



The Idaho Argonaut

March 2, 1982

University of Idaho

Vol. 86, No. 45

& Amover *Special Stereo Section* **HiFi Anxiety**

Prehistoric Man's Quest for Fire

Good Witch Nicks Makes Chart Magic

Tim Hutton as *Taps*' Supercadet



Classifieds

1. APARTMENTS FOR RENT
2-bedroom, completely furnished, w/d hookups. Close to campus, day care center, playgrounds, cable TV. \$205/mo. Available spring break. Married student couples only. 882-5047.

Skiers qualify for nationals

University of Idaho skiers are qualified again for national competition after strong performances at the Gonzaga Invitational Feb. 13 and Snoqualmie Pass Feb. 20.

Snoqualmie was Idaho's regional meet and the team placed third in cross country competition with Dan Black claiming fourth individually.

A lack of experience hurt the squad in the alpine events. Mike Dodds placed 15th and 16h in slalom and giant slalom, respectively. Heidi Schaeranth finished 9th for the women.

At Mt. Spokane in the Gonzaga races, UI's 15 km. relay team finished strong—in second place behind Washington State.

Gymnasts travel to Seattle again

The Idaho women's gymnastics team will travel to Seattle, Wash. for a dual meet with Seattle Pacific Feb. 27 at 1:00 p.m.

Women's tennis team opens play

The Idaho women's tennis team opens the 1982 season Feb. 27 at Eastern Washington University with a dual meet set for noon.

Bowlers place 5th at UI Invite

University of Idaho bowlers are in Boise today competing in tournament action at Meridian Lanes after a strong team performance last weekend, in their own Idaho Invitational.

Ten men's teams participated in the UI event with Washington State (2) taking first place honors. Washington (2) placed second, and WSU (1) third.

Idaho finished in fifth place behind College of Idaho and ahead of sixth place Idaho State. Puget Sound, Spokane Falls, Eastern Oregon and UW (1) rounded out the field.

WSU also claimed the women's title with ISU second, SFCC third and Idaho fourth. Moscow's Finest and UPS finished fifth and sixth, respectively.

In the women's division, Idaho's Charlotte Snook swept individual honors. She won first place in all-events, singles, high series (577) and teamed with Marie Nelson to win the doubles competition. Nelson was third in all-events, third in singles and recorded the tournament's high women's game with a 224.

In men's play, WSU's Mark Hendrickson won the singles title and placed third in all-events. UI ace Jeff Gilbertson settled for a fourth place finish in doubles along with Hendrickson.

7. JOBS OVERSEAS JOBS—Summer/year round. Europe, So. America, Australia, Asia, All fields. \$500-1200 monthly. Sightseeing. Free info. Write IJC, Box 52-ID-2, Corona Del Mar, CA, 92625.

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8. FOR SALE
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Surplus jeeps, cars and trucks available. Many sell for under \$200. Call 312-742-1143, ext. 9401 for information on how to purchase.

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14. ANNOUNCEMENTS
This advertisement is good for your first flying lesson with Inter-State Air for only \$20. Call 882-8644.

Rent snowshoes this weekend for half price! (Only \$2.50!) Reserve rafts for spring now and SAVE! Spring Break rental reservations begin March 2—Special reduced rates! Check out **OUTDOOR RENTALS**. SUB. 885-6170.

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Engraved signs and badges. Low cost, fast service. Precision Engraving Co. 882-4384 or order at Queen City Printing.

16. LOST AND FOUND
Lost: Pair of glasses in brown and white case between UCC and Memorial Gym. Has address printed on it. Contact Wai 882-2831.

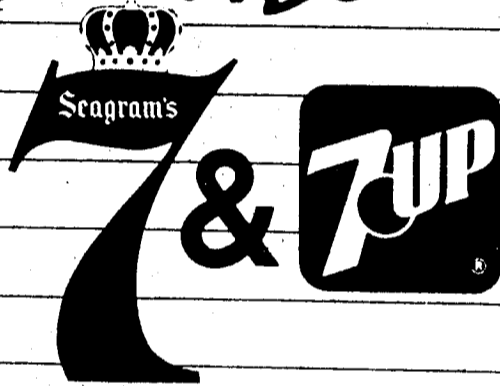
Found: Woman's opal ring. Call Cecilia, 885-6512.

17. MISCELLANEOUS
Karl Marks Pizza **FREE DELIVERY** 882-7080.

IMPROVE YOUR GRADES! Research catalog—306 pages—10,278 topics—rush \$1. Box 25097C, Los Angeles, 90025. (213) 477-8226.

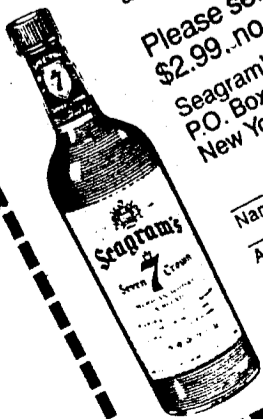
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& ANSWERS

Special Stereo Section **HiFi Anxiety**

Prehistoric Man's Quest for Fire

Good Witch Nicks Makes Chart Magic

Tim Hutton as *Taps*' Supercadet



The Music, Arts & Entertainment Magazine for College Newspapers

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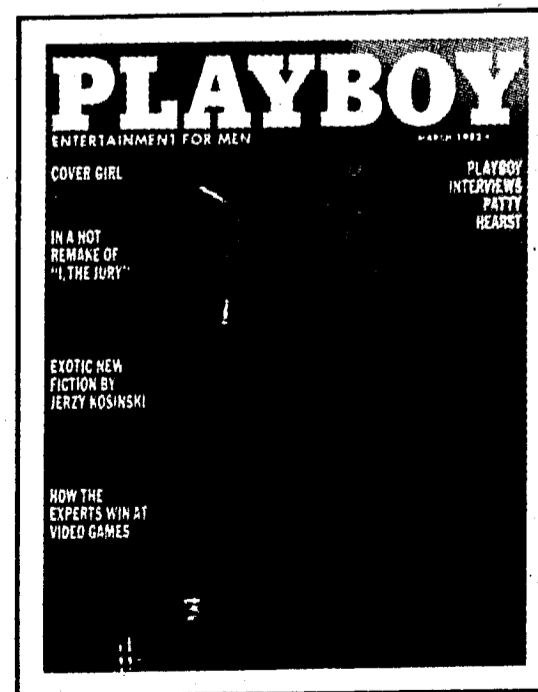
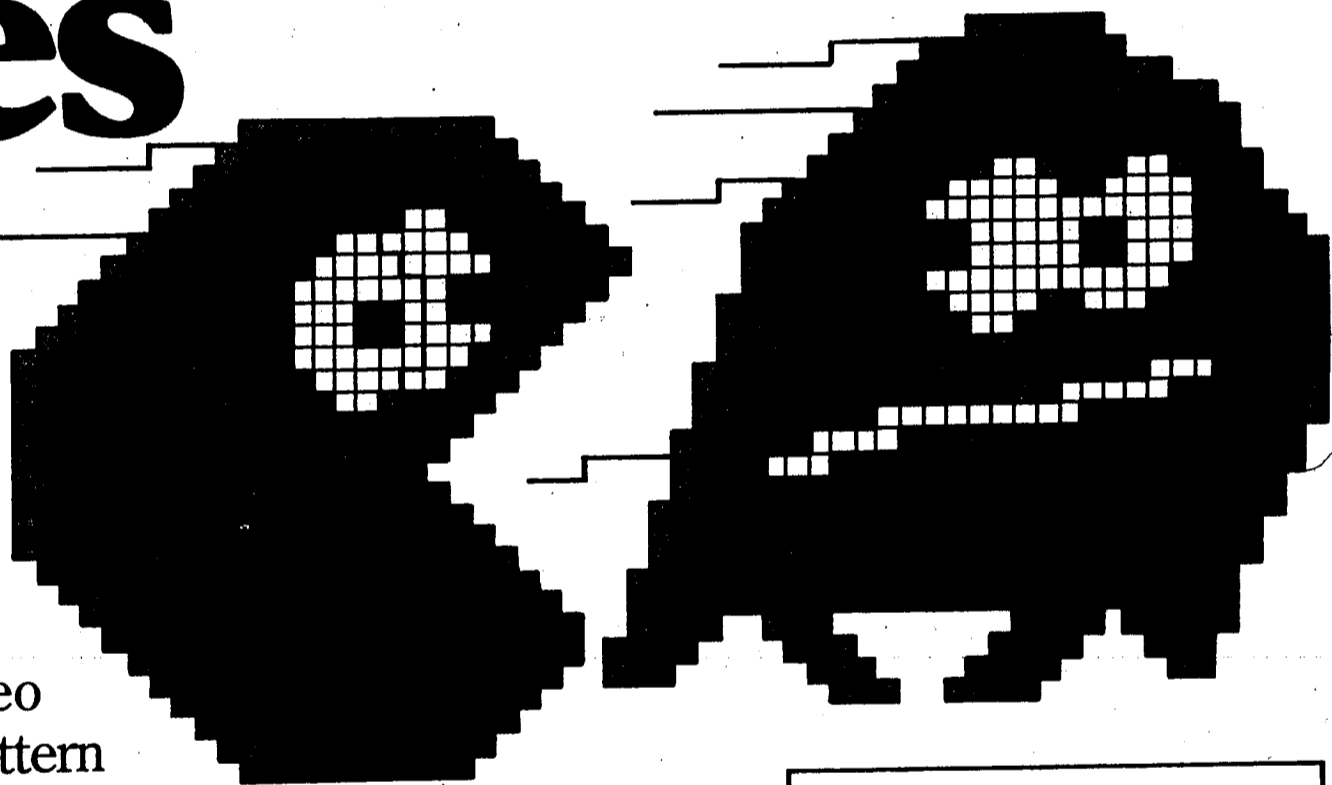
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Pac-Man, anyone? Before you go pumping your hard-earned quarters into another electronic-game machine, consult the March PLAYBOY. You'll learn strategies for beating Defender and other video games, including the secret pattern behind Pac-Man. You'll also read an incredible account of Patty Hearst's life on the run in a captivating PLAYBOY Interview. Plus the inside story on why we'll never have gun control, a luscious pictorial on dazzling Barbara Carrera, political columnist Richard Reeves on Ronald Reagan and much more. March PLAYBOY. At a cost of only 10 quarters, it's a smart investment.

