



# The Idaho Argonaut

Vol. 86, No. 62

University of Idaho

May 7, 1982

## Students told they jump to conclusions on issues

Although it got off to a slow start, the participants in Tuesday's Student Rights Rally gained enough momentum along the way to fill the University of Idaho President's office with 30 students throwing questions at Vice President of Academic Affairs Robert Furgason.

The purpose of the rally was to give students an opportunity to voice their concern over issues such as Theophilus Tower evictions, commencement, the Learning Skills Center and fee increases.

In the past, the administration has been criticized for not listening to students' opinions on such issues.

The procession made its way from the Tower through the square between the library and the UCC, and to the President's Office in the Administration Building. Both President Gibb and Executive Assistant Terry Armstrong were absent from the office.

When asked if the administration considers students opinions when deciding issues, Furgason told the crowd each issue must be considered on an individual basis and student government is used in these decisions as the representative of the student body.

He said sometimes students jump to conclusions about decisions. He referred specifically to the issue of the possible abolition of the Learning Skills Center and the fact that students believe it will be abolished when the administration has said it will not.

Students also asked Furgason questions about the East End Addition and why money was used to fund it instead of buildings such as a bookstore or library.

Furgason told students to be careful about falling into the trap of saying money can be used where it legally cannot because of stipulations on some types of monies.

Douglas Jones, one of the organizers of the rally, and recently-elected ASUI senator told Furgason students were willing to get out and work together with the administration and do not want to be ignored in the decision-making process.

Another organizer, Mark Williamson, asked students, "Don't you care how the administration operates?"

A student standing in front of a window in Gault Hall replied, "The administration doesn't operate it dictates."

## Library finals week schedule set

The Library will remain open until 1 a.m. the week of May 8-13 to accommodate those studying for final examinations.

May 10-13	8 am-1 am
May 14	8 am-5 pm
May 15-16	CLOSED

Interession hours will be  
 May 8 9 am-1 am 7:30 a.m. - 4:30 p.m. Monday-Friday.  
 May 9 1 pm-1 am

## Finals schedule

Regular classrooms will be used for the examinations unless instructors make special arrangements through the Registrar's Office. In order to avoid conflicts, rooms should be reserved in the Registrar's Office for "common final" examinations. Instructors will announce to their classes rooms to be used for all sectioned classes having common final examinations. No quizzes or examinations shall be given in lecture-recitation periods during the week before the final examination week. Examinations in laboratory periods and in physical education activity classes, final in-class essays in English composition classes, and final oral presentations in speech classes are permitted that week. Announcements of time and room should be made by the instructor for all examinations. Instructors are required to meet their classes during the examination period for which they are scheduled during the final examination week, either for an examination or a final class session. Instructors may deviate from the approved schedule only upon recommendation of the appropriate college dean and with the approval of the vice president for academic affairs and research.

EXAMINATION DAY AND HOUR FOR CLASSES MEETING:

Examination Time	Monday May 10	Tuesday May 11	Wednesday May 12	Thursday May 13	Friday May 14
7:30 a.m.	MTWTF T	TTH	MTWTF T	TTH	MTWTF T
to	MWF MW MF	TH	MWF MW MF	TH	MWF MW MF
9:30 a.m.					
10:00 a.m.	1:30 p.m. MTWTF T	9:30 a.m. TTH	7:30 a.m. TTH	12:30 p.m. MTWTF T	8:30 a.m. TTH
to	MWF MW MF	TH	TH	MWF MW MF	TH
12:00 p.m.					
1:00 p.m.	2:30 p.m. TTH	3:30 p.m. MTWTF T	11:30 a.m. MTWTF T	10:30 a.m. TTH	10:30 a.m. MTWTF T
to	TH	MWF MW MF	MWF MW MF	TH	MWF MW MF
3:00 p.m.					
3:30 p.m.	1:30 p.m. TTH	9:30 a.m. MTWTF T	11:30 a.m. TTH	8:30 a.m. MTWTF T	4:30 p.m./Conflicts TTH
to	TH	MWF MW MF	TH	MWF MW MF	TH
5:30 p.m.					
7:00 p.m.	COMMON Math 107 Math 111 Math 140 Math 160	COMMON Psych 100 Acctg 201 Acctg 202 Acctg 302	COMMON CS 131 Bus 265 Bus 311 Comm 233	COMMON Chem 112 Chem 114 Bus 301 Bus 321	
to	Math 180 Bus 231 Bus 312				
9:00 p.m.					

