumps out of

the pack of typewritten-on-white paper resumes.

A good resume and cover letter will get the job applicant an interview but if he appears unsure, ill-prepared, impolite or badly groomed, he will get short shrift. The "Job Hunter's Guide" has a list of interview questions that will help in the preparation for the face-to-face meeting. Practicing the answers will help the applicant be prepared with the exact answer that will best show his or her

talents. Unprepared interviewees often think of the right answer on their way home, without the job. "A Job Hunter's Guide" shows the applicant how to find a suitable opening and takes him through the process until he has the job he wants.

The TECHNICIAN Experience

Entertainment Briefs

On Easter Sunday, "The Joyous Celebration of Easter" will be discussed in a gallery talk by museum docent, Geraldine Bryan. The tour of art works will include a discussion of the 18th century painting, "The Resurrection of Christ," by Italian artist Giuseppe Maria Crespi.

Auditions for Theatre in the Park's production of the vivacious musical, *Chicago* are April 17 and 18 at 5 p.m. at Tip, Pullen Park. Have a prepared song and wear clothing which is comfortable to move around in. Call 755-6058 for more information.

A "Best of Broadway" program including selections from *Guys and Dolls*, *South Pacific* and *Jesus Christ Superstar* will be featured by the North Carolina Symphony. Principal Pops conductor Eric Knight will direct the program in Raleigh Memorial Auditorium, on April 17 at 8 p.m. Tickets range from \$4.50 to \$7.50 for adults; call 733-2750 for any additional information.

The State Chamber Singers, accompanied by the Town and Gown Chamber Players, will present works by Byrd, Bach, and others on April 18 at the Sacred Heart Cathedral at 7:30 p.m. Admission is free.

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.

COOPERATIVE EDUCATION SOCIETY will meet Thurs., April 15 at 7 p.m. in 181 Harrison Hall. All interested students are invited to attend.

AGRI-LIFE COUNCIL SPRING COOKOUT, Thurs., April 15 from 4-7 p.m. in Harris Field. Free to all SALS students. Tickets in dept. offices.

RALEIGH WESLEY FOUNDATION, dinner and program, Tues., April 13 at 5:30 p.m., First United Methodist, Dr. James Eldred will speak on "How to Read the Bible".

STATE GAY COMMUNITY: IMPORTANT PLANNING MEETING, Fri., April 9 at 8 p.m. in 210 Harrison Hall. Plans for Gay Awareness Week will be discussed and the new constitution will be voted on.

EASTER INTERNATIONAL DINNER, sponsored by Inter-Varsity Christian Fellowship, Fri., April 9. Meet at Student Center at 6:15 p.m. for rides. For more info, call Kate, 851-8813. Everyone welcome!

classifieds

Classifieds cost 15¢ per word with a minimum charge of \$2.25 per insertion. All ads must be prepaid. Mail check and ad to Classifieds, P.O. Box 5898, College St. Station, Raleigh, N.C. 27650. Deadline is 5 p.m. on the date of publication for the previous issue. Liability for mistakes in ads limited to refund or reprinting and must be reported to our offices within two days after first publication of ad.

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NEEDED: Someone moving out of a 3 bedroom apartment in King's Row anytime after May so that we can pick up the lease. Call Debbie or Karen at 833-5732.

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WAATC, AMATEUR RADIO CLUB meeting and officer elections will be Wed., April 14 at 8 p.m. in 228 Daniels Hall.

THE ASSOCIATION FOR WOMEN STUDENTS will meet Tues., April 13 at 4 p.m. in the Student Center Senate Hall. All students, faculty, and staff are invited.

NCSU RACQUETBALL CLUB will meet Tues., April 13 at 8 p.m. in Rm. 214, Carmichael Gym. All members playing in the tournament please attend.

VOLUNTEER INCOME TAX ASSISTANCE will be available on Fridays, 1:30-4:30 p.m. in 208 Hillsborough Bldg for anyone needing help filling out their tax forms.

ALLIANCE FRANCAISE DE RALEIGH - Reunion le 15 avril a 20h00; Ridgeloach Club House; 876-1943, 851-6850.

GRADUATE STUDENTS ASSOCIATION: Officer elections will be held April 19. All graduate students are eligible for nomination and interested students should contact Dan Tisch at 737-2789.

KAPPA DELTA PI will hold its spring meeting Mon., April 19 at 7 p.m. in 532 Post. Initiation of new members and officer election will take place.

1982 AGROMECH YEARBOOKS are now on sale only by mail last week's Technician ad coupon or from the yearbook office on the 3rd floor of the Student Center. Do not wait until it is too late. Delivery is on time on Sept. 1.

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HELP WANTED, Mission Valley Cinema, Mission Valley Shopping Center. Now accepting applications for summer and next fall part-time cashiers, projectionists and concession personnel. Persons who are willing to work weekdays nights, Saturdays, Sundays, and holidays apply at box office, 2-6 p.m. daily.

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Le Roux goes southern

by Greg Lytle
Entertainment Writer

Le Roux is becoming a true "southern" band which is evident in its latest album, *Last Safe Place on Earth*. The melodies are reminiscent of America, Hall and Oates, and other groups noted for their harmonies.

The record opens with "Addicted," a song in which a man admits "your love's got a hold on me," to his lover. The air of optimism that begins the album is car-

ried through to the end. The songs deal primarily with the theme of love, most specifically lost love.

"It Doesn't Matter" starts out softly but breaks into a guitar solo by Tony Haselden in the middle. Several of the other songs contain guitar solos by members of the band.

Like most current albums, one of *Last Safe Place on Earth*'s singles has been receiving a lot of airplay. The title track has been deserving of that attention,

but necessitates a closer examination for the real clue to its popularity. A look at the lyrics reveals only a simple rhyme scheme. The clue lies in the compatibility of the lyrics with the music.

On the second side there is an excellent cover version of Stephen Stills' "Rock 'N' Roll Woman" originally released in 1967. The lead vocals and background harmony by Tony Haselden are at least equal to the original if not better.

Recently a common gim-

mick on records is to include a song about a long-distance love affair in which the phone becomes a prominent fixture. "Long Distance Lover," although at a first glimpse maintains the gimmick, soon overcomes the initial skepticism and melody shines through.

Overall the album is an enjoyable treat, one which you will wish to indulge in often. It is also helpful when you need to hear a cheerful, soothing note.



Miller times starring Miller High Life

"Gee, it must be great to be in a fraternity."



1981 Beer Brewed by Miller Brewing Co., Milwaukee, Wis.

Pack saved by wet stuff

by William Terry Kelley
Sports Editor

State's baseball team has played in all sorts of weather this week, but until Thursday had managed to get all the games played in their entirety.

Wind, cold and rain have hassled the Pack this week but it was the rain that gave State a break by cutting short its 5-4 win over North Carolina Wesleyan on Doak Field.

The game was delayed after 4 1/2 innings and then called after the required 30 minute wait. The win broke a two-game slide by State and puts the team on the upswing heading into a conference Easter road trip against Maryland on Saturday and Virginia on Sunday.

The Pack lost a twinbill to East Carolina Wednesday as it got good pitching but could not get the hits or the defense to win the games.

Wesleyan jumped ahead early in the game as center field speedster Greg Clark singled and then advanced to third on pitcher Mark Robert's errant pickoff attempt. He later scored on a groundout to give Wesleyan the lead.

"We tried to get it in," State head baseball coach Sam Esposito said of the game. "Conditions were not good but the field was fine. There was a slight drizzle falling. After we started it was in the umpire's hands."

"Sometimes you get hurt when you try to get it in and sometimes you get in a short game and win."

State scored all of its runs in the third inning as Chris Baird walked after one out and scored on Louie Meadows triple. Meadows scored on Tracy Woodson's sacrifice fly. Then a double by Jim Toman and walks by Ray Wojkovich and Doug Davis preceded a single by Tim Barbour and the Pack was aided by a Wesleyan error to score its other three runs in the inning.

"When you get in a game like that you just hope you don't get anybody hurt," Esposito said. "It's always nice to get a win like that going into a conference game."

Wesleyan got another run in the fourth and two in the top of the fifth to round out the scoring. A walk and a pair of singles helped pro-

duce the fourth-inning run while the fifth-frame tallies came on three hits and two State errors.

Bruce Rhodes picked up the loss for Wesleyan while Roberts picked up the win for State. State is 19-9 on the year.

On Wednesday the Pack dropped both ends of a doubleheader with ECU as State got good jobs from its starting but could not crack the Pirate moundsmen for more than two runs all day.

ECU's Bob Patterson shut the Pack out on two hits in the opener while the Pirates took advantage of single runs in the fifth and seventh innings and made their four hits in the game count enroute to the win.

In the second game, State carried a 2-1 lead into the top of the seventh and final inning before a pair of singles knotted the score and then an error by shortstop Mike Sprouse allowed the Bucs to score the winning runs in the same inning.



Staff photo by Drew Armstrong
State third baseman Ray Wojkovich makes throw to first in hopes of sealing the double play.



Staff photo by Drew Armstrong
Pack catcher Doug Davis protects home as he awaits this Methodist baserunner.

Mike Pesavento and Hugh Brinson were the victims of the Pack's misfortunes at the plate and in the field as they picked up the losses on the day although pitching well.

"We had two disappointing losses," Esposito said. "Especially the way our two starting pitchers pitched. We got two fine pitched ball

games. The only bad part was their pitchers pitched awfully well. Their pitcher, Patterson, pitched the best against us that anyone has all year."

If the Pack is to stay in the conference chase it will have to come from its northern conference sweep with a pair of wins. Any losses would virtually

eliminate it from the conference race as it goes into the games with only a 5-4 conference mark.

"Everybody's still alive as far as I'm concerned," Esposito said. "More than four losses is going to eliminate most teams for the season. The secret the rest of the way is to get good pitching."

State only has three games remaining on the conference slate after it gets back, playing Wake Forest on the road and at home as well as another date with North Carolina, this time at Doak Field.

Stickmen host Roanoke

by Devin Steele
Assistant Sports Editor

Wanted: a win. After four consecutive losses, State's lacrosse team will take a 'W' of any sort, any size, any fashion.

The Wolfpack stickmen, 4-2, head into this Easter weekend's clash with Roanoke with that one domain - winning - in mind. The contest, which begins Saturday at 2 p.m., won't be a cakewalk by any means. It will be a test of all the Pack's inner-strengths and weaknesses, as every game surely is.

Roanoke, which is ranked third in Division III, is currently riding a 4-0 record. "They're a young team," said State head coach Larry Gross, whose squad dropped out of the Division I national polls for the first week in at least 2 years. "But they're an excellent upset team, so they'll really test us."

"We really need a win to get untracked."

Gross sees Roanoke's biggest strength at the attack, and contends the Wolfpack midfield will have to perform above-par to stop the offense.

"They're very explosive. They've got all three starters back on the attack," he said. "Notably, Paul Goldsmith and Sean Smith are their big guns. Our midfield will have to play excellent defense this weekend. They've got to be up for it. They'd better be up for it."

Roanoke's main weakness, according to Gross, is in the goal.

"Last year, they had a first-team all-America in the goal, but we had the fast-breaking attack to get through him," he said.



Staff photo by Jim Frei
Bill Tierney searches for the inside track through the Maryland defense.

A year ago, the Wolfpack walloped Roanoke, 23-11, but Roanoke coach John Pirro sees a closer game this time.

"We hope it will be a little closer this year," Pirro said. "That was the worst loss we've ever experienced."

"When you play N.C. State, you've got to play good defense. We have a

freshman in the goal, Bill Pilat, and I hope he can come through for us. I think it will be a classic matchup: a good 'O' against a good 'D'."

In last year's game, State senior Scott Nelson, who was named in this week's *In the Crease* magazine as the Athlete-of-the-Week, scored a career-high seven goals against Roanoke.

Another cold day is expected for the game, but Gross expects no negative effects on either team.

"We haven't had one decent day for lacrosse this year," he said. "We've played in sleet, snow, driving rain, so it will be nothing new for either team. Every lacrosse team has suffered from severe weather."

Golfers to vie in initial tourney at hill

by Bray Toof
Sports Writer

The Wolfpack golfers after a week break will travel to Chapel Hill to play in the first North Carolina Invitational. It will be the last tournament State plays in before the ACC tournament next weekend. The tournament tees off today at 8 a.m. and will continue until Sunday.

In this year's tourney there will be a number of good teams represented. Among the favorites in the field are host team North Carolina, South Florida, South Carolina, Clemson and State.

The Pack will be the initial favorite due to its wins in earlier tournaments. State finished ahead of North Carolina and Clemson in the

Palmetto Invitational and in the Iron Duke Classic.

The rest of the field will be made up of Guilford, East Carolina, UNC Charlotte, American University and the North Carolina blue team.

State will be represented well in the tournament by three seniors and two juniors. Senior Eric Moehling and junior Roy Hunter have been playing very well so far this year. Moehling won the individual title at the East Carolina Invitational and came in second in the Palmetto. Hunter has been near the top in all of his outings so far this year.

Junior Nolan Mills has also been on a tear. He won the Iron Duke Spring Classic individual title.

Neil Harrell and Thad Daber are the other two

golfers in State's top five. Both seniors have been scoring consistently so far this year.

State's top five golfers are among the best in the 13 team field. So far this spring the Pack has not finished out

of the top six teams in any tournament. The sixth-place finish was by State's second team in the East Carolina Invitational. Earlier in the year the Wolfpack finished second in a 23 team field in the Furman Invitational.

Sears' powerful bat earns ACC honor

From staff reports

State outfielder Ken Sears has been named as the ACC spring athlete of the week by a committee of the Atlantic Coast Sports Writers Association.

Sears, from Whiteland, Ind., helped the Wolfpack

upset fifth-ranked Clemson, 16-13, hitting five for five, including a homerun and a triple.

Averaging .372 heading into Wednesday's game with NC Wesleyan, Sears became the State career leader in hits and total bases.

Dented Wolfpack track team to take on Virginia Tech

by Todd McGee
Sports Writer

State's men's track team has spent the last week preparing for today's track meet with non-conference foe Virginia Tech. Head track coach Tom Jones said

the meet was an important one as the Pack prepares for next week's conference meet at Virginia.

"We don't have the opportunity to run many scored meets, so meets like this are important," Jones said. Jones also said the meet

will be a little tougher than expected.

"It will be a little more competitive than I thought," he said. "App State has some good kids. They have last year's state champion in the 800 - from North For-

syth, Johnny Evans. He'll be tough."

To counter Evans, Jones is loading up in the 800-meter.

"We're going to run Stanley Dunston, Mike Mantini, and David Long in the 800," he said. "The middle distance races will be important."

Also, distance runners Steve Thompson and Jeff Wentworth, along with Todd Smoot, will play an important part in the meet.

Thompson has been recovering from a virus he suffered in the winter. Thompson, who normally runs the 5000- or 10,000-meter races, will run a shorter race in this meet, as will Wentworth by running the steeplechase in the conference meet. Smoot

will take Wentworth's place in the steeplechase this week.

Injuries and illnesses have taken their toll on State this year. High jumper Mike Ripberger has been battling a virus this week, while counterpart Kevin Elliot is coming off a slight knee injury. Missing the meet will be Gus Young, Art Jones, Eric Townsend, and Than Emory. Both Townsend and Emory are out for the year, while Jones and Young are probabilities for the conference meet.

The meet will score the top four places, with the points going 5-3-2-1 for first through fourth. The key, according to Jones, "will be the second, third and fourth's. All of them will be important."

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Sears is center of attention on diamond

Sports Spotlight

by Karen Lyane Freltas
Sports Writer

Most State baseball fans notice him located in the center-field position patiently waiting for the small white ball to approach his waiting glove.

The batter of the opposing team sends it to the colleague to his left to back him up. Good decision. He is needed to retrieve the stray ball which got past his teammate and send the ball to the designated base for the second out of the inning. The player in the limelight is Ken Sears.

The next time the ball is hit it sends Sears running, but his efforts are not in vain for the white object hits the target — his glove, giving the opposing team its last out.

As a next inning begins, Sears steps up to his turn at bat. He sends the ball flying in the air as he takes on two of the small white cushions embedded in the ground. He now awaits his chance to take on the next base but the batter lets him down. Nevertheless, he solemnly waits for the next batsman to take the plate. And it is worth the wait. A baseball sends him to home, allowing him to score for the Wolfpack.

At his next trip to the plate, he watches the ball approach him with its vigorous speed and sends it flying over an approximate 380 feet and the wired fence outlining the baseball field. That's just what it takes to give him and his team a needed homerun.

Sears, a senior in business management, has been a starting player for the team each of his four years at State. "It has been four awfully great years here at State," Sears said.

"We have had some tough losses, but we are beginning to play like we should."

According to his coach Sam Esposito, he is playing better than expected when he was recruited during his senior year in high school in New Whiteland, Indiana.

"Sears is a self-made athlete," Esposito said. "I do not think I have ever had a player work as hard on his game as he has done since he came to State."

A year ago, Sears was State's second-leading batter with a .357 average and this spring he has returned as the top player on the team.

