



The Idaho Argonaut

Vol. 86, No. 60

University of Idaho

April 30, 1982

Insurance nixed, seven elected

by Debbie Brisboj
Political Editor

Approximately 18.6 percent of the students at the University of Idaho made it very clear Wednesday they do not want mandatory student health insurance when an insurance referendum was soundly defeated in the ASUI general election.

The referendum, which needed to pass by a two thirds majority, failed by a whopping 1,096 disagree votes to 97 agree votes.

With 1,230 students voting, the turnout was above the normal 12-13 percent for spring elections, according to Tom LeClaire, election board chairman.

Senator Teresa Madison will serve another term in the ASUI, as she took the top number of votes among senate candidates.

Madison received a total of 680 votes, winning six of the 12 precincts and tying for first in two others.

Winners for the six other senate positions were Richard Thomas, 586 votes; Mike Smith, 565 votes; David Esser, 542 votes; Mark Williamson, 527 votes; Douglas Jones, 507 votes; and Kamala Shadduck, 505 votes.

The race was close between Jones, Shadduck and Arne Elisha, and the ballots had to be counted three times. In the end, Elisha lost the race for a senate seat by four

votes, gathering a total of 501 votes.

Other candidates receiving votes were Pat Mitchell, 487 votes; incumbent John Derr, 475 votes; and former ASUI lobbyist Kurt Meppen, 454 votes.

According to LeClaire, only one ballot was invalidated, and it would have had no effect on the outcome of the senate race.

The seven senator-elects will be inaugurated at the last senate meeting this year.

In the race for three Faculty Council positions, the graduate seat was won by Tom Loughren, who ran unopposed.

A mistake was made on the ballot, and it was not indicated who was running for the two-year faculty council seat. The election board decided the candidate with the top votes for the two undergraduate positions would win the seat.

Melissa Friel won the position with 710 votes. She also won every precinct.

Joni Schneider will occupy the other council seat as she received 438 votes. The other candidate for the position, John Michiel De Boer, received 409 votes.

According to LeClaire, there were 100 write-in candidates for the senate, none of which received more than a couple of votes. There were a total of 65 write-in candidates for the Faculty Council positions, with sophomore student George Thomas receiving the most write-ins, with a total of 15.

Candidates contest tally

by Debbie Brisboj
Political Editor

"consistently precise returns are obtained."

A formal request for a candidates who did not win recount of ballots from Wed- Senate positions, John Derr, nesday's ASUI general elec- Arne Elisha and Pat Mitchell. tion has been filed. Artis said the Election

The letter, presented to Board will be asked to recount ASUI President Andy Artis the ballots as soon as possible.

Thursday afternoon, requests all ballots be counted until

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Institute gets green light

The Institute for Resource Management, which actor- in August," Moore said.

director Robert Redford The institute will provide established, will open for sure one-year and two-year in- this fall with no com- terdisciplinary master's degree plications, according to Hope programs for those who share Moore, executive director of the belief that the need for en- vironmental protection can be and must be reconciled.

"All systems are go for the institute to open this fall," Moore said. Earlier, people working with this program were afraid some of the students selected for the

The institute has had delays of the students selected for the in opening because of funding. program would drop out because of the delays.

Last February, Moore and Redford signed a contract for the funding, which is sup- posedly no longer a problem. "Only two students from the original twenty have not

"Both universities (UI and

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Gibb talks: Tower, TV and Alcohol

by Dan Eakin
Managing Editor

President Richard Gibb said students were informed of the problems with Theophilus Tower vandalism as early as four years ago and wonders why they (students) are so surprised by the administration's decision to move the men from the Tower.

Gibb said Terry Armstrong, executive assistant to the president, was approached by students about Tower vandalism nearly four years ago just after Armstrong was

hired.

He said he doesn't understand why students were so surprised at the administration's decision to move the men since Armstrong had been in contact with individuals living in those halls for so long.

Gibb said it was one recent incident that really stirred some controversy. He said a bottle was dropped from the tower and smashed at the feet of a mother of one of the students here.

He wasn't sure whether the mother was an alumni, but she wrote legislators and members

of the State Board of Education/Board of Regents about the incident, he said.

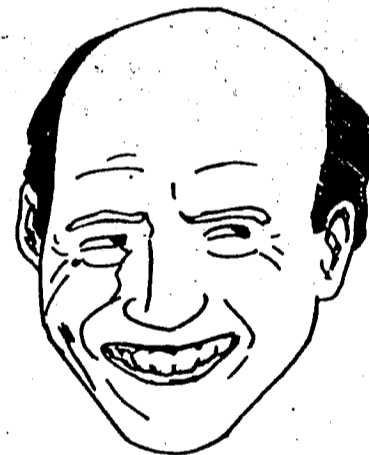
Students who live in the dormitories are the ones who have to pay for vandalism and he doesn't feel students should have to "subsidize the vandals."

He explained that the Board terms such facilities as

dormitories as auxiliary enterprises which must be self-supporting. That's why students must make up for maintenance funds depleted by such behavior.

Gibb said there is nothing that can be done about the administration's decision, now

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University attorneys try to "slow down" the Pace

A lawsuit brought against the University of Idaho by a terminated UI professor shows no "justifiable controversy" for the courts, defendants claim, because policy decisions for the university are determined by the legislature or executive departments of the state.

Lois W. Pace filed suit in Second District Court March 5, and she is asking the court to determine that a state of financial emergency didn't exist when she was fired last June. She is also requesting \$250,000 in general damages and reinstatement in her former job.

Pace was terminated from the College of Agriculture following the university's declaration of financial emergency in April 1981. She had served 31 years with the UI Cooperative Extension Service and was one year away from retirement when she was fired June 30, 1981.

Named as defendants in the suit are UI President Richard Gibb, the State Board of Education/Board of Regents and Raymond Miller, dean of the College of Agriculture.

In papers filed April 19, UI attorney Morgan W. Richard lists a number of reasons for dismissal of the case.

The university claims the case was brought too late and the defendants are immune from liability under the Idaho Tort Claims Act. The papers also say any actions taken by the university were for the protection of public interests of the university and were privileged.



D. Gilbertson

Hideki Iwakabe, a seventh degree black belt, instructs a member of the Shotokan Karate Club. See story page 3.

The Idaho Argonaut

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The Idaho Argonaut is published twice weekly during the academic year by the Communications Board of the Associated Students, University of Idaho. Offices are located in the basement of the Student Union Building, 620 Deakin Ave., Moscow, Idaho 83843. Editorial opinions expressed are those of The Idaho Argonaut or the writer, and do not necessarily represent the ASUI, the UI, or its Board of Regents. The Argonaut is distributed free of charge to students on campus. Mail subscriptions are \$6 per semester or \$9 for the academic year. Second class postage is paid at Moscow, Idaho 83843. (USPS 255-680).

Political

Senate approves '83 budget

The ASUI Senate approved a total budget of \$587,020.50 for the 1982-83 school year at Wednesday's meeting.

The total income is made up of an estimated \$297,682 in student fees and \$289,338.50 from department incomes.

In other business the Senate passed a resolution stating it does not support the current State Board of Education/Board of Regents decision to charge non-resident part-time students \$30 more than resident part-time students pay.

The resolution also states that all four institutions of higher education in the state have asked the Board to reduce the fee to \$10, and if the Board does not, it could have an adverse effect on part-time enrollment,

especially in summer school.

The Senate also tabled, until May 5, a bill prohibiting senators from holding offices or a resident advisor position in a living group, or any other elected or appointed position listed in the ASUI Constitution or Rules and Regulations.

The bill was tabled, according to Senator Margaret Nelson, because the ASUI Attorney General had stated such a change would need to come in the form of a constitutional amendment.

Bills changing when members of the activities funding board will be chosen, and establishing the position of ASUI promotions manager were also passed.

Challenge

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One apparent reason for the recount was the closeness of the vote counts for the sixth and seventh positions. They were so close the ballots had to be counted three times, according to Tom LeClaire, Election Board Chairman.

In each count, Doug Jones, the sixth place winner, came up with 507 votes, while Kamala Shadduck, the seventh place winner, received 505 votes two times the ballots were counted and 509 votes the other time the ballots were counted.

Alisha's vote count came out differently each time, with counts of 504, 498 and 501.

Institute

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joined the program. I feel we are very lucky for this low number. The two have been replaced," Moore said.

There is no way the institute will have a delay in opening, except for something like World War III, Moore said.

Rally for rights set for Tuesday

A student rights rally to protest recent acts by the administration concerning students rights will be held Tuesday, May 4.

The march will begin at 1 p.m. in front of the tower and continue through the square between the UCC and Library to the Administration Building.

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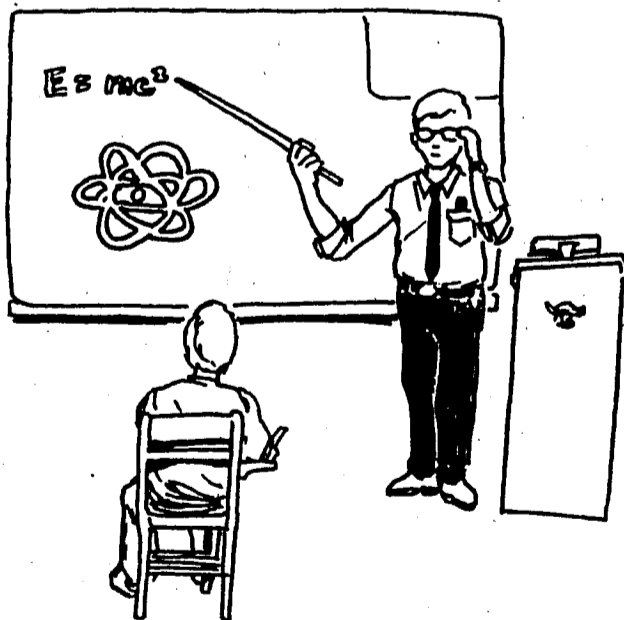
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1210 SELATAH PULLMAN

Gibb

continued from page 1
or ever.

"This matter is closed. This decision is made," he said.

On the issue of public television, Gibb said, "I think we really don't know what the situation is right now."

He said a legislative council meeting last week cleared the air a bit about what the intent was of the public television legislation passed this last session.

He said the intent of the legislation was for three stations and a system manager who would oversee all public television operations in the state.

The telecommunications program here, he said, will not likely be dropped, but would not endure unscathed as Idaho's public television emphasis shifts from public to educational programming.

He also said the system manager would certainly have something to say about what each school would be able to do as far as programming and curricula are concerned.

Concerning the Learning Skills Center, he said legislators have told him, "Why should you use higher education funds to offer remedial programs that should have been taught before students reached the university."

He said legislators are leaning toward improving primary and secondary education rather than spending money on remedial university programs.

Students should know how to read and write before they come to college, he said.

"For every dollar we use for remedial programs, it's another dollar we don't have for a microscope in biology," he said.

Black belt rewarded by spreading his art

by Charles Gallagher
Staff Writer

Hideki Iwakabe, a seventh-degree black belt with 30 years of karate experience was the guest instructor for a special weekend seminar of the Shotokan Karate Club.

Iwakabe is the chief instructor and founder of the Mountain States Budokan, the oldest karate school in Engelwood, Colo., and four-Shotokan college clubs. The University of Idaho Shotokan club sponsored the karate seminar and Iwakabe's trip from Denver.

The seminar began Friday night and lasted till Sunday afternoon in the Physical Education Building and consisted of workouts, meditation, question and answer periods, karate video movies and individual testing for

advancement. The weekend seminar, the semester high point of the club drew 15 students according to Robert Stroud, a senior at this university and chief-instructor of the college club.

Iwakabe began teaching karate in 1958 and holds black belt ranks in Shotokan Karate, Judo, Kendo (fencing), and Iaido as well as having held numerous titles from national and regional competition in the United States and Japan.

"My reward in teaching karate is in spreading the art," said Iwakabe. "I am a messenger."

The frayed and worn black belt around Iwakabe's waist is a non-verbal description of the spirit Iwakabe harbors in the martial arts.

"Karate is good for human relations, friendships, and an exchange of cultures," said Iwakabe who has earned

a college degree in electrical engineering and never had time to use it.

Iwakabe said karate is a "smooth motion of movements where you begin training body coordination and finally work to develop the mind."

"Karate movements are the foundation for all sports because we use the total body; nothing is wasted" said Iwakabe.

The Shotokan creed is five points and are repeated during every practice. They are to seek perfection of character, to be faithful, to endeavor, to respect others and to refrain from violent behavior. Practice is divided into basic movements, kata exercises, sparring and self defense.

The college Shotokan hold formal practice every Tuesday and Thursday nights at 7:30 p.m. and welcomes interested students to attend.

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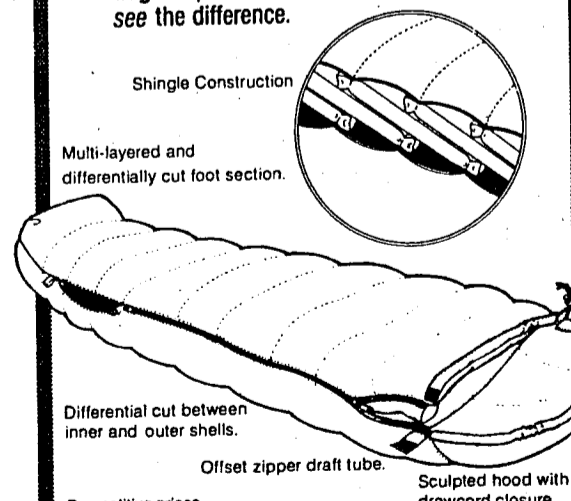
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Opinion

Leaning tower

Now that the Tower issue has been decided, we hear the moans and protests out there. We are in complete sympathy with the complainers, but we really cannot fault the administration for doing what it did, and for the manner in which they did it. We're only surprised they didn't wait for the summer season.