Students with more than two finals in one day are permitted, at their option, to have the excess final(s) rescheduled to the conflict period or at a time arranged with the instructor of the course. Night classes scheduled during the spring semester will have their final examination during the regular class time.



P. Jerome

UI students march past the Physical Science building on their way to the President's office. "Five! four! three! two! one! We want a voice in what goes on!" they chanted.

## Printing delay slows Gem arrival

A printing delay has altered distribution plans for the *Gem of the Mountains* yearbook.

The yearbooks will now be individually mailed to the students' permanent addresses from the printer's plant in Los Angeles. Students should receive their books before the end of the month. The printer is paying the mailing expenses.

"It's extremely disappointing for the *Gem* staff not to be able to personally distribute the final product to the students," said

Gary Lundgren, yearbook editor.

The delay is clearly the printer's fault, Lundgren said. The *Gem* has met every deadline and fulfilled all of their other obligations.

"The printing is really only a few days behind schedule, but if we continue with our original plans to have the books delivered to campus, the possibility exists the

yearbooks will arrive immediately after the students leave. If they are mailed, we can be sure the students will receive them this month," Lundgren said.

The yearbooks should arrive at the permanent addresses within the next few weeks to those students who paid in advance. Extra copies will be shipped to campus and will be sold at fall registration.

## Regents okay PBS central manager proposal at meet

IDAHO FALLS—The State Board of Education/Board of Regents has approved a motion appointing a special manager to oversee all three public television stations in the state of Idaho.

The Board, meeting in Idaho Falls yesterday and today, approved the motion which also included having three assistant managers, one at each station.

Discussion on public television will continue today when all three current station managers, including KUID manager Art Hook, will meet with the Board.

The managers were invited after the Board discussed how to proceed in selecting a central manager in concert with legislative intent.

One problem with the legislative intent clause that was passed by the legislature, along with the supplemental appropriation bill passed this spring, has been its interpretation.

The clause requires the board to "move toward an educational broadcasting system to include central

management of three stations directly responsible to the state board of education, each with facilities for program production."

The Board must now decide how it wants to interpret the clause and in doing so, will ask the managers what they think the job of the central manager should entail.

Originally, Board member Janet Hay moved to invite only Boise State University station manager Jack Shafley to the meeting, but then later the Board agreed to invite all three managers.

In moving to invite Shafley to meet with the Board, Hay said the Board was not equipped to make the type of decision a central manager must make.

The selection of the station manager and the allocation of funds and staff members needs to be completed soon because the fiscal year 1983 budget goes into effect July 1.

"If we don't have one that understands the Idaho system it could really fall apart."

continued on page 14

# The Idaho Argonaut

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# Political

## Council elects Haggart, '83 budget report heard

The Faculty Council at its Tuesday meeting elected communications professor Pete Haggart as its next council president and heard a report on the fiscal 1983 university budget from Academic Vice President Robert Furgason.

Dorothy Zakrajsek, director of Health, Physical Education, and Recreation, will join Haggart as vice chairwoman.

The Council also approved a revision of the form for faculty members curriculum vitae and approved a list of recommended candidates for degrees for this spring. Also approved were committee appointments for next year.

Furgason broke his discussion of the budget into two areas: the distribution of new funds coming to the university and the reallocation of existing funds.

The new funds were distributed to a five percent increase in salaries, a \$135,000 allotment to faculty salary equity, and a \$179,000 allotment from the cost equity study

completed by the State Board of Education/Board of Regents at its April meeting.

The \$135,000 going to faculty salary equity was originally allocated in the amount of \$164,000 but after fringe benefits were taken out, the \$135,000 will be divided among the colleges on the basis of 60 percent to full professors, 25 percent to associate professors and 15 percent to assistant professors.

The \$179,000 received from the equity study will be allotted on the basis of 60 percent to academic functions and 40 percent to support functions.