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

Rosalie McFall
Isla Vista, CA

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

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

Robert Whirry
Torrance, CA

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

The plural of opus is OPERA.

Bill O'Brien
University of Wisconsin, Milwaukee

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

Arne Collins
No Address

(P.S.: Who? Yes — Who!)

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

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

Christopher Herluby
Cambridge, MA

New Contributors

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

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

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

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

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

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

Chuck Pearson
Eugene, Or

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

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

Donald A Miller
Lexington, KY

& OUT THE OTHER

Can They Handle It?

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

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

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

Joy of Lamprooning

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

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

Sue Me, Sue You

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

Waxing

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

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

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

Richard Pryor Returns in 'Live on the Sunset Strip'

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

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

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

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

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

Science Fiction

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

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

No Respect for a Legend

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

So You Wanna Be a Horror Film Star?

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

Will Their Reds Be Redder Than Our Reds?

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

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

Big, Big Screens

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

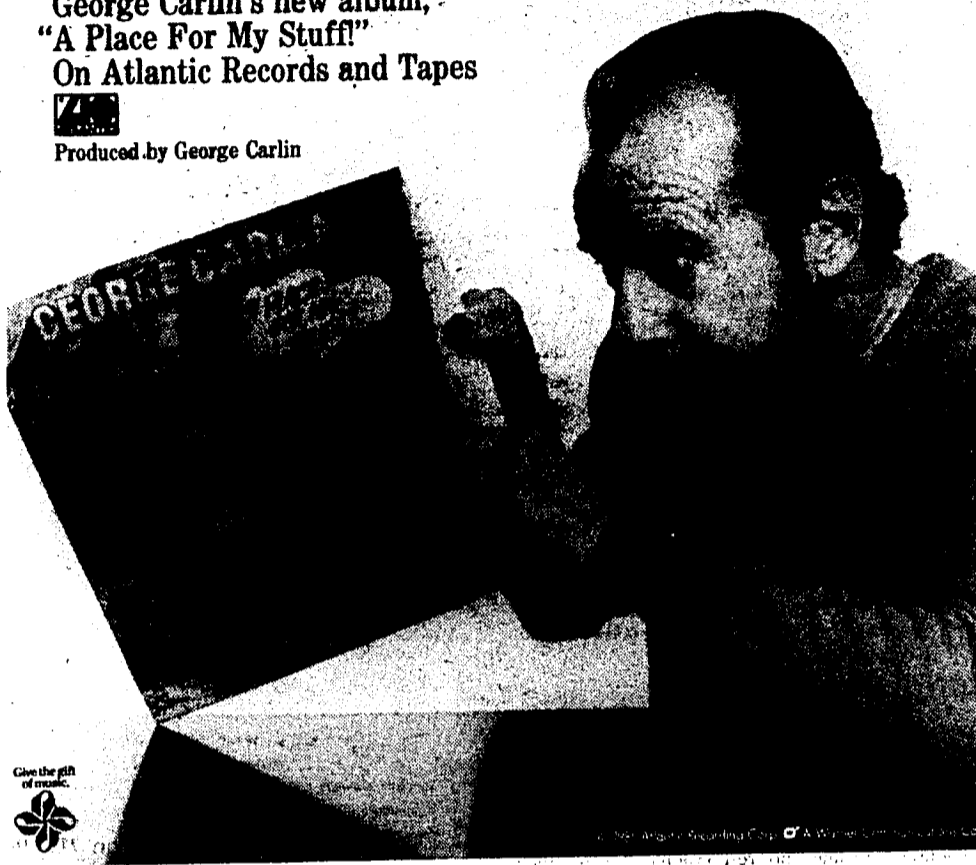
(Continued on page 18)

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

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



Produced by George Carlin



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

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EVOLUTION ON THE BIG SCREEN

BY STEVEN X. REA

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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



derthals, the animals, the bamboo-masked and body-painted Ivakas — all of them resound with the vibrant color and documentary authority of an animated *National Geographic* layout.

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

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

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

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

Burgess, writing in *The New York*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Comfortably ensconced in his Culver City studio office, Gruskoff

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

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

ON DISC

Delbert McClinton *Plain' from the Heart*

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

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

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

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

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

Byron Laursen

HARLAN! Harlan Ellison Reads Harlan Ellison

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

demi-celeb.

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

"Repent, Harlequin!" said the Ticktockman" is, we are informed by the cover blurb, "one of the most reprinted stories in the English language." Ellison's treatment of the 1966 cautionary tale — where every late minute in a person's life is subtracted from the total life span — makes us almost believe the claim. Compared with the album's 'B' side — the rather mordant "Shatterday" — "Repent" is a masterful translation from print to groove. Ellison evokes a marvelous array of character and nuance in the tale, the prose taking on a near-poetic ebb and flow. It is an absurdly appealing tale given a loving familiar touch by its creator. "Shatterday" suffers from a heavyhanded finale and does not quite survive the delicate transition to sound, but is, nevertheless a creditable effort.

Ellison is marketing his own albums; those who wish to purchase same (for \$8.95) should write to The Harlan Ellison Record Collection, 420 S. Beverly Drive, Suite 207, Beverly Hills, CA 90212.

Davin Seay

THE BLASTERS *The Blasters*

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

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

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

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

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

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

Don Snowden

QUARTERFLASH *Quarterflash*

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

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

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

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

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

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

Donna Ross

IN PRINT

Bad Deeds

KURT NEWELL
Pinnacle, \$2.50

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Gene Sculatti

Sixty Stories

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

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

Chaos: "... I produced chaos she

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

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

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

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

Allusion: "Judge de Bonfons arrives carrying flowers."

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

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

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

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

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

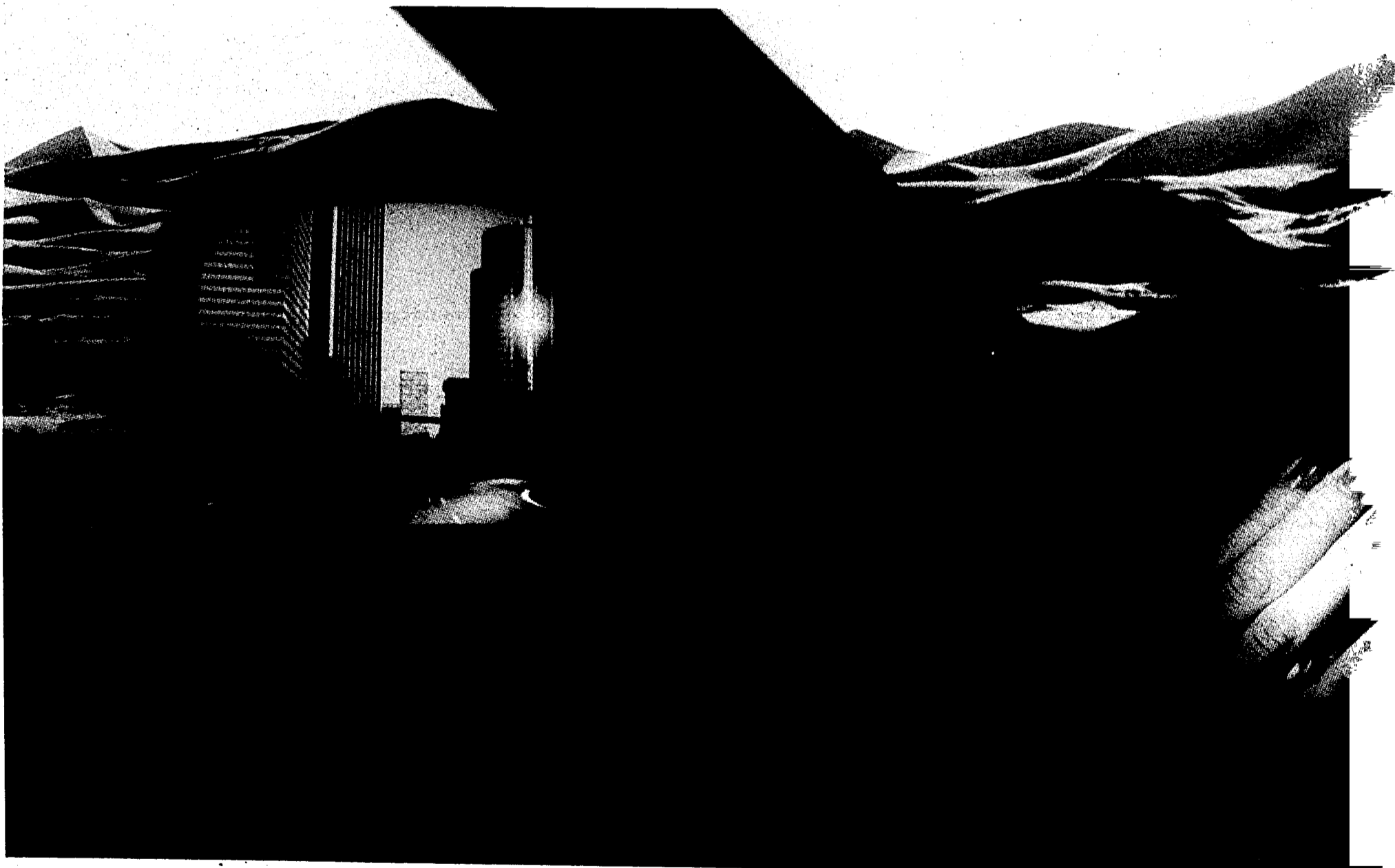
"Surprise," to quote a character in one of the stories out of the original, sexual context, "keeps the old tissues tense" There is a kind of clean, surgeonlike workmanship in snipping apart the cluttered tapes of literary loopage in the storage bins of our brains. Reading this book is like having a tumorlike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

Clarke Owens

Death Notes

RUTH RENDELL
Pantheon Books, \$9.95

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

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

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

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

Questions of identity suit Ruth Ren-

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

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

characters and suspenseful plotting.