The Tower issue was bubbling away, just waiting for the right person to grab it. Well, no one did. A few, very solitary students stood up for their right to decide where they live on this campus, but the great majority, even within the Wallace Complex and Tower living groups declined to take any action on the issue. A few people, Mark Williamson among them, took the proverbial bull by the horns. The ASUI Senate sat smugly self-satisfied in its inactivity and did nothing. Well, not nothing. They *did* pass a resolution (after the fact) on the issue, which only addressed the relocation of women residents.

The decision has been made. It is not, however, too late to do something about it. The administration is undoubtedly hoping the students affected by this switch will go home for the summer and forget all about it. They are probably banking on the fact things will be so confused and hurried at registration (as they assuredly will be) students will forget or will be too bothered with other things to protest the move. This sounds plausible to us, and with a fee increase also coming into effect (courtesy of the board of regents), we think the administration should give itself a big pat on the back. Good job, boys.

Lewis Day



" FALLING OBJECTS . "

'I love you more than words can say...'

We received this letter from Gene Eliason, of Boise, two days ago. Because of its content and the importance of the topic, we felt our usual length requirements could be relaxed. This is not a letter you will enjoy reading, but it is a very important one, and we feel you should read it.

Sixteen years ago my beloved wife gave me the greatest gift a woman can give a man. She gave me a child, a son, we named Kip. Watching Kip grow became the greatest joy of my life: seeing his golden hair in the firelight while we were camping, watching his dancing blue eyes when he laughed, noticing his young body grow and develop into manhood, and most importantly, cherishing the deepening friendship that developed over the years between Kip and myself. These have become the sweetest memories of my life.

At a young age, my son Kip made the decision to join the Mormon Church. This decision was based on his deep belief that the Mormon Church was the true Church and the only path to eternal life. During the last two years, I watched Kip devote more and more of his time and thoughts to the Church. He was a 4.0 student and had enjoyed camping, water skiing, building model airplanes, working toward his Scout merit badges, and playing with our two kittens. However, as Kip began to become more immersed in the Church, to the point he attended Seminary every day, and most of Sunday he could be found at the Church. One by one, his other activities began to be deleted from his life. However, he still maintained his 4.0 grade average. I was concerned about the increasing hold the Church was gaining over Kip's life.

However, the Mormon Church encourages its young people to devote their lives to the Church and its activities. This is done by providing Church-related activities for the youth throughout the week. Also, the Mormon Church discourages its youth from participating in regular high school activities with other youths from other faiths. Thus, the Church is better able to isolate its youth in order to

better prepare them for missions on which they are sent throughout the world. Also, this isolation prevents the Mormon youth from being tempted by the outside world, and also prevents the persecution of its youth by the outside world before the young people are prepared to handle such persecution for their religion. The Church views any criticism of the Church as persecution.

The reward for an exemplary life as set forth by the Mormon Church is that of becoming a God after death. Each god will be provided with his own worlds to rule. The Church devotes many programs to its youth in order to encourage its youth to become perfect in this world to help ensure them a position as gods after death. Kip's devotion and love for the Mormon Church became the focal point of his life. His exemplary behavior and devotion were admired by his fellow Church members and several members remarked to me that Kip was a model the Mormon Church hoped all its youth would follow. Kip believed in living his life as set forth by the Church and its doctrine. Kip loved people and they loved and admired him because of his high aspirations and moral character.

Many times Kip and I would talk of his future. His highest hopes were to live his life according to the Church doctrine and to follow the footsteps of Christ. Kip hoped to help humanity and to devote his life to humanity in some meaningful manner.

As Kip grew into manhood, he developed normal, healthy male drives. However, in order to attain the highest celestial kingdom the Church states that these drives must be denied. That is, if a person is to obtain the highest celestial kingdom, a person must transcend their humanity. Unfortunately, Kip began to feel he was unable to live his life in a manner that would enable him to reach the lifetime of perfection that would allow him to reach the highest celestial kingdom in heaven.

Due to his deep-seated belief in the Mormon Church as the only true Church and the true word of God as given to the Church prophets through their visions, Kip was certain any teaching of the

Church was the word of God, and that any question as to the validity of this word was a serious threat to his salvation. Due to the fact the Church takes a hard stand on the issues of sex and masturbation, when Kip's body began to develop and mature he believed his body was betraying his deep devotion and love for God and the Church. This caused a deep inner conflict to develop in Kip, and resulted in a mounting self-hatred.

Kip and I discussed this problem, and I suggested he speak with the bishops in the Church whom Kip had come to know and respect. Unfortunately, the bishops reinforced the Church's attitude and stand against any physical interference in the development of personal perfection. Consequently, the conflict of the demands of the Church and the demands of his physical nature became an even greater problem to Kip.

One day Kip told me, "Dad, I want to be a good member of the Church and I hope to become a God as promised me by the Church. However, it is becoming increasingly difficult to deny my human feelings and I don't know if I can live with it." It was a few days later that I found Kip in a Mormon Church parking lot in his car. He had tried to kill himself by asphyxiation. Kip was conscious and was insistent I not take him to the hospital or to a doctor because he feared he would fall out of favor with the Church. I spent the rest of the day and night with Kip and he promised me he would never try to kill himself again. I believed Kip, and had faith the bishops of his ward would help counsel him in a more constructive manner than previously.

Unfortunately, the bishop's advice enhanced Kip's internal conflict. During this time, Kip continued to attend Seminary and Church on Sunday, and became more immersed in the readings and teachings of the Church. My personal belief was not to interfere with Kip's religious convictions, even though I was becoming increasingly concerned. I kept believing the bishops and Church members would counsel Kip in a constructive manner. This

continued on page 5

'more than words'

continued from page 4

belief later proved to be erroneous. Kip became increasingly emotionally isolated due to the fact the Church discourages any examination or question of the teachings of the Church by labeling any questions of the teachings as the temptations of Satan.

I tried to encourage Kip to spend time with me skiing, playing racquetball or other sports we both enjoyed, or to renew some of his old activities which were not Church related. However, Kip's deep involvement and commitment to the Church were taking precedence in his life, and this was promoted by his Church peers and leaders. In the meantime, however, Kip was still experiencing serious conflict which I was unaware of until much later when I discovered a letter Kip had written. During Christmas break, I suggested Kip and I go to Seattle. Kip accepted this invitation, and we enjoyed the trip. We attended the Pacific Science Center, the Space Needle, we ate at the Pike Street Market, took a ferry ride, and in general thoroughly enjoyed ourselves. Most importantly, I thought Kip was learning to enjoy other things in life beside his Church and obsession with perfection.

When we returned to Boise, Kip resumed school and his religious activities. However, after our return, Kip again attempted suicide, by ingesting iodine. At this point I told Kip I didn't care about his posture in the Church, but he was going to have professional help. He began seeing a psychologist at the Mental Health Clinic. The doctor set up an appointment once a week, which Kip kept for several weeks. About four weeks later, Kip again attempted suicide, this time by the ingestion of iodine and liquor. He had consumed over a half of fifth of whiskey. When I found Kip, he was semi-conscious in the bathtub with water almost covering his face. At this point, I took Kip out of the bathtub, and laid him on our bed. He then begged me to see our gun, and said "I can pull the trigger". I im-

mediately phoned the psychologist who told me to take him directly to the emergency room at the hospital. At the emergency room, Kip was treated for alcohol and iodine poisoning. All during this time Kip was delirious and was talking about being a God after death and crying about Jesus dying on the cross.

Kip was admitted to the psychiatric ward at the hospital, where he remained for one week. While in the psychiatric ward, Kip was treated by a psychiatrist and a psychologist. Both of these specialists advised me they had decided to keep Kip in the psychiatric ward for a week to ten days. He was released after five days.

After returning home, Kip returned to school and resumed his normal Church activities. I was very hopeful regarding Kip's recovery, especially in light of a very special relationship he had developed with a young girl while he was in the psychiatric ward. The girl's name was Sandy, and Kip developed a normal (non-sexual) relationship with Sandy. Unfortunately, Sandy was also in the hospital for suicide attempts, and, most importantly, Sandy was also of the Mormon faith. However, I believed Kip had begun to reconcile his conflict between the Church and his physical and emotional nature through his relationship with Sandy. Daily, Kip would return to the hospital to see Sandy, and he often would bring her gifts, such as flowers, or endearing sayings.

The first week after his return from the hospital, I was optimistic about Kip's recovery. However, toward the end of the first week, I noticed Kip was depressed and I asked him why he was depressed. Kip told me, "The other night while you were at the grocery store, I masturbated again, and I hate myself for it because I know if I continue I will never become a God." I proceeded to tell Kip, as I had many times before, this was a normal activity for a young male, especially a young healthy male who was interested in a girl. I also tried to tell him

God was forgiving and would not punish him for this activity. During the last week Kip again became engrossed in the readings of the Church, became emotionally isolated from me.

However, even though I was concerned, I felt the professional help he was receiving would be able to keep Kip from again trying to kill himself. Nevertheless Kip's self-hatred and inner conflict had grown to the point he could no longer justify his existence, especially in light of his deep belief in the Church and the Church's condemnation of his behavior.

Unfortunately, the only authority figures Kip would listen to were the bishops of the Church and the writings of the prophets of the Church. Consequently, any advice I would try to give Kip was received with patient tolerance. However, Kip believed that since I was his father, I would say anything to prevent him from taking his life.

On March 3, 1982, Kip succeeded in taking his life by carbon monoxide asphyxiation. Since then, my life has become an empty shadow, filled with the memories of my beloved son. I feel a deep loss, not only for myself, but also for society, because I know Kip would have become a constructive member of society.

It is my belief Kip was searching for an alternate opinion to suicide to solve his inner conflict, however, his religious beliefs prevented him from finding an alternate, or a resolution to the conflict. I believe the Church, or any organization which has such a great influence over a person, should assume the responsibility for better training its bishops, or authority figures to better help its members to cope with conflicts of this nature. It is my deepest desire to prevent this type of tragedy from occurring again. If Kip's story encourages a parent or bishop or friend to recognize this type of conflict in another person, and encourages them to seek help, thus saving just one life, then perhaps Kip's death was not in vain.

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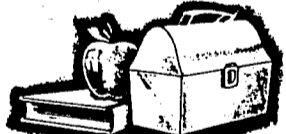
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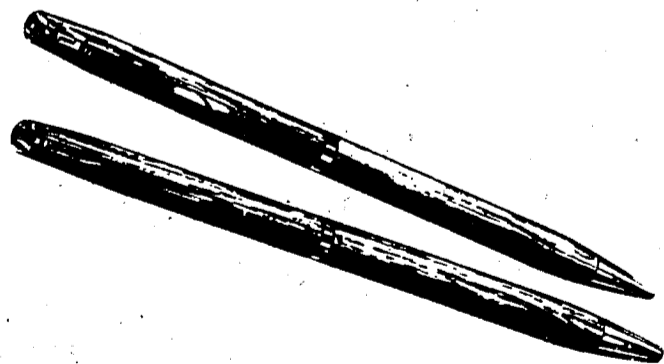
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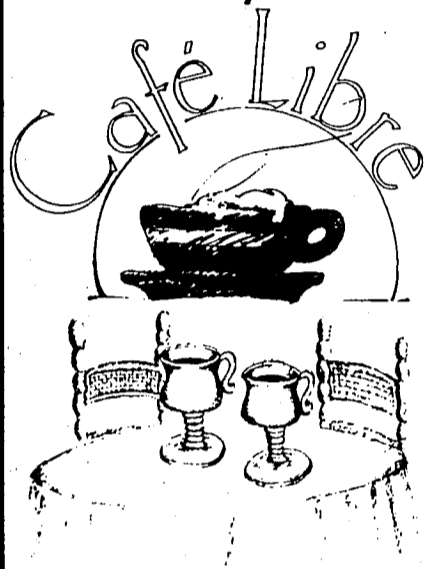
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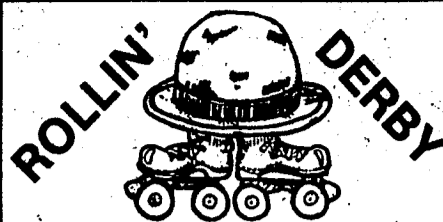
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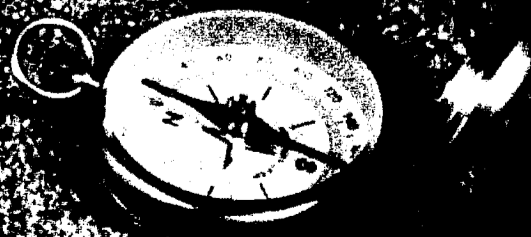
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All intramural officials - please pick up your T-shirt in the IM office. Thank you for all your help and time especially on those cold and snowy days.

Forfeit Deposit Checks - all living groups and off-campus teams: your checks will be ready to be picked up in the IM office by the end of next week.

Women's Intramural Awards for 1981-82: Sportsmanship Award to Campbell Hall; Participation Award to Forney Hall; Team Champion Award to Hays Hall; Joyce Weaver Schuett Award - Patti Stroschein / Cheryl Clark; Senior Award - Sue Seeley; Intramural Athlete of the Year - Bobbie Tatko.

Netters vie for Big Sky crown

by Bruce Smith
Staff Writer

The Idaho men's tennis team, fresh off a 21-5 regular season, is in Boise competing in the Big Sky tournament that started Thursday and lasts until Sunday.

The Vandals record placed them in second place behind Nevada-Reno, Weber State, Boise State and Idaho should be near the top at the end of the tournament.

Idaho tuned up for the tournament by traveling to Spokane and dropping Spokane Community College 8-1 April 26. Spokane's only win was by their All-American No. 1 singles player, Larry Omlin, who defeated David Long. Idaho winners were Suresh Menon, Meng Kai Fong, Mike Maffey, Ruben Lamothe, and Tom Hoffnagle. Doubles victors were Mike Daily-Long, Bjorn Mor-

fin-Doug Belcher and Hoffnagle-Eric Mock.

With those wins, Fong's record jumped to 19-1 overall. Fong said earlier that he would be ready for the Big Sky tournament this year, to make up for last year.

"I didn't do so well last year in the Big Sky," he said. "This year I hope to prove that I can do it. Last year was disastrous, and I want to do well."