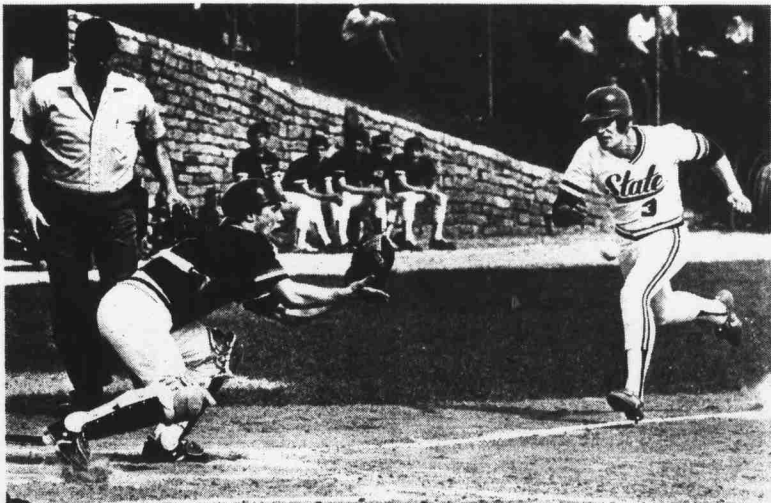
His tremendous base-running ability aided him in stealing 16 bases in 18 attempts last spring.

He is in the Top 10 for Wolfpack career marks for homeruns, triples, doubles and at bats. He recently became State's leader for hits, runs scored and total bases and holds a single season mark for runs scored (49) and is second in hits (84).

Playing with the State team during the previous summer, he slumped slightly to .268.

"Sears runs really well but at the beginning his hitting and throwing talents did not look that impressive," Esposito said. "The one thing that made him the player he is today is that he worked on those two areas. When practice or a game is over he will stay for extra practice in batting."

The extra practice and determination shows in Sears' performance as one of State's star baseball players. His drive has previously earned him three letters. This week, he was named the ACC spring athlete of the week.



Staff photo by Patrick Chapman

State centerfielder Ken Sears, who currently leads the Wolfpack with a .373 batting average, gets involved in a nip-and-tuck situation at the plate.

While attending high school he played baseball, basketball and football, and this experience has given him a running advantage.

Sears said he does not feel as though he has a chance for professional endeavors in baseball but his coach feels a little differently.

"I am hoping that some recruiter will give him a professional career and there have been a few watching him," Esposito said. "I think he can really play good professional baseball if he is given the opportunity."

"I would love to see him get the chance to play after he graduates."

According to Esposito, the conflict in recruiting enters the picture when the recruiter only watches one of the games the particular player is participating in.

"They do not have time to watch him all season like the other players and I do, therefore a chance is taken when they are selected."

"I have no idea if he will receive any recruiting opportunities," he said.

Sears has played consistently for four seasons and is presently co-captain of the team along with Ray Wojkovich, a junior from Mount Holly.

The State star seems to feel pretty confident about the University's baseball program.

"I believe it is a good program even though there has been a cutback in sports scholarships," Sears said. "Good athletes are recruited, nevertheless."

According to Esposito, Sears leaves one good asset for the whole team — a great example of the way he plays.

"The example he sets is better than anything else he does," Esposito said.

Sears also stands out as a bright academic student as well as a vigorous athlete. He has proved that a student-athlete is capable of graduating in four years.

Esposito thinks the reason for Sears' academic success is due to the fact that he has a serious personality which gives him logical attitudes toward present day situations.

"He is currently looking into the future for alternatives in case he does not play professional baseball," Esposito said. "He has already been working on job interviews in the business career."

"I will probably move back to Indiana in the business field and continue my plans to get married in June," Sears said.

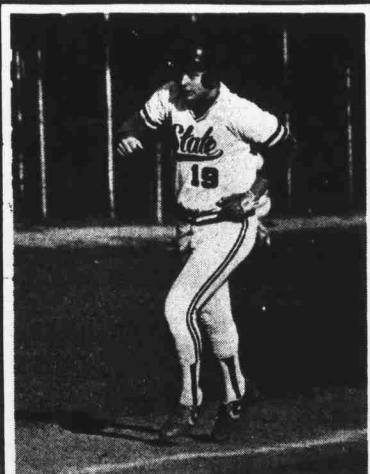
It is very apparent that Sears would like to play professional baseball, but he is objectively planning his future career.

"Many people think baseball is a player's whole life," he said, "and it is a very large part of mine. As far as improving, my main job is to get on base."

"I want us to win the Atlantic Coast Conference Tournament and then go to the regionals."

He wants State to make the regionals because it has been a few years since the team has gone. But the one reason that was apparently displayed was best described in his own words.

"I want to go out in style."



Staff photo by Patrick Chapman

Athlete of the Week

State rightfielder Tracy Woodson is this week's Technician Athlete of the Week.

Woodson, a freshman from Richmond, Va. who is currently batting .261, has had a batting phenomenon for the Wolfpack. This season, he

has knocked in a team-high 28 RBI, 25 in the Wolfpack's last 11 games.

Against Georgia Tech, he went three of five at the plate, bringing in five RBI, including a double, triple and homerun.

Woodson has hit five homers, two doubles and a triple this year.

Students honor Rouse

Ginger Rouse, the No. 2 guard on State's women's basketball team, was the winner of the annual Alumni Athletic Award, being selected by State students.

The 5-11 Rouse, from Fairfax, Va. was the team's leading scorer, averaging 14 points a game while leading

the Wolfpack to a 24-6 record.

This year, she became the third all-time scorer in State history, with 1,509 points. She was named to the All-ACC team, the All East Regional team, the All Coca-Cola Classic team and made the all-tournament team in every tourney the Pack entered this year.

Softball team to host Wolfpack Invitational after doubleheader victories against Tar Heels

by Pete Elmore
Sports Writer

State's women's softball team swept a doubleheader from North Carolina at the Pullen Park field Wednesday.

The Wolfpack, currently 13-12, will host the State Invitational Softball Tournament today and Saturday at the Carolina Pines fields.

In the first game, State survived five errors and left 10 Tar Heels on base en route to a 4-3 victory.

The Wolfpack put on a sterling defensive performance in the second game in turning back North Carolina 1-0. Sue Williams RBI single in the first inning was all the margin State needed for the victory.

"It was sweet," State assistant softball coach Peg Bodie said. "We were very fortunate to beat North Carolina twice."

The Invitational that State hosts this weekend will be one of the premier tournaments in the country this year.

Included in the field will be defending national champions Florida State, 33-5, defending Invitational champion East Carolina, 22-4, Florida, 34-9, Western Kentucky, 19-7, Northern Kentucky, 4-0, and North Carolina, 24-13.

Florida State will open play today against East Carolina at 10 a.m. The Pirates have gone 17-1 since losing to the Seminoles earlier this season.

Florida will play Western Carolina and North Carolina will take on Northern Kentucky at 11:30.

State received a first round bye in the double-elimination event.

Games will continue until 5 p.m. Friday and will resume Saturday morning. The finals will be at 2 p.m. Saturday.

"This will be a tough tournament for us, to say the least," Bodie said. "But it is our tournament and the players will be up for it."

State must rely on winning the tournament. Williams, who is hitting at a .571 average, to keep her hot bat swinging and excellent Snook, 410, are also swinging defense to have a chance of ing well now.

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Roommate game

CAMBRIDGE, Mass. (CH) — Question: What political system best describes your rooming situation?

Possible answers: "aristocracy, anarchy, facism or democracy."

Roommates in Harvard's Lowell House had a chance to answer questions like these in the recent "Roommate Game," dreamed up by junior Robert Sorscher. Modeled after TV's "Newlywed Game," the contest featured canned music, station breaks and so-called "sound-proof rooms" into which students disappeared as their roomies answered questions.

Among the questions: "How often does your roommate change his or her underwear? — every day, every other day, once a week, on the quarter moon, on the half moon."

Yet another: "Which obscure vegetable best resembles your roommate's feet? — jicama, bread fruit, kale."

"It was amazing how well people knew their roommates," Sorscher said.

Asked about a roommate's strangest characteristic, one person replied, "She plays the guitar on the toilet."

The audience loved it. And they loved it even more when the emcee later asked the roommate the same question and she responded, "I guess my strangest characteristic is that I play the guitar on the toilet."

Publication in performance

TEMPE, Ariz. (CH) — The medieval custom of "publication" in performance" is being revived at Arizona State University, as seven academic departments join forces to present James Dickey's new book, *Puella*, on the stage.

Fifteen faculty members will contribute to the historic performance. An original score is being composed by a professor from the School of Music, for example, while a faculty member from the College of Architecture will produce film and slide presentations. Other faculty members will design the lighting, perform the music, provide choreography and design costumes.

In a return to the tradition of "publication in performance," the stage presentation will precede written publication of *Puella*, to be brought out by Doubleday in the summer of 1982.

The word "puella" means little girl or daughter in Latin. The 19 poems that make up *Puella* form the record of a woman's coming of age from childhood to adulthood. To achieve her mature self identity, Deborah must take two journeys: back in time to discover her medieval roots and a second journey deep into her consciousness to discover her own power as a woman in present time.

Sheiks in the CIA?

MIAMI, Fla. (CH) — The script: CIA agents, posing as Arab sheiks, trying to trap someone leaking information from the Pentagon. The request: that the Pan American Bank extend a \$200 million line of credit and 30 blank checks for the investigation. The upshot: two University of Florida students, alias CIA agents, alias Arab sheiks, face felony charges that could land them in prison for 13 years.

"The whole thing is being totally blown out of proportion," says one of the students.

"It's being taken seriously," Assistant U.S. Attorney Mark Schnapp says. "It's not being taken as a prank at all."

The bizarre tale began when 19-year-old James Remite and Alexander

Medina, identifying themselves as CIA agents, called the bank to ask for help with their "investigation." The bank called the FBI and quickly discovered the tale was phony, but complied with the FBI's request to go along with the impostors.

A meeting was set up for March 4. Remite and Medina showed up in a rented chauffeur-driven limousine, dressed in business suits. With Arab headdresses and Arabic identification cards. There to greet them was an FBI agent posing as a bank official. Sign and counter-sign were exchanged and the trio negotiated briefly. After one of the students was given a bank signature card and had signed it, the agent arrested them.

Whether or not the students intended the episode as a prank, the trouble they now face is very real. For bank fraud and impersonating a federal officer, they could face up to 13 years in prison and \$6,000 in fines. The case won't go to trial for at least another month, Schnapp says.

Lennon and psychology

EAST LANSING, Mich. (CH) — The songs of the Beatles have frequently been college classroom fare, but a Michigan State University instructor is taking a slightly different approach to the work of John Lennon.

Gerald Osborne, acting dean of academic affairs in MSU's College of Osteopathic Medicine, is dedicating a class in the fundamentals of psychopathology to Lennon and is using the late performer's songs as examples of psychopathological problems. For example, "I Am the Walrus" will be used in a lecture on depression and "Nowhere Man" will help illustrate personality disorders.

Osborne said he has used other literary works, including those of William Shakespeare, as examples of

psychopathological disorders in the past. He admits some uncertainty about how students will react to the use of Lennon's music.

"Over the past few years, medical students have been getting straight and 'traighter,'" says Osborne, a self-described "aging rock 'n' roller," who considers Lennon a hero.

"I'm not sure how it will come across." Thus far, students who were notified by letter of the class orientation have reacted positively, he said.

Athletes salary

(SSPS) Digger Phelps, Notre Dame basketball coach, has said that he knows of seven colleges that illegally pay basketball players \$10,000 per year. He said that football players may even get as much as \$25,000 per year. Regulations of the National Collegiate Athletic Association allow institutions to offer athletes only room, board, and tuition. The cash payments described by Phelps are usually paid to athletes by boosters or alumni whose association with the institution is not official.

Phelps said that he had reported several of the colleges to the NCAA. A rare public admission for a coach, although it is known that many violations are reported in that way. Some of the cases came to the attention of Phelps when he tried to recruit high-school athletes to come to Notre Dame and found that they had been offered \$10,000 each to go to other schools. Many observers have said that the NCAA's sanctions against such violations are too mild.

The NCAA does not comment on investigations in progress. Probation is the most common penalty levied on colleges for rules violations. The sanction prohibits a college from appearing in nationally-televised games or participating in post-season competition. Both ac-

tivities are lucrative for institutions.

During an NCAA meeting in New Orleans, several coaches agreed with Phelps that illegal payments of large sums of money to college athletes are widespread. Colleges are motivated by the revenues that can be associated with success in sports. The final four teams in this year's NCAA basketball tournament, for example, received close to half a million dollars in television fees and other payments.

Head shops

(SSFS) — The Supreme Court has ruled that the village of Hoffman Estates in Illinois was within its rights in imposing certain requirements for doing business on shops that sell drug-use paraphernalia. The local law required such businesses to purchase a license for \$150, keep records of its customers,

make those records available to the police and refrain from selling to minors. The court extended its actions five days later by action that validated state and local laws banning such sales entirely.

The owners of a Hoffman Estates store called Flipside challenged the law as unconstitutional and a violation of freedom of speech. Flipside lost its case in Federal District Court, won an appeal to the District Appeals Court and finally lost in the Supreme Court.

Writing for an unanimous Court, Justice Thurgood Marshall said that the Hoffman Estates law was a reasonable attempt of a locality to regulate business. Stating that the law was sufficiently clear to inform businesses about its intent, Marshall wrote, "Whether these laws are wise or effective is not, of course, the province of this court."

REMINDER

Last Day to Pre-Register for:

- Fall semester — Friday, April 9
- Summer session I — Tuesday, April 20
- Summer session II — Tuesday, June 6

NOTE: It will be assumed by the Department of Registration and Records that continuing degree students who do not pre-register by April 9 do not plan to attend the fall 1982 semester. Continuing degree students who do not pre-register by the stated deadlines will be charged a late fee on Registration Day. This applies to both summer sessions.

If enrollment restrictions are imposed, students who did not pre-register may not be allowed even to late register.

Pan African Festival

- Tuesday, April 13** - TALENT SHOW
8 PM Stewart Theatre
- Wednesday, April 14** - NEW HORIZONS CHOIR
8 PM Stewart Theatre
- Thursday, April 15** - CAREER FAIR
9 AM - 5 PM Ballroom
- DANCE VISIONS
8 PM Stewart Theatre
- Friday, April 16** - GREEK BALL
9 PM Ballroom
- Saturday, April 17** - PAN AFRICAN PICNIC
11 AM - 4 PM
Greek Step Show

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Associate Publisher JEFF DICKEY
Editor-in-Chief JUDITH SIMS
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Contributing Editors JACOBA ATLAS, MARTIN CLIFFORD, STEVEN X. REA, RAVIN SEAY, FRED SETTERBERG
Design Director CATHERINE LAMPTON
Production Manager CHIP JONES
Illustrator DAN EICHOLTZ
Production ART & DESIGN
Office Manager CHRISTOPHER THOR
Staff CATHY HALLEY, D'WANA MCINTOSH
Public Relations MICHAEL GERSHMAN
Typography COMPOSITION TYPE, INC.
Advertising Offices Corporate
National Director JEFF DICKEY
West Coast Sales JENNIFER OWENS
 1680 North Vine, Ste. 900
 Hollywood, CA 90028
 (213) 462-7175
East Coast
Marketing Director LARRY SMUCKLER
Sales Manager HOWARD K. JACOBY
 134 Lexington Ave.,
 Third Floor
 New York, NY 10016
 (212) 696-0994
Midwest
Marketing Director TOBIN, KREITMAN ASSOC.
Sales Manager RAY TOBIN
 MAUREEN RILEY
 4753 North Broadway
 Chicago, IL 60640
 (312) 561-9334

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IN ONE EA

With reference to your January/February issue of *Amperсанд*, your article, "Tim Hutton: America's Best Young Actor?" was both insightful and interesting. However, on page 21, column 4, you make reference to the biography *American Caesar* which you claim to be the life story of General George S. Patton. In fact, *American Caesar*, written by William Manchester, is the biography of another great military man, General Douglas MacArthur. I have just completed a lengthy history term paper on the life and times of MacArthur in which I used Manchester's book extensively as a source of information. I felt obliged to call your attention to this error.

I feel that your magazine is one of the best in its genre.

Randy Agnew
Austin, TX

Music Editor Laursen rechecked his copy, heaved a sigh of relief, and replies: "What was taken to be an opposite is actually two elements in a list: 'American Caesar, [and] a biography of General George S. Patton ...' While Laursen admits his sentence wasn't entirely clear, he refuses to confess any guilt.

Three cheers for your cover story on Timothy Hutton. He deserves all the recognition he can get. America's best young actor? Probably. My favorite? Definitely!

Naomi Wender
University of Maryland

I've been an *Amperсанд* reader for almost two years, and I really enjoy it.

For the past four or five months I've been watching this late night comedy show that's on Saturday night on ABC TV.

It's from the "Thames" network in England. It's "The Kenny Everett Video Show."

He does some wild stuff with video, and has music stars performing their own video songs.