R. Sue Smith

America Now: The Anthropology of a Changing Culture

MARVIN HARRIS
Simon & Schuster, \$12.95

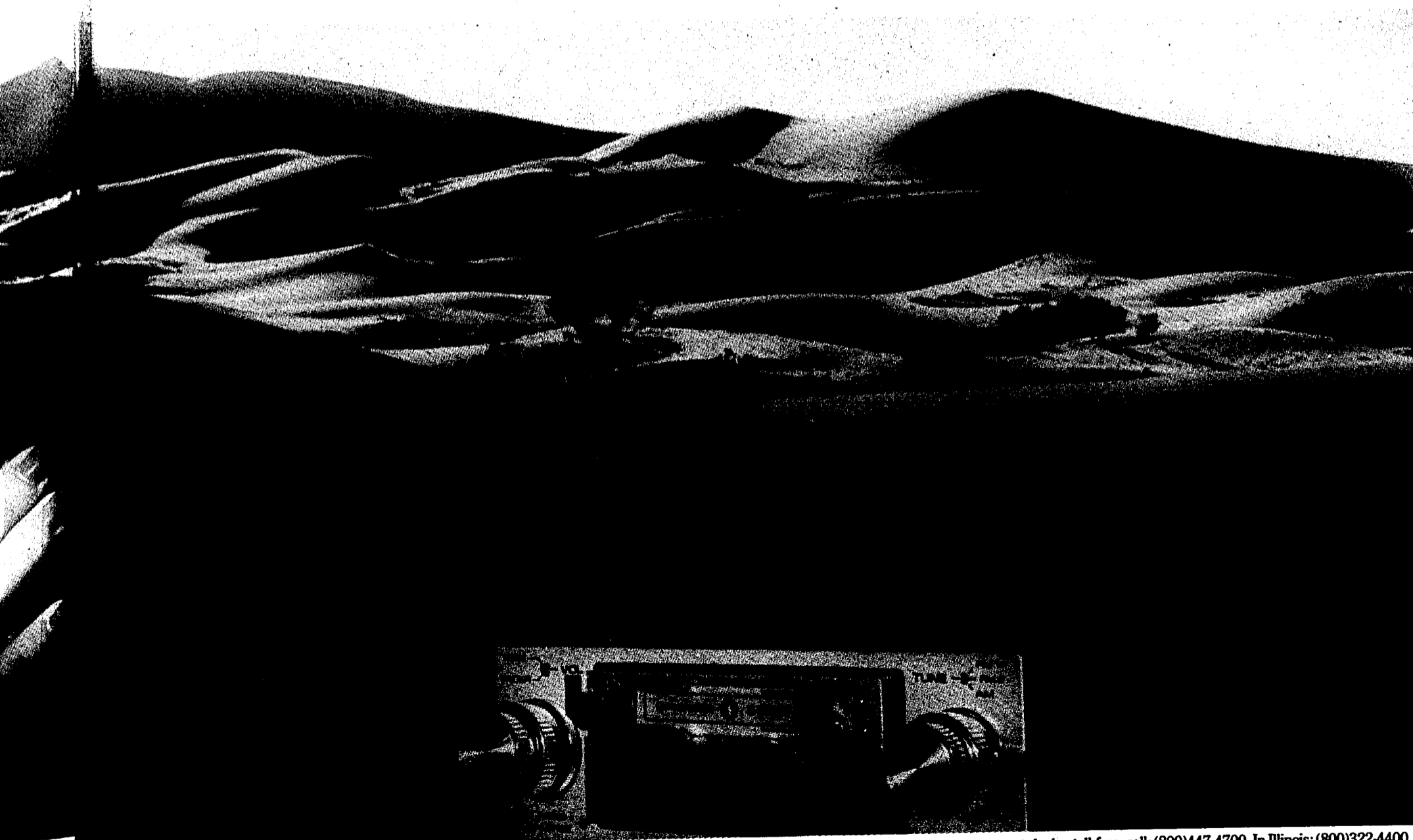
To many Americans, it would seem the American dream has finally turned into a nightmare of cosmic proportions. One need only read the morning's headlines for confirmation of America's sad realities — seen in an evergrowing miasma of bloody violence, decaying morals, sexual confusion and economic uncertainty.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

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

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

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

L. R. Higa



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Stevie Nicks

DOES IT AGAIN

BY BARRY ALFONSO

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

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

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

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

far from her mind.

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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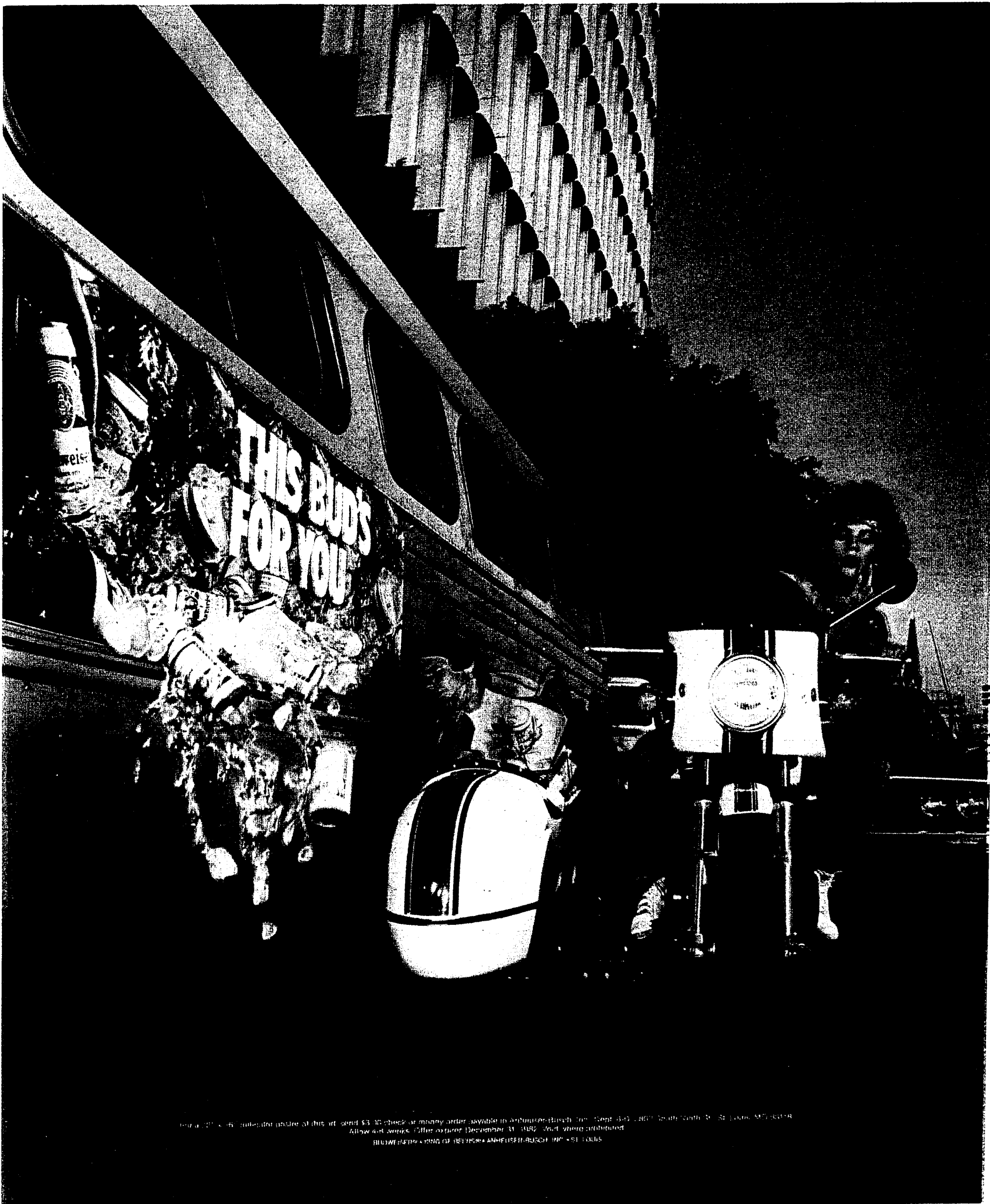
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by Winn L. Rosch

Can You Still Live with Your Stereo?

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

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

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

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

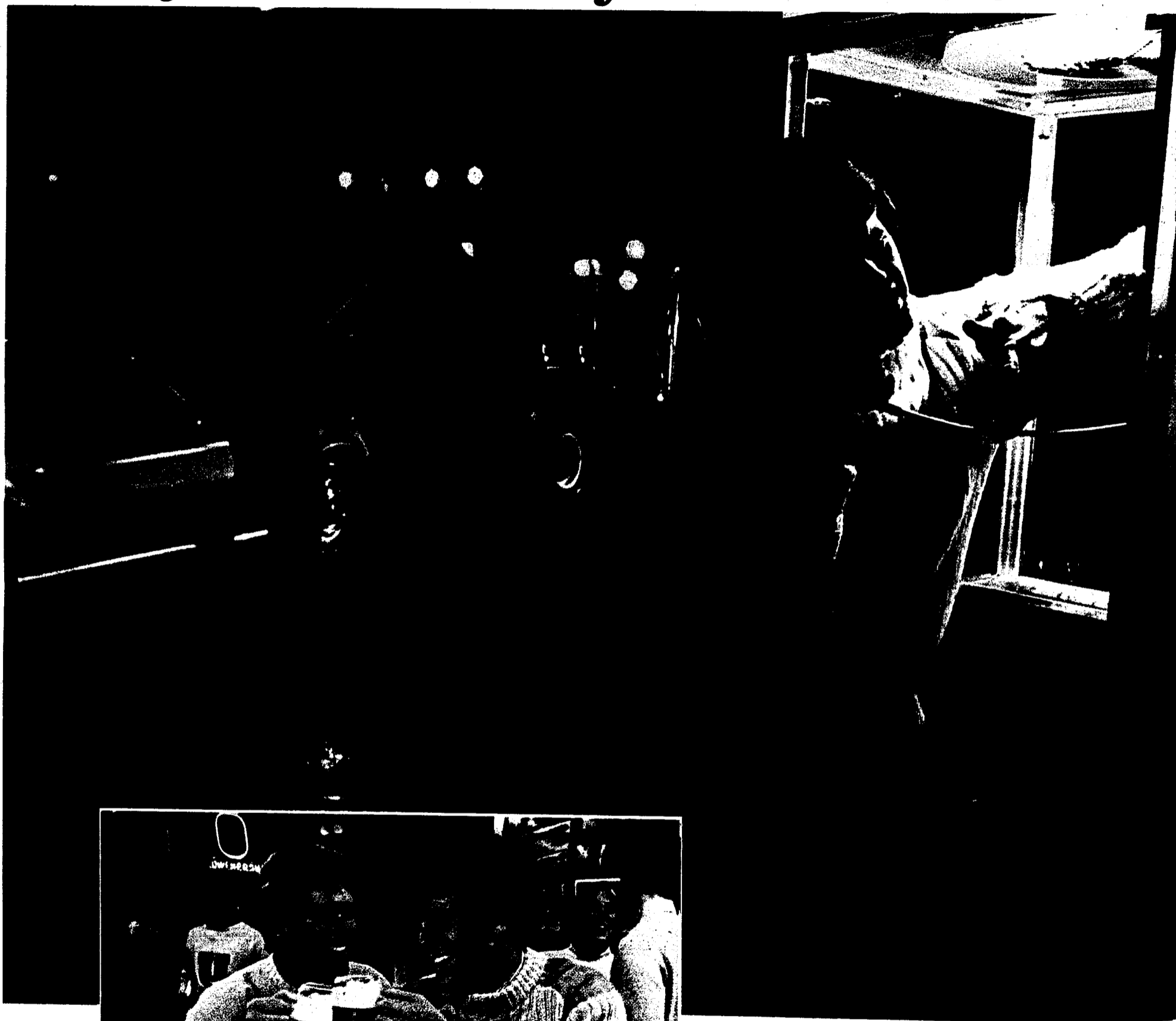
worthwhile.