Idaho coach Jim Sevall said he believed the Vandals can win the tournament, but it won't be easy. Idaho lost to Weber State during the regular season and split with Boise. He added that Idaho might be considered the "darkhorse", but should not be counted lightly.

"We have the talent to win it," he said. "I know Weber State and the others are tough, but we'll put up a fight."

Idaho opens play today at 9 a.m. at the Boise Racquet and

Swim Club courts by playing Nevada-Reno. The Vandals then travel across town to play Weber State on the BSU campus at 2 p.m.

Saturday's schedule has Idaho playing Montana state at the BSU courts at 9 a.m. and then traveling to the Planation Country Club in Boise to play Idaho State at 2 p.m.

On Sunday, the last day of the tournament, Idaho has one match at 10 a.m. against Montana, a team the Vandals beat twice during the regular season.

Nevada-Reno is the defending champion, winning last year when the tournament was held on their home courts. Idaho has won the most championships, 10, but has not won it since 1978.

Idaho women face Oregon schools

After capturing second place in the Pre-Mountain West Athletic Conference Tournament in Moscow last weekend, the Idaho women's tennis team has traveled to Oregon to play four matches before returning.

Today, the Vandals face Puget Sound at 10 a.m. and the University of Portland at 2:30 p.m. in Portland.

Saturday the Vandals will take on two Division I teams. At 9 a.m. at Corvallis, Ore. the UI women take the courts against Oregon State, and at 2:30 p.m. Idaho resumes competition at Eugene, Ore. against the University of Oregon.

Idaho, 11-2 entering today's action, played as the host of last weekend's tourney, but was beaten out of first place by favored Montana State. The Bobcat women piled up 42 points to outdistance Idaho, who finished with 33.5.

For Idaho, Sue Chaney was crowned the champion in no. 5 singles.

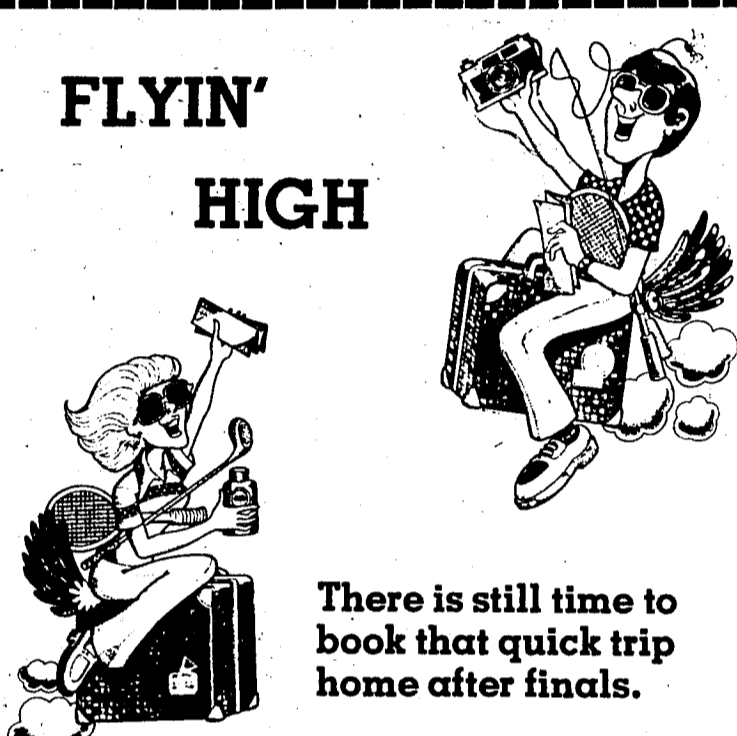
Golfers at EWU

The Eastern Washington Invitational in Cheney, Wash. is where the Vandal men's golf team will be this weekend.

The Idaho team competed yesterday and finishes the 54-hole tournament today.

Idaho has yet to win first place in a tournament this year, but that is really not much of a surprise to coach Kim Kirkland. He said that Idaho is a young team and is using these tournaments to improve in order to be ready for the Big Sky tournament next weekend in Boise.


So far, senior Mark Burton is the leading golfer for Idaho. He is averaging 76.9 strokes to complete 18 holes this season. Bob James is next with 77.7, while Pat Inglis and Sam Fackrell are running neck-and-neck with averages of 79.4 and 79.6, respectively.



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Front Row Center



J. Miller

Dana Kramer as Claudio and Sheila McDevitt as his sister Isabella, share an emotional scene from Shakespeare's *Measure for Measure*, playing at the Hartung Theatre.

Well placed drama and comedy in Shakespeare production

by Lewis Day
Editorial Editor

Measure for Measure has been touted as a story about counterfeit personalities and counterfeit situations. This may well be, but the play is also a study in plain old human nature. At times there is no hiding it; some of the characters are rotten—and they're pretty bald about it.

The chief personification the "counterfeit" character is contested between the duke, Vincentio, and his lieutenant and appointee, Angelo. They both engage in deception, but from the outset we understand that Angelo is the bad guy and the duke is the white hat. Shakespeare may have wanted to be tricky, and bamboozling audiences may have been a great deal of fun, but good and bad are good and bad, and audiences mustn't lose track of that.

As Angelo, Jack Colclough is the perfect badass; his basic frailty and dishonesty are clear, but Colclough never loses sight of the fact that even Angelo has his good points. His agonizing moments when alone and trying to decide whether to misuse his authority are well played; Angelo knows what he is doing is wrong, but he also very much wants to fall to the temptation of sin. Previously, there was much speculation as to whether

Colclough would be able to handle the role of villainy, but anyone who has seen his performance would agree that he was more than able to be a shmuck.

The object of Angelo's tainted affections is the sister of Claudio, his victim. The sister, Isabella, played by Sheila McDevitt with much emotion, is determined to save her brother Claudio (Dana Kramer) from the executioner's block. It seems Claudio has caused his betrothed to become pregnant. The scenes between McDevitt and Kramer are good. They have a rapport which enables their scenes to be totally believable. Even aside from her time with Kramer, McDevitt is pretty good. She handles some settings very well—her denunciation of Angelo's advances is striking in its effectiveness. A couple of her emotional scenes are, however, a bit strained. She appears to put on an "emotional voice" that isn't too believable.

The reason Claudio is in prison in the first place (aside from his peccadillos) is that duke has been completely lax in his enforcement of the law. Vincentio has left town and has placed Angelo in charge. For whatever reasons, Angelo has gone overboard and is throwing people in jail—from unfortunates like Claudio to the whores and bawds of all

Vienna. The duke hasn't really left town, though, and his undercover work (he's an incognito priest) allows him to see what's going on.

Tim Threlfall is quietly personable as the duke. His snooping behind the scenes is at times maddening, but also can be incredibly funny. His interaction with Lucio (John Morgan) is wonderful, with the poor Lucio sticking his foot (rapidly followed by his entire leg) into his mouth, and the disguised Vincentio playing the deadpan straight man.

Morgan is the complete comic, and while his part doesn't call for any heart-wrenching drama, comedy is very difficult to pull off. Morgan is excellent.

Measure for Measure has, beyond its major characters, a host of minor comic gargoyles. Among the most notable of these are Charlie Shoemaker as the foolish Pompey. Pompey is a bumbling idiot, and Shoemaker takes the role and makes it a delightful farcical interlude. Another is Lynne Rigby, portraying the wicked(ly funny) Mistress Overdone. The mistress' "establishment" has been closed down by the humorless Angelo, and she takes it in big-bottomed stride.

David Borrer, as the provost,

handles his part well. While not a very demanding part, he is onstage a good deal of the time. An unfortunate glitch in the show's overall good appearance is the stilted portrayal of Escalus by Guy Dodson. He does not seem to be comfortable in the role, and comes off as having to recite his lines rather than perform them.

Director Roy Fluhrer has assembled an able cast for his production, and the settings are practical (if a bit noisy at shift time). The two elements mix well, the settings serving their purpose without detracting from the action of the play. A loud hiss has to go to the creator of the bloodied head which appears briefly—it's so unreal that the audience loses track of the play. We don't need additional laughter; Shakespeare and the cast have taken care of that, thanks. Please, someone get rid of that thing!

There is so much bad Shakespeare around that it is a real pleasure to see the production at the Hartung. It has, for the most part, a good combination of well-placed drama and comedy.

Measure for Measure will be performed tonight through Sunday at 8 p.m. in the Hartung Theatre.

Film appreciation goal of collection

Encouraging the study and appreciation of film is the goal of a new collection of films at the University of Idaho.

The University Film Collection features such classic films as *Citizen Kane* and *Casa Blanca*. Both of these films will be shown Tuesday and Wednesday at 7:30 p.m. in the SUB Borah Theatre.

The showing of these two films will not only acquaint the university community with the existence of the collection, but also raise money, through donations, for future ad-

ditions to the collection.

The collection now comprises 13 films. All are designed for classroom use, and are designed to be of special interest to young filmmakers and students of film history.

Anyone interested in learning more about the collection may contact Richard Dozier, curator of the collection.

Tuesday and Wednesday night showings are free and open to the public, though donations will be accepted.

Guitarist Robert Guthrie to play at Music Building

Nationally known guitarist Robert Guthrie will be presented in concert at the Music Building Recital Hall Sunday at 8 p.m.

Tickets for the concert are \$3.50 and may be purchased at the door. The concert is jointly sponsored by Guitars Friend and the UI School of Music.

On Saturday, Guthrie will give a workshop at the Music Building. There will be a \$5 fee. For more information, contact the School of Music, 885-6231.

Energy in dancing is duo's theme

Two dancers from the Seattle area, Helen Walkley and Christian Swenson, will be performing tomorrow night at 8 p.m. in the UI Dance Studio. Tickets will be \$2 at the door.

Walkley, a former UI dance student, and Swenson are experienced dancers. They have been working in the Seattle modern dance/performance scene for several years. The two have performed the works of Bill Evans, Comotion Dance, and Louise Durkee, among others, as well as being seen in their own choreography.

The dance concert tomorrow, called *Solos/Duets*, will include the work of four choreographers. The pair's performance is described as "Boundless energy, clean lines and dynamics—commanding stage presence" by Pamela Schick, co-director of On-the-Boards Dance Kinetic Company. She added, "Helen and Christian



will provide excellent theater entertainment."

The duo will also dance at the Renaissance Fair on Saturday.

Crafts, dancing, parades and circuses are all part of annual Renaissance Fair

by Christine Williams
Staff Writer

The ninth annual Renaissance Fair will bring arts, crafts, drama and dancing to Moscow's East City Park in a gala celebration of spring this Saturday and Sunday.

The Renaissance Fair is put on in honor of that time period from the 14th to 17th centuries in which the vigorous rebirth of the arts occurred.

Saturday starts off with a parade, complete with everything from girl scouts to bagpipes, at 10 a.m. gathering in the East City Park. The parade will travel to Friendship Square on Main Street and back up to the park, marking the beginning of the occasion.

The fair will last until 6:30 p.m. on Saturday and from 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. on Sunday giving more than 100 artists from all over the Northwest a chance to display and sell the products of their talents. Exhibits include pottery, stained glass, jewelry, bamboo flutes, photography, toys, clocks, and many others.

Karen Lewis, coordinator of the fair and president of the Renaissance Fair Committee Inc., said that the fair started nine years ago to give artists in the area an opportunity to sell their crafts. Since then the fair has grown

to include three performance stages located in different areas of the park.

One stage is designated for music and will feature different singers and groups. The second stage is a dance and drama stage where ballet, bellydancing, and a scene from Shakespeare's *Measure for Measure* will be performed. The third stage is devoted to the little people, where the traditionally favorite circus will be the highlight.

The fair committee is also working on a public audio system to enhance the fair and community.

All of the entertainment prices are included in the admission price—it's free!

Festivities will continue at a Renaissance Fair dance Saturday night featuring several local bands and singers. The dance will begin at 8 p.m. at the American Legion Hall at 317 S. Howard. General admission is \$3 or \$2.50 for Palouse Folklore Society members. Advance tickets may be purchased at the fair, Guitar's Friend, or the Cafe Libre. Advance ticket stubs will be good for one free beer.

Escape to fantasy world

by Nancy Metcalf
Staff Writer

Those who need somewhere to escape should try the Land of Greyhawk. Those who want to escape from themselves may want to try some magic, and become wizards for a change.

Everyday troubles are left behind when one enters the fantasy world. With a few buddies, one can leave troublesome tests and labs behind, learning instead how to deal with orcs and how many pieces of silver are needed for a tankard of ale.

This world of imagined beings in far off places is the world of Dungeons and Dragons, a role playing fantasy adventure game. The game is a recent development which followed the interest in fantasy books, such as J.R. Tolkien's *Lord of the Rings*. It has become a popular pastime for everyone from engineers to marines.

Now D and D (short for Dungeons and Dragons) players have come out of the closet to form a club. The Creative Travelers group has formed on campus for anyone, beginners to Dragon Masters, interested in leaving student life for the life of adventure—even if somewhat briefly.

Creative Travelers meets once a week in the SUB for a brief demonstration and campaign conducted by a member. In a campaign, the leader, or Dungeon Master, controls the events of an adventure. It can be anywhere, limited only by the DM's imagination. Everyone playing assumes the role of a character he draws.

Assuming roles is not always easy. If one is used to being a mild-mannered student, it may be hard to become a greedy, evil dwarf.

After roles are assigned, players are introduced to the setting. In one meeting, it was a town which appeared after walking under a magical arch. In the events which followed, one player managed to pick a fight with two skeletons and betray two fellow travelers while his sister stabbed a man in the back (she did it for the gold).

It may sound easy, imagining different places at the command of the Dungeon Master, and fighting off horrible undead things to get to riches, but there is one small catch: the dice.

Many different-colored, strange-shaped dice are thrown to see just how hard a player stabbed the skeleton or whether anyone believed the last lie he told. Six, eight, and even twenty-sided dice hold the control of his imagined destiny.

If he faces someone who is a little luckier than he is, and his armor isn't in good repair, he could die. But all is not lost; he can always become another character, unless someone can bring him to life, of course. It should be noted that too many personality changes in one evening are not good for a person's ego.