Reallocated funds will go to many areas, according to Furgason, including promotions, graduate stipend, position upgrades, applied statistics, the College of Business and Economics, and a microcomputer lab.

Funds allocated to the College of Business in the amount of \$75,000 will be used to put the College in a position to become accredited, Furgason said.

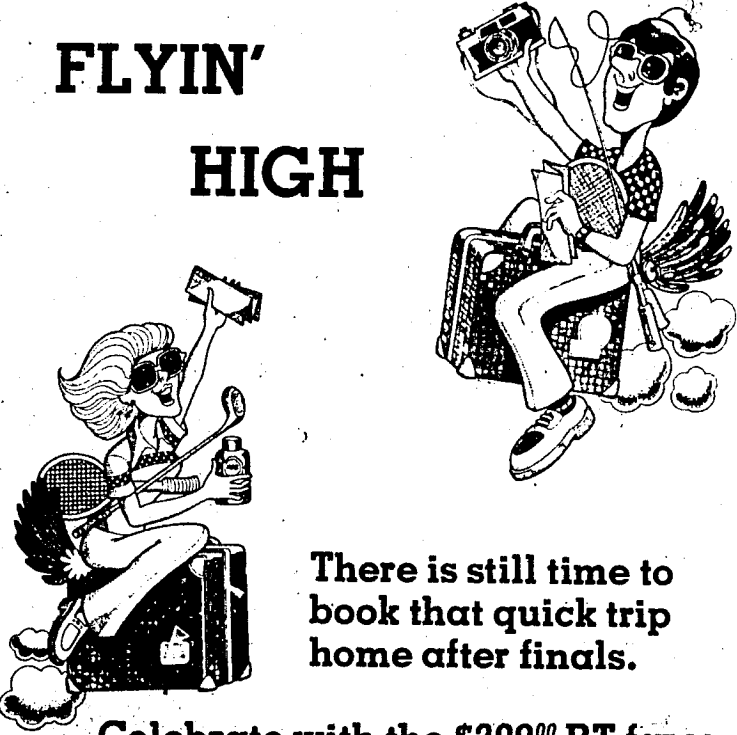
## INEL exemption petitions circulate

A petition for an initiative that would end the tax exempt status of the Idaho National Engineering Laboratory, adding millions of dollars to state coffers and thus funding higher education, is circulating throughout Idaho in an attempt to get the issue on the November ballot.

The initiative, sponsored by the INEL Fair Tax Committee, would remove the

tax exemption clause in the Idaho Sales Tax Code for private corporations like Exxon, EG&G, and Westinghouse, which operate at INEL, according to information from the committee.

These contractors currently pay no sales tax on material and equipment used for research and nuclear fuel reprocessing.



**FLYIN' HIGH**

There is still time to book that quick trip home after finals.

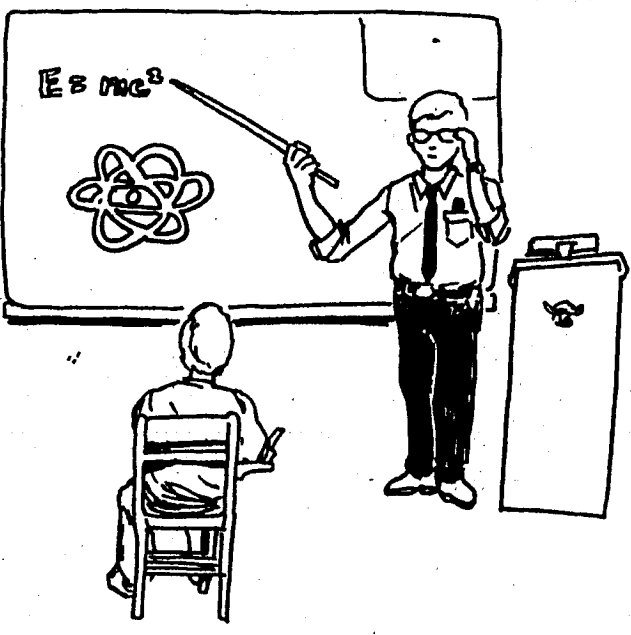
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# Cocaine use and abuse, the rest of the story

After the cocaine is in the country, it's distributed throughout the nation in all ways imaginable, passing through countless hands and finally making its way to small towns like Moscow. Although there is no exact figure of the amount of cocaine in the area, estimates run from ounces to multiple pounds. There is no set price for coke, but in Moscow \$120 is about average. A gram of cocaine would almost fill a sewing thimble.