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

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

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

**When you need \$65 fast,
you find out who your friends are.**



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

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



Löwenbräu. Here's to good friends.

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

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

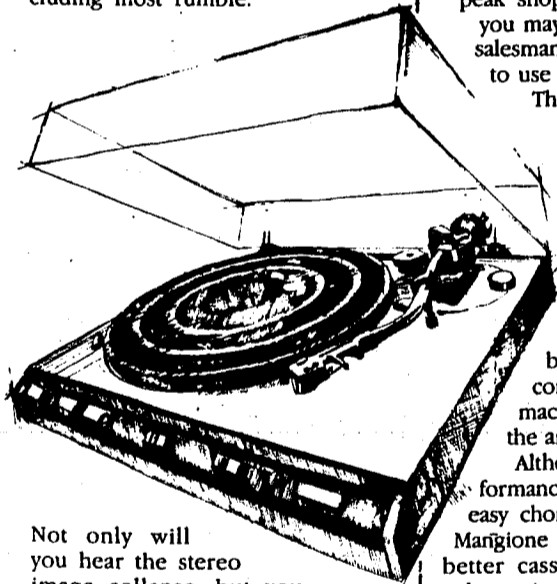
Such noises indicate something is maladjusted or wearing out, like bearings in need of lubrication. That same mechanical noise easily finds its way through your amplifier to pollute whatever music you want to enjoy.

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

The grossest problems can be lo-

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

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

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

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

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

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

My listening test for tape units, be they open reel or cassette, is the simple A-B or source-to-tape comparison. If you hear any difference between a source and a recording of that source, your machine is simply not state of the art!

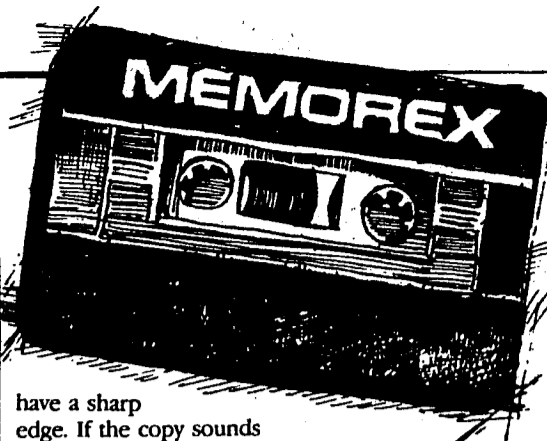
Although sorting a live performance from a tape may be an easy chore for anyone but Chuck Mangione and Ella Fitzgerald, most better cassette decks in top form make copies that are indistinguishable from an original broadcast or disc pressing at normal listening levels.

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

points they did five years ago, that same technology has also pushed accuracy in the other direction. Stations can now broadcast with less dynamic range than ever before, they can distort frequency perspective with multiband processors so that every recording has essentially the same sound, and they can simply clip the hell out of the high end to squeeze the most and loudest signal under the 75 microsecond pre-emphasis curve.

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

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

The effects of the improved amplifier sections in new receivers is

also a feast of subtleties. Most people will find that increased power (within reason) can do nought but help their stereo. But don't expect to blow down apartment walls with increased loudness. Twice the volume will take ten times the power—should your speakers even be able to handle it.

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

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

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

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

The Big Beep

BY P. GREGORY SPRINGER

Since pre-Renaissance times, the wristwatch has been strapped onto arms to symbolize time, elegance, efficiency, gifts of adornment, and twenty years with the company. In the last half decade, modern technology has turned it into a whoopee gizmo.

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

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

The Casio VL-Tone

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

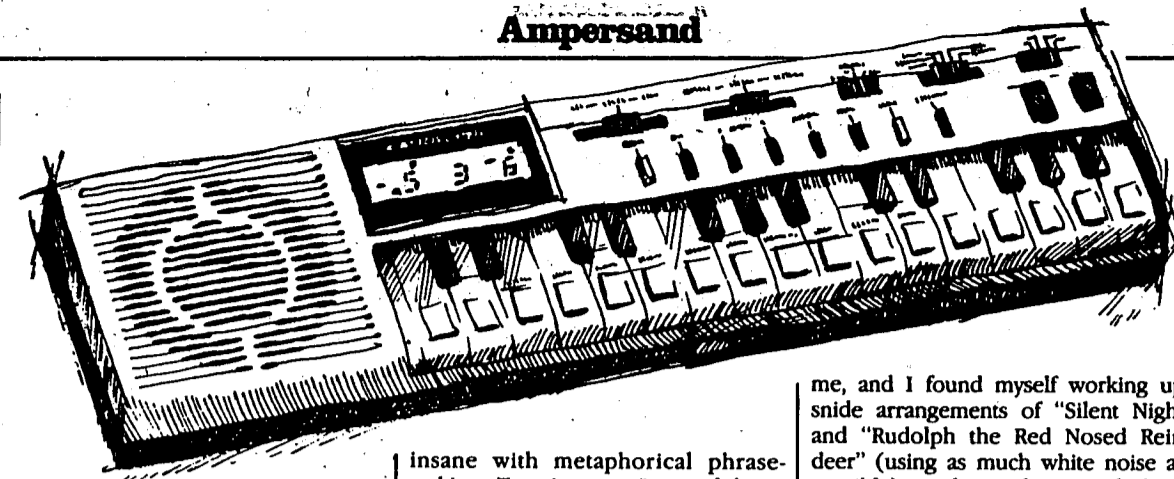
The VL-Tone makes a superb toy, much advanced beyond the toy pianos of yesteryear. If all else fails, there's an orange emergency button on it which blurts out a "German Folk Tune," utilizing five different instrument sounds and four rhythms, making it appear that you can actually make the new technology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

The Realistic Synthesizer by Moog MG-1

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The Personal Stereo

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

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



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

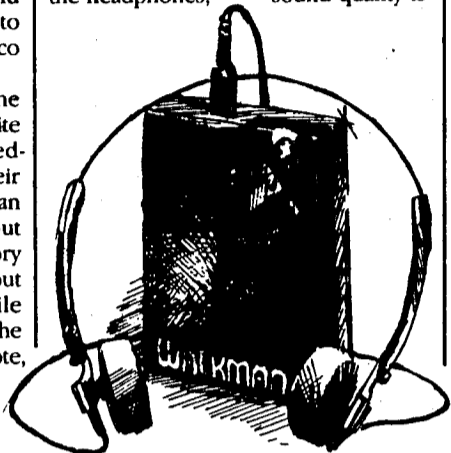
Sony claims, "The Walkman is more than a breakthrough product. It has established itself as the representative product of an entire generation. Television, color television, and sports cars held this distinction for previous generations."