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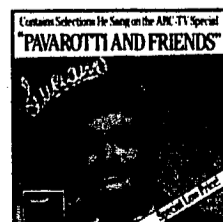
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P. Jerome

Mort's

by Tracey Vaughan
Entertainment Editor

One student described Mort's Club, located at 114 E. Fifth St., as "one of the largest socializing bars in town."

Socializing seems to be the key word, and a lot of university students patronize Mort's to socialize, drink beer, and maybe play a game of pool. Last fall many students built up spirit for the Idaho-Boise State football game by participating in Mort's "I Hate Boise State" week.

Mort's, one corner of the infamous "Devil's Triangle" of bars, (John's Alley and the Spruce are the other two points), has been owned by Ron Hample of Moscow for about six years.

Beer is the featured (and only) alcoholic drink at Mort's. Pitchers are sold for \$2.50, bottles or cans of beer sell for 80 cents, and glasses are 50 cents a shot. Wednesday and Thursday are special discount nights, with

pitchers two for \$3.75, and bottles or cans for 65 cents from 8 p.m. until closing.

Happy hour is featured from opening time until 5 p.m. daily, except for Sunday.

Mort's is open Monday through Thursday from 2 p.m.-1 a.m.; Friday and Saturday from 1 p.m.-1 a.m.; and 5 p.m.-1 a.m. on Sunday.

Front Row Center is The Idaho Argonaut's weekly art and entertainment section. All items for Front Row Center, including Private Idaho and Events are due by 5 p.m. Wednesday for the Friday section. Events for Tuesday's paper are due by noon Monday. Anyone having story ideas for Front Row Center, please contact Tracey Vaughan at the Argonaut.

Events

Friday, April 30

...Clowns for Christ will meet at 1:30 p.m. at the Campus Christian Center to get made-up, then leave for a Moscow nursing home.

...A Creative Travellers member will give a mini-presentation and will introduce "psychics" at 7 p.m. in the SUB Ec-da-ho Room.

...The Burning Stake Coffee House in the Campus Christian Center will open at 8 p.m. with a conversation with Idaho state senator Norma Dobler, a celebration of the E.R.A., and live

music.

Saturday, May 1

... "rags to research" is the title of a UI home economics graduate student presentation on costume silhouette influences presented by Brenda Chase, and a profile of long-time UI librarian Belle Sweet presented by Nancy Rowley, to be given from 2-4 p.m. in Room 104-106 of the Home Economics Building.

...Moscow and Lewiston music

students, ranging from seventh through twelfth grade, will present a recital at 3 p.m. in the Music Building Recital Hall.

...A wine tasting festival will be sponsored by the Pullman chapter of the National Organization for Women from 2-6 p.m. at the WSU Fine Arts Building. Northwest wines from Idaho and Washington can be tasted. Advance tickets are \$7.50, or \$8.50 at the door. Tickets may be purchased at Book People, Moscow Wine Company, and the UI Women's Center.

movies

SUB — Yanks (R) ... 7 and 9 p.m. (Friday).

Micro — Arthur (PG) ... 7 and 9:15 p.m., through Saturday. *Flesh Gordon* (R) ... weekend midnight movie. *1900* ... 7 and 9:15 p.m., Sunday through Wednesday.

Return of the Secaucus Seven ... 7 and 9:15 p.m., starts Thursday.

Kenworthy — *Cat People* (R) ... 7 and 9 p.m., through Tuesday.

Nuart — *Richard Pryor Live on Sunset Strip* (R) ... 7 and 9 p.m., through Saturday. *I Ought To Be In Pictures* (PG) ... 7 and 9 p.m., Sunday through May 8.

Old Post Office Theatre — *On Golden Pond* (PG) ... 7 and 9 p.m.

Woman in Love (X) ... weekend midnight movie.

Cordova — *Chariots of Fire* (PG) ... 7 and 9 p.m., through May 8.

Audlan — *Missing* (PG) ... 7 and 9 p.m., through Saturday. *Richard Pryor Live On Sunset Strip* (R) ... 7 and 9 p.m., Sunday through May 8.

Big Sky Motor Movie — *Ghost Story* (R) and *Busting Loose* (PG) ... 7:30 p.m. (Friday and Saturday).

music

Cafe Libre — Belinda Bowler ... guitar and vocals (Friday); Eric Park ... ragtime and slide guitar (Saturday).

Capricorn — The Plummer Gang ... country-rock.

Cavanaugh's — Oasis ... top-40 (in the lounge); The Boyys ... mellow rock (Lewis and Clark

Room, Friday-Saturday).

Hotel Moscow — Dozier-Shanklin Quarter ... jazz (Friday); BLR ... jazz (Saturday); The Dogs Among the Bushes ... Irish and traditional (Tuesday); Mountain Standard Time ... bluegrass (Wednesday).

exhibits

West African Art by various peoples from west Africa will be on display in the Faculty Office West Building now until commencement day.

workshops

Wildfires and other emergencies is the topic of a four-day course for resource managers, information officers, the press and the public, to take place May 3-8 at the Boise Interagency Fire Center. For more information and registration, contact Dr. James Fazio, Wildland Recreation Management Department on the UI campus.

concerts

Eugene Fodor, internationally famous violinist, will be presented in concert Wednesday at WSU's Bryan Hall at 8 p.m. Fodor has appeared on numerous network television shows, including the Tonight Show, and was chosen to present the classical music awards at last year's Grammy Awards. Tickets for the concert are \$10 and \$12 and are available at the door, at the Music Room in Moscow and at the Washington-Idaho Symphony office in Moscow.

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Rathskellers — The Zippers ... rock.
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Classifieds

1. APARTMENTS FOR RENT

1-bedroom, furnished; Available 5-1-82; two minute walk from SUB; \$180/mo. (May-July. Rent may be negotiable); 882-2799

1-bedroom apartment available June 1; one block from SUB. Summer sublease or assume lease. Call Bill, 885-6170 days.

1-bedroom 2 blocks downtown, 4 blocks from campus. Summer rate, negotiable. 882-9484.

Help us with our lease! Two bedroom apartment, close to campus, great view. Call 882-0800.

Summer sublease one bedroom apt., 2 blocks from campus. 6/1-8/15, \$100/mo. Call 882-3295 after 5.

1-bedroom furnished available for summer sublease or assume lease. Across from SUB. Rent negotiable. 882-7964.

HELP! Need subletters for 3-bedroom apartment. \$75 apiece for two, less if three. Nice place, real roomy. Find out how thrilling Moscow can be in the summer. Call Dick or Brian at 882-0427, evenings.

Available May 17th: Sublease furnished 1-bedroom, rent negotiable, one block from SUB. 882-1138, After five.

Share three bedroom house with two people. Ten minutes from campus. 882-9226 or 882-0960.

Summer sub-lease: 2-bedroom furnished apt. w/deck, dishwasher, a/c, w/d, downstairs. By Circle-K, \$145/mo. Pam, 882-8717.

Summer sublease: 2-bedroom, fully furnished apartment. 10 minute walk from U.C.C., \$170/mo. or offer. Available 5-15 to 8-21, Call Darrell or Dan, 882-2773.

Summer sublease: 1-bedroom, partially furnished apartment three blocks from campus. \$160/mo or offer. Bill, 882-2785.

2. HOUSES FOR RENT

Summer sub-lease. Small 2-bedroom house 2 blocks from campus, furnished, \$100/mo. Linda Holt, 885-6865 after 6:30.

Female roommate needed May 1. Practically on campus! Rent cheap.

Available for summer and fall. Call Suzanne 885-6371 or 882-8218. Beautiful house.

Furnished 3-bedroom house, summer sublease. Rent negotiable. Call 882-1989 after 6:00 p.m.

Sublet for summer, option to take over lease. 3-bedroom house close to campus. Stop by 118 N. Jackson.

5. TRAILERS FOR SALE

10x50 w/8x24 addition, 2-3 bedrooms, wood or oil heat, pets allowed. \$7,000. 882-3467 after 5:00.

For Sale 8'x42' 1 1/2 bedroom trailer. Front living room with hardwood floor, range and refrigerator. Very cozy. Located in St. Maries, Idaho. You move, can legally be moved yourself. \$1800.00 Best offer or possible trade. Call 882-6632.

6. ROOMMATES

Need summer roommate, share modern house, own bedroom, all conveniences, Showtime, all utilities included. \$119/mo. Call Bill, 885-6171 mornings, 882-6662 evenings.

Room in duplex, sunny, great view, washer dryer. Short walk to campus. Summer plus fall option, \$100. 882-7112.

7. JOBS

OVERSEAS JOBS—Summer/year round. Europe, South America, Australia, Asia. All fields. \$500-1200 monthly. Sightseeing. Free info. Write JC, Box 52-ID2, Corona Del Mar, CA, 92625.

FORESTERS, Graduates in forestry, environmental science, biology or botany may qualify for positions in Africa, Asia, Latin America, and the Caribbean. **PEACE CORPS** in Moscow, UCC 241 or 885-6757.

Ag or other student wanted to do the work on 160 acre irrigated ranch for board, room and share of grain. Mechanic ability needed. Non-smoker preferred. Call 1-208-527-3111 or

write: Box 100, Arco, ID, 83213 and include your phone number.

\$645 pay for six weeks, round trip travel to Louisville, Ky. Room and board provided, 4 hours of credit. Compete for one of 300 two-year scholarships. Qualify, without obligation, for our 2-year commissioning program. Call 885-6528.

8. FOR SALE

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

Large white water rafts for Salmon River, Hells Canyon, etc. Or "monster" size (28') for lake "house boat" camping. Heavy duty, limited supply, \$350, 882-6897.

1962 Chevy BelAir, 84,000/mi., 6-cyl., 4/dr., \$800. 882-1735.

One way ticket to Hawaii. Must sell before May 15. Call Julie at 882-0764. \$200.

Kingsize waterbed, complete, \$175. 30-gallon aquarium w/fish, \$75. ETR Tower speakers, \$175. Frank, 885-7696/7562.

9. AUTOS

Does your car or truck need repairs? Domestic and foreign. Call or see George's Auto Repair, Troy Hwy. & Veatch, 882-0876.

1974 Ford Galaxy 500, excellent shape, asking \$1000 or best offer, call 882-9689.

1980 Camero 305V8, 11,000 miles, loaded with extras. \$7200. 882-3088 or 885-6246, ask for Joanne.

10. MOTORCYCLES

1974 Yamaha 250cc eduro good

shape \$400 or best offer. Call Tim 882-8433 or see at 236 N. Line Street Moscow.

11. RIDES

Traveling To The Spokane Airport? Let us provide you a ride. Phone Campus Link, Inc. at 882-1223 or your local travel agent for reservations.

12. WANTED

Needed to rent: 2 or 3 bedroom home with sunny windows and garden space. Moscow area. To be available in May or June. Please reply to Ivy Howard, Box 183, Rt. 7, Idaho Falls, Idaho, 83401.

Will buy clean twin mattress, boxsprings, rollers. Want exercycle. Want cross country skis—195's. 882-4191.

13. PERSONALS

One used "Hener Bener" for sale.

14. ANNOUNCEMENTS

Students who have lockers or baskets in the Physical Education Building or Memorial Gym are asked to turn in their locks and towels by May 7. If you plan to attend summer school, arrangements can be made.

10 vacancies left for qualified UI students in 6-week summer course at Louisville, Ky. Paid travel, room, board, \$645, 4 credits. Students from over 300 colleges/universities. For enrollment information, 885-6528.

16. LOST AND FOUND

Reward offered for return. Red Centurion Men's 10-speed. No questions; 4-A Stadium DR. 882-8762.

17. MISCELLANEOUS

Photographers—do you need help marketing your photography? We represent the finest photography. Send your best or queries with sufficient return postage to: Idaho Photo Bank, Sun Valley Office, Box 3069 Ketchum, Idaho 83340.

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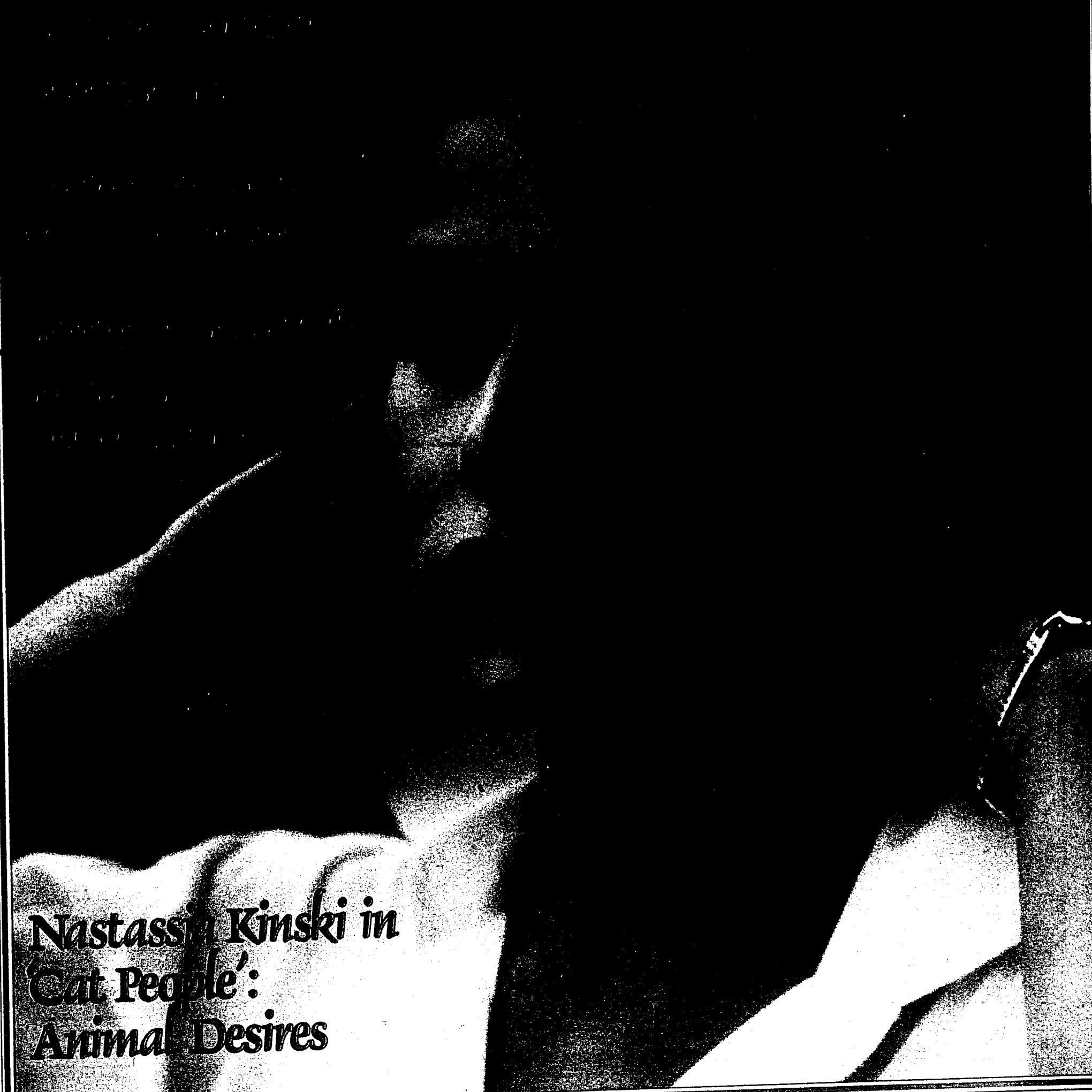
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20 Only Cassette Car Stereos, Underdash	\$75	\$25 each	23 Pair Only 2-Way Car Speakers, Dual Cone	\$49	\$19 pair
32 Only AM/FM/8-track Car Stereos In Dash (Best)	\$165	\$59 each	10 Only AM/FM in Dash Cassettes For Small Cars	\$225	\$89 each
30 Only AM/FM Cassette Car Stereos In Dash (Best)	\$189	\$59 each	22 Only AM/FM Cassettes For Car with Auto Reverse	\$225	\$89 each
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Nastassia Kinski in
'Cat People':
Animal Desires