I'd like to see something in your magazine about him, and what makes his show tick.

An Avid Reader
Mark

Send letters to *In One Ear*, 1680 North Vine, Suite 900, Hollywood, CA 90028.

IN HERE

FEATURES

Summer Travel Section <i>Our annual guide to assured places & things</i>	12
Clifton Chenier <i>The King of Zydeco rules with a hot accordion.</i>	16
Nastassia Kinski Stars in <i>Cat People</i> <i>Director Paul Schrader looks into "animal desires"</i>	18
Small Film Distributors <i>Special care for special films</i>	21

DEPARTMENTS

In One Ear <i>Letters</i>	4
Out the Other <i>News & rumor</i>	4
On Screen <i>Missing, One from the Heart, etc.</i>	7
On Disc <i>Johnny Otis, Beach Boss, etc.</i>	8
On Tour <i>Armstrong, Miles, etc.</i>	8
Off the Wall <i>Gabrielle Wilson's Wild Visions</i>	10

OUR COVER

Nastassia Kinski in her strange-but-beautiful-and-mysterious look for *Cat People*.

& OUT THE OTHER

News from Lucasville

REVENGE OF THE JEDI will feature Alec Guinness as Obi Wan Kenobi after all; in the land of Lucas, death isn't quite so permanent. When Jedi, (which will reportedly tie up all loose ends from the previous pix) is finished, work will begin on the next trilogy—parts 1, 2 and 3. As every Star Wars fan must know, *Star Wars: The Empire Strikes Back* and *Revenge of the Jedi* comprise the middle three of nine parts—4, 5 and 6. However—there may yet be a way to put youthful versions of Princess Leia, Han Solo and Luke Skywalker in the next trilogy, in "prequel" form.

Bad news: the last was a sequel to *Raiders of the Lost Ark* until 1984.

Deals, Schmears

LOUIS MALLE and JOHN GUARE, director and writer, respectively, of Academy Award-nominated *Atlantic City*, will next collaborate on a film version of the ABC-AM scandals, to star Belushi and Aykroyd.

BELUSHI and AYKROYD, meanwhile, are still being investigated by the writers' Guild disciplinary committee; they've been charged with "scabbing" while filming *Neighbors* during last year's writers strike. Aykroyd admitted, in an interview with the *Hollywood Reporter*, that the changes made were in the "improvisational role of actors, not writers." Perhaps the car will lead to a clearer definition of what constitutes writing. It isn't, apparently, just a typewriter and some paper.

STEVEN SPIELBERG has announced plans to remake *A Guy Called Joe*, an undistinguished fantasy that starred Spencer Tracy and Van Johnson and World War II. The title will be changed to *Always*.

PRODUCER ALLAN CARB (*Don't Stop the Music*, *Grease*) has offered Elton John the lead in the Broadway revival of Anthony Newley's *The Roar of the Greasepaint*, the *Smell of the Crowd*.

THE BOBBY DARIN STORY, based on Al Di Orio's book *On Borrowed Time*, will get its star from open auditions held in New York. Though the film will be dramatic, not a musical, there will be a soundtrack album on Beverly Hills Records (through RCA).

DAVID GEFFEN just signed a five-year deal with Warner Bros. film (the once-worked there as a top exec). The studio will fully finance and distribute the pictures, but Geffen and company will have artistic control. Geffen is currently listed as executive producer of *Personal Best*, but he claims he won't be involved in any future pictures as a producer. This year Geffen plans to make two films: one to be announced, the other *Man Trouble*, written by Carol Eastman (who, using the alias Adrian Joyce, wrote *Five Easy Pieces*). *Dreamgirls*, currently on Broadway and coproduced by Geffen, will not necessarily be part of this deal, but it will be filmed eventually. *Dreamgirls* is the story of a black female singing trio a la the Supremes.

CB RECORDS and 7-UP will pool their resources for promotional purposes—a \$1 million merchandising campaign, based on a contest running through April 15, with 13 million game cards with hidden symbols distributed to 45,000 7-Up outlets around the country. Winners redeem their cards

through the mail and get CBS records in return. Wouldn't it be easier to just buy them?

HAND MADE FILMS, the outfit that gave us *Time Bandits*, is planning three more for our amazement: *The Missionary*, written by and starring Monty Python Michael Palin, will also, if they're lucky, star John Gielgud and Alec Guinness; John Cheese, also a Python, will star in the film version of a play called *Privates on Parade*, and the first to see the light of production will be *Scrubbers*, about women in prison, directed by Mai Zetterling. *Yellowback*, written by Philip Graham Chapman, is still in limbo.

MICK JAGGER NEEDS \$15 MILLION (DON'T call us) in order to launch filming of Gore Vidal's *Kali*. Allegedly Alec Guinness (his third mention in this column, if anyone's counting) has agreed to play the diabolical scientist, while director Hal Ashby is still committed, and Vidal himself wrote the screenplay. We're waiting...

Knackers on Track

MICHAEL DIES BARBER, formerly with Delective, has been cutting MGM tracks for a new LP, to be produced by formerly hot ("Heart of Glass," "Hot Child in the City") wax-master Mike Chapman. Helping out are Bruce Gray, Bertone Averre and Prescott Niles, former members of the Knack. Officially, the Knack is parking "temporarily." The group tried for an image makeover with the release of their third Capitol LP, to counter the snotty reputation earned in their one-hit wonder days. But, since post-"My Sharona" album sales have been slack, and since (rumor has it) the rest of the band totally loathe headman Doug Feiger, temporary probably means forever. Feiger, meanwhile, is at work on a solo album.

Brassy Women Sought

IVY and the ELEGANTS, who plan to be the best all woman R&B band in Los Angeles (and that's just for starters), are auditioning horn players. Applicants must be female, funky, and willing to display their embouchure.

Need Wheels?

JUST OFFERED FOR SALE in a Hollywood paper's classifieds: *The Goldfinger* prop car, a perfectly normal 1964 Aston Martin DBS with select options—an ejector seat, two machine guns, metal tire slashers that extend from the wheel hubs and devices that can lay smoke screens and oil slicks in the path of wicked pursuers. And did we mention the revolving license plates? Priced to sell (the first on your block to strafe Buicks!) at only \$200,000.

Three Down, Five to Go

ROLLING STONE EDITOR/PUBLISHER JANN Wenner's deal with Paramount, made in the aftermath of *Animal House*'s success—possibly Paramount thought Wenner had his pinks on the pulse of youthful America—died quietly, with no films ever produced. At least one was written, by former *Rolling Stone* senior editor Ben Fong-Torres *Somebody to Love*, about San Francisco in the Sixties. Two others were planned, one "an old Hunter Thompson project," and one "about high school" by Stone feature writer Cameron Crowe. (Crowe in

stead wrote a book and teleplay with out Wenner. *Fast Times at Ridgemont High*.) According to a report in *New York* magazine, Wenner received \$1000 a week during the 2-1/2-year deal. Paramount sez they may still someday make a Wenner film, but it will have to be developed with someone else's money.

FIVE LAMPPOON PROJECTS are in the works. We keep mentioning this because so many people (3 or 4, at least) insist that college students care desperately about anything named *Lampoon*. *Class Reunion*, detailed here last issue, is due September 1 from 20th Century-Fox; *Vacation '82* starts filming at Warner Bros. this spring; *Joy of Sex* at Warner Bros. is still waiting for a director to replace departing Bill Norton Jr. (Penny Marshall); *Lavener* herself, has been offered the job; and the once-axed *National Lampoon Goes to the Movies* has been re-edited by Matty Simmons, head of *Lampoon* and no film editor; this one threatens to emerge sometime this year from United Artists. And to make it almost universal, Universal is "considering" a script of *Animal House* 2. MGM and Columbia do not have any *Lampoon* projects. They have all the luck.

& Twelve More...

REMEMBER LAST ISSUE when we listed three, count 'em, three productions of *The Pirates of Penzance* coming to big and small screens soon? Well, hang onto your beanies—CBS Cable TV has bought up five, count 'em, five made-for-TV Gilbert & Sullivan musicals: *HMS Pinafore*, *The Gondoliers*, *The Mikado*, *Iolanthe*, and, sure enough, *The Pirates of Penzance*. Each two-hour operetta stars William Conrad, Peter Marshall, Peter Allen, Frankie Howard, Keith Michell and



Ten Years Late, but Who's Counting?

THE CONCERT FOR BANGLADESH, organized by George Harrison in 1971 to benefit the starving children of that country, has finally had an official tally of money (all proceeds donated to UNICEF): \$10,750,000. The concert, film and album of same starred Harrison, Bob Dylan, Ringo Starr, Eric Clapton, Leon Russell and Ravi Shankar. The first two years after the concert, \$2,250,000 was handed over to UNICEF, in the ensuing 8 years, \$8,500,000 trickled in The U.S. Committee for UNICEF decided to honor Harrison for his part in all this, Hugh Downs is the chairman of the U.S. Committee for UNICEF, which explains most of the photo above.

Clive Revill. What's more, the remaining seven Gilbert & Sullivan operettas will be produced for the same outfit.

Josie, Are You Obscene?

AN UNUSUAL POP TUNE ENTITLED "Johnny, Are You Queer?", a stand-out of past stage shows by the Go-Go's, was recently recorded by Josie Cotton for a local L.A. label named Bomp Records. The song's popularity, particularly on KROQ, a Pasadena FMer, led Ms. Cotton to a contract with Elektra/Asylum Records. But the lyric, in which Ms. Cotton questions the virility of a guy who's disinterested in scaling her Mount of Venus, has spawned a backlash. A re-

cent gathering of several placard-carriers outside KROQ's studio, identified as People Against Obscenity, paraded slogans like "Think Straight" and "Hell No, We Won't Blow." KROQ reciprocated by playing the song twice for the protesters.

Personals

BILL HUDSON, former husband of Goldie Hawn and father of her two children, will next marry Cindy Williams of *Lavener* & Shirley.

GILDA RAJNER and GENE WILDER met while making *Hanky Panky*, and they're still together. Her husband, the rock guitarist, is out in the cold.

Tuneful News & Looney Tunes

DAVID BOWIE & GEORGIO MORODER have collaborated on the sound track for *Car People* (see feature this issue). It will be released on Backstreet Records.

BUCOLIC FOLK/PUNK-ROCKER Neil Young may actually be headed from serene Burbank to nasty Hollywood. RCA is reportedly cooing Lonesome Neil with tall offers to split from Warner-Reprise, the Warner Bros. subsidiary whose only other current artist is Frank Sinatra. "However," says a Warner spokesman, "under the terms of his contract, he owes us one more album. So talk of his departure is a little premature."

THE SOUNDTRACK for *One from the Heart*, with masterful songs by Tom Waits and moody singing by Crystal Gayle and Waits, may not be picked up by Columbia Records (They have first crack at it because Gayle records for them, presumably). Dumb move.

(Continued next page)

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& OUT THE OTHER

TOM PETTY's latest album is still in the studio, with an interim bass player, Howie Epstein (who usually backs Del Shannon, whom Petty recently produced, hence the logical connection). Ron Blair, Petty's former bassist, left around Christmas last year and is, as they say, "pursuing different musical directions."

JONI MITCHELL has reportedly scrapped all the songs for her next album and is in New York writing new ones.

ROBIN LANE, FORMERLY LEADING Robin Lane & the Chartbusters for Warner Bros. Records, is now recording in MCA Music Studios, L.A., with Stan Lynch (Tom Petty drummer) Elliot Easton (Cars guitarist) and Leroy Radcliffe (ex-Chartbuster).

Playing Games

TAP, DEVISED BY H. R. "TOM" SAWYER, a California philologist, is a thesaurus/dictionary disguised as a word game. TAP consists of two decks of tap cards, a spin dial and a score pad, and the words are not simple. Sawyer told one writer, "I'm not going

to lower the difficulty of the words just to hit the masses. If they don't buy it, I don't give a damn. It's going to stay highbrow." Sesquipedalians among us may order TAP by sending \$16 to Logophilia Unlimited, Inc., 2253 Park Blvd., Palo Alto, CA 94306.

PENTE, PRONOUNCED PEN-TAY, recently sponsored a \$10,000 World Open Pente Championship in Dallas, with first prize of \$5000 cash, a week for two in England and a Grecian urn (say what?). Based on the Japanese game Go, Pente is four years old and determined to be five.

Like the Song Says, "Don't Go ..."

RUMORED THAT "Wolverton Mountain," lovingly ridiculous 1962 C&W/crossover hit for Claude King, is being developed into a film.

You Should Be Dancing, Yarrgh!

ACCORDING TO A RECENT report in *Variety*, the State of California is

BOOD



pioneering a new treatment for convicted sex offenders, sort of a litmus test for their progress in therapy. Prisoners go to discos for an evening of discreetly observed mingling. If they can shake a tailfeather without resorting to strangulation holds, improvement is assumed. However, in the milieu of a disco, it isn't easy to tell a maniac from a victim of Saturday Night Fever; at least two inmates have escaped in the stroboscopic confusion.

Moreover, suggested the *Variety* reporter, perhaps a disco evening should be considered "cruel and unusual punishment." His alternative sugges-

tion: take offenders to a punk club. If they mingle successfully, lock 'em up again. If they shy from slam dancing, pronounce them cured.

Just What Are Your Favorite Stars Up To?

SYLVESTER STALLONE will write and star in *Pais*, a contemporary comedy; later this year we'll see him one more time as Rocky in the third installment of that saga, and he just finished *First Blood*, after many delays and several injuries.

SCOTT GLENN, the coach in *Personal Best* (and the sexiest man in *Urban Cowboy*) will play astronaut Alan Shepard in *The Right Stuff*, based on Tom Wolfe's book. Dennis Quaid and Sam Shepard also star.

AMY IRVING left the Broadway cast of *Amadeus* to travel to Europe, where she'll star in *Vent*, directed by Barbra Streisand.

MGM IS RELEASING *A Clockwork Orange* because it is deemed a "precursor of punk" and as such may intrigue a whole new generation of freaks.



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ON SCREEN

One from the Heart

Starring: Frederic Forrest, Teri Garr, Raul Julia, and Nastassia Kinski. screenplay by Francis Coppola and Arnyan Bernstein; directed by Francis Coppola

Francis Coppola has taken a simple love story and produced one of the most wonderful movies in years. *One from the Heart* is about losers, living out their second-rate lives in Las Vegas, a town that only cares about its big winners. Frannie and Hank (Garr and Forrest) are celebrating their fifth anniversary of meeting and subsequently living together, but on this July 4th they argue and go out on the town separately.

When Coppola announced that he was building a complete replica of the Vegas strip on a Zoetrope Studio soundstage, it seemed as if he was getting a bit carried away. Here he was, making a simple musical romance, and the budget was quickly approaching the grandiose scale of Coppola's recent classic *Apocalypse Now*. At

One from the Heart's Final Preview Showing at New York's Radio City Music Hall it appeared as if every dollar were well spent. No detail seems to have been omitted: the colors are gorgeous, including the only opening credits that could ever be described as breathtaking. At times it appears as if the characters are secondary to the visual wonders. We are being shown a story about marginally ordinary people who aren't half as interesting as the town they live in (although, oddly, we never see gambling, we just hear it). *One from the Heart* works under the premise that its insignificant characters are only a minute part of Las Vegas, the glossy, overbearing town that engulfs individuals into a blurring swirl of anonymity.

Blues artist Tom Waits has provided a superb soundtrack, with vocal accompaniment from Crystal Gayle. Their music is the perfect backdrop to Frannie and Hank's dreary lives, where people change their hairstyles in the hope of changing themselves. Raul Julia as Ray, Frannie's singer/piano player/water fling, turns in an outstanding performance. His Latin seduc-

tion scene, with its hysterically corny mambo "mood music," is one of the film's highlights. Lainie Kazan and Harry Dean Stanton are funny and touching as Frannie and Hank's friends who find one another through their friends' misfortune. Unfortunately, though, Nastassia Kinski's role (no fault of her own) is easily the shallowest and least effective of all. Even Kinski's greatest asset, her beauty, is never fully exploited. Like Julia, Kinski's Lena, a circus performer/striptease artist, is merely an exotic oddity, both interesting targets for our heroes' straying.

Photographer Vittorio Storaro (also with Coppola for *Apocalypse*) has used every trick to delight the eyes with gorgeous colors and dazzling cinema. Every scene has a surrealistic touch to it, from cartoon moon and stars to a Las Vegas strip that's just too bright and too real. It's a story about real people in a real town, yet somehow it comes out feeling like a wonderful fantasy, a romance that captures the lives of eminently forgettable people and makes us want to remember them.

Eric Flaum

Personal Best

starring: Mariel Hemingway, Patrice Donnelly, Scott Glenn and Kenny Moore; written, produced and directed by Robert Towne

Two track athletes meet at the 1976 Olympic trials and literally run off together. Over the next four years they are variously lovers and rivals, finally reconciling as friends during the 1980 Olympic trials. Standard sports melodrama, except for a modern twist: the athletes are women.