The price for coke varies as much as the kinds of people that use the drug. Jake, a cocaine user in the Moscow area, had this to say about coke users. "There's no set stereotype, some people may have a stereotype but I think it, (cocaine) encompasses all social backgrounds...all income groups. I'm sure a lot of people that do drugs, do cocaine. Then I'm sure there's a lot of people that do cocaine and have a bad attitude against other types of drugs." The DEA has arrested professional people, doctors and lawyers, as well as non-professionals, in connection with coke sales and transportation.

Like many coke users, Jake said he was first introduced to cocaine from the person who supplied him with marijuana. "I took a little bit but I never really got off. Then another time I was offered some more, that time I got off because I did more. I liked the high I got, so I started using it ... occasionally."

Bob is also a coke user in Moscow. He's been attending the University of Idaho since the late 1970's. While other drugs in the Moscow area are on the decline, Bob says he thinks cocaine use is on the rise. "It's just recently I've seen coke around, within the last year or so.

"What I like about it, as long as you don't abuse it, is it doesn't impair your thinking or give hang-overs. If it was legalized, instead of the American people taking coffee breaks, they would be taking cocaine breaks. Nobody would have any noses left."

It was early evening when the phone rang. John turned down the stereo as he answered. The voice on the other end was fairly new to John, he'd only met the man that belonged to the voice yesterday, when John sold him a quarter-gram of cocaine. "Yah," the voice said, "that stuff I got from you yesterday was real good. Is there a chance I can get some more ... say three grams?"

"Well I don't know," John said, "let me make some phone calls and I'll get back to you ... what's your number?"

John hung up the phone and made a few calls, an hour or so later he called the man back.

"I couldn't find three, John said, "but I found one and a quarter."

"That'll do," the voice said, "some friends and me are going to Lewiston to party

a bit." The time and place for the exchange were set, John and a friend picked up the coke then drove to the meeting place. It was dark when John pulled up into the parking lot. There were a few cars towards the back of the lot and one in the center facing the street. John pulled up to the car in the center of the lot. The man he'd met yesterday was in the car alone.

"Here's the stuff," John said as he passed the tiny package through his window to the other car. The man looked at the package, then reaching in his pocket he pulled out a wad of money.

"I think you charged me a little too much last time," the man said, "I think you should knock off five bucks this time."

"What?" said John, "listen man, a deal is a deal, give me the money we agreed on."

"I don't know," the man said flipping through the wad of bills. "It seems awful high for only this much."

"He's stalling," John thought to himself, "what the hell is he stalling for? Its got to be a bust, its got to be."

"I'm sorry boys," the man said, "but I have to tell you that you're under arrest for selling a controlled substance."

"Shit," John said as he looked out the windshield.

Blue and red lights were reflecting everywhere. Policemen were pulling him and his friend out of the car. Arms and legs wide apart, John and his friend were searched, handcuffed and put in the police car. Downtown at the police station they were photographed, fingerprinted and locked in a cell. It seemed like a bad dream yet it was all very real.

Three hours later John's

roommate was also in jail. He'd been at home when the police came with a search warrant. He was arrested for possession of marijuana and paraphernalia.

The man in the car making the coke buy was Officer Dale Mickelson. Mickelson has been on the force for six months and is credited with two of the three cocaine arrests this year. "The cocaine use in Moscow is mainly recreational," Mickelson said, "there are no real hard-cores here. There may be some heavy users, but they're not directly related to other crimes in the area. Crimes related to drinking are the biggest problem in Moscow. Look at it like this, the average amount involved in a burglary is \$200 in this area. Now take a two-car crash caused by a drunk driver, without any deaths you have a crime involving \$6,000 to \$10,000. Now that's a

problem. As far as drugs go ... we're usually not messing with amounts of pot under a pound. But we're going after people dealing coke for selling a gram because of the drug, the things they cut it with, and the money involved. With all the negative aspects connected with cocaine, people continue to use it. Users and dealers alike are aware of the pitfalls.