The Music, Arts & Entertainment Magazine for College Newspapers



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IN ONE EAR

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

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

Randy Agnew
Austin, TX

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

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

Naomi Wender
University of Maryland

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

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

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

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

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

An Avid Reader
Mark

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

New Contributors

JODY EVE GRANT (*On Screen*) toils in the CMPS division of Alan Weston Communications, Inc., studied film at UCLA (graduated when she was 20) and is a twin.

DARLENE GUILDNER (*On Screen*) attended Long Beach State and proved she's a better proofreader than anyone on our blind staff. But did it get her a job? Are you kidding?

Travel Section

BUDDY BASCH has his own Travel Feature Syndicate out of New York, which sounds like a not unpleasant way to earn a living.

BONNY CHRISTINA CELINE once worked at Summerfest and is now pursuing a writing career in Milwaukee.

DEBORAH LEVIN, a former airlines pilot, aspires to start a Polynesian-style hand laundry on the banks of the Los Angeles River.

DAN ROBERTS, in real life, is an editor of an Oregon-based wildlife magazine, and loves to toy with alliteration, hyperbole, litotes, oxymoron, you name it.

KEITH WALLAN sent us this gem unsolicited, and that's all we know about him.

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OUR COVER

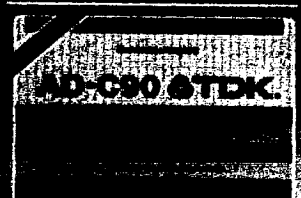
Nastassia Kinski in her strange-but-beautiful-and-mysterious look for Cat People.



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& OUT THE OTHER

News from Lucasville

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

Bad news: there won't be a sequel to *Raiders of the Lost Ark* until 1984.

Deals, Schmeals

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Knacksters on Track

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

Brassy Women Sought

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

Need Wheels?

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

Three Down, Five to Go

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

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

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

& Twelve More ...

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



Ten Years Late, but Who's Counting?

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

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

Josie, Are You Obscene?

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

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

Personals

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

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

Tuneful News & Looney Tunes

DAVID BOWIE & GIORGIO MORODER have collaborated on the soundtrack for *Cat People* (see feature this issue). It will be released on Backstreet Records.

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

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

(Continued next page)

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& OUT THE OTHER

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

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

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

Playing Games

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

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

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

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

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

You Should Be Dancing, Yarrgh!

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

BOLD



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

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

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

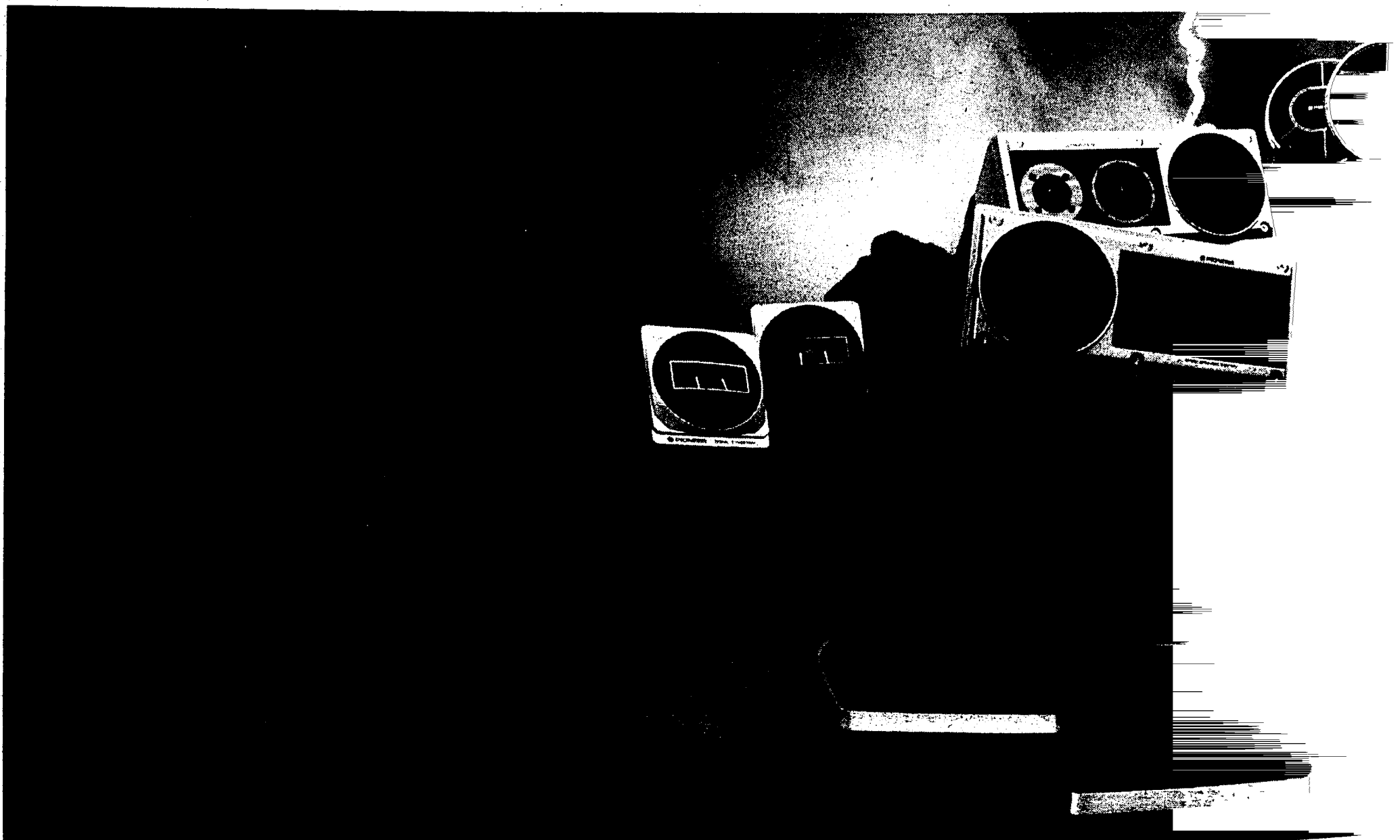
Just What Are Your Favorite Stars Up To?

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

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

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

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



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The above tortures are inflicted on not one, but

ON SCREEN

One from the Heart

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Eric Flaum

Personal Best

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

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

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

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

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

(Continued on page 15)



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ON DISC

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

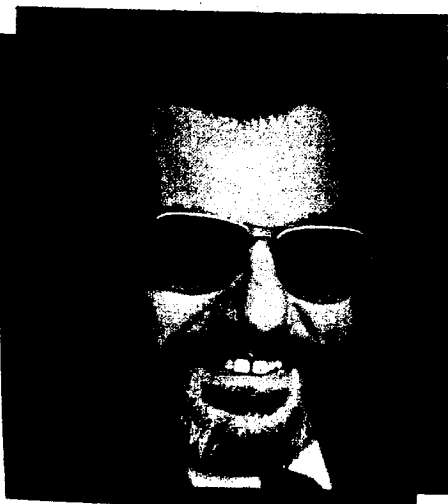
(SIRE) David Byrne's sometimes stark, sometimes sonorous compositions for modern-dance maven Twyla Tharp's *Catherine Wheel* project represent a logical extension for the head Talking Head's recorded work to date. At various times on this ambitious effort, Byrne recalls the wired-tight anxiety of his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

Steven X. Rea

JOHNNY OTIS
The New Johnny Otis Show

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

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



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

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

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

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

Byron Laursen

Ocean Drive
Vols. 1-3

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

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

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

there's more, much more.

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

Gene Sculatti

ABBA
The Visitors

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

tersweet taste to Abba's current brand of bubblegum here.

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

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

a singsong beat that's more unsettling than infectious. Abba has taken its trademark style and reworked it into dark, oversentimental cabaret music, full of regret and foreboding.

When they were an effervescent escapist group, Abba could be appreciated as good clean fun, if nothing more. *The Visitors* doesn't offer any such quick highs, yet fails to entertain on a more intellectual level.

Barry Alfonso

JOAN JETT
I Love Rock n' Roll

(BOARDWALK RECORDS) Power chords attack us right off the bat and then, enter The Tough Attitude — a must accessory for any heavy rocker worth his or her salt. The title track is reminiscent of Leslie West and Mountain, a heavy metal pop band from the

ON TOUR

Joan Armatrading

WARFIELD THEATRE, SAN FRANCISCO

JUST outside the Warfield the main drag was jammed with a frenetic scene: cars paraded up and down, horns blared, passengers leaned out flashing "We're Number One" signs while pedestrians swarmed onto the street to contribute their own whooping and hollering in celebration of the San Francisco Forty-Niners' Super Bowl victory that afternoon.

Inside the classy, old-fashioned Warfield, the atmosphere was equally festive, but for a different reason. Joan Armatrading, the vital West Indies-born British singer-songwriter, was providing the audience a stirring, stunning 85-minute set.

Armatrading, dressed head to toe in white, opened the show just like the new record: simple, heavy synthesizer lines gathered attention to frame the singer chanting "I'm lucky, I'm lucky..." From "I'm Lucky" she and her backing band moved into "Down to Zero," then "I Wanna Hold You" and "Rosie."

While the set emphasized songs from *Ladders*, Armatrading drew from all stages of her career, which, ultimately, was both a blessing and a curse. This range of material afforded an opportunity to trace her steady progress as a songwriter; it also lent considerable musical diversity to the proceedings — a jazz-tinged passage here, some folk-based tenderness there, mixed in with the Jamaican strains and snappy rock she currently favors.

But a few times the blend of styles chipped away at the cohesion and pacing of the performance, particularly toward the end when Joan, playing acoustic guitar, and her superb band — guitarist Gary Sanford, bass and Stick player Jeremy Meeks, keyboardist Dean Kluzate, drummer Justin Hildreth, multi-instrumentalist Julian Diggle — locked into a long, pointless jazzy-jam.

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

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

Duncan Strauss

Nathan Milstein

ACADEMY OF MUSIC, PHILADELPHIA, PA

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

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

The highlight of his Academy recital

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

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

Sol Louts Stiegel

Jaco Pastorius

DOROTHY CHANDLER PAVILION, LA

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

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

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

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

Donna Ross

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

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

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

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

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

Zan Stewart

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OFF THE WALL

BY DALE WHITE

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

"Here comes that Wilson boy — all alone as usual," she comments.