For his directorial debut, Academy Award-winning screenwriter Robert Towne (*Chinatown*, *Shampoo*, *The Last Detail*) has coincidentally touched on two themes-of-the-year: track (cf. *Chariots of Fire*) and homosexuality (*Making Love* and the upcoming *Partners*). Nonetheless, the film breaks new ground for American movies, both in its celebration of strong, muscular women athletes, and in its unflinching portrayal of a lesbian relationship.

Towne handles that relationship—between pentathletes Chris Cahill (Hemingway) and Tory Skinner (Donnelly)—with a sensitivity and psychological precision that avoid stereotypes. He's also on target with the athletes' complexly motivated and motivating coach (Glenn, remembered as the sexy and dangerous Wes Hightower in *Urban Cowboy*), and with Hemingway's heterosexual love interest, played by *Sports Illustrated* writer Kenny Moore. Hemingway is convincing and ingratiating, if a bit whiny, but Donnelly (a former hurdler who had never acted) and Glenn set off the most sparks with their intense, edgy performances.

But despite the stirring sports action and Towne's telling dialogue and characterizations, something's missing in *Personal Best*. Most of the problems probably involve first-outing jitters—flatfooted cutting, lines topheavy with Meaning, and especially a lack of background on the main characters. Unlike *Chariots of Fire*, which was consumed with motivation, *Personal Best* leaves us wondering why these

(Continued on page 15)



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ON DISC

DAVID BYRNE
*Songs from the Broadway
Production of The Catherine Wheel*

(SIRE) David Byrne's sometimes stark, sometimes sonorous compositions for modern-dance maven Twyla Tharp's *Catherine Wheel* project represent a logical extension for the head Talking Head's recorded work to date. At various times on this ambitious effort, Byrne recalls the wired-tight anxiety of his early Heads songs, the strident Afro-rock rhythms of *Fear of Music*, and *Remain in the Light* and the spacey, minimalist doodling that mark his more collaborations with Brian Eno. (Eno, along with Leeds keyboardist Jerry Harrison, guitarist Adrian Belew and percussionist John Chernoff, are the core of Byrne's *Catherine Wheel* ensemble.) A handful of tunes here feature the wailing, worried trademark Byrne warble: "His Wife Refused," probably the LP's most Talking Heads-ish track; the emphatic, repetitive "What a Day That Was"; "Big Business," with its "fierce and high" and "galloping" guitars (Byrne's liner note descriptions); and "Big Blue Plymouth (Eyes Wide Open)." Others are rich, aural abstracts: the Byrne/Eno piece, "Two Soldiers," "The Red House" and the ethereal "Light Bath." Through it all, *Catherine Wheel* resonates with fast, fluid movements and an almost sensual ambience. There's a vibrant sense of the physical at play here, a physicality that Byrne explores with wit and intelligence.

Steven X. Rea

JOHNNY OTIS
The New Johnny Otis Show

(ALLIGATOR) If the history of rock & roll is the blending of white and black styles (and it is), then Johnny Otis is one of its greatest exemplars. The son of Greek immigrants, he grew up in the black ghetto of Berkeley, California and went on to lead a mostly black swing band at the Club Alabam in Watts in the late Forties. His 1958 hit, "Willie and the Hand Jive," is as much a favorite of musicians (Eric Clapton is one of many who've covered it) as his moody late Forties waxing, "Harlem Nocturne," is of choreographers and striptease dancers. Anchored with a cross of Bo Diddley and cha-cha rhythms, "Willie and the Hand Jive" is still a treat — either a nonsensical rebellion song or a rebellious nonsense song, it's hard to say which.

The New Johnny Otis Show, from Chicago's independent Alligator label,

echoes the old days when Otis led a band and a posse of eager young singers in a touring revue.

Kicking off with the New Orleans warhorse "Drinkin' Wine Spo-Dee-O-Dee," Otis fades the tune out with some characters talking about merging their loose change for loose wine. One thinks he spies a clue on the pavement: "That ain't no time, man; that's spit," instructs his companion. After this rhythmic silliness, guest vocalist Charles Williams makes it lovely with a version of "Every Beat of My Heart." Otis backing him on the vibraphone. Then comedy returns with "Jonella and Jack," a war-of-the-sexes duet backed by a vamp similar to that on Otis Redding and Carla Thomas' "Tramp." Jack says he plans to leave Jonella, citing her "evil right kick" and her big feet that deliver a kick "like a Clydesdale horse." Jonella gives Jack that he's "n't going anywhere, and that he'd better. 'Pay some attention! To all that I mention/Cause boy, I'll snatch you right outa your shoes!'"

All the tracks, which were recorded in May of 1981, have a live feel to them — skillfully, but not painstakingly laid down; witty, but loose. Worth plenty of note is the guitar playing of Shuggie Otis, Johnny's son by a marriage to a black woman.

Otis fits knobs several tasty fills, mostly pentatonic and subtle, stylistically somewhere between B.B. King and T-Bone Walker. With all the change-ups of rhythm, song style and vocalists in *The New Johnny Otis Show*, Shuggie Otis' guitar work is the needle and thread that sews together one of the best party-and-blues records in many years.

Byron Laursen

Ocean Drive
Vol. 1.3

(BEACH BEAT RECORDS) The authentic Carolina coastal item is an infectious one of careening soul music that two generations of Southerners have danced and romanced to on their waterfront holidays. It's largely black music and its chief trait is its all-encompassing tolerance rather than its exclusivity. As featured on *Ocean Drive*, beach music includes everything from ruttin' Fifties rockers (Joe Turner's "Wee Baby Blues") to early Sixties pop cookers (Doris Troy's "Just One Time") to the subtle soul of "Ms. Grace," by the Tymes (1974). The common characteristic is an inviting, loopy gait that seems to pop up in most of these tracks; relaxation and unrushed energy seem to be the keys.

Since the beach music scene is a phenomenon unto itself, it has built its own traditions, sired its own stars and charted its own hits. Some of them you'll recognize instantly — Vol. 1 features the Drifters' "Up on the Roof" and the Trammps' "Hold Back the Night" among others; Vol. II offers Bruce Channel's "Hey Baby" and the OKaysions' "Girl Watcher" while Vol. III includes Mary Wells' "My Guy" and Archie Bell's "I Can't Stop Dancing."

But the series' real joy is that it presents plenty of opportunities for discovery. Edwyn Stark's incredibly 'up' "O.S." and William Bell's "Clay Private Number" turn up on Vol. III, and Vol. II gives us the chance to hear Arthur Alexander's original "Anna," covered by the Beatles on their Veepay lp. And, as the TV mail order ad says,

there's more, much more.

Whether for a cost-efficient way to corral several solid R&B hits in one place, or discovering lost gems from a regional music scene remarkable for its vitality and variety, *Ocean Drive* is a great value. You can cruise past or park, meet old friends or make new ones. There's always something going on down there.

Gene Sciallari

ABBA
The Visitors

(ATLANTIC) Times must be getting hard if even a band like ABBA, the heretofore-carefree Swedish pop rockers, releases an LP of heavy sentiments. Yet that's what the foursome's new album, *The Visitors*, apparently is meant to be: a serious look at broken romances, parental guilt and other less-than-upbeat themes. There's a bit

terwest taste to ABBA's current brand of bubblegum here. "The Winner Takes It All," the group's fatidic single of last year, the tip-off that ABBA was cl... rection. Building its remarkable international success upon joyous hits like "Waterloo" and "Dancing Queen," the Scandinavian quartet in the past excelled in creating sugary but irresistibly catchy pop songs. Critics disdained their lightweight lyrics and cheerful manner, but the public world-wide responded to ABBA's easy appeal again and again.

The Visitors is something else again. The title track is a slice of modern-day paranoia set to a chilly synthesizer line, kicking off the LP in a disquieting manner. A sombre tone likewise is found in "Soldiers" (a look at impending war) and "One of Us" (a self-condemning lament). The melodies for most of the songs are moody Europop pieces, huffing and puffing to

a singing beat that's more unsettling than infectious. ABBA has taken its trademark style and reworked it into dark, overemotional cabaret music, full of regret and foreboding. When they were an effervescent escapist group, ABBA could be appreciated as good clean fun, if nothing more. *The Visitors* doesn't offer any such quick highs, yet fails to entertain on a more intellectual level.

Barry Alfonso

JOAN JETT
I Love Rock 'n' Roll

(BOARDWALK RECORDS) Power chords attack us right off the bat and then, enter The Tough Attitude — a must accessory for any heavy rocker can. This is the same old, same old, reminiscent of Leslie West and Mountain, a heavy metal pop band from the

ON TOUR

However, this was an isolated flaw within a triumphant presentation. Armatrading's vocals were forceful and marvelously expressive, whether belting out a sinewy rocker like "Is It Tomorrow Yet," or crooning the gentle, poignant "The Weakness in Me."

She rendered these and other numbers with sufficient clarity and emotion that even those audience members unacquainted with Armatrading's music found it easy to connect. With her lyrical themes, which can convey vulnerability one moment ("And I need you") and independence the next ("I sit here by myself/And you know I love it") — somehow avoiding a stumble into contradiction. As acutely as any active songwriter, Armatrading understands the quirks of romance and everyday emotions.

Duncan Strauss

Nathan Milstein
ACADEMY OF MUSIC,
PHILADELPHIA, PA

One of the most striking phenomena of musical performance in this century has been the dominance of classical violin playing by a handful of Jewish virtuosos who were born and given their early training in Tsarist Russia. But although their influence can still be felt in the playing of some of today's younger violinists (Itzhak Perlman, for one), the masters themselves are now mostly silent, the most famous of these, Jascha Heifetz, is now past 80 and has not played in public for nearly a decade.

Nathan Milstein is the last of this school to hold the concert stage, and he continues to hold it like a vice. At 77, his technique shows little sign of the deterioration that normally besets colleagues who are 15 to 20 years younger, and his phrasings are more thoughtful and elegant than ever. That elegance, coupled with the sheer *joie de vivre* that he brings to his playing, still makes for a unique listening experience.

The highlight of his Academy recital

was Bach's solo Sonata in G minor, which he seemed to dash off with the greatest of ease even while striving to project as many of the mysteries of Bach's musical thought as one man can. I think his interpretation has become subtler and more understanding than even the one included in his prize-winning mid-Seventies album of the Bach solo works. Brahms' D minor sonata, by contrast, gave him the opportunity to show that he is still capable of high drama as well as high musicianship.

After intermission, fireworks. Seemingly effortless renditions of two of Paganini's man-killing Caprices were followed by Milstein's own brilliant reworking of Liszt's thoroughly pianistic *Mephisto Waltz* into a solo-violin showpiece. Two Tchaikovsky pieces closed the program, the *Meditation* providing a bit of repose with a closing high D which seemed to float to infinity before the *Valse-Scherzo* brought it to a rousing finish. There were two encores, by Bach and Liszt, and if the audience had had its way there would have been more.

Sol Louis Siegel

Jaco Pastorius
DOROTHY CHANDLER PAVILION, LA

JACO PASTORIUS' rather formidable reputation (Weather Report, Joplin Mitchell) as a bassist and composer preceded him. But no one attending his two-night stand at the Dorothy Chandler Pavilion (home of the Los Angeles Philharmonic) was quite prepared for the phenomenally musical performances he generated there. On the first leg of a brief national tour (which included shows in Chicago and NYC) to promote his new Warner Bros. album, *World of Mouth*, Pastorius gathered a dozen of L.A.'s top studio and jazz men — trumpeters Snooky Young and Chuck Findley, trombonist Bill Reichbach and reedplayers Marty Kravall and Gene Cipriano among them — in addition to friends from Florida (steel drummer Ohello



late Sixties. The story line finds Joan hitting on a younger guy; to celebrate this meeting of the minds they put another dime in the jukebox to celebrate rock 'n' roll. The song is contagious but easy to hate.

Most of the material on this LP is too heavy handed to be fun. There is no hint of humor or any other emotion displayed in these ten tracks. Even "Nag," a tune that is supposed to be funny, receives Jett's blasé treatment.

There are three remakes on this album. None of them stands up to the original or adds anything to enhance the song or brings out anything worthwhile in Jett's performance. "Crimson and Clover" is a bad rehash. "Bits and Pieces" falls flat on its face, and the pièce de résistance in bad ideas is "Little Drummer Boy"—how's that for a remake? Jett has a very hard time singing this; she can't seem to stay on the melody line.

Donna Ross

Molineaux was a particular standout) and the "Word of Mouth band"—Randy Brecker, trumpet; Bobo Mintzer, reeds; Don Alias, congas, percussion; Peter Erskine, drums; Dave Bergeron, trombone, tuba; Peter Gordon, French horn—to play a program that was as diverse as it was grandly exciting.

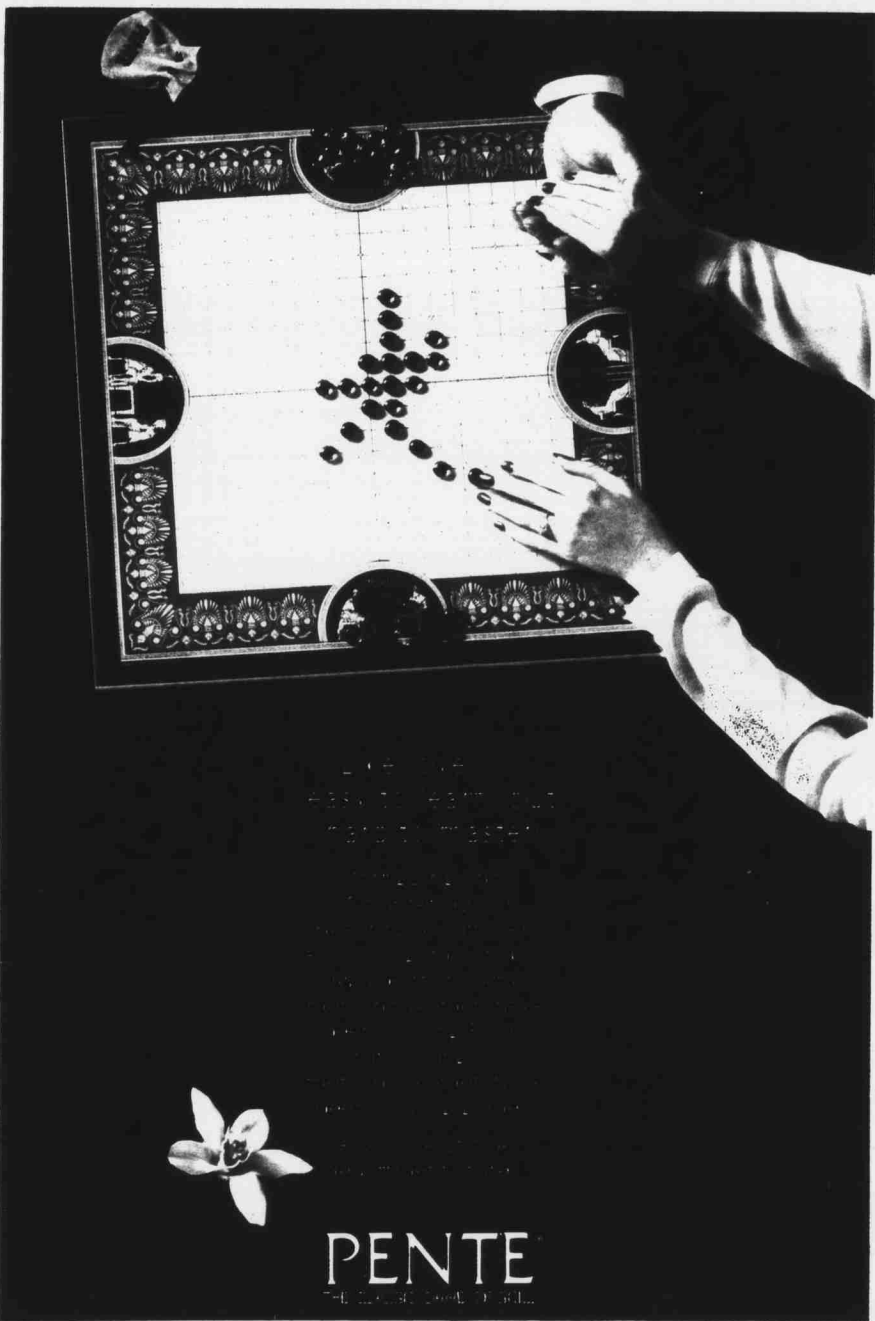
On Monday, "Invitation," the Bronoslav Kaper movie theme that has become a jazz standard, was given a brisk reading, and behind potent solos from Brecker and Mintzer, Pastorius took charge, playing swift, repeating phrases, walking those notes with a high-pitched tone, or playing chorded smears of the melody followed by single ringing notes that stood out like shimmering stars.

The 1945 Miles Davis classic, "Donna Lee," served as the bebop opus of the night. Opening with Bergeron's multiphonic tuba solo, where he would play one note while simultaneously humming another to produce yet a third tone, the very complex melody was then played by Mintzer (bass clarinet), Brecker, Bergeron and the leader. Mintzer's solo was exotic, as he had attached a digital delay device which repeated what he had just played in a cascading manner, creating a fuzzy sound as if he were playing underwater.