"I know someone that's into coke too deep right now," Jake said. "I've never been really worried about myself because I know my limitations. If you can afford to do it and you get in too deep it's your problem but if people start stealing and stuff then it's everyone's problem.

"I know it sounds funny," John said, "but I'm kind of glad I got busted. I was really starting to get in pretty far. Coke was beginning to rule my life, I wanted it more and more."

MAN HAS MADE HIS MATCH. NOW, IT'S HIS PROBLEM.

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# Opinion

## The last editorial

The *Idaho Argonaut* is the oldest college newspaper in the country without a faculty advisor. Somehow, through almost a century of the Rag, we've remained free of faculty and administrative pressures. That's not to say we've ignored or ceased to work with that particular segment of the University of Idaho. We retained a democratic freedom which was inherent in the founding of our country.

The people who represent the *Idaho Argonaut* are, surprisingly enough, normal students. We go to class, maintain our social lives, sometimes hold another job to make ends meet, and once in a while (as our instructors will attest) we study.

But most of the time, we're worrying about deadlines, copy, inch pay, story ideas and hate-mail.

I'd like to address the myth of our "anti-status." We've been accused of being anti-greek, anti-dorm, anti-administration and even anti-student.

Excuse me, but how can students representing all of those walks of campus be against them? Believe me, we're here for the students. To bring you news you should know about, and probably wouldn't know without us. We sniff out, beg, encourage, promise, inquire, cry and laugh over the goings on on-campus.

We aren't out to nail anyone to the wall, and we don't try to unjustly accuse people. We are here to report the news as we see it—primarily from a student's standpoint.

We've tried to be behind the students in every issue. From the Tower, to tuition, to street closures, to fee increases.

The *Idaho Argonaut* is a business. We receive approximately \$30,000 a year from the Associated Students of the University of Idaho. We are required to pay all the expenses using our budget and approximately \$72,000 generated from advertising revenue at the end of the second semester.

Thus, each time you pick up a paper, figure it cost you about one cent, but will bring in an additional \$40,000 or so.

Regardless of how much money this sounds like to you, remember that it's all done by students for students. Our secretary, Kathy McInturff, and Production Manager, John Pool, are the exceptions to the rule. They have spent years and countless hours worrying about typesetting and bills (to put it very simply). They do not advise in any official capacity, but their experience and ideas have been invaluable to all of us, and especially to me.

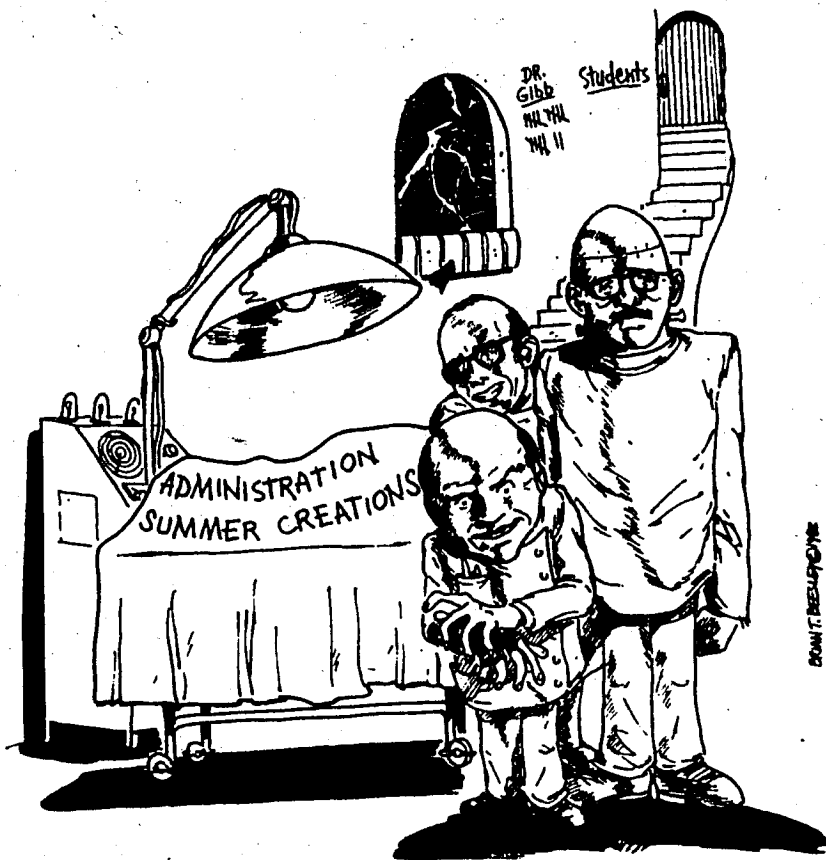
My editorial staff has done more than hold up their end of the deal. The staff writers, advertising department and production staff understood the importance of their respective responsibilities and did their jobs well. The photographers in Phozone have helped me in ways I could never explain here.