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

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

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

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

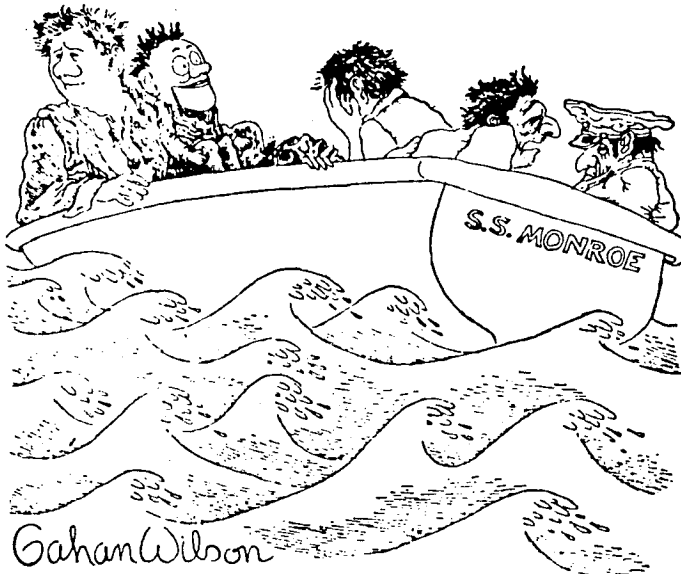
And that's exactly what Gahan Wilson does. His sense of humor is amazingly perverse, shiveringly morbid. He finds something to laugh about in all sorts of wicked and uncommon things: hospital patients connected to i.v.s, hanging judges, mad scientists, fallen angels, emotionless business executives,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

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

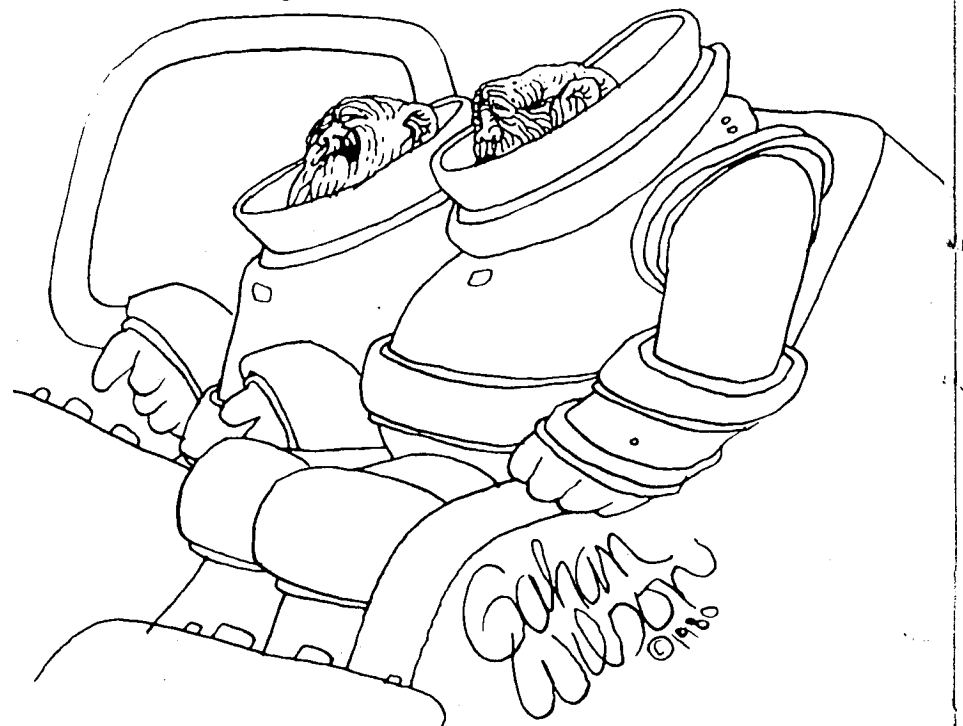
Although he is tall, sandy-haired and blue-eyed, Wilson suspects the public pictures him as "little, wrinkled and green ... Or they think I'm English and evil, a Dr. Moriarty. That's okay with me. In time, I'll probably turn into that."

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

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



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



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

Wierd & Wonderful

Gahan Wilson



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

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

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

But why is he so — different?

"I don't know what to say."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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Summer Smeakers

Hot Air Ballooning — The Last Travel Frontier

BY BUDDY BASCH

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

North to Alaska

BY DON ROBERTS

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

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

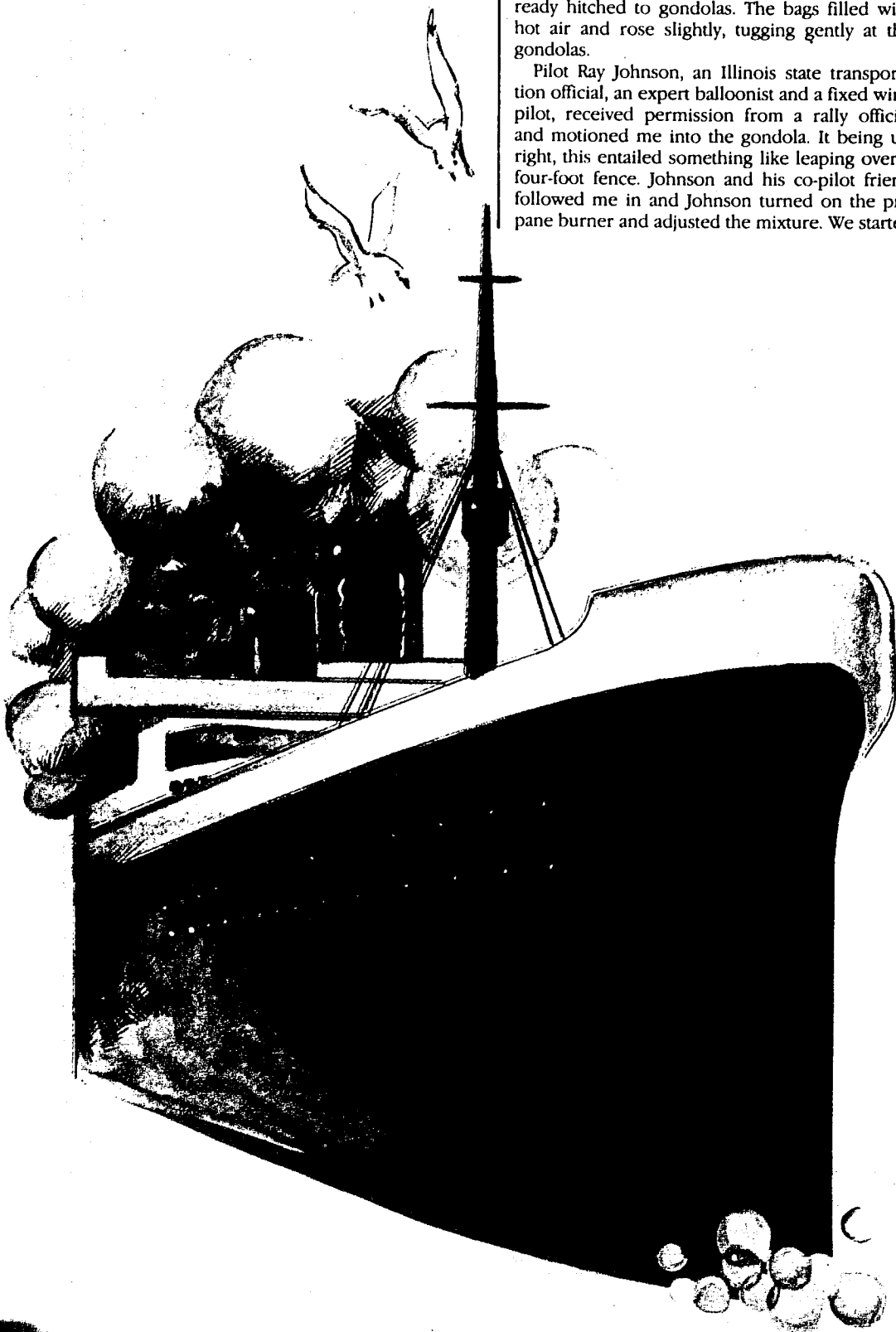
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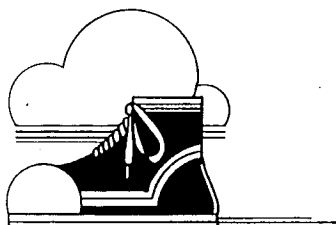
The Alaska-Canadian highway is hard in more ways than one. Nearly all of the Canadian portion of this timbered thoroughfare is gravel-surfaced and in some places barely surfaced at all. The dust is so overwhelming that it is illegal to drive without your headlights blazing and even then cars are often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

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

High Planes Drifter

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





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

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

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

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

Sea Alaska

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

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

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

Beating Around the Bush

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

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

With subtle transfer from fire to ice, Glacier Bay Monument is sanctuary for creeping phantoms of ice. This 13,579 square kilometer park hosts slumbering remnants of the ice age that began 4,000 years ago, including 16 active tidewater glaciers, gouged-out fjords, and bays silently populated with drifting icebergs. Although this area is starkly foreboding, wildlife, particularly sea birds and mammals, abound. The few rugged hiking trails ensure isolation. For those who wish to press muzzle-to-muzzle with deer, moose, bear, foxes, wolves, caribou, and the rare dall sheep, Mt. McKinley National Park is unrivalled. Dominated by a mountain so high (6,194 meters) and massive that it creates its own weather, this broadly based park is divided into separate ecosystems. A limited access scheme guarantees that you may explore any one of these distinct areas and never bounce an eyeball off another soul.

Advice and Ascent

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Mountain Matriculation

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

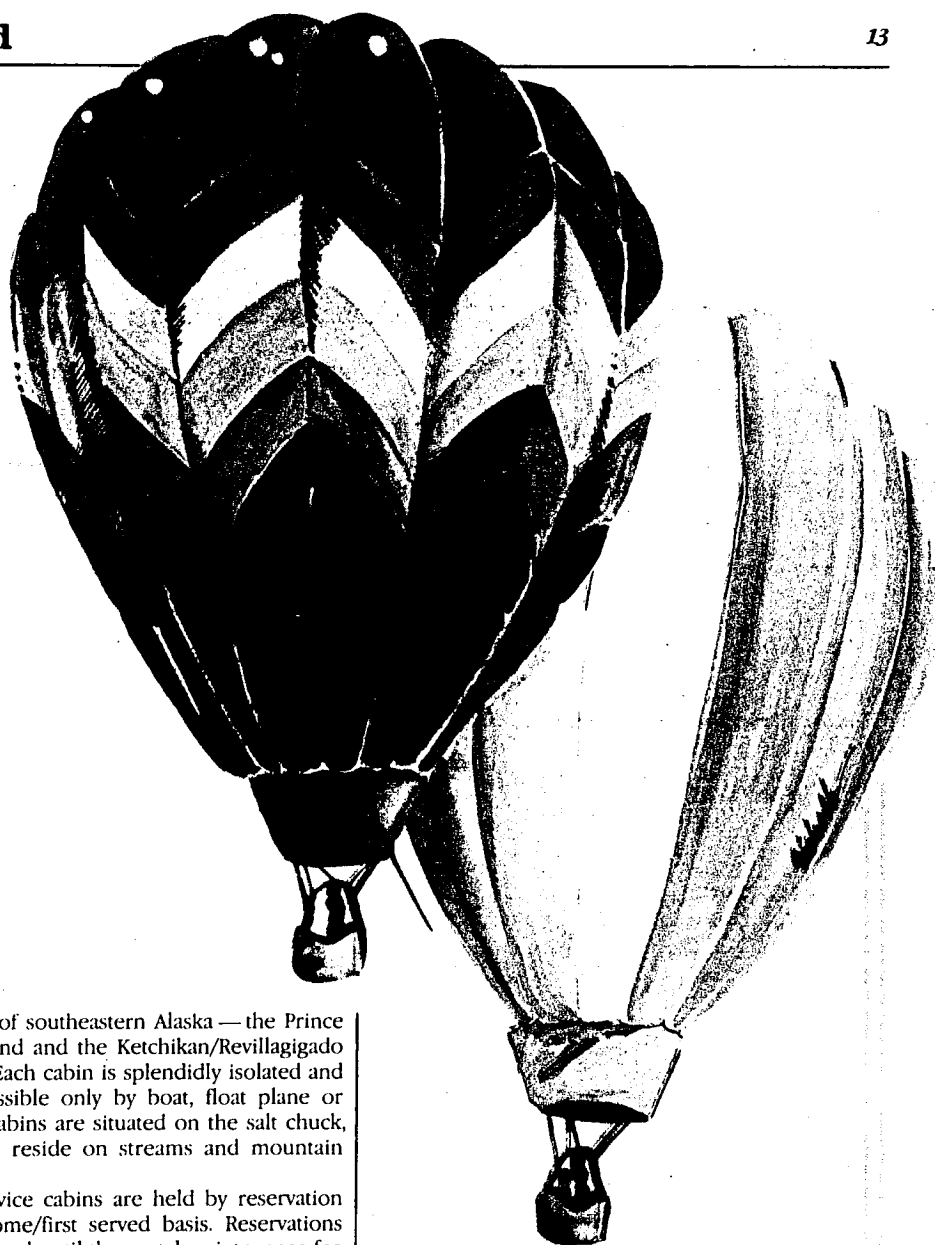
Making a Travel Guide

BY BARBARA J. ROCHE

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Linda Haverty sets the record straight: for all the excitement, there is hard work, frustration, and occasional depression.

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

Carnival in Trinidad

BY DEBORAH LEVIN

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

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

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

It is the music of "Mas" (Carnival) that makes Trinidad's event unique. It provides rhythm and people play with the energy and enthusiasm that seems like celebrating a victory. Carnival music is planned, rehearsed and labored over. Steel bands—whose members number up to 100—are now among the most successful aspect of the carnival. What started out as banging on garbage pail lids and empty cans has grown into a sophisticated, sensitive sound. Some ensembles bolster their songlists with European classical pieces.

Carnival occurs during the two days before Lent, but the buildup to Mas starts in September when early "fetes" (parties) begin. By December, calypso music replaces all other forms. The first official event planned by the Carnival Development Committee is scheduled by January. On any given night there are dozens of "fetes" going on. It's a 24-hour public orgy that takes place day after day after day... and it's all subsidized by the government!

The Plunt Festival of Sweinheim

BY KEITH WALLAN

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Summerfest

BY BONNY CHRISTINA CELINE

It's no secret that Milwaukee, Wisconsin is not considered one of the nation's major music markets, and it isn't—354 days each year. But for eleven days in early summer (twelve in 1982), Milwaukee's beautiful lakefront becomes Summerfest. And Summerfest offers more music, food and fun than any other single place from east coast to west.

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

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

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

The Summerfest grounds are more like a garden than a fairground—minimal cement, maximum greenery. A cool evening breeze drifts off Lake Michigan. You may decide to start the evening with some quieter, acoustic music, so you head for the TV-6 sponsored Folk Stage, and spend some time listening to national acts like Tom Paxton, Robin & Linda Williams or Gamble Rogers or perhaps Milwaukee-based talent like Bill Camplin, Gil Plotkin or the Early Sisters.

Suddenly you're hungry; a stop at Monreal's, perhaps, for Mexican food, and dessert at Shorewood Village Bakery. Perhaps just a wine cooler with a slice of lemon? You pass by Pabst-sponsored International Stage and catch a few songs from someone like Chubby Checker or Rick Nelson & the Stone Canyon Band.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"There is nothing like Summerfest," says Festival President Rod Lanser. "Milwaukee is very proud of it. And you have to admit that the price is right. For about 35¢ per listening hour, there is no finer entertainment bargain anywhere."

There is a mailing list for brochures at SUMMERFEST, 200 N. Harbor Drive, Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53202 (414/273-2680). Tickets can be purchased in advance for only \$4, and are \$5 per day at the gate once the festival opens.