Perhaps the two pieces from the *Word of Mouth* album—"Liberty City" and "Three Views of a Secret"—best indicated Pastorius' promise as a composer and arranger. "City" is a cousin of "Teen Town," a number featured with Weather Report, a zippy little tune that builds and builds, with melody lines from the full band interweaving splendidly. During the shout chorus, the whole ensemble rocked, filling the 3000-seat hall with wave after wave of bright orchestral sound, achieving a Basie-like glow.

Pastorius closed with "Fannie Mae," recalling the days he spent on the rock circuit with Wayne Cochran and the C.C. Riders. Though his vocal wasn't strong, it was delivered with the same bubbling spirit that had made the concert spectacular.

Zan Stewart



PENTE
THE CLASSIC BOARD GAME

OFF THE WALL

BY DALE WHITE

A fat lady with her dog stands in front of the Evanshire Drug Store, chatting with a gentleman who has just purchased cigarettes and a newspaper. She glances down the block at the opening of an alley, from which has emerged a little boy, heavily bundled in a cap and coat.

"Here comes that Wilson boy—all alone as usual," she comments. Although the little Wilson boy appears to be quite alone to her, around him are all kinds of lurid creatures of his imagination—a cloaked ghoul, a prehistoric bird, a mammoth monster with tentacle legs. They saunter along like faithful puppies.

The fat lady, the drug store, the man with the cigarettes, the boy and his imaginary creatures are all parts of a Gahan Wilson cartoon, one of the numerous drawings in his 1978 collection *And Then We'll Get Him*.

What makes the picture so frightfully funny is its element of truth. Wilson, 52, grew up in Evanston, Ill. (not quite Evanshire, but close)—and although he was not truly considered to be an odd fellow, he did seclude himself (with the assistance of his trusty pen) in a world of demonic and ludicrous creatures.

A painter rendering a tree on his canvas with an assortment of non-existent spiders and serpents in another of his comics tells a little girl, "I paint what I see, child."

And that's exactly what Gahan Wilson does. His sense of humor is amazingly perverse, shiveringly morbid. He finds something to laugh about in all sorts of wicked and uncommon things: hospital patients connected to IVs, hanging judges, mad scientists, fallen angels, emotionless, business executives, man-eating plants.

"Well, I always wanted to be a cartoonist," Wilson says. His voice on the telephone is deep, even and precise—rather like Vincent Price's. "Forever and ever. At my mom's place recently, she came across something that I once did. It was a comic book with stuff similar to what I do now—monsters, rockets, that sort of thing. There were balloons over the characters' heads. And instead of words in the balloons there were just scratches. It was sort of pre-literate. I tried some commercial schools, but I found them to be very superficial. I wanted someone to teach me to draw as well as I could. I knew no one could teach me to be funny. I was the only cartoonist who was admitted at the Institute (Art Institute of Chicago) at that time (1948-1952). Whenever someone came in requesting a cartoonist, they sent him to me. Now I've heard the whole place has gone to hell and they've even got a cartoonist's course in the curriculum."

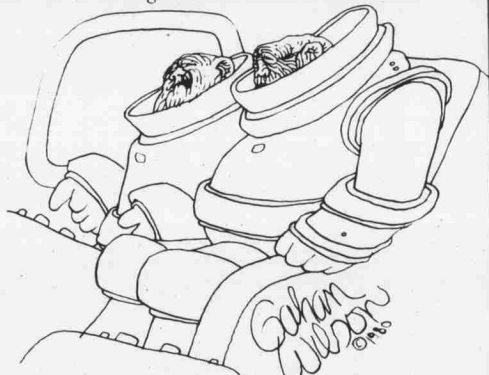
Although he is tall, sandy-haired and blue-eyed, Wilson suspects the public pictures him as "little, wrinkled and green." Or they think I'm English and evil, a Dr. Moriarty. That's okay with me. In time, I'll probably turn into that."

A descendant of P. T. Barnum and William Jennings Bryan, Wilson insists he was "not born," although people keep asking me that. I always tell them, I was constructed during the 12th century by a mad scientist, and sent forward in time and placed in the body of a cartoonist."

Actually, Wilson was stillborn. They were about ready to drop me and forget the whole thing when the G.P. rushed in and dipped me in hot and



"I just don't understand it, Captain. Equal shares of food and water to all, yet those two thrive while we wither away."



"Well, it won't be long, now!"

Wierd & Wonderful

Gahan Wilson



"You fool! There's no more of me! That's it! I'm the last of my species!"

iced water alternately and kept whacking away at me and got me breathing," Wilson explains. "There must have been brain damage."

A devotee of Carl Jung, Wilson believes there is little difference between existing and imaginary monsters. He considers fast food stores and self-service gas stations parts of "a massive plot to prepare us to live on space-ships." He says he has "no idea" why nobody has sent him to a psychiatrist and happily disclaims rumors that he spends two months each year in a psychiatric ward.

But why is he so—different?

"I don't know what to say."

Well, then—what led to his style of comic art?

"I don't know what to say. Dick Tracy impressed me when I was a child. I never could figure out how that cartoonist did it. Those faces were just scratches but he could get such expression out of those scratches. It's the best comic strip that ever happened. *Krazy Kat* also impressed me. In the movies, W. C. Fields. In fine arts, Goya. It's an endless list."

Isn't his humor close to that of Charles Addams?

"We're coming from the same area. Addams was more influenced by the movies of Karloff and Lugosi because of the Sixties were pooled together. I was influenced by Frankenstein and Dracula also—but more often, most of my material comes from TV news. The news itself is so grotesque and bizarre. It gives me material that is much more productive, stimulating."

His humor also has been compared to that of Jonathan Swift, Mark Twain and Woody Allen—and such diverse publications as *Playboy*, *The New York Times*, *Fantasy* and *Science Fiction*. *New Yorker*, *Gollier's*, *Look*, *Punch*, *Esquire*, *Paris Match*, *Audubon* and *Gourmet* call on him to add a little life (if that is the correct word) to their pages.

"When I started out I had a lot of trouble. Editors thought my stuff was funny and they'd laugh. But they'd say that their readers wouldn't understand it. There are still some old stuffy magazines that won't buy it. But most publications respect their readers' intelligence more now and I'm able to give it my best shot. I keep in mind the intended magazine before drawing something because each one's different. Each one has a different voice and a different way of life. *The New York Times* has a certain image and then *Playboy* has another image. Like when I do something for *National Lampoon*, I make sure it's in bad taste."

He drew a daily newspaper strip for a brief time. It was a sort of comic page I got into editing it myself too. But I kept softening it up so I wouldn't offend all the little old ladies and I wrecked it. I got tired of doing a continuing thing every day and having to watch the time."

His books include *Gahan Wilson's Graveyard Manner*, *The Man in the Cannibal Pot*, *I Paint What I See*, *The*

Weird World of Gahan Wilson, *First Anthology*, *Wilson's Fantasy Collection* *Unholy Nuts*, and his latest, *Is Nothing Sacred?* He has written several volumes for children, such as *Harry*, *The Fat Bear*, *Spy*, *The Bang Bang Family*, and *Harry and the Sea Serpent*.

"I've been getting into short stories. I'm in radio too. I do a regular commentary, sort of like Alfred Hitchcock, on National Public Radio's *All Things Considered*."

His comic "Nuts," in which he explores common childhood fears, appears each month in *National Lampoon*. "Not all of them are drawn with my childhood in mind—but a good many I find that it's much stronger than I think at times. At a coffee or a lecture someone will pull me aside and ask me 'How did you know about that very secret thing he did as a boy. I've discovered that we all went through amazingly the same things as children. And it's very touching to me. Everybody's stuffed a ruined T-shirt in a drawer, thinking his mom wouldn't find it. And every kid in history thinks he's the first to do it.'"

Wilson's gags must be approved by a final authority before they meet the public's eye. "The only person whose opinion I value is my wife, Nancy Winters, the novelist (*The Girl on the Coca-Cola Tray*, *Daddy*). She's a very good editor and has a good sense of humor. I'll give one to her routinely and if she says it's not funny I listen to her and ignore the idea. She's a swell writer. We both work all the time. We don't have regular jobs. We have our own jobs. We're our own supervisors so I think we work harder than people who work at regular jobs. We get up at 9:30 at the latest, take a half-hour break for lunch, and then get back to it until about 5 or 5:30. Actually, calling it work is not honest because we enjoy what we do so much. We have a little joke in the morning where we kiss each other good-bye and wish the other a good day at the office—before retreating into our separate rooms."

"Then Wilson sits alone in his studio in front of his blank drawing board. The imaginary creatures surface once again and the cartoonist starts to draw what he sees.

Good friends stand up for you when you need them.



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When you come down to earth, spring for something special.

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Löwenbräu. Here's to good friends.

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Summer Breakers

Hot Air Ballooning — The Last Travel Frontier

BY BUDDY BASCH

In our highly mobile society, most American students have toured this country (and overseas) by plane, train, car or bus. Some have traveled by bicycle, motorcycle, mule, horseback or gone via skateboard, tram, surfboard or the original way — on foot. Very few, however, have had the fun and excitement of a hot air balloon ride, a sport that's becoming increasingly popular. Owning a balloon and its gear isn't

cheap, but flights in them at fairs, meetings and balloon rallies are relatively inexpensive, considering the unique excitement they provide. There is literally nothing like soaring among the clouds.

Ballooning is different for several reasons: speed or direction cannot be controlled, the wind decides that. Wind direction determines landing sites, and there is obviously no steering apparatus or brake. There's also no noise (except the gas burner's comforting sound) and, since balloons move at the wind's speed, there's no breeze and very little feeling of motion.

Our initial experience was at the Great Wisconsin Dells (Wis.) Hot Air Balloon Rally. We arrived at the field at 6 a.m. Balloons were lying on the ground, burners were lit and huge fans were forcing hot air into the balloons, which were already hitched to gondolas. The bags filled with hot air and rose slightly, tugging gently at the gondolas.

Pilot Ray Johnson, an Illinois state transportation official, an expert balloonist and a fixed wing pilot, received permission from a rally official and motioned me into the gondola. It being upright, this entailed something like leaping over a four-foot fence. Johnson and his co-pilot friend followed me in and Johnson turned on the propane burner and adjusted the mixture. We started

what I thought was our ascent, but the gondola tipped over, piling Ray, his friend, my photo equipment and me on the cold Wisconsin Dells dirt in a heap.

Onlookers from other teams rushed over and righted the gondola, because laughter had rendered us unable to help. "Not enough juice," muttered Ray. "Hang on, this time we're going!" The heat blast reflected down and I was glad I'd put on the motorcycle helmet given me earlier. Then came a funny sensation — not like the effect of going up in an elevator, an airplane, escalator or swing, but the feeling that I was remaining still and the ground was falling away from me.

We quickly gained an altitude of 500 feet. The only instruments on board indicated fuel, altitude and direction. Our speed increased to about 50 miles an hour and Johnson explained the two ways balloonists can slow down: bump gently on the ground or bang along the treetops. He did the first, after showing me how to brace myself. It felt like I'd jumped off a four- or five-foot ladder. He hit the ground, immediately increasing the gas and rising. Then he started banging treetops: too high and we wouldn't slow down, but too low could be disastrous if we got caught in the treetops and the gondola tipped. It's worth mentioning here that no one wears parachutes. They wouldn't help, as we were too low to allow them to open properly.

After about twenty minutes aloft, Johnson said we were getting low on gas and asked us to look for a level field. I pointed to one about a thousand feet ahead. The wind shifted and Johnson sighed, "We'll never get near it. We need one ahead, a little to the right — about one or two o'clock." We spotted another area and Johnson turned down the gas jet. Suddenly an unnoticed power line loomed up just ahead. Johnson hastily cranked the gas way up and we did a motion like jumping over the line, all agreeing we hardly wanted to land on it!

Gas was getting quite low and Johnson looked a bit worried. "We should find a landing spot quickly," he said, emphasizing the last word. He grabbed the radio. "I'm near a big swampy field, just north of a railroad crossing with a pond on the right. The farmhouse is white with a red roof on a dirt road. No more transmissions. Out!"

The field looked as though it was under water. "Can't help that. Brace yourself for the landing." I grabbed the two nearest ropes, squatted slightly and we bumped down surprisingly softly, right on the edge of a bog with almost no fuel left. "Get out before the bag collapses," shouted Johnson. We jumped onto damp ground, feeling as though we had "sea legs," a sensation which lasted only a few minutes.

A farmer ran over, surprised at the way visitors had arrived on his land. He was pleasant enough, inquiring about equipment, how we happened to choose his field, how hard it was to fly, etc. (Most U.S. states have a "Welcome Trespasser" law which says, in effect, one cannot be prosecuted for trespassing, because you have no control of where you land, but you are responsible for any damages caused by your landing.)

Little more than five minutes later the "chase car" arrived, we all lifted the gondola onto the trailer attached to the station wagon, removed the burner unit, folded up the balloon and tied everything down securely.

On the way back to the starting field there were refreshments from the beautifully-equipped wagon's refrigerator. There were also comments about our flight, seemingly-exaggerated tales of

earlier flights (probably for this novice's benefit, judging by the smiles) and anecdotes about other balloonists. It was all in fun — which is precisely the way one could describe the entire exhilarating experience.

There are so many balloon rallies and clubs, as well as other special events, it would be impossible to list them or to quote prices for participating. It's fair to assume that approximately \$20-\$50 (depending on length, location, fuel cost and other factors) would be an appropriate charge for an ascent. Interested readers should contact their state's Department of Transportation or Aviation, Civil Air Patrol, the Public Library or the Public Affairs Section at your closest airport.

North to Alaska

BY DON ROBERTS

The most primeval path in America heads north. Wisdom from the simplest waterfowl dictates the direction... turn right at the blue Pacific and keep pounding pavement until the neon glow of civilization fades into mountain darkness. Immediately west of Anchorage and north of Fairbanks the ardent nomad will discover a corner of continent coolly uncivilized by roads — one vast vault of wilderness. Wilderness and nothing but...

Alaska... it's more accessible than you think. However, getting there is more than half the problem and way more than half the expense. But it is a misconception that you must sacrifice your entire net worth, just to secure passage to Jack London-land. Whether travelling by land, sea or sky, your brain (not your life savings) will get you farther north, more miles-per-wile, than the most foodiose statesider would imagine.

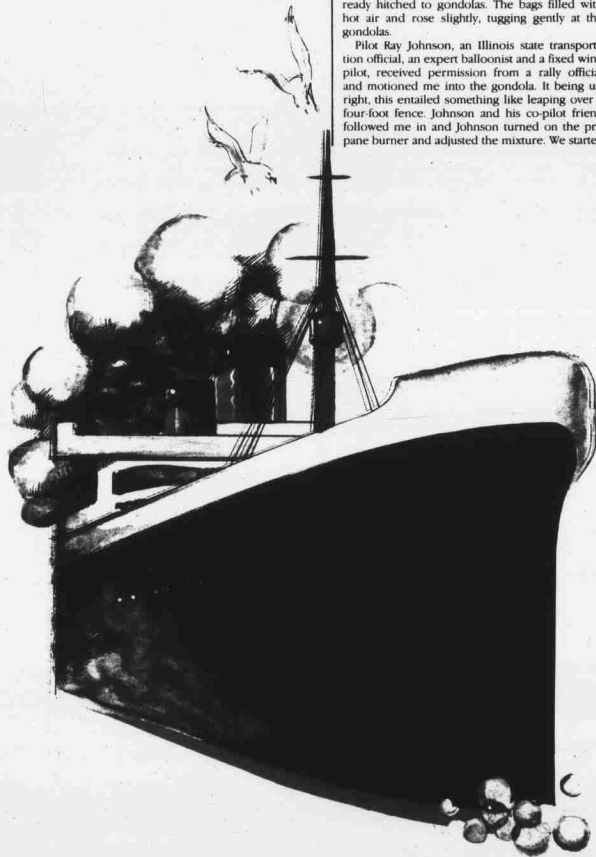
Not All Can Alcan

The Alaska-Canadian highway is hard in more ways than one. Nearly all of the Canadian portion of this timbered thoroughfare is gravel-surfaced and in some places barely surfaced at all. The dust is so overwhelming that it is illegal to drive without your headlights blazing and even then cars are often swallowed up like the victims in a B-grade sci-fi flick. Any vehicle which is not sealed as tightly as an Egyptian tomb soon acquires the interior of a can of Calumet, while the shrapnel-like gravel gnaws the exterior and chews steel-belted radials as if they were Hubba-Bubba.

But don't let these practicalities numb your Nikes. The meandering mercenary who is motivated may harness some cheap, possibly free, horse power. The tactic is prosaic but not altogether artless. Simply run a classified ad in the Portland, Seattle, or Vancouver (B.C.) newspaper offering to help with the task of driving to Alaska. Timing and not a little luck will make the difference between wheeling in dealing or just spinning your wheels.