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

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

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

Despite the lightweight comfort of the headphones, sound quality is



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

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

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

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

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

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

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



The Many Roads to Hi Fi

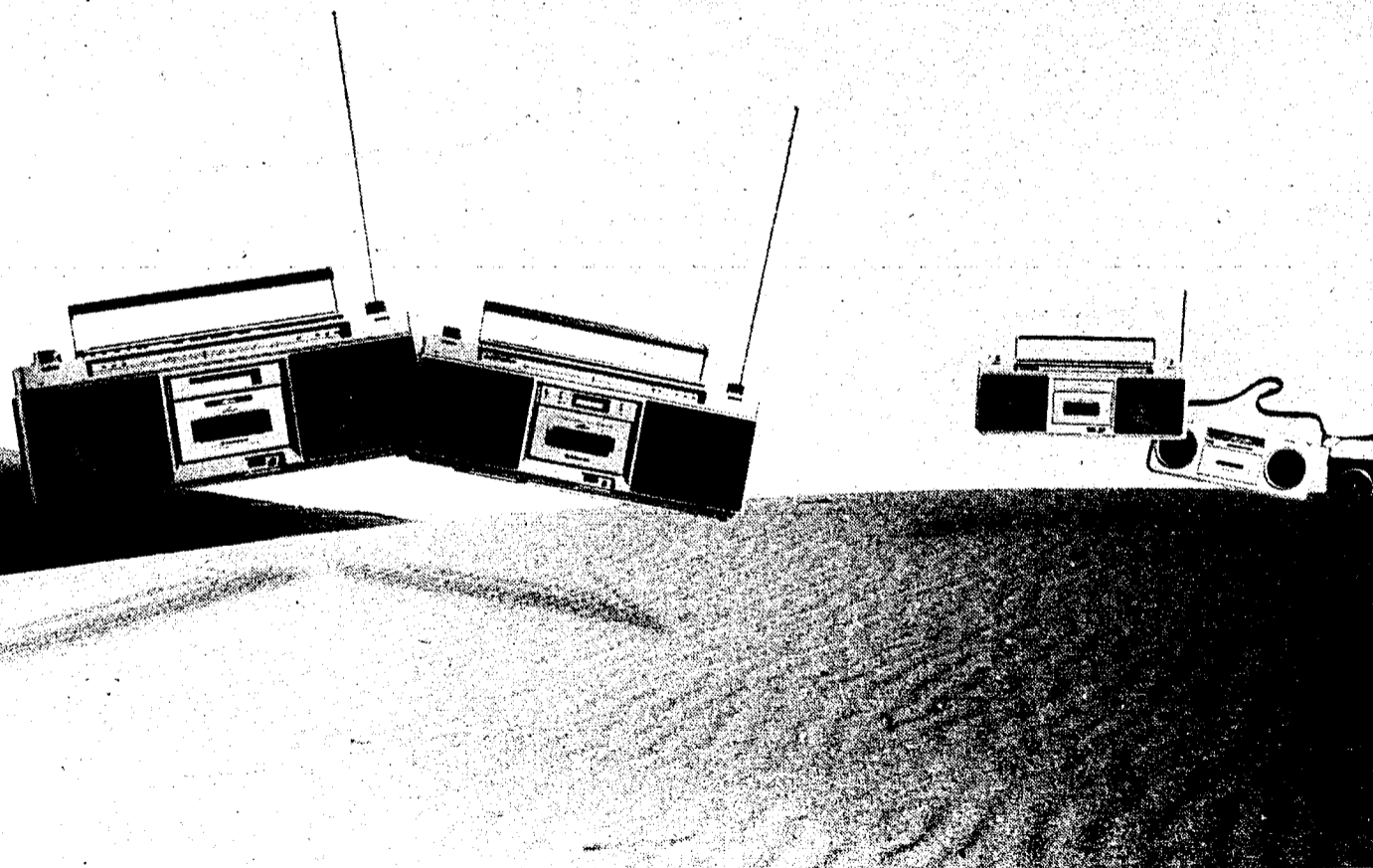
BY MARTIN CLIFFORD

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

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

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

(Continued on page 22)



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AND LESS.

one-button feature switching.

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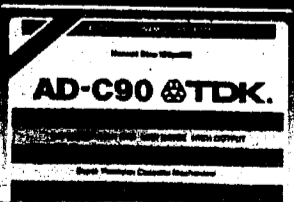
— & OUT THE OTHER —



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TDK



(Continued from page 5)

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

Gainfully Employed

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

We Heard It Through the Grapevine, Too

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

What's Bruce Springsteen Up To?

BACKSTREETS, devoted to news of Springsteen and band, tells us that Big

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

Still Busy

THINGS ARE TOUGH ALL OVER is the next Cheech & Chong film, and here's the big scoop: no dope. Just one small reference to the devil weed: Their wives (Rikki Marin and Shelby Chong by name) also appear in the film, as French women, while C&C portray themselves and... Arabs. All directed by Tom Avildsen, cousin to director John, and filmed in Las Vegas and Chicago.

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

New Wave Old Enough for Comebacks

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

An Hour Later, They Wanted to Hear Again

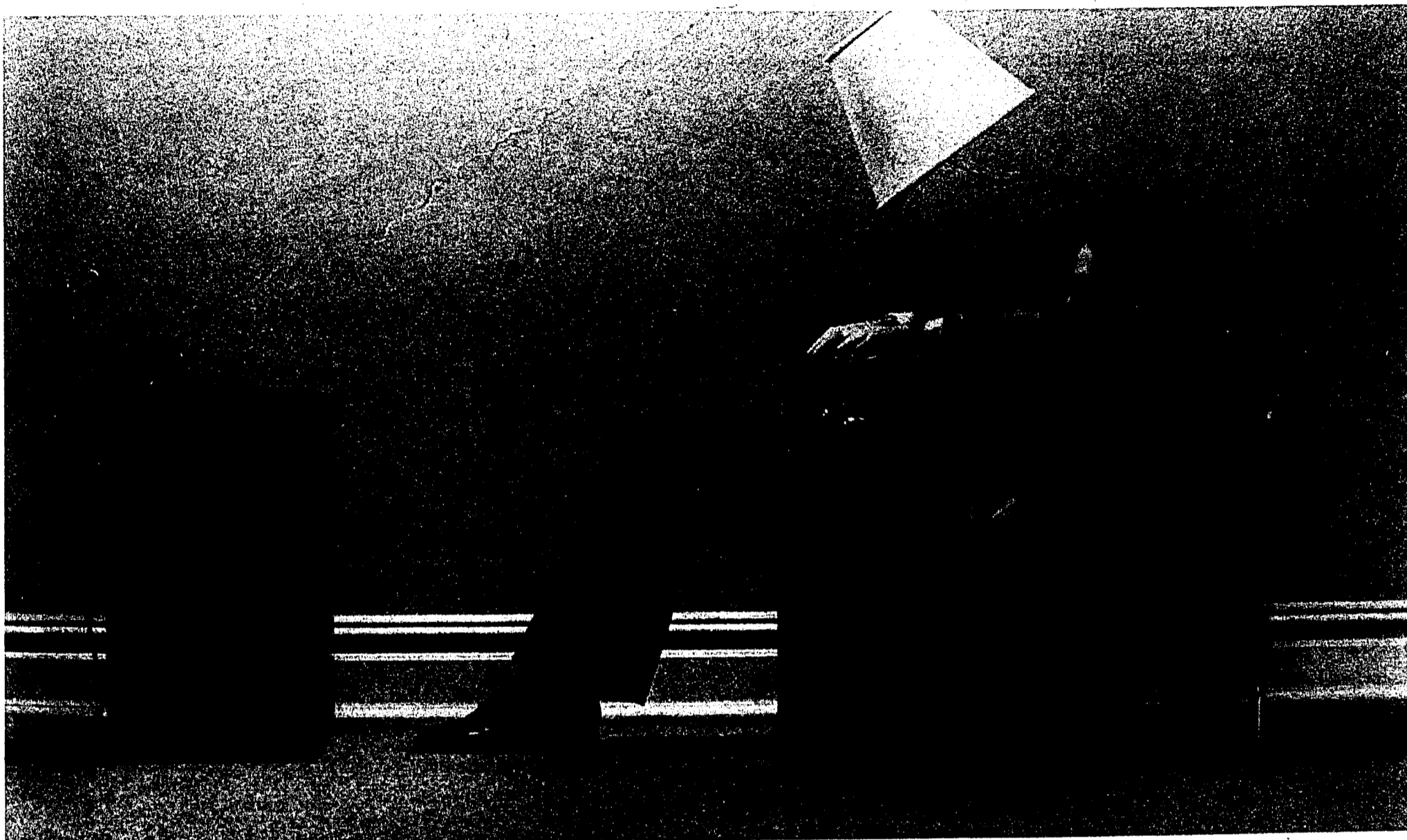
ON A RECENT TRIP TO CHINA, director John Landis screened *The Blues Brothers Movie* for curious film industry people. They were impressed by the intricate work with miniatures required for the movie's several dozen car crashes. Then they were dumbfounded to learn that those were all real life-sizers,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

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

Where Are They Now & Who Cares? Dept.

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

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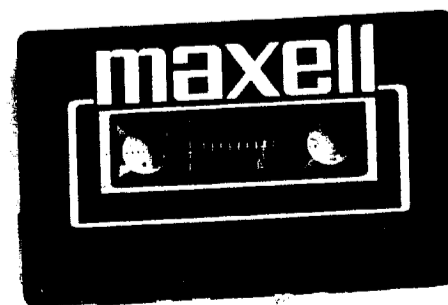
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IT'S WORTH IT.

TIM HUTTON

America's Best Young Actor?

BY BYRON LAURSEN

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

are? Say, timing for example?"

"Um ... I don't know. It's sort of tough to be objective about that. I just sort of work from instinct. And not really from any method I've learned."

Instinct plus research, make that. Hutton is a voracious reader when preparing a role. For *Ordinary People* he read *The Catcher in the Rye*, *A Separate Peace*, *East of Eden* and a book on psychological problems of the children of wealthy parents. He also spent time talking with patients at mental hospitals for teenagers, even posing as a "trial" patient for a day. He says the experience was "moving," especially when other patients un-self-consciously

checked his wrists for suicide-attempt scars.

Taps motivated Hutton to read *American Caesar*, a biography of General George S. Patton, Herman Melville's *Billy Budd*, and other books focused on authority and conflict. In addition, he spent four weeks living at Valley Forge Academy before filming began. I ask if *Taps* is a story of social processes or a private, individual story.

"I'd say it was more private," Hutton comments. "Moreland doesn't know anything more than this private world he lives in. He doesn't have any broad scope, any overview. So it's more private, a world in which he is the com-

mandant.

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

ON SCREEN

Reds

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

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

Warren Beatty first discovered Reed more than ten years ago and became obsessed with putting his story on the screen. He ultimately spent more than two years in production on *Reds*, and between \$33 and \$40 million. The film lasts three hours and nineteen minutes and is a kaleidoscopic vision of Reed and his times. The film is audacious and often startlingly successful, while at the same time faint-hearted and predictable.

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

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

modern; some of her political spoutings sound as if they were left over from Woody Allen's *Love and Death*.

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

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

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

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

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

few filmmakers these days ever bother to mount.

Jacoba Atlas

On Golden Pond

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

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

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

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

Yet for all its sentimentality, the film is often hilarious. Norman gets the best lines and Fonda is delightful, throwing out one dry, crackling line after another, all delivered without a twinge of a smile. In most cases, clichéd instances of melodrama have been admirably avoided by Thompson

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

Zan Stewart

Buddy Buddy

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

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

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

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

The real fault lies with the writing of Wilder and cowriter I. A. L. Diamond. These two old pros show a lack of originality as they trod over well-worn comedic territory. Tired jokes about policemen, sex, drugs and hippies (*bippies?* Good grief!) inhabit this listless and tasteless script.