Housing and camping information can be obtained by writing the Greater Milwaukee Visitors & Convention Center, 756 N. Milwaukee Street, Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53202 (414/273-722).

ON SCREEN

(Continued from page 7)

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

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

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

Michele Kort

Death Valley

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

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

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

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

Jody Eve Grant

Urgh!

with 30 rock groups, produced by Micheal White, directed by Derek Burbidge.

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

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

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

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

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

Judith Sims

Tag

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

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

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

Darlene Guildner

Missing

starring Jack Lemmon and Sissy Spacek; written by Costa-Gavras and Donald Stewart; directed by Costa-Gavras.

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

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

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

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

Judith Sims

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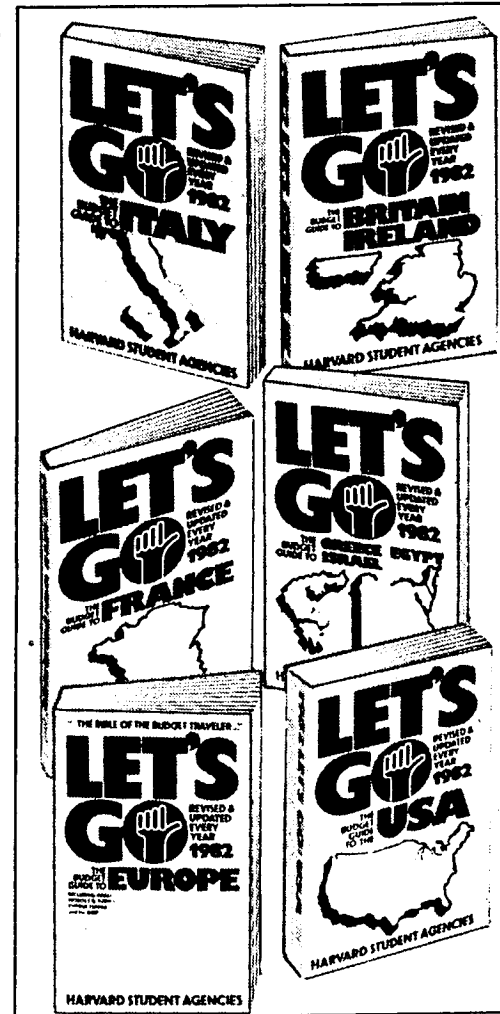
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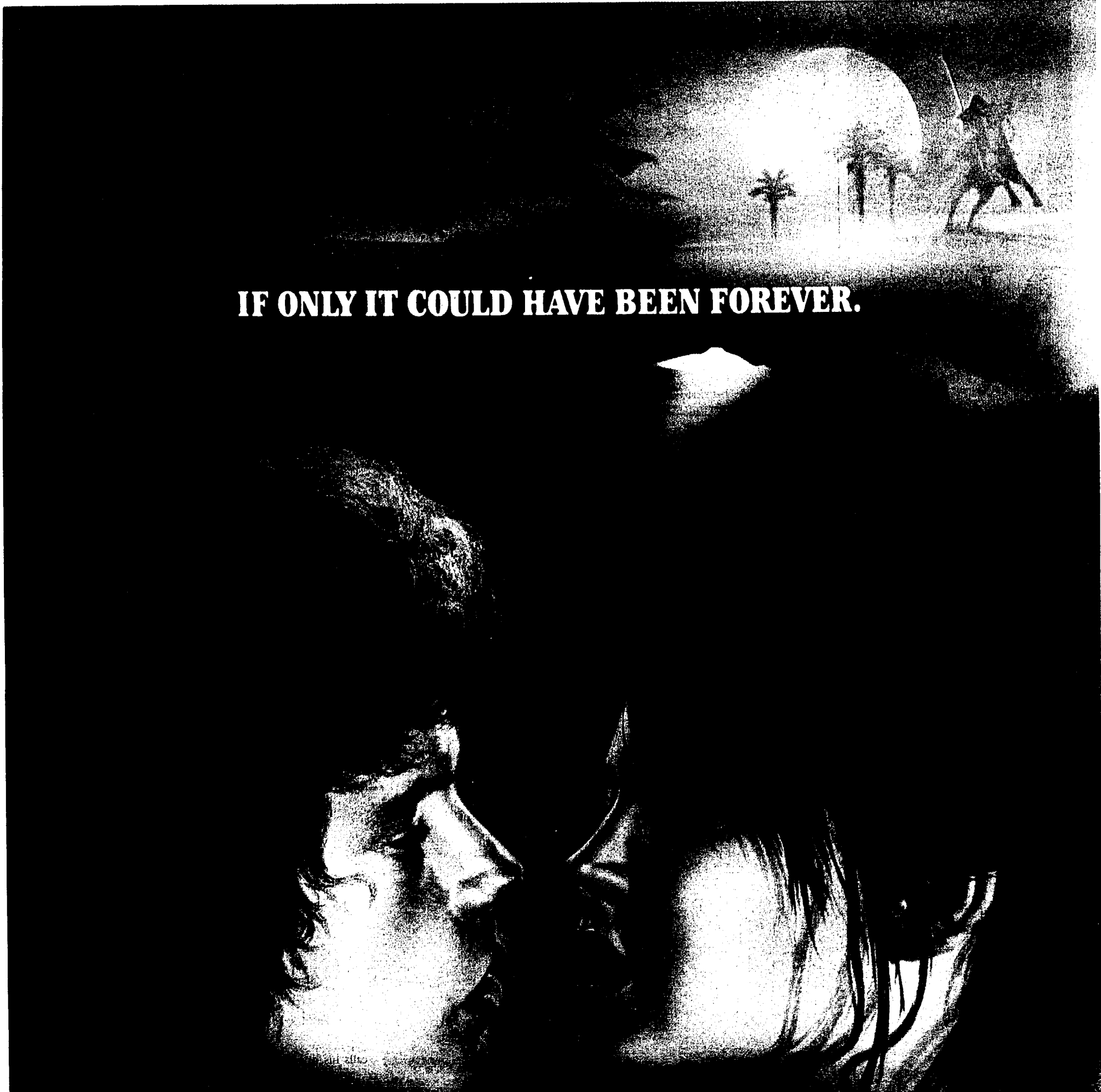
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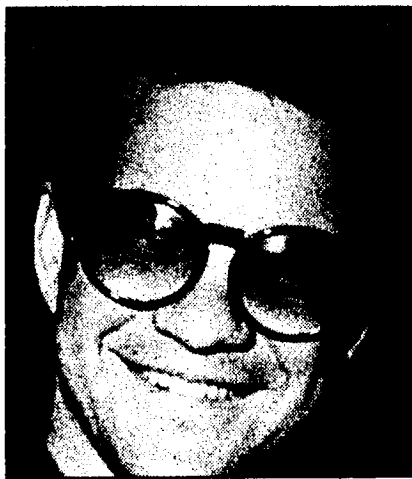
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BY STEVEN X. REA

NASTASSIA KINSKI doesn't like what she's been reading about herself lately, particularly the business that began after *Tess* regarding her "uncanny," "eerie" and "remarkable" resemblance to the young Ingrid Bergman. "I really don't look like her at all," insists the 21-year-old Berlin-born actress about the sad-eyed screen star of *Casablanca*, *Spellbound* and *Notorious*.

Still, as she ambles idly through the cold, stoney, Gothic set of a 1901 New Orleans zoo on Stage 27 at Universal Studios, kicking the toe of one penny loafer against the heel of her other, dressed in a simple skirt-and-sweater combo, her hair cropped short and straight, the similarities are hard to ig-

cat people

Fifties Horror Classic Mutates Anew

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

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

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

Pretty silly stuff, all right, but the way

Nastassia Kinski sees it, it's also a disarmingly simple "love story." As she waits between takes for Schrader and cinematographer John Bailey (*American Gigolo*, *Ordinary People*) to work out the moves of an elaborate tracking shot, Kinski leans against one of the empty zoo cages and talks about the sensuality of cats and how humans have a "cat-like side to their nature."

"This film is really about sexual awakening, and about true love. About bringing out the cat in us all," she says. As for Schrader — an intensely serious film critic-turned-filmmaker whose worldview has been shaped by a strict Calvinist upbringing and years immersed in the flickering, shadowy recesses of movie theaters — he likes to refer to *Cat People* as his "fun" movie. "Not fun in terms of a movie like *Arthur*," Schrader explains, sitting in his Prowler trailer (the Prowler logo, coincidentally, is a cat), "but fun like a play can be fun. We're not dealing with terribly important issues here — I mean, they are terribly important but we're not making a 'statement' that has to be dealt with."

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

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

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

Certainly, *Cat People* is a departure for Schrader. For one thing, it's the first film he's directed that isn't based on his own screenplay. Alan Ormsby (*My Bodyguard*) gets the credit for the *Cat People* writing job, though Schrader reports that the movie he's finishing up is "80 percent or more different than the script I was first handed." (Schrader says that both he and Ormsby handled the rewrites.) As for just being the hired-on director, "Initially it was liberating," he explains,

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



Zydeco King & His Red Hat Clifton Chenier Louisiana Band

BY ART FEIN

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

As it is here.

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

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

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

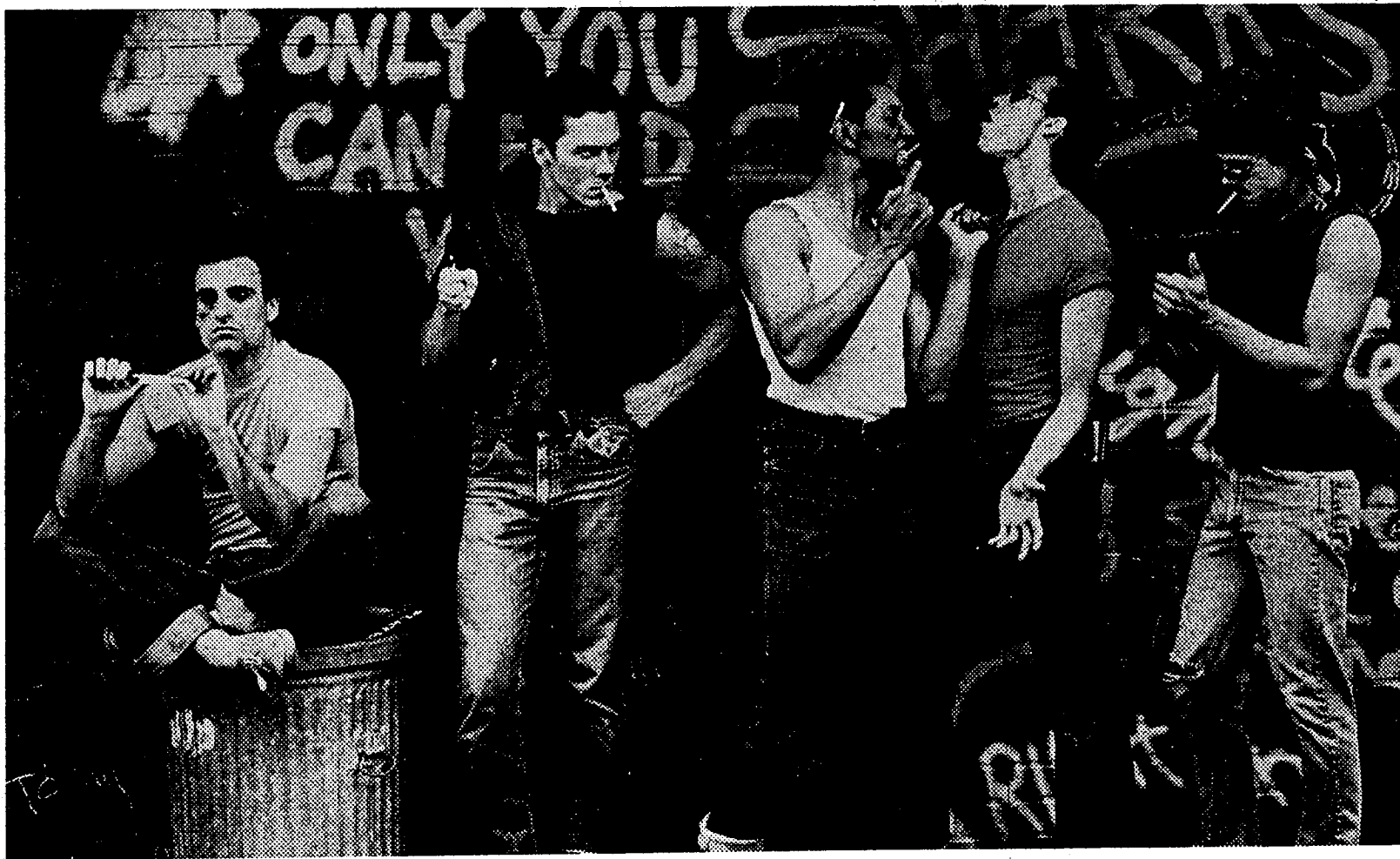
Chenier's road work has been cut down after he fell seriously ill last year from complications brought on by diabetes. "Don't worry about me," Chenier



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

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

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

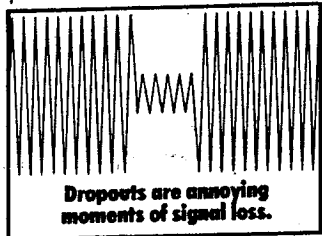


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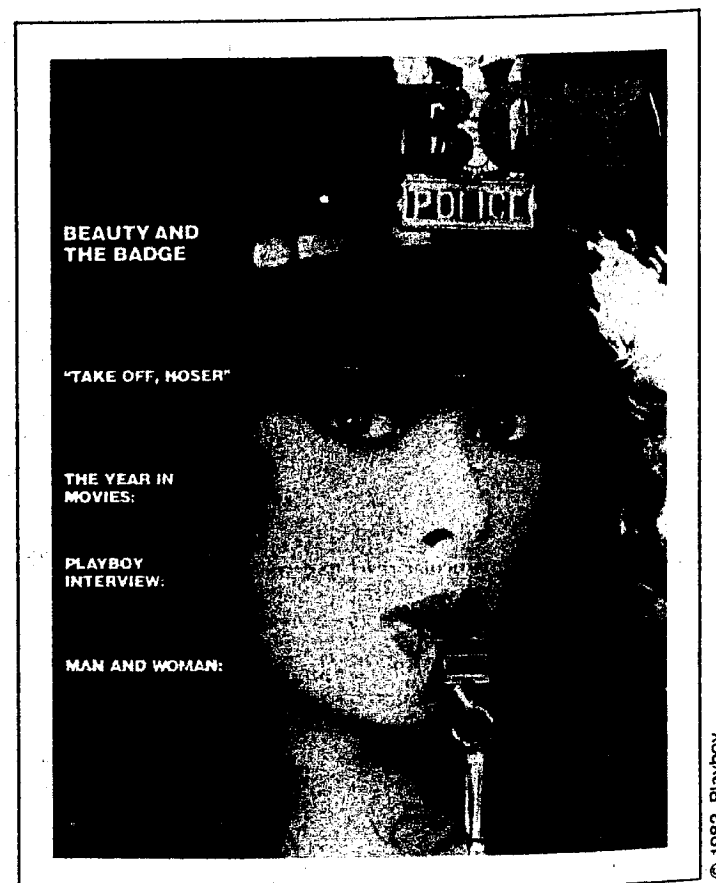


PLAYBOY TALKS TO BILLY JOEL

Rock 'n' roller Billy Joel is just one of many interesting people you'll meet in the May issue of PLAYBOY. In his most revealing interview ever, the famed singer-songwriter tells what it's like to be at the top and what it took to get there. You'll also go behind the scenes at *Second City TV* for a hilarious rap with John Candy, Joe Flaherty and the other zany members of television's

hottest comedy cast.