High Planes Drifter

By winging it to Alaska on Wien or Western Airlines you can leave home in the morning and ogle a moose on the muskgy by late that after-





“Cause tramps like us, baby, we were born to tour!”

noon. But sky travel has lofty disadvantages: 1) you can't get there on pop-bottle refunds and 2) you can't lose a lot of country, a sense of the scope of the continent, when soaring over the planet at 40,000 feet. Obviously it is necessary to hug the stratosphere to avoid bumping the landscape, but the ticket can be brought down to earth.

If you join a group you may capitalize on tour rates—25% to 35% less damage than individual fares. By remaining with the flock, you may also receive considerable discounts on lodging, overland transportation and even grits. For the self-starter there is one other scam ripe for the squeeze. Most airlines (depending upon the rules of the specific carrier) will absorb the bill for any cowboy capable of mustering a herd of 15-40 simultaneous passengers.

Camaraderie also allows the cost effective hiring of a bush plane, the most common mode of “mush” in modern Alaska. Float plane fees average about 120 clams an hour, but these sturdy craft will haul four passengers and enough camping gear to establish an incorporated town. Split four ways, a relatively ambitious flight may be financed for mere bird seed.

Sea Alaska

Since Alaska has more coastline than the rest of the United States combined, the Alaska Marine Highway system is as natural to the north as sordough pancakes. Nine vessels comprise the fleet and although these ferries do not feature the opulence of *Love Boat*, they are the most snazzy and snug “busses” in Alaska. While private state ferries can be reserved in advance, both the dorm and deck rates better accommodate the pilgrim on a picnic.

Ferry passage costs a quarter of the simoleon required for air travel and it is twice as educational, not to mention the immeasurable entertainment factor. During the off-season, which is most of the year (September to June), you can well afford the ferds. Tickets on the Alaska Marine Highway are never cheaper and one may elect to extensively sail the “inside” with the express purpose of floating into scenic delirium—including whale in their favorite wallows and the most extraordinary mountains-meeting-sea on the globe.

To gain access to parlors of jutting ice and the satin hysteria of a thousand waterfalls, write to the Alaska Marine Highway, Pouch R, Juneau, Alaska 99811.

Beating Around the Bush

There is too much wilderness in Alaska, both designated and undesigned, upon which to merely reflect, much less leave an impression of your Tyrolean hiking boots. Consequently, to become familiar with even a small percentage of the natural wonders you must limit your scope... select the specific geologic decor which focuses in your mind's eye.

The Valley of the Ten Thousand Smokes, a lunar-like landscape created by volcanic tantrums, resides in short-fused harmony within the forested boundaries of Katmai National Monument. Apart from the eerie, ash-filled valleys, this 16,800 square kilometer amusement—more than twice the size of Delaware—offers boating on island-studded lakes, countless fishing to any more wildlife than a Disney feature. Come to Katmai prepared for any barometric extreme from sunshine and skivvies weather to sudden *willicious*, cold and gusty rainstorms that can blow your socks off with your boot lace tied.

With subtle transfer from fire to ice, Glacier Bay Monument is sanctuary for creeping plant hosts of ice. This 15,579 square kilometer park floats slumbering remnants of the ice age that began 4,000 years ago, including 16 active tidewater glaciers, gouged-out fjords, and bays silently populated with drifting icebergs. Although this area is starkly reborn, wildlife, particularly sea birds and mammals, abound. The few rugged hiking trails ensure isolation. For those who wish to press muzzle-to-muzzle with deer, moose, bear, loxes, wolves, caribou, and the rare dall sheep, Mt. McKinley National Park is unrivaled. Dominated by a mountain so high (6,194 meters) and massive that it creates its own weather, this broadly based park is divided into separate ecosystems. A limited access scheme guarantees that you may explore any one of these distinct areas and never bounce an eyeball off another soul.

Advice and Ascent

Before blithely treading unfamiliar mountain terrain one must acknowledge the implied dangers. The ignorant and ill-prepared often set themselves up for sure suffering. Carefully study your routes and destinations in Alaska and always leave a copy of your itinerary with the nearest ranger station or county-mountie before proceeding into the depths of the bush. If anything should go awry they'll start looking long before your bones are unearthed in an archeological dig.

Shape up before shipping out, there is no substitute for a backpack bivouac and taking measure of your lung and leg power. Do not for a moment consider skimping—Spartan is silly. Top dog foul-weather wear, munificent mountain tents, minus-0 sleeping bags, and cushy ground pads are often the only articles keeping the rigor from turning mortal.

Do not under any circumstance leave home without your Foster Grants. The sun ricochets off the ubiquitous waterways and snow-fields with penetrating ferocity and only polarized sunglasses will keep your vitreous humor-ous.

EVERYTHING you have heard of the curse of Alaska's militant and mutant mountain is true. But if you dip your dermis in *Muskol* daily you will remain relatively immune to a bloody blitzkrieg.

If you should forget your sunglasses and Muskol, first you'll be struck blind, then the “mosies” will slice your hide thinner than corned beef at a New York deli.

No creature on the tundra can inspire terror like the bear, especially *Ursus horribilis*—the grizzly or brown bear. Since visitors to National Parks are not allowed to pack Howitzers, the best safeguard against belligerent bears is intelligent pacifism. Bears are grumpy, near-sighted wardens but they will leave you alone if you do not crowd their territory, holler at them, or wave your arms and act demented. Bears interpret such behavior as aggressive.

Stand still and show brain your face. The far-less human countenance is an awful sight and a natural deterrent. Never turn and run; bears spontaneously chase cowardly critters. Stay erect, never if pale around the gills. Grizz and you will come to a mutual agreement regarding space.

If you desire wilderness lodging but don't quite relish the uncertainties of camping out, then the Forest Service Cabin System may be your cup of comfort. These cabins are located in

two regions of southeastern Alaska—the Prince of Wales Island and the Ketchikan/Bevilaggiado Island area. Each cabin is splendidly isolated and access is possible only by boat, float plane or trail. Some cabins are situated on the salt chuck, while others reside on streams and mountain tarns.

Forest Service cabins are held by reservation on a first come/first served basis. Reservations are not accepted until the rental maintenance fee of five frog-skins per night is paid. To keep lullied patrons from home-steading, the limit of stay is seven nights in the summer and ten nights in the winter. The Forest Service has prepared a sleek, 35-page catalog which is free upon request: Forest Supervisor, Tongass National Forest, Box 2278, Ketchikan, Alaska 99901.

Mountain Matriculation

Noted ecologist Eugene Odum once stated that “... there is more information of a higher order of sophistication and complexity in a few square yards of forest than there is in all the libraries of mankind.” The dedicated pastoral pupil owes it to himself to study a piece of Alaska—a veritable black hole in the terrestrial Universe.

Making a Travel Guide

BY BARBARA J. ROCHE

When Harvard graduate student Linda Haverty traveled in Europe last summer, she dined on sheep checks, a cheaper menu item in Austria, stacked on a marzipan Ronald McDonald, and had a satchel of travel brochures and notes confiscated after a one-and-a-half hour search when she entered East Berlin. These were some times to try a traveler's soul, but it was all in a summer's work for Linda, one of twenty student researchers contributing to *Let's Go Europe 1982*.

Over a half million student passports are issued each year, and the odds are good that students traveling to Europe will be packing an edition of *Let's Go* along with their passports and student ID's. The *Let's Go* series is the only collection of travel guides written for students by students and updated annually.

Let's Go Europe 1982 covers some 31 countries, including Iceland, the USSR, Egypt and Tunisia. The guide was researched, written and edited by Harvard students under the auspices of Harvard Student Agencies, a student service or organization. From the basement offices off Harvard Yard, student editors work out itineraries

student researchers spend the summer in assigned countries, checking accommodations, tourist sights, restaurants and cultural information. The research priority is finding ways to make the trip affordable and interesting. Honesty in reporting is emphasized, and the result is a guide that tells it like it is—even when a city or hotel isn't so hot.

“If a place is cheap, but a little on the dirty side, we'll still mention it,” said Bob McCord, student researcher who spent time in Iceland, West Germany, Ireland and Luxembourg. “But he added, “we also mention that it's not the cleanest place in the world.”

“We include these places and let people decide,” added Linda Haverty, “because it's usually a relative thing. What one person considers to be a real lousy place, another wouldn't mind.”

Let's Go has taken off since the first five page guide to Harvard University charter flights was stapled together and distributed on the campus in 1957. Twenty five years later, *Let's Go* is published by St. Martin's Press in six editions, including Europe, USA, and regional editions on Britain and Ireland, France, Italy, and Greece, Brazil and Egypt. Over 180,000 copies of the books were sold in the U.S., Canada, Europe, Australia and Japan last year, and one *Let's Go* staffer estimates that each copy is read by an average of five people.

What's the secret?

“Most guides are written more for the fun of reading than to actually be used,” McCord said, “and not incidentally, they're written for a higher expenditure of money.”

McCord pointed out two areas where *Let's Go* differs from other travel guides. One, they're paperback newspaper guides made to be taken with you, and two, *Let's Go* is a constant consideration in the guide's recommendations.

Unfortunately, we can't just charge things to the company, McCord laughed. “We're constrained by our own budgets, so we have to be looking for the best deals on things.”

Unlike other travel guides, where advertisers can pay to be written up favorably, *Let's Go* keeps advertising out of its editorial decisions.



Most of the mail received from readers is favorable, but sometimes there are complaints. A recent letter from two women travellers complained about the lecherous proprietor of an Italian pensione that had been recommended by a male researcher.

"One of the changes we've made over the years has been more of a consciousness of women travelling alone," said Assistant Editor of *Let's Go Europe*, Chris Billy.

Other changes revolve around the increased costs of travelling in Europe. *Let's Go* staff says that it's still possible for the budget-conscious to travel in Europe, despite the fact that travel costs have skyrocketed.

"Europe isn't considered such a bargain basement anymore, but people shouldn't be going there just because it's cheap," said McGold. When I figure my expenditures, I always think of it as a matter of time spent in a place versus the amount of money I'm spending. I think anyone would prefer to give up a private bathroom if it meant adding another day to your trip. Good planning is the key."

"Now that Europe isn't so cheap, it's important that people determine their style of travel before going over there," advises Havery, who spent the summer researching in the more expensive Scandinavian countries and Germany.

"Camping is still cheap, even free in most parts of Scandinavia, where pensions are expensive. But in Italy, pensions are cheaper. If you know how you want to travel, and you're willing to sacrifice some comforts, you can make the trip last longer."

She also recommends Mark Twain's *Innocents Abroad* as pre-departure reading for young travelers.

Knowing a bit of the language is important, too, says Havery. "On this trip I sensed more impatience with people who made no effort to speak the language. You'll probably be able to find someone who speaks English, but always ask first, and never assume."

The nature of the publication means that there are always problems, particularly when a country being researched is in a political upheaval. The student researcher in Poland last summer had problems travelling, and postal strikes hindered reports getting back to the States in time for publication. In Rumania, one researcher's report was confiscated at the local post office.

Researchers head for their assigned countries in mid-May, and in July the first reports filter into the HSA offices. The editing and organizing process then begins, and the pace picks up until the frantic week before the publisher's deadline in early September.

"You should have seen it," said one researcher of last summer's preparations. "There were people here around the clock, working, bodies on the floor asleep—it was pretty incredible."

No sooner are the *Let's Go 1982* guides on the bookstore shelves than work begins on *Let's Go 1983*, between term papers and mid-year exams.

Students sometimes have a hard time juggling schoolwork around their *Let's Go* schedules, and the HSA office always has at least one person who must leave to write a paper that's due the next day. But the researcher's position appears to be the perfect summer job. Roundtrip airfare is paid for by HSA, and researchers receive a salary while they're travelling.

Linda Havery sets the record straight for all the excitement, there is hard work, frustration, and occasional despair.

"It's really a strenuous job," she says. "We should have had to lift weights to get in shape for it. I went to Italy for a few weeks before coming back... after all that travelling, I really needed a vacation!"

Carnival in Trinidad

BY DEBORAH LEVIN

I imagine a national newspaper whose headlines read "ETHIOPIAN TUN-TUN IN FIGHT TO finish" or "NO ICE FOR CARNIVAL." Imagine a

television station, the only one for an entire country, broadcasting its carnival events live. And just in case you've missed any of the day's events, the 6 o'clock news is likely to present "highlights" of carnival for the entire 30-minute broadcast. This is at a time when El Salvador is on the verge of exploding, Polish workers call for strikes daily, and... well who knows what else is happening. This is Trinidad and this is carnival. If anything else is going on in the world—who cares?

Trinidad, a nation roughly the size of Delaware, is located 10 miles off the east coast of Venezuela. Sticky hot during the Carnival months, the country looks more like an impoverished South American ghetto than a resort paradise. The capital city of Port-of-Spain, crowded with people, cars and dogs, is host to the second largest street celebration in the world, surpassed only by the Brazilian festival in Rio. Just about all of Trinidad's million-plus people participate; a quarter of them outfit themselves in brilliant costumes, some of which require nearly a year to design and construct. In a country where phones seldom work, roads aren't serviceable, and people are accused of being inherently lazy, Trinidadians suddenly prove they are hard working, efficient and productive when it comes to something they care about. It takes enormous effort to make a good carnival, and carnival in Trinidad is as good as it gets. No violent incidents were reported in 1981, compared to seven deaths in Rio de Janeiro.

It is the music of "Mas" (Carnival) that makes Trinidad's event unique. It provides rhythm and people play with the energy and enthusiasm that seems like celebrating a victory. Carnival music is planned, rehearsed and labored over. Steel bands—whose members number up to 100—are now among the most successful aspect of the carnival. What started out as banging on garbage pail lids and empty cans has grown into a sophisticated sensitive sound. Some ensembles boast their songlists with European classical pieces. Carnival occurs during the two days before Lent, but the buildup to Mas starts in September when early "fetes" (parties) begin. By December, calypso music replaces all other forms. The first official event planned by the Carnival Development Committee is scheduled by January. On any given night there are dozens of "fetes" going on. It's a 24-hour public orgy that takes place day after day after day... and it's all subsidized by the government!

The Plunt Festival of Sweeney

BY KEITH WALLAN

The sightseer looking for a little extra local flavor in the grand tradition of Iron Age Germany would do well not to miss the quaint *Plunt Festival of Sweeney*.

At the beginning of the festival, which comes ten nights after the last potato of the season has been dug, the children of Sweeney dress up like twigs and rocks, and wake their parents at four in the morning by running into the bedroom with burning brooms held in their mouths.

After the parents have extinguished the brooms with their Oofils, or asbestos pots, the Breakfast for Plunt may begin. A large pot of Sweetgrunt, or potato pudding, is prepared by the mother while the children stand in the sink balancing firewood on their heads. The father is busy at this time making the traditional Schlapp, or dung wreath, for the family's doorway. When the sweetgrunt is ready it is dumped in a pile on the floor, and the whole family enjoys fighting for all they can stuff in their faces, the same way their ancestors did over a thousand years ago.

When the Sweetgrunt has been finished, the family enters their cellar carrying several gaily decorated Pissals, or goat bladders, filled with small magnets, old buttons, and bits of string. It is the ancient belief that this mystical combination will give free nose jobs to the Ugly of Sweeney—but only if it is kept in a dark, loud place. Thus,

the family locks the cellar doors and dances in the dark while making fesscoops, or loud, deplorable noises.

While the family units are performing the root cellar dance, the bachelors and street scrubbers of Sweeney (all unmarried females over 18 are tradition-bound to be the street scrubbers of Sweeney) begin the Ritual of the Folding Chairs. The ritual of the Folding Chairs was once celebrated as the Arnschlitt, or the headdressing of the cleft-palate babies, until more civilized Sweenheimians petitioned to have it changed in 1799 to the unfolding and arrangement of Sweeney's impressive collection of folding metal chairs. The tradition-conscious Unmarried Sweenheimians still hold on to the old ways, however, and usually manage to behold some symbolic inanimate object. One year it was the town's civil defense siren. Another time they used forty pounds of black powder to blow the spire off a neighboring village's cathedral.

It is now midday, and time for the Reaffirmation of the Plunt. There is a large stone structure in the middle of the village square which measures ten meters by ten meters at the base, is ten meters high, and has no measurement at the top because nobody ever bothered to get a ladder. This structure is said to contain the Plunt. The entire population of Sweeney dresses like the priest next door and forms a triangle around the stones while chanting the time-honored words: "Gat zipper Schükünne shurt." Historians have roughly translated this as meaning "My trousers seem to have become entangled in my shirt," but this is a matter of heated debate in academic circles.

When the Reaffirmation of the Plunt is complete, the village runs backward through the streets to a large meadow by the river. On they then begin pulling up large handfuls of grass for the construction of the Thing, or Thing. The Thing is made up entirely of the wet meadow grasses, and moulded to resemble Jerry Ford's football helmet. The youth of Sweeney are put in charge of guarding the Thing and throwing any one who means it harm into the nearby river. Oo.

The sun is beginning to disappear behind the mountains as the rest of the village leave the youth with the Thing and fill their underclothing with bits of dry tree bark for the Zupidizunt, or uncomfortable walk, back to the village. Once there, they will take their places on the assembled Folding Metal Chairs and spend the night dancing and sucking Schlingers, or oversize pot-pies of potato schnapps, until they fall down.