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

Bill Braundstein

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ANXIETY

(Continued from page 17)

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

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

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

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

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

Whether you can add or modify the

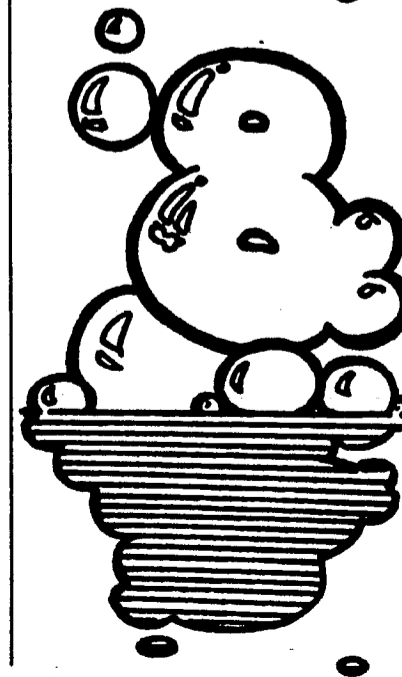
system depends on your original purchase. Buying hi-fi components means keeping an eye on the future, buying units that have enough inputs to permit their easy inclusion in the system. The quality of what you buy now will determine the quality of subsequent add-ons. No hi-fi can do any better than the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

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

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

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

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



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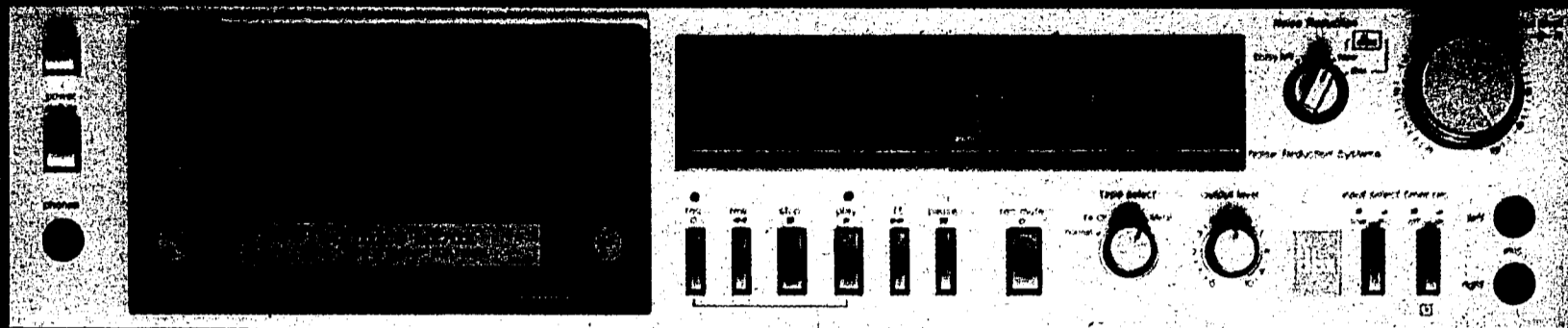
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The Idaho Argonaut

March 2, 1982

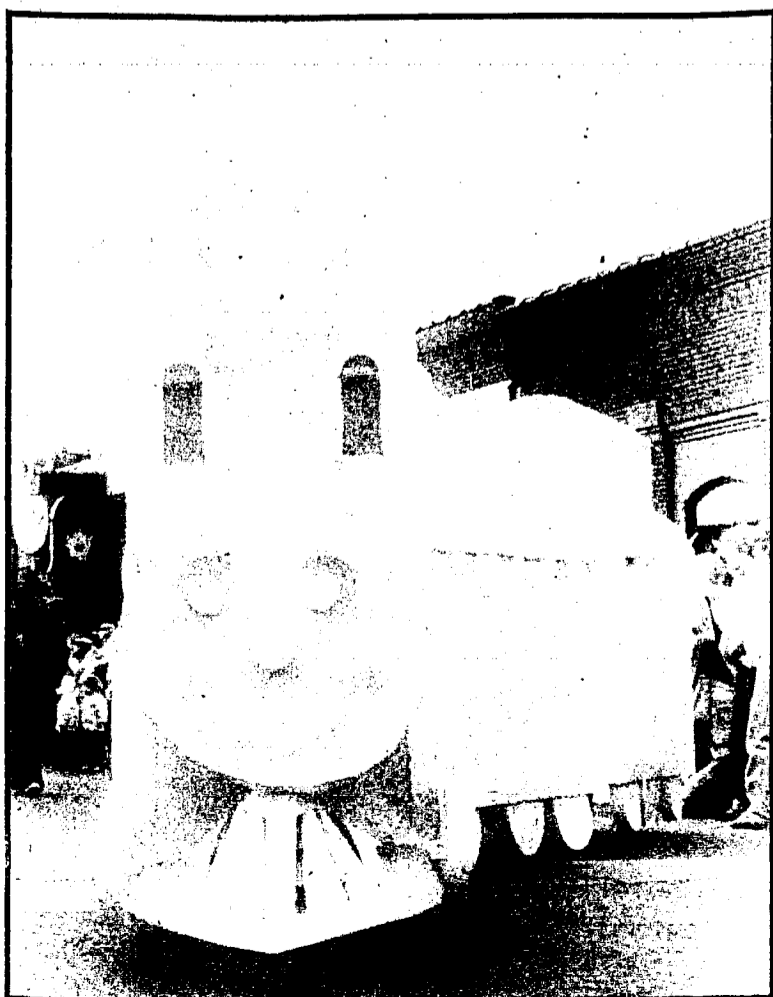
University of Idaho

Vol. 86, No. 45



Mardi Gras

Photos by J. Yost and D. Gilbertson



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HEC recommends education funding increase

Advocates of higher education are encouraged and a bit surprised by three proposals passed by the Idaho House Education Committee Friday.

The proposals include an 11.1 percent increase in funding for higher education, a 12

percent increase in instructional personnel salaries to be funded through the 11 percent increase, and a one-cent sales tax increase.

Funds from the tax increase would go into the state's general fund, of which 70 percent goes

into education, according to ASUI Lobbyist Kurt Meppen.

University of Idaho President Richard Gibb said higher education receives about 15 percent of the state's general fund allocations.

The three proposals originated in a sub-committee of the HEC. Rep. Dan Kelly (R-Mountain Home) introduced the proposals last week after the tuition resolution, of which he was the author, failed to pass on the House floor.

The proposal will now be sent to the Joint Finance Appropriation Committee with a "do pass" recommendation.

JFAC is made up of about 25 legislators from both houses. Its primary function in the next few weeks will be budgeting.

"JFAC are the heavy thinkers," said Meppen, "which

means they have a great influence on policy."

Gibb echoed these sentiments.

"Once JFAC has the budget recommendations ready, they are generally passed as they are presented," he said.

"We need something over a 10 percent increase in order to just maintain our current level of operation," Gibb said.

The proposals will be considered "sometime during the budgeting process," according to Meppen.

Faculty looks at terms and honors

The University of Idaho Faculty Council will consider a revised proposal for the new classification of adjunct faculty and will discuss a proposed honors program at its meeting today.

The adjunct faculty proposal, which came before the council in late January, was referred to the Faculty Affairs Committee after questions were raised on whether it would danger voting rights at faculty meetings and rights to sabbatical leaves of those holding the rank of faculty-at-large.

Changes to the original proposal were made in the areas of qualifications and benefits.

Also on the agenda is a proposed honors program sent to the council by Academic Vice President Dennis Brown.

According to the proposal, a successful honors program would bring "especially able and industrious students together, spurring them to learn as much from one another as from their teachers and formal curriculum."

correction

In last Tuesday's Idaho Argonaut, in the story "Tower shuffle brings mixed reactions", Warren Watson is mistakenly called the president of Chrisman Hall. Chrisman's president is actually Kelly Frazier. Watson is the president of Willis Sweet.

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'Green world' harmony must be maintained

by Andrew Sheridan
Contributing Writer

Man must find his correct place in nature and live for today, according to literary figure Wendell Berry, this year's Pound lecturer, before a capacity crowd of about 550 in the UI Agricultural Science Building Friday.

Returning after a three-year absence, the annual Pound lecture is given in honor of Ezra Pound, one of the most famous poets to come out of Idaho. This year's lecture was sponsored by the UI Library and the departments of English and Foreign Languages and Literatures.

In his writings, Berry, a poet, essayist, and novelist, tries to expose the unwise use of natural resources. In 1978 he published his best-known work, *The Unsettling of America*,

which discusses environmental problems in the United States.

With spectators literally overflowing onto the stage, the Kentuckian said man's place in nature is "between animals and angels." He said men should not become barbarians or commanders of nature by extending themselves beyond these bounds.

Speaking with a southern drawl, Berry, tall and slender, said man is plagued by "love of the future," and his journeys into it are highly questionable. "We don't know anybody in the future."

"The best thing we can do for the future is to be responsible for each other right now," he said.

Berry said the idea that humans are autonomous is false. "We can't be any more autonomous than a fish," he said.

"We depend on creatures like fish and many other natural resources."

A small farmer, Berry said if industrial society is to last, "It must be kept in harmony with the green world."

Most of the hour-and-twenty-minute lecture consisted of Berry's poetry with a straightforward, but relatively brief, explanation of his conservationist ideas coming between two long stretches of poetry.

In his poetic readings, Berry discussed, among other things, the "revolution of engines" and the "world of combustion" which he feels are displacing horse power on farms, and the degradation of the Kentucky River by strip mining.

The audience, which included a group from Wenatchee, Wash. and students from Lewis and Clark

State University and Whitworth College, reacted to Berry's sense of humor but seemed lulled by his long poetic readings.

Ron McFarland, professor of English, who helped coordinate the event, said the audience may have expected a political rather than a philosophical

speech. "Some may have been disappointed," he said. A few spectators nodded off during the lecture.

Originally scheduled to be given in the College of Law Courtroom, the lecture was moved to the Agricultural Science Building

Jazz and basketball fans pack area rest spots

Anyone planning to reserve hotel or motel rooms in Moscow-Pullman for out of town guests during the Big Sky-Jazz Festival weekend March 5-6 can forget it.

All motels and hotels in Moscow and Pullman were reserved in advance as early as October.

The nearest motel rooms still available, as of Sunday night, are in the Lewiston-Clarkston area. Thirteen motels have a limited number of open rooms.

Lewiston-Clarkston motels with rooms still available are: Evergreen Motel, Golden Key Motel, Mendels Motor Inn, Hacienda Inn, Ho Hum Motel, Pony Soldier Motor Inn, Hillery Motel, Minden Motel, Skyway Motel, Crossroads Motel, Dan-Dee Motel, Rivertree Motel and the Downtowner Motel.

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Opinion

Write on

Congratulations to Rep. Dan Kelly for submitting to the House Education Committee and passing an 11.1 percent increase for state funding of higher education.