May PLAYBOY also introduces you to "superspy" Bobby Ray Inman, the CIA's deputy director, and a Playmate from Texas who also does great uncover work. Also this month: why real men don't eat quiche; a review of the year's best and worst from Hollywood; *The Whorehouse Papers*, by Larry King; and much more. All in May PLAYBOY. Don't miss it.



on sale now

The Low Budget Hustle

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

BY LORI HIGA

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

Like Specialty, First Run Features handles indie films for distribution primarily to first-run theaters.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

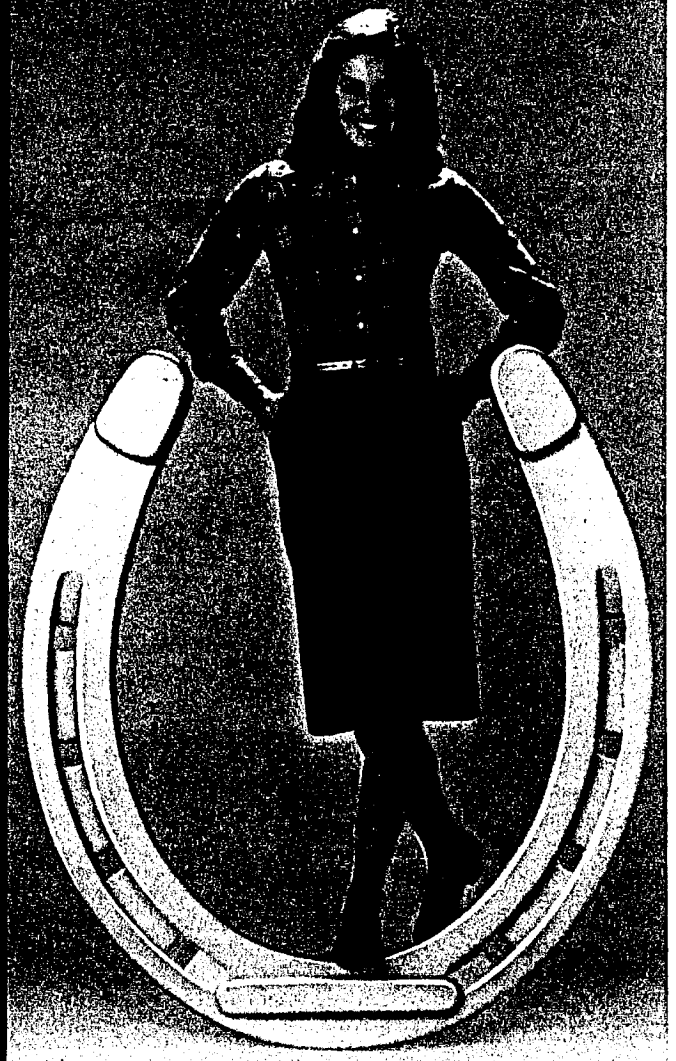
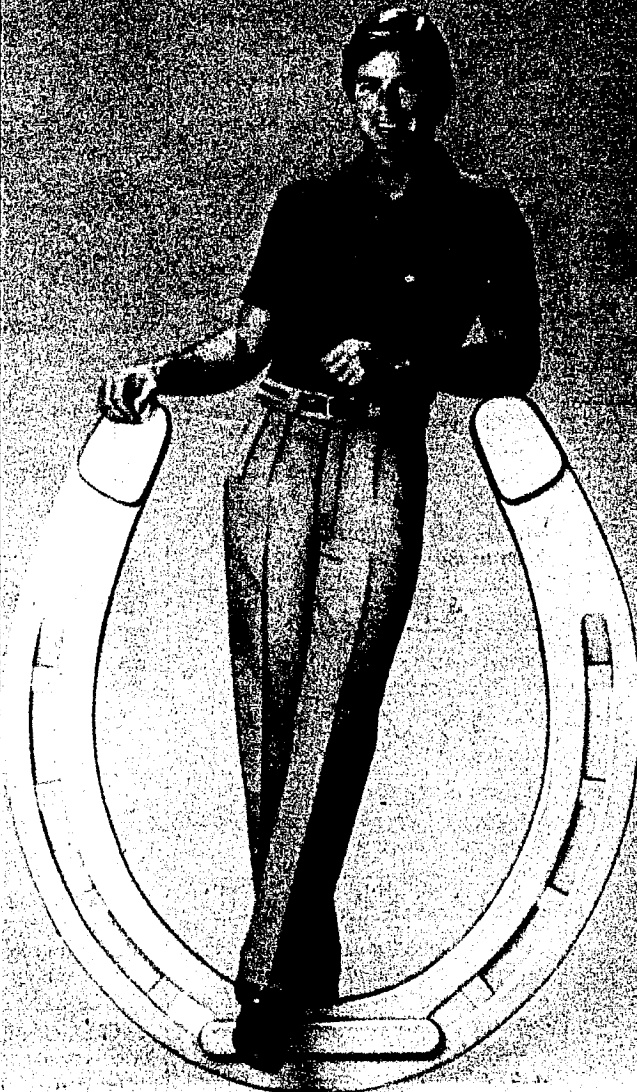
The company is arranging to get films screened in "nicer" campus theaters rather than "in gymnasiums or in a room where a movie screen's been set up. That way, they can invite the community, who will maybe pay a buck more than the students do, to get involved with the school and also see the films."

For the present, the fate of Cinema Circuit is uncertain as groundwork is still being laid, but Clark Communications continues to sell *Workplace* at the incredible rate of about 40 prints per month. "Women Being" has been test marketed in the Bay Area to good results, said Vogt, who is hard at work contacting some 300 colleges nationwide. Upcoming packages from the Circuit will focus on subjects like "Natural Highs" (on ballooning, hang gliding, other kinds of "natural" flying), natural healing (specifically, Norman Cousins' laughter therapy) and modern animation. The latter entails a package of slick commercials and rock & roll promo films with computer-generated graphics whose exposure has been limited for economic reasons. As for the future, Clark is attempting to hoe another tough row. "We're trying to get into the theatrical market, too" said Vogt.

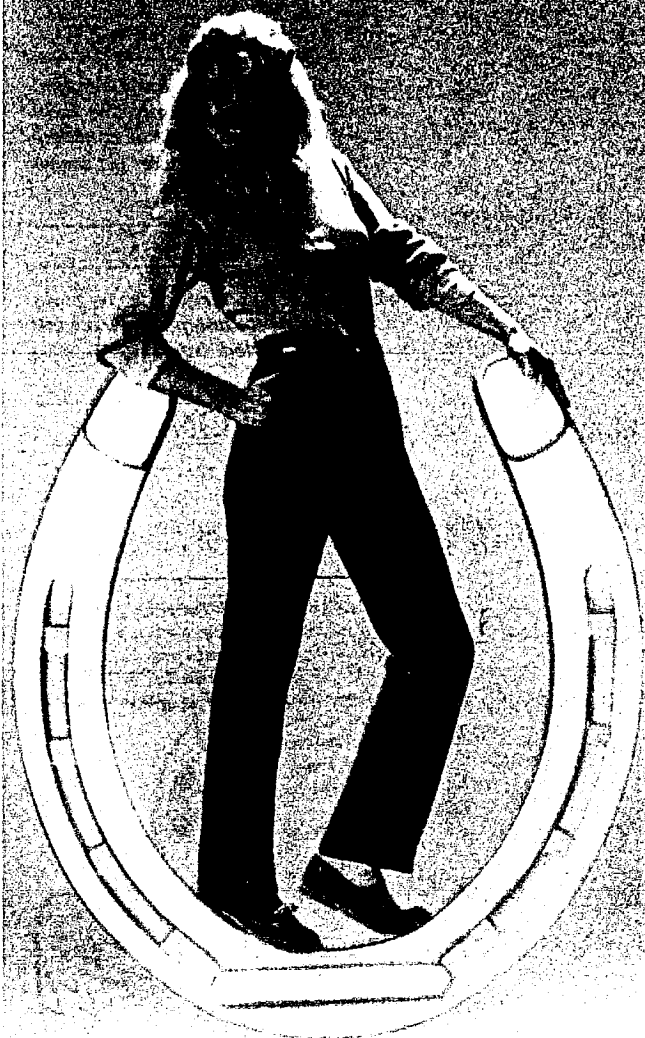
DICKIES, 1922



DICKIES, 1922



DICKIES, 1982

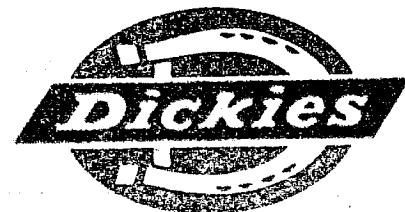


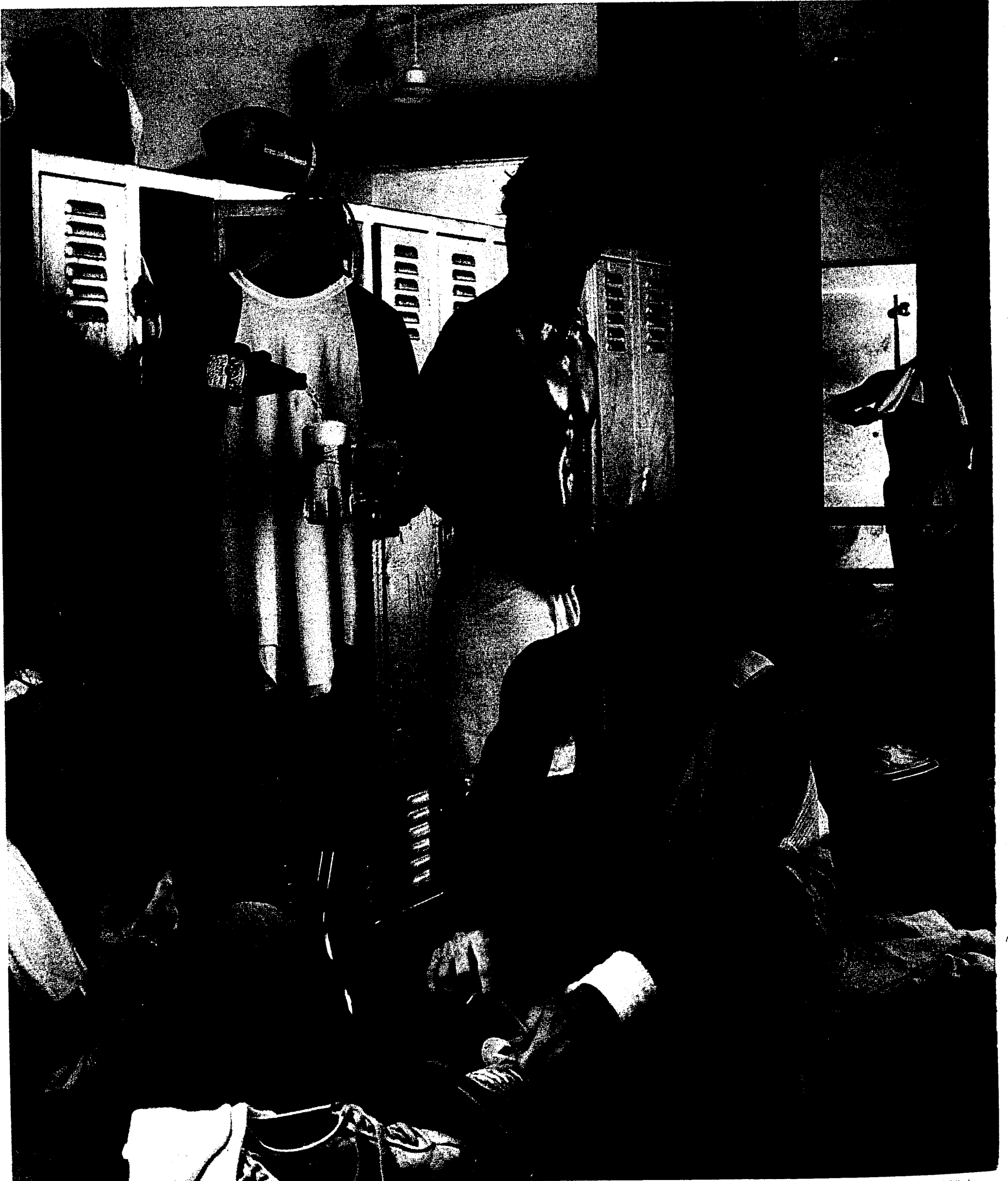
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