Summerfest

BY BONNY CHRISTINA CELINE

It's no secret that Milwaukee, Wisconsin is not considered one of the nation's major music markets, and it isn't—\$54 days (each year). But for eleven days in early summer (twelve in 1982), Milwaukee's beautiful lakefront becomes Summerfest. And Summerfest offers more music, food and fun than any other single place from east coast to west.

Summerfest began in 1967 as a summer festival designed to cool off the hot scene of urban disorder that disrupted most large cities in the Sixties. But in the fifteen years that followed, Summerfest has become a not-for-profit civic-sponsored organization and Wisconsin's major summer tourist attraction. The reason for its continuing popularity is simple: it offers eight stages of musical talent (plus a children's stage) for twelve hours every day of the event, all going consecutively. It also offers food served up by some of Milwaukee's finer restaurants (not mere fast food), as well as Mr. Summerfest's weight lifting contests, fishing contests, a children's art contest, and enough non-musical activities to amuse everyone, from children through senior citizens.

Most Milwaukeeans consider Summerfest to be the most important event of their summer, a season (800,000 people passed through its gates during its run in 1981). For one thing, it is amazingly in-

expensive. The \$5 gate admission fee entitles the fairgoer to enter the manicured grounds and enjoy a choice of musical entertainment with no additional charge. (Of course, food and other concessions are not included.)

The Summerfest grounds are more like a garden than a fairground—minimal cement, maximum greenery. A cool evening breeze drifts off Lake Michigan. You may decide to start the evening with a quiet, acoustic music, so you head for the TV-6 sponsored Folk Stage, and spend some time listening to national acts like Tom Paxton, Robin & Linda Williams or Gamble Rogers or perhaps Milwaukee-based talent like Bill Campbell, Gil Plotkin or the Early Sisters. Suddenly you're hungry, a stop at Montreal's, perhaps, for Mexican food, and dessert at Shorewood Village Bakery. Perhaps just a wine cooler with a slice of lemon? You pass by Babcock-sponsored International Stage and catch a few songs from someone like Chubby Checker or Rick Nelson & the Stone Canyon Band.

There is little sound carry-over from the other stages. Eight different music presentations on 50 acres of lakefront land would seem to be excessive, but the engineers who designed the sound systems planned for that, and sound leakage is not a problem.

At the Dance Pavilion, many couples dance to swing music under the cheery, yellow-and-white tent. The bartenders serving at the wine counter are wearing old-fashioned white shirts and arm garters. The Tommy Dorsey Band is playing. One of the nicest things about Summerfest is that it is *not* for young people only. It is the intention of Entertainment Director Bob Babish to provide quality musical entertainment for all ages.

On the Schlitz Country Stage you may be treated to Roseanne Cash and her excellent Nashville band. Time to drink some beer (or wine coolers, if you prefer) and then walk over to the Comedy Variety Stage and check out comedians like Pat Paulsen and Joe Piscopo (or hear the space rock tunes of Milwaukee's own Snopcek).

By now, you want rock & roll. The Rock Stage is at one end of the grounds and the Main Stage (tonight featuring the Marshall Tucker Band) is opposite. Can you see Billy Squier on the Rock Stage and still catch some of the Tucker Band? Sure! Just hop on the Sky Glider and get whisked above the grounds, from end to end, for just \$1.

It's pretty crowded at the Tucker show—the Main Stage has a seating capacity of 18,000—but you manage to squeeze in and catch the encores. Over at the Miller Jazz Stage, artists like Pat Metheny cash a low key spell.

General Manager Kris Martinsek feels that the high quality of entertainment, food and vendors will keep Summerfest several quality steps above its imitators. "We're very lucky to have this lakefront," she says, "and we want the Festival to remain in keeping with the original intent. But we will continue to offer safety and beauty, too." Ms. Martinsek turns to the community for their help—for example, when the Dance Pavilion was built in 1981, the Festival asked students at the Milwaukee Trade School to volunteer to hand-forge the graceful wrought-iron archway crowning its entrance.

In 1982, Summerfest will run from June 24 through July 5 (one extra day because of the July 4th holiday). The entertainment line-up is not confirmed until the beginning of June so that the festival can get the pick of the current-on-the-road music crop.

"There is nothing like Summerfest," says Festival President Rod Lanser. "Milwaukee is very proud of it. And you have to admit that the price is right. For about \$55 per listening hour, there is no finer entertainment bargain anywhere." There is a mailing list for brochures at SUMMERFEST, 200 N. Harbor Drive, Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53202 (414/273-2680). Tickets can be purchased in advance for only \$4, and are \$5 per day at the gate once the festival opens.

Housing and camping information can be obtained by writing Milwaukee Visitors & Convention Center, 756 N. Milwaukee Street, Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53202 (414/273-7222).

ON SCREEN

(Continued from page 7)

women set out to be world-beating track performers in the first place.

It's not hard to figure out why Towne chose the topic, though. Besides the inherent drama in unexplored, taboo territory, the filmmaker obviously has an aesthetic/erotic attraction to these particular women. It's betrayed by his camera's lavish attention to muscled, by one-too-many crotch shots, and by a comment that Moore's character—in Towne's voice, perhaps—makes to Hemingway. "What do you think of that?" asks Hemingway warily, after learning Moore knows of her lesbian affair.

"I think we both like great-looking girls," he replies.

Michele Kort

Death Valley

starring Paul Le Mat, Catherine Hicks, Stephen McHattie, written by Richard Rothstein, directed by Dick Richards

Death Valley is not a bad film; it is four bad films: a boy's view of his parent's divorce, a conflict between technology and cowboy life, a pseudo-psychological study of twins, and a horror movie. *Death Valley* has been backed by the bucks of Universal, has beautiful cinematography and a not unknown cast, but it fails to achieve even the satisfying campiness of a B movie.

Stephen McHattie plays a set of twins who murder people for no particular reason (there is some vague reference to the fact that their father was a goldminer—?). Vagueness whips through the film like a sandstorm, tearing gaping holes in the plot. There is no basis for the previous marriage of Sally (Catherine Hicks), an airhead country girl, to Paul Stanton (Edward Herrman), a college professor. And their son Billy, the protagonist, turns from boy genius discussing electronics to little brat playing cowboy; even though he hates his mother's boyfriend (Paul Le Mat), he seems to want to please them.

Death Valley's only suspense relies on the murders, and the twins' attempt to catch up with Billy; but we don't care about the victims (five slobs and slobettes), and there is no personal interest in the murders. He just wanted to get to the Grand Canyon (they're on vacation, see?). Neither fun, nor camp, nor scary, *Death Valley* is itself a fall down the Grand Canyon; it hits rock bottom.

Jody Eve Grant

Urbh!

with 30 rock groups, produced by Michael White, directed by Derek Burdidge

Urbh! is to movies what sampler albums are to music: a little taste of many flavors with no garnish, no spicy interviews, no salty social commentary. Just live music, neatly packaged, with minimal production costs.

The groups, in order of appearance (with one song each) are Police, Wall of Voodoo, Toyah Wilcox, Orchestral Manoeuvres in the Dark, Chelsea, Oringo Boingo, Echo and the Bunnymen, Jools Holland, XTC, Klaus Nomi, Go-Go's, Dead Kennedys, Steel Pulse, Gary Numan, Joan Jetz, Magazine, Surf Punk, Au Pairs, Gramps, Invisible Sex, Pere Ubu, Devo, Alley Cats, Gang of Four, 999, Fleshtones, X, Skafish, UB40, and Police again. Much of the music is simple-minded, some simply awful, with an occasionally fascinating group that stays in the mind long after the movie ends. Klaus Nomi is outrageous, in white face, black lipstick, patent leather tuxedo and bombastic falsetto. My personal favorite. The Gramps, alas, are just ludicrous, the most interesting thing about their performance is wondering whether singer Lux Interior will lose his pants or gag on the microphone.

Unlike most films, *Urbh!* has a practical function: for those who have not yet embraced this

music, *Urbh!* lets them decide which artists they never want to see again, and which ones they'll pursue further.

And besides, it's relatively painless fun, just when I was ready to heave my seat (or my guts) at the screen, along came another group to distract, amuse, enrage or impress.

Judith Sims

Tag

starring Robert Carradine and Linda Hamilton, and introducing Bruce Abbott, written and directed by Nick Castle

A group of UGA students embark on another round of extermination by rubber dart. Predictably, one student cracks under the pressure to win the popular campus assassination game and becomes a real murderer—a music major with a cache of decaying bodies in his dorm room. Left to that, *TAG* would be a passable movie of the week, but writer-director Castle adds depth, playing the drama against some very funny material. Hamilton plays a jaded but not yet cynical Beverly Hills cupcake who tries hard to be tochy, practicing steamy stares meant to fry male circuitry. And she succeeds! She is a Chandler female, confounding, pneumatic and vulnerable. Carradine is appealingly awkward with an occasionally stiff delivery.

The fun is that the characterizations aren't taken too seriously. From the game director, who fancies himself a G-man; to the campus news editor, a downy cherub as crusty as Walter Matthau, the laughs are there. Castle does miss on a few minor points. There apparently is not a locked door on the whole of the UGA campus, a glaring assumption in this security-conscious time. Also, the students have a curious penchant for tossing textbooks into hedges when they are finished with them. His major offense, however, is the romantic drivel following the murderer's grisly death. They find it *amazing!* Better they should hug each other in relief. But despite occasional awkwardness, the film is entertaining, truly suspenseful, genuinely funny.

Darlene Guldner

Missing

starring Jack Lemmon and Sissy Spacek, written by Costa Gavras and Donald Stewart, directed by Costa Gavras

Costa Gavras' previous political films—*Z*, *Social Section* and *Stage of Siege*—combine the rage and commitment of his political point of view with the wham-bam technique of a cinematic thriller. These three films almost created a genre of their own, based in fact but executed like fiction.

Missing, like these earlier films, is based on a true story as a result of the U.S. CIA's involvement in the 1973 assassination of Chile's Marxist president Allende and the subsequent military coup, an American citizen was killed; his father sued the U.S. government for complicity in his son's death, but the suit was essentially thrown out of court. *Missing* deals with the father's search for his son, and his eventual realization of the circumstances of his death.

Lemmon plays the stalwart America-right-or-wrong businessman who travels to the unidentified Latin country to find his son. The son's wife, Sissy Spacek, is, like her husband, a hippie of sorts, estranged from Lemmon. Most of the film is taken up with useless Lemmon-Spacek arguments and their equally useless attempts to find the son/husband—who is, of course, dead, presumably murdered because he was privy to CIA secrets babbled by an agent in a restaurant.

While I readily concede that it's better to see even this relatively timid (compared to Costa Gavras' previous credits) expose of our shameful Chilean episode than to see nothing at all, *Missing* is still disappointing. It should have been tougher. It should have hit us with a slam, not a dull thud.

Judith Sims

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OPENS FRIDAY, APRIL 2nd AT A THEATRE NEAR YOU.



BY STEVEN X. REA

cat people

Fifties Horror Classic Mutates Anew

nore. Amidst the zoo's ominous dreadscape of bas-relief animal scenes, giant statues of perched panthers and urine-stained cages with real live baboons and cats nervously pacing within, Nastassia Kinski exudes something of the same quiet, innocent sexuality that became such a box office boon for the Swedish actress in the Forties (but which Nastassia uses to minimal advantage in *One from the Heart*).

And it's that look of innocent sexuality — whether it recalls Ingrid Bergman or not — that is what Nastassia Kinski's character in *Cat People* is all about. Directed by Paul Schrader (*American Gigolo*, *Hardcore*, *Blue Collar*) and co-starring Malcolm McDowell, John Heard, Annette O'Toole and Ruby Dee, *Cat People* draws its inspiration from Val Lewton's 1942 yarn of the same name, a low-budget scariest about a woman (Simone Simon) who could turn herself into a panther. But, as Schrader is quick to point out, his version is anything but a remake. In fact, only one scene — the dark, creepy swimming bath episode — remains from the original.

Kinski is Irena, a bright, lonely girl, an orphan whose family history is shrouded in mystery. She discovers that she has a brother in New Orleans — Paul (McDowell), a minister for some vague pentecostal sect and travels there to live with him and his housekeeper (Ruby Dee). McDowell, as it turns out, is a cat person with strong sexual urges towards his young sister; John Heard, who plays Oliver, an official at the zoo, falls in love with Nastassia, while Nastassia, attracted to Heard, discovers that she's a cat person as well. The upshot of all this being that the transformation from human to ferocious feline is sparked by sexual desire; the metamorphosis is some sort of symbolic manifestation of a fearsome primal passion — sex that literally turns man into an animal. As Paul, trying to seduce his virginal sibling, tells Irena: "Each time it happens you tell yourself it's love, but it isn't. It's blood. It's death. And you can't free from the nightmare, except with me. And I with you. I've waited so long for you."

Pretty silly stuff, all right, but the way

Nastassia Kinski sees it, it's also a disarmingly simple "love story." As she waits between takes for Schrader and cinematographer John Bailey (*American Gigolo*, *Ordinary People*) to work out the moves of an elaborate tracking shot, Kinski leans against one of the empty zoo cages and talks about the sensuality of cats and how humans have a cat-like side to their nature. "This film is really about sexual awakening, and about true love. About bringing out the cat in us all," she says. As for Schrader — an intensely serious film critic-turned-filmmaker whose worldview has been shaped by a strict Calvinist upbringing and years immersed in the flickering, shadowy recesses of movie theaters — he likes to refer to *Cat People* as his "fun" movie. "Not fun in terms of a movie like *Arthur*," Schrader explains, sitting in his Prowler trailer (the Prowler logo, coincidentally, is a cat), "but fun like a play can be fun. We're not dealing with terribly important issues here — I mean, they are terribly important but we're not making a statement that has to be dealt with."

Schrader confesses that he's not exactly sure how to categorize *Cat People*. "To tell you the truth, I don't quite know what genre I'm working in at this point. Certainly it's not a horror genre because it fulfills none of the needs and has very few of the premises of that. It's not a monster genre because it doesn't intend to work at that level. So, it's more on a level of erotic fantasy, with a few elements of horror and monstrosity thrown in, but not to the extent where they define the movie."

"It's nothing terribly profound," he continues. "It's just an exploration into sexual fantasy. Why these certain images hold sway over us — you know, white horses and black panthers — that Jungian stuff. These images and feelings that seem to be imbedded into the race *Cat People*. What's his fun playing with those elements."

Some of Schrader's "fun" includes a prologue set in a surreally orange desert that establishes the legend of the cat people via a tribal sacrifice of a 5-year-old girl. Schrader, grinning, calls his opening sequence "a lot of mystical hokey and mumbo jumbo." Then there's the scene where Ed Begley, Jr., who plays one of Heard's zookeepers, starts washing down a panther's cage singing "What's New Pussycat." What's new is that the pussycat's about to have Begley for lunch.

Certainly, *Cat People* is a departure for Schrader. For one thing, it's the first film he's directed that isn't based on his own screenplay. Alan Ormsby (*My Bodyguard*) gets the credit for *Cat People*'s writing job, though Schrader reports that the movie he's finishing up is "90 percent or more different than the script I was first handed." (Schrader says that both he and Ormsby handled the rewrites.) As for just being the hired-on director, "Initially it was liberating," he explains,

"because I didn't feel like it was my story or that I was a participant in the film. But as I became more involved in the story and found that in fact I was a participant, I began to rewrite it more. I began to relate to John Heard's character, so I expanded his role tremendously. Now I feel quite proprietorial, quite personal about the film in a way I didn't when I began."

Cat People also marks a major departure in style and mood for the filmmaker. Gone is the hyper psychotic energy that permeated his script of Martin Scorsese's *Taxi Driver*. Gone is the downbeat, dour realism of *Blue Collar*, the languid high-tech tones of *American Gigolo*. Along with cinematographer Bailey and famed production designer Ferdinando Scarfioni (*The Conformist*, *Death in Venice*), Schrader has shaped a rich, idiosyncratic vision that resonates like some come-to-life Symbolist painting.

"It's far more non-verbal than anything I've done before," says Schrader. "It is not realistic, it is not street-level, it is not grounded in sexual, social, and myth and fantasy. It's more magical, more stylized. The narrative is defined within a kind of dream logic."

Scarfioni, who designed the spectacular vine-traded Victorian zoo and who, according to Schrader, practically authored the desert scenes and Nastassia Kinski's dream sequence, was in fact essential to Schrader's character concept. "He was in my contact. When I agreed to do the movie I put in a clause saying that if they didn't have him I didn't have to do the movie."

"I don't know what film buffs are going to make of this movie," muses Schrader as he puts on a blue blazer and heads back to the soundstage. "It's going to be very hard for them to make comparisons because there are different characters, different settings, different scenes, a different plot. But the title's the same," he laughs. "All of which is fine by me, since I never had any intention of remaking the original anyway."