This is only the first of three proposals. A 12 percent increase in instructional salaries, to be funded through the 11 percent increase, has also been passed by the HEC.

In addition, a proposal a bit harder to see as a plus for our ailing higher education, is a one cent sales tax increase. The money generated from this tax would go into the state coffers.

Higher education would receive about 15 percent of the state's sales tax money.

The balance would go into the state fund of which primary education would receive about 55 percent.

As you may or may not know, Rep. Kelly was also the author of the tuition resolution which failed to pass the House floor last week.

The fall of tuition was due largely to your letters and calls. Rep. Kelly is now going a new route in order to help fund higher education.

These new proposals have a long, difficult road to go before being enacted.

It must first be discussed and likely whittled down by the Joint Finance Appropriation Committee. This "think tank" is comprised of both House and Senate members.

According to President Gibb, we need an increase of over 10 percent to maintain our current level of operation. The alternatives to funding education include enrollment limitations, fee increases and loss of programs.

You can't get blood out of a turnip.

So now, when we have a chance for some outside help, let's not blow it.

WRITE or **CALL** your legislator. If you vote absentee in another district, write that district's legislator. In addition, let your parents and relatives around the state know how desperately higher education needs these proposals—it's so important to help what we have and to preserve the future of education.

Write legislators in care of the House of Representatives or the Senate: Statehouse, Boise, Idaho 83720.

The time it takes to write a letter or make a call is small compared to the time it takes to cut, limit or drop pieces of our education.

Do it now!

Suzanne Carr

Bright stars

Being somewhat involved in the dissemination (we hope) of news, we can't help being amused at the fickleness of our friends who report from exotic climes around the globe. They like to report what is timely, and this is good. Unfortunately this timeliness is often at the expense of equally important issues that have lost their luster.

We are hurried from issue to exclusive, from flash to extra, at such lightening speed that we seldom have time to catch our breaths with the all too frequent end of losing the original topic. We are a culture which craves instant gratification, and in the search for that instantness the media keeps our interest alive by supplying us with "bigger and better" news items.

It is amusing to observe the bright star of El Salvador twinkling in the media heavens. You may recall that as the Salvadoran star was rising into the Milky Way, the Polish one (red, of course) was setting in the west. Oops, that's "setting in the east." You may recall the Polish star pushing the Afghan one out of the firmament.

A star which has risen and set a couple of times is the Cuban one. This troublesome star has the uncanny knack of eclipsing even the most determined of network meteors. Perhaps it's the ability the Cubans have of horning-in on other solar events like Angola, Ethiopia and Nicaragua; stars which never fully had their own shine, and somehow fell into Fidel's glow.

Way, way (way) back we were all agog at the luminescence of the constellations of Korea and Viet-Nam. What happened, did they super-nova?

No big point here, just a bit of warning—keep your eyes on what's really going on. Sure, watch the friendly evening news, but don't think El Salvador has fallen into the Pacific just because Dan Rather has shut up about it.

Lewis Day

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Write your legislator in care of the House of Representatives or the Senate; Boise, Idaho; 83720.

A Free Press Revisited

Tom von Alten

Now that I have your attention, I'd like to pursue this matter a little further.

Sources of ignorant tripe are ubiquitous these days, especially in the state of Idaho. The difficulty arises when these sources speak out on only one subject at a time with a prepared script and make a bit of nonsense seem plausible.

If you catch one off guard, you may be rewarded with his or her true opinion of the residents of north Idaho, for example.

The senior senator from Idaho, James McClure, is not prone to off-the-cuff remarks, however. His campaign against the media is well orchestrated.

Last year McClure used his position and its privilege to launch an attack on four magazines that are not content to parrot the current administration's militaristic and economic hogwash. He distributed tapes of an interview involving Arnaud de Borchgrave and Senator Jeremiah Denton to several hundred radio stations, at government expense.

Senator Denton heads the senate subcommittee on Security and Terrorism which is in the front ranks of the assault on the First Amendment. Label a group "terrorists" and any rights to privacy can be cancelled in the national interest.

A former editor of *Newsweek*, de Borchgrave is co-author of *The Spike*, a novel in which the suspicion that the American news media are being used by the Soviet KGB is advanced.

In the interview, de Borchgrave states that *The Progressive*, *Mother Jones*, *The Village Voice*, and *The Soho News* are being used by the KGB to disseminate Soviet propaganda. Unfortunately, no evidence is offered or apparently exists.

The authoritative aegis of the tapes lends the slanderous claim more credence than it deserves. The publications mentioned have gained credibility by exposing propaganda for what it is, whatever the source, and by revealing information that would be more comfortably kept secret by those in power. It is no surprise that their supply of American propaganda exceeds their supply of Soviet lies.

As for the credibility of senators, I guess it comes with the office. I don't see how else

Idaho's two could have any.

This is the second time I have reported this event in an Idaho newspaper. The first time (and in a letter to McClure), I suggested that a public apology to the four magazines was in order. Two months have passed without word from the senator.

More recently, McClure has made his criticism of the news media more comprehensive. Reagan's problems are due to skepticism of the press, he tells us. (Gee that sounds familiar...) It seems rather comical to berate the press for "not telling the truth about the administration" (that was his sidekick, Larry Craig), when the administration is making a study of misrepresentation.

McClure and Craig's comments at the Nez Perce County Lincoln Day dinner Friday night were reported by the *Lewiston Morning Tribune* (another Commie rag?):

"In six months, the Reagan administration has come up with an understandable budget, reversed the military decline, given the president a position of strength from which to negotiate with the Russians and redesigned the tax system to build in new tax incentives," McClure said.

I think I understand the budget well enough, and I think it stinks. The new tax incentives mean rich people can pay less taxes, basically. "Reversing the military decline" is a euphemism for an unprecedented increase in the military budget, without imposing a check on the incredible waste and cost overruns sponsored by the Pentagon.

As far as negotiations with the Russians go, we're all waiting for Reagan to try it, instead of commissioning more nuclear weapons.

But when it comes to blaming the media for sowing "seeds of doubt among even those who should know better," McClure is barking up the wrong tree.

The press keeping an eye on the government is exactly what the writers of the First Amendment had in mind. The administration is supplying ample fertilizer for those seeds of doubt.

Tom von Alten is a student of mechanical engineering who, in actuality, is not a member of a political party.

Letters

Correction

On Friday a letter from William J. Malan was printed in this newspaper. Inadvertently, a portion of a sentence was omitted, and for this we apologize to Mr. Malan.

label them rather than look at each person as an individual.
Alicia Gallagher

Open your eyes

Editor,
In response to Lewis Day's

commentary concerning the new food service program, I say "open your eyes and face reality." A little class on our campus will not disintegrate everyone's source of income. Mr. Day gives the impression that the complete SUB is to be draped in

"gingham" tablecloths, when in fact only the Blue Room will be spruced up to some degree. We will not be looking at "silver service," but a chance to enjoy a meal with some quiet surroundings and choice decor! As for higher prices, look at the world

around us; gasoline, housing, and food (just among the trivial things) are increasing in price daily. If Mr. Day cannot face up to a little authority around him, I suggest we stop the world and let him off!

Michael Bails

Stereotypes

Editor,

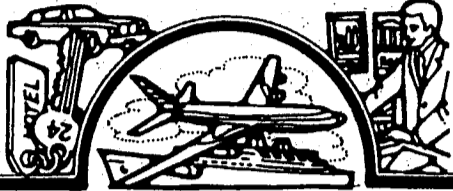
I would like to respond to Jerry Rietmann's letter in *The Idaho Argonaut* Friday, so that he can get his facts straight.

Jerry, on the "Opinion" page (note the title), you will find editorials which express the views of the paper. You will also find columns, written by any student or faculty member, which express only the views of the author. Jacob Perry wrote a column expressing his opinion. (As far as I know, that is still allowed in this country). If he chooses to put his prejudices in print and open himself up to criticism, that is his choice.

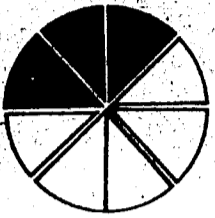
Personally, I think there is too much emphasis on where a person lives and not enough on the person her/himself. There are too many stereotypes floating around: Target practice is not limited to fraternities (I won't mention any names) and bleached hair and purple eyelids are not limited to sorority women any more than all dorm residents are "animals."

And yes, Jerry, the sixties are over (sigh). I wonder, though, about your statement about "anti-establishment views" being out of style and the context in which you made it. I'm not arguing about their "status," but I am curious if your views, values, etc., are all subject to what is "in style"?

Also, *The Idaho Argonaut* is owned by students. It is also run by students and subject to student input. And speaking for myself, an occasional staff writer, I don't want to "cut down" any group of students, only the school of thought that insists we put other people in groups and



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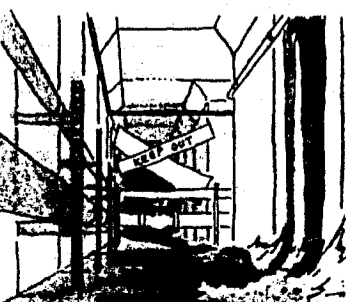
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STAY TUNED TO THIS NEWSPAPER AND SEE

by Mendi



Events

Tuesday, March 2

...The second meeting of the Genesis II Lenten Renewal program will be held at St. Augustine's Center at Sixth and Deakin at 7 p.m.

Wednesday, March 3

...Recruiting representatives for the Peace Corps will be on campus providing information and interviewing candidates for overseas assignments that begin in the next 3-12 months.

...The American Society of

Civil Engineers student chapter meeting at 7 p.m. in JEB room 26.

Thursday, March 4

...The German Kaffeeklatsch features German conversation, refreshments, and a short German film at 4 p.m. in the Administration Building, room 316.

...Maynard Yutzy will speak on Comparison and Education, a Christian Perspective, at 7 p.m. in room 418 of the Education Building.

Complex stereo lounge sings silent tune

The Wallace Complex Stereo Lounge is on its last leg, and reactions have been mixed as to the fate of the decrepit stereo equipment in the now-closed lounge in the Complex basement.

The lounge was closed at the end of last semester because the stereo system was down to a single turntable, two amplifiers and one working sound-room because of depreciation from heavy use.

Ron Ball, assistant director of student housing, had a repair

ment over Christmas break.

Ball said the estimate was extremely high, and the working components were close to retiring.