Probably because he is one himself, Schrader seems especially concerned with film buffs and critics and their various reactions to his efforts. At Universal's Alfred Hitchcock theater, where Schrader was overseeing the dubbing of some last minute scenes, prints of some new matte effects for the desert prologue were screened by Schrader, as he studied the exotic panorama on screen. "Now I have to think of some horrible story for the press. How it took us two long, terrible weeks in Morocco to get this sequence. How the Assistant Director was kidnapped and we were trapped in the mountains by a band of guerrilla soldiers."

Whatever the press and the public's reaction to *Cat People*, Schrader is proud of his \$13 million erotic fantasy. "I've used this opportunity to heighten, to improve my ability to tell stories visually rather than literarily. And I think I've got a winning hand."

Nastassia Kinski and Malcolm McDowell (left) as brother and sister with more than the usual *Blind* ties.



Zydeco King & His Red Hat Clifton Chenier Louisiana Band

BY ART FEIN

The story's the same wherever Clifton Chenier & His Red Hot Louisiana Band are playing, but my first encounter with him was at a club frequented by college students, in the hills outside of Santa Cruz, California.

The Club Zayante was alive. The walls were pulsating, and the shadows cast on the steamed-up windows — in summer! — showed packed-in bodies dancing wildly to a strange, heavy-beat, foreign-but-familiar music.

I turned to the guy next to me and said "Who is this?"

He grinned and slapped me on the back like it was a fraternity initiation, removed the beer bottle from his mouth and looked at me like I was the one from Mars and said, "Just the world's greatest rock & roll band, that's all."

I soon realized I had been leading an incomplete life before that night. When I got inside I could hear this sweet *unusual* music better, but I couldn't understand the words. And what was that instrument carrying the melody? I squeezed up front and got the answer: the room was under the control of a gold-toothed black man playing an accordion and singing in French! "We're from Louisiana," he boomed out between songs, "where even the crawfish got soul!"

You don't hear much about rock & roll accordions today. In fact, you never did. In the history of rock & roll no instrument has been as scorned as the lowly squeeze-box.

Put one in the hands of Clifton Chenier, though, and it's obvious that the problem hasn't been the instrument — it's been who's playing it. (Accordions appeared in the hands of Bill Haley in the 1950's, and Gary Lewis & the Playboys in the 1960's but it wasn't until the Seventies that musicians like the Band, Ry Gooder, and Ponty Bone of the Joe Ely band returned a semblance of respect to it.)

When Clifton plays, it's a little of this and a little of that — swamp music, rhythm & blues, country blues, Cajun — all so distinctly Rock & Roll with a capital R that none other than Mick Jagger (of the *other* "world's greatest rock & roll band") recently booked him into Carnegie Hall in New York.

He knew Clifton was great. Jagger has been seen digging Chenier performances in the Watts district of Los Angeles. He figured it was time other people did too.

Clifton was no overnight success. The ennobling hand of Jagger was late in coming.

Clifton Chenier was born in 1925 in Opelousas, Louisiana. His childhood accordion-playing was influenced by his white Cajun neighbors, as well as by pioneering black accordionist Amade Ardoin. Incorporating these sounds with the new, emerging style of rhythm & blues, he was instrumental in developing a new music called Zydeco.

The word, like Cajun, is a simplification like many coined by Louisianans. Cajun is short for "Acadian," the area from which

the Cajuns emigrated. Zydeco is taken from a popular French folk song whose first words were "les haricots."

Musically, Zydeco is French-Cajun American rock & roll and rhythm & blues, sung by blacks. Although its origin is the swamplands of the American south, its popularity extends around the world, and that popularity goes double for Clifton, who bills himself The King of the South and wears a crown to prove it.

A normal year's concertizing will take him to 3 areas: a route between Lafayette, Louisiana, New Orleans, and Central Texas; the California coastline, especially the San Francisco area; and Italy, France, or Switzerland!

To Europeans, the sight of this proud, weathered, mystical black man with a crown and a gold tooth singing rhythm & blues in French is, well ... remarkable.

As it is here.

"Put on your dancing shoes," Chenier warns at the start of a set. Indeed, so many rhythms run irresistibly crossing patterns, Zydeco makes sitting still impossible. Once heard, Zydeco isn't easily forgotten.

In Chenier's group, the Red Hot Louisiana Band, there's the massive, unrelenting drumming of massive Robert St. Judy. Coupled to it are the hypnotic, indescribable rhythms of Clifton's brother Cleveland Chenier, playing a self-designed neck-held metal washboard, stroked by a handful of bottle-openers(!) And then there's the man himself, who for many years stood and bobbed to the music but today is sitting, presiding regally over the proceedings, singing as his fingers dance up and down his upright key-board.

Other band members vary, but there's usually a saxophone, a guitar and a bass, and perhaps an organ. Although the Chenier brothers occasionally perform as a duo, it is important to see him with his whole band.

Chenier's road work has been cut down after he fell seriously ill last year from complications brought on by diabetes. "Don't worry about me," Chenier

Art Fein has been described by the L.A. Times as a "rockabilly activist." Maybe that explains the crazy t-shirt he wears around Hollywood — Free the Tennessee Three.



But since most of us can't live there, there are ample Clifton Chenier records to choose from. He's recorded for a lot of labels, but we'd recommend these: *Clifton Chenier "Live"* — (Arhoolie 1059) — Recorded at a Zydeco dance in Richmond, California in 1971. Play it for your friends and see if they'll stop dancing to talk. *Black Snake Blues* — (Arhoolie 1038) — One of his best studio efforts, with powerful drumming by St. Judy. *Bayou Blues* — (Specialty SPS 2139) — Recorded back in 1957 when someone at the label must have figured "Little Richard's a star — this guy with the accordion is weird too."

But, face it — every Clifton Chenier record is worthwhile. If your local record shop isn't hip enough to have a Clifton Chenier section (they exist) you can order them through the Phonolog directory.

assured me after a recent operation, "I'll be out playing soon. Ain't no little thing like this gonna keep me down." He now plays an electric accordion that doesn't need squeezing. The band now takes 4 hours after 2 hours instead of playing 4 breaks straight through. All this points, also, to a reduced touring schedule which may make seeing him difficult, except for those who live in the Louisiana bayous, California, or Europe!

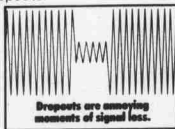


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The Low Budget Hustle

Three independent film distributors market their wares carefully, innovatively . . . and successfully.

BY LORI HIGA

When the independently produced *Return of the Secaucus 7* was first released last year, it did the kind of business that any 16mm feature (blown up to 35) about a reunion of Sixties activists would do—disastrous. Rather than let it die a quiet death, however, independent distributor Specialty Films pulled *Secaucus* out of circulation, revamped it as *ad campaign* and launched the film a second time. *Secaucus* went on to gross more than \$350,000 in Seattle alone and broke-house records at two out of four theaters where it opened in the U.S. Shot on a minuscule budget of \$60,000 by director/writer John Sayles, who'd never looked through a camera before, *Secaucus* is well on its way to earning \$2 million.

Indie film distributors are the unsung heroes of the movie business. They've saved from oblivion many a film like *Secaucus* which lack big budgets, name actors and show-biz hype. It is the indie distributor who maintains virtually the only channels for these smaller, forgotten films that still possess the passion, intimacy and attention to matters of heart and mind that the big Hollywood films like *Star Wars* sadly lack.

And the indie distributors control the release of those films made outside studios, often saving them from certain box office death. The majority of indie distributors are small operations living by their wits; like guerrilla fighters, they are often forced to employ unconventional tactics simply to survive.

Working out of Seattle, Specialty Films has built a reputation making profitable propositions out of cult films like *King of Hearts* (starring Alan Bates), *Harold & Maude* (Bud Cort and Ruth Gordon) and *Allegro Non Troppo* (a spoof of *Fantasia*). The philosophy at Specialty, says manager Robert Bogue, is "to distribute films that would normally not get seen but deserve to be seen for a particular reason." For example, Bogue says *King of Hearts* was an anti-war film really, but its sentiments weren't overt. We felt it was more effective that way. But, not all independent films are worth seeing. "Some distributors think they can sell an indie feature film just because it's an indie feature film. But often they're films no one wants to see except the people who made them. There's a lot of junk out there that doesn't deserve to be seen. Our films are marketable. And also have something to say. We are definitely specialists—our job is to make money for our producers and a profit for ourselves."

Making money often requires an unheard of flexibility in dealmaking. With a major studio, filmmakers



usually get about 30 percent of the profits after expenses are recouped—that may take a century," Bogue says. "We're usually after a 50-50 split after expenses are met. That's unusual. We don't always get that. We're also willing to take a lower split on a 'special' film."

In the case of *Secaucus*, Specialty agreed to distribute the film in 10 major cities over the course of a year and spend a minimum of \$100,000 on prints, advertising and promotion. "A major studio would never make a commitment like that," Bogue argues. *Secaucus* was considered a tough sell because it lacked name actors, graphic violence, sex and car chases and was concerned with aging Sixties radicals, not exactly a top teenager could relate to. "Studios just don't devote that kind of attention to any one film, not even in the special classics division at UA. If a film falls flat on its face after it opens, they'll pull it, cut their losses and move on to the next. They're handling 15-20 films at a time, as opposed to one or two." Bogue estimated a distributor today needs a minimum of \$250,000 to cover costs of launching a film "wide"—in about 200 theaters. With such astronomical costs, studios often have no other choice but to drop a film after a poor showing. "We work very carefully and thoughtfully on every film we distribute. We don't abandon it just because it doesn't do well at first."

Specialty employs a carefully-orchestrated three-pronged approach to garner box office receipts. This consists of building word of mouth among youthful moviegoers, name familiarity and critical acclaim. "When you've got all those, you've got a massive success on your hands," adds Bogue. The method has worked even with documentaries, considered by Bogue and his contemporaries to be "the kiss of death in movie theaters." Yet Specialty was able to turn a profit on the 90-minute documentary *The Man Who Stood Down Everest*, about a Japanese fellow who did just that. "We made it seem like an event, an exciting prospect with a limit to its availability."

Specialty's next project is *Street Music*, a 90-minute feature about a street musician and a burnt-out social activist whose dying romance parallels the story of the run-down San Fran-

cisco Tenderloin hotel where they live. Screenwriter Jennie Bowen was inspired to write *Street Music* while working for Zoetrope Studios in San Francisco, located across the street from the International Hotel, a residence hotel for Asian immigrants. Scheduled for demolition by its Asian businessmen owners the Hotel became a cause celebre in the Bay Area.

Like Specialty, First Run Features handles indie films for distribution primarily to first-run theaters. "A New York firm, it's another to introduce new concepts to the art of distribution. Established and run by a cooperative of young filmmakers working under the aegis of Frank Spielman, an outspoken, silver-haired veteran of the film booking business, First Run strives to present what it terms "the finest in independently-produced American film." Its roster includes such highly touted films as *Northern Lights* (about turn-of-the-century South Dakota farmers fighting oppressive businessmen), *Best Boy* (a loving portrait of the filmmaker's mentally-handicapped uncle), *Alambriata* (a true story from the point-of-view of an illegal Mexican immigrant by Rich Kids director Robert Young), *Rosie the Riveter* (on women workers contributing to the war effort) and *The War at Home* (studying the effects of the Vietnam War on the community of Madison, Wisconsin).

First Run's films typify the wide spectrum of themes and styles that comprise independent films today—from documentaries of a political or historic nature to personality profiles and dramatic features. Though many of First Run's films have won prestigious film festival awards and even an Academy Award (*Best Boy*), engagements in first-run movie houses have eluded them, simply because they're outside the mainstream of Hollywood product. Indie films are usually relegated to the limited, "non-theatrical" market of colleges, museums and art houses. But First Run is one of the few distributors to aim for the commercial market of first-run theaters. It does this in an unconventional way. Traditionally, distributors pick up the tab for prints, advertising and promo, in exchange for a large fee and a cut of the profits. First Run, for a small fee (17-25 percent), acts as a booker on behalf of

a film's producer who pays for prints and promo himself. With the enormous overhead studios must maintain to distribute films, First Run, like Specialty, has the luxury of not shelving a film if it performs badly. It can and often does try again to release a film until it goes into the black.

In less than two years since its formation, First Run has scored a few distribution successes. Spielman locked *The Wobblies*, a film about the IWW, into a Cambridge, Mass. theater for one week. The film performed so well at the box office that the theater owner ran it for four weeks. *The War At Home* has grossed more than \$100,000 around the country. First Run also broke into the tough New York market with an imaginative strategy—it arranged for 17 of its films to be run over a three-month period at a Greenwich Village theater, thus dividing costs of advertising, promo and theater guarantees 17 ways, with hopes that interest culled by one film would spill over to another in the series. The plan worked to some degree—the films broke attendance records and grossed a total of \$126,000.

First Run's success is due to a grassroots approach to promotion, utilizing local groups and press rather than TV and radio ads to reach viewers. "We have to do that because we can't afford to just throw a picture into a theater like the majors," said Spielman. "We're not looking for great amounts of money so much as we're looking for exposure. We're trying to raise the consciousness of people—let them know it's not a crazy thing to do—to go see these kinds of movies, and to show exhibitors that these films are commercial, and can make money."

San Francisco's Clark Communications is also experimenting with an innovative distribution method. Christened "Ginema Circuit," the plan is to distribute to colleges short topical films grouped into feature-length packages. "Women Being" is the premier package, consisting of four award-winning documentaries: *Workplace Hustle* (a didactic docu-drama on sexual harassment, narrated by Ed Asner), *Marathon Woman*, a coolly objective portrait of a 42-year-old Japanese runner, *One Year Among the Marx*, an ephemeral but visually stunning memoir of a recently widowed elderly

woman, and *Little Boxes*, with folksinger Malvina Reynolds shot against Daly City's colorful rowhouses. The celebrated documentary *Quilts in Women's Lives*, once part of the package, was eliminated due to allegedly unreasonable demands by its maker.

In business since 1978, indie filmmaker Clark Communications came to national attention in May 1981, when a story on sexual harassment, appearing on the front page of the *Wall Street Journal*, mentioned its 1979 production *Workplace Hustle*. The timing couldn't have been more perfect. Sexual harassment was a controversial issue spurring lawsuits-affecting the pockets of American business. As a result, Clark was inundated with requests for *Workplace* from Fortune 500 companies. It has thus far sold a phenomenal 700 prints in five months. A film like *Workplace* ordinarily takes about 10 years to rent that number of prints. Inspired by the windfall, Clark decided to create a distribution network for indie filmmakers believing there might at last be some money in it for them too. Clark selected college campuses as its first target because colleges hadn't been approached with packages before, said Joseph Vogt, director of special projects, himself a recent college graduate in film.

Many colleges, Vogt pointed out, are losing money on the blockbuster and not-so-blockbuster Hollywood features they screen. "These films are usually paid for out of student activity fees," said Vogt. Schools like UCLA charge a nominal 75¢ or \$1 for admission but seldom are houses packed at these screenings because "everyone's already seen 'em at the theatres or on HBO or something like that."

With Ginema Circuit, Vogt emphasized, "we're giving viewers a chance to make money and also offering our services in promotion, which no one else is really doing. Since we're helping to get the press out, the posters, everything to make it come off, I can almost guarantee that if we work with them, we can make money."

The company is arranging to get films screened in "nicer" campus theaters rather than "in gymnasiums or in a room where a movie screen's been set up. That way, they can invite the community, who will maybe pay a bit more than the campus market but get involved with the school and also see the films."

For the present, the fate of Ginema Circuit is uncertain as groundwork is still being laid, but Clark Communications continues to sell *Workplace* at the incredible rate of about 60 prints per month. "Women Being" has been test marketed in the Bay Area to good results, said Vogt, who is hard at work contacting some 300 colleges nationwide. Upcoming packages from the Circuit will focus on subjects like "Natural Highs" (on ballooning, hang gliding, other kinds of "natural" fly-ing), natural healing (specifically, Norman Cousins' laughter therapy) and modern animation. The latter entails a package of slick commercials and rock ballads from films with computer-generated graphics whose exposure has been limited for economic reasons. As for the future, Clark is attempting to hoe another tough row. "We're trying to get into the theatrical market, too," said Vogt.

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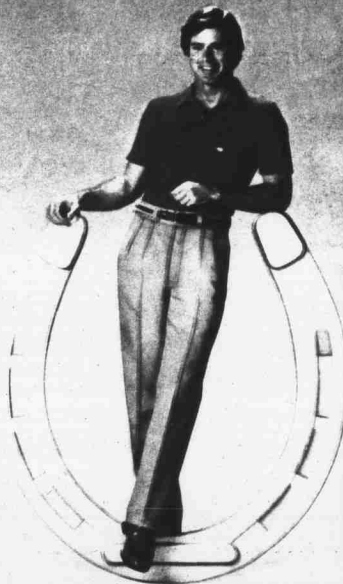
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Susan Schwartz of Tulane University heeded our advice (about getting holiday-related Ampermanns of the Month) to us two months before the holiday. Be prepared to \$30 and publication of her cute Easter bunny Ampermann.

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