Jason Wiebe, Wallace Complex Committee chairman, says the WCC has purchased some new equipment to wire into the old system, but is waiting for more equipment, for the old system to be repaired or removed, and for tighter security.

"I would like to see the old equipment go to a community auction and be taken off our hands," with the intention that Tower Board and WCC would fund a new complete stereo system, Wiebe said.

The new stereo lounge in planning would be a powerful party system capable of being

linked to the entire basement lounge area for hall parties. Wiebe estimated a price tag between \$1,500 and \$2,000.

Ball sees little future in the stereo lounge unless the students have capital to repair the old system or invest in a new system.

Wiebe's plans for the new lounge would involve tougher security measures. This includes managing the lounge through housing rather than college work study to insure qualified people running the system and to cut down some of the destruction taking place.

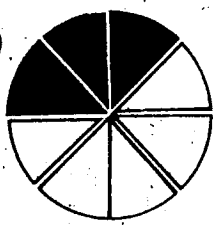
Past problems with the lounge include the lack of adequate supervision, inconsistent lounge hours, and the pilfering of record albums.

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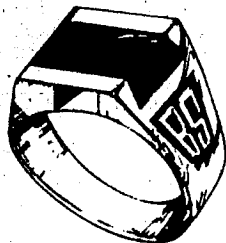
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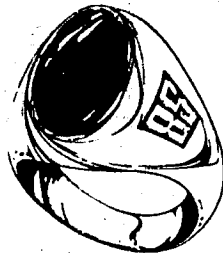
Traditional



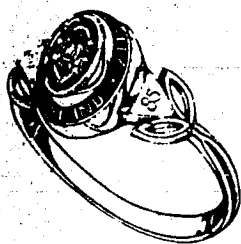
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Sidelines

Ranking secure

Vandals hold on to edge BSU

by Kevin Warnock
Sports Editor

BOISE—Turning out the lights for the last time in old Bronco Gymnasium proved to be one of the Idaho Vandals' harder tasks this basketball season, as Boise State put together a furious comeback late in the second half of play to challenge the ninth ranked Vandals.

In the end, however, Kelvin Smith took charge for Idaho after Brian Kellerman and Ken Owens had fouled out, and Idaho staved off the Broncos 83-77 to raise their season mark to 24-2 overall, 13-1 in Big Sky.

Billed locally in the Treasure Valley as a classic finale in BSU's sub-4,000 seat gym, the game, which appeared to be over midway through the second half, went down to the wire. The Broncos erased a 20-point Vandal lead in just ten minutes and trailed only 77-75 with 48 seconds remaining.

After suffering a string of turnovers and wasted inbound passes, Idaho managed to get the ball to Gordie Herbert who was immediately fouled by the Broncos. Herbert, who led Idaho with 20 points, and 13 rebounds, made the key front end of the one-and-one situation to give Idaho a three-point advantage at 78-75.

But following a miss on his next free throw try, Smith snuck underneath to get a strategic offensive rebound—the second time he had done it in the waning minutes—and made a field goal to put the Vandals up by five.

There was no stopping Smith. "I knew if he missed, the ball would be there. They hadn't been screening me out. I said to myself that as soon as it came I was going to bust in and go for it no matter what," Smith said afterwards.

Despite a Tyrone Scott basket for BSU after that, Boise State was still in a must-foul position and the clock ran out on them. Smith made one free

throw and Pete Prigge sank two more to finally seal it for Idaho.

Idaho coach Don Monson said he was dissatisfied with his team's defensive effort the last five minutes and said they had poor shot selection, poor free throw shooting and other factors which allow comebacks.

But speaking for the composure his club showed, Monson went back to the win-away-from-home theory. "If we are supposed to come down here and win by 20 points and then don't and that makes us downfallen, so be it. But if you would have asked me beforehand if I'd have settled for a five or six point win, I would have said, yes," Monson said.

As things developed, Idaho was a little slow to start and even slower finishing.

Adjusting to the 3,946-packed gym and officiating, the Vandals appeared a bit uncomfortable in the surroundings. It didn't last long, however. After Owens picked up two quick personals, Idaho scored eight in a row to go ahead 10-6 after trailing 6-2.

The lead became 39-28 at halftime as the vocal Idaho support group in the balcony stands had plenty to cheer about.

The cheering continued after intermission as the Vandals went on another slam dunk spree with Herbert, Phil Hopson and Smith, stretching the lead to 62-42 with 11 minutes remaining.

Time to turn out the lights? Not quite, as BSU's party was just about to start.

Slowly whittling away at the lead, Boise State fought back much the way Idaho's football team did against BSU last fall. With Owens fouling out at the 5:43 mark, and Kellerman gone at :58, the Broncos simply would not go down.

Even after freshman Matt Haskins sank a free throw at 1:16 to give Idaho a 77-70 lead, BSU scored five straight in a span of 16 seconds—all by guard Terry Lee who was stealing passes, making free throws and sinking lay-ins.

But the intense pressure defense Boise State applied full

continued on page 8

Idaho gymnasts take third in Seattle

The Idaho women's gymnastics team closed its regular season by placing third at the Seattle Pacific Invitational held in

Seattle last weekend. The Vandals compiled 121.25 points. Seattle Pacific was first with 132.7 points.

Intramural Corner

Congratulations—OC-1 won the women's basketball championship game defending champions from last year. Sigma Nu won the men's "A" basketball championship game as the defending champions from last year. Borah Hall won the men's "B" basketball championship game.

Winners of the Arm Wrestling Tournament—150 lb. and under—Chris Chimits, Upham Hall; 151-170 lb.—Gary Welch, Sigma Nu; 171-190 lb.—Stuart Kelly, Sigma Nu; 191 lb. and over—Dana Krueger, Upham Hall.

Swim Center—will be closed for the National Swim Meet beginning Monday, March 8 at 3:30 p.m. It will be closed through March 14.

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court took its toll on the Broncos as well, as both Eric Bailey and Lee, and center Bruce Bolden fouled out. Bailey enjoyed one of the finest games of his career scoring 29 points to pace the Bronco second-half comeback.

"We never really feel we are out of a game. We feel we have enough firepower and can be patient enough to come back. In the second half we tried to pressure more and execute, succeeded, and subsequently got back into it," Bailey said.

When the senior committed his fifth foul at 2:42, a long standing ovation greeted him.

BSU coach Dave Leach said his team hurt themselves in the first half with poor shot selection. "Idaho is a great opportunistic team. They're great at making baskets after your mistakes," he said.

For Idaho's guards, it was tough to watch the events in the final minute of play unfold. "Sitting on the bench, I tried to encourage them on," Owens said. "I didn't think that last foul was a foul on me." Owens fifth was offensive and came from what the official called an elbow swing.

"You've got to give them credit, they came back hard," Kellerman said.

Haskins, thrust into the contest in a pressure situation, went to the charity stripe three times and sank only one, but it was a

continued from page 7
 key point which gave the Vandals some breathing room.

With the decible-level resembling an airport's, Haskins stepped up with just one thought in mind. "Make the free throws. You don't even hear the noise," Haskins said. "A new season starts now with the tournament."

Women top NEL

A 76-66 win over Gonzaga in Spokane last Saturday clinched the Northwest Empire League title for the second consecutive year for the Idaho women's basketball team.

Denise Brose scored 25 points, while Leslie McIntosh added 16 and Dana Fish 12 as the Vandals ran their record to 12-0 in league and 22-4 overall.

Tracksters fourth in BSC

Led by Neil Crichlow's first place finish in the triple jump, the Idaho men's track team placed fourth at the Big Sky indoor track championships in Pocatello last weekend. Crichlow's effort was a new conference record, breaking the old mark Crichlow himself set last season.

The overall winner of the championships was host Idaho

State with 122 points. They were followed by: Nevada-Reno, 77; Montana, 71; and Idaho, 68 pts.

"We finished where I predicted we would. We did as well as we could have. This is equal to or better than last year's performance. We won the outdoor meet last year convincingly and finished third indoor," said Idaho coach, Mike Keller.

Classifieds

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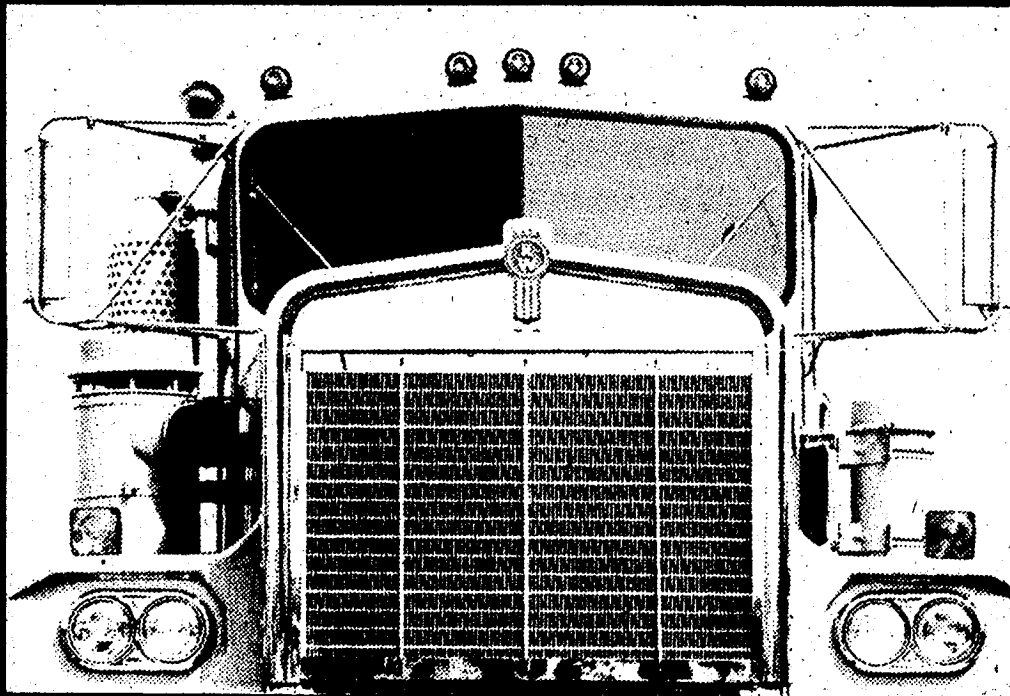
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