In conclusion, I've enjoyed my two years time at the *Argonaut*. No other experience has taught me so much about life. We learn about the ecstasy of accomplishment through the frustrations of our mistakes.

Next semester the paper will move into a new age. The age of computerized video display terminals. The faces will change but the *Idaho Argonaut* will continue to be your student newspaper: for you and by you.

Good-bye.

Suzanne Carr



"IF YOU THOUGHT THIS YEAR WAS FUN... JUST WAIT TIL YOU SEE WHAT WE'VE GOT FOR YOU NEXT FALL..."

## One more time

Lewis Day

End of the year farewells are never the favorites of editorial writers; we know things are coming to an end and that they'll never be quite the same again. Perhaps it is good—no, I am sure it is good—for me to find myself at the end of this task. It is time for someone else to carry the cross of harassment; harassing the students of this university is something I hope I have done. We grow too complacent if we're not prodded along by sons of bitches like myself.

What I, speaking for the editorial board of the *Idaho Argonaut*, have had to say is not nearly as important as the fact that it was said. This is not to say I did not believe what I wrote, for indeed I did—and still do. I was granted a rare privilege in having Suzanne Carr for an editor. While we may not have always agreed on everything, she allowed me the space to have my say. But again, the fact that things were said, were brought out into the open, is the most important thing.

I had hoped to spark some controversy, and I think I was successful. I now know several individuals on this campus I would never have met, had they not come to the office here in the SUB to tell me what an ass I was for saying such nasty things in print. That's what I wanted.

Response has been a key idea in putting together this editorial page. We wanted people to think about what we were saying. Whether it angered or frustrated or outraged, getting people to think, and to act on their feelings, was what this semester's work was all about. Letters pouring into this office were like gold. Letters and phone calls let us know that you were listening to what we had to say, and that what we had to say was, and still is, important.

Issues like the Tower controversy, the Learning Skills Center and the East End were important to the students of this university—students who will have to pay more for less education next fall. A fee increase will be implemented, inflation will (or so it seems) continue its heavenward trek, and faculty will continue to be underpaid. These are everyday issues which are important to the University of Idaho; summer will not erase them—you can be sure they'll await your return in August. Saying goodbye at this point will not change my interest in these issues, nor should it change yours.

Goodbye is what this is all about. It has been a good semester, a good year in fact. The

people here at the *Idaho Argonaut* have made it all special. They don't all always get the thanks or appreciation they deserve, and most of you probably don't even think about the work that goes into putting one of these papers together.

The person most consistently responsible for actually getting the *Idaho Argonaut* published twice a week is John Pool. John has been here since the golden age of Greece, and knows *everyone* who is worth knowing on this campus. He has also given unstintingly of his time, often working to all hours of the night to see this paper produced. He hasn't killed any of us yet, though God knows we deserve it. A couple of weeks ago, a certain editorial editor came to John late on a Thursday night, complete with sheepish grin. It seems the editorial column had never been turned in to be typeset. That may not mean much to you, but it's a blunder of colossal magnitude. Well, John made it all better. Without even yelling.

I have worked under two editors, Mary Kirk and Suzanne Carr. Both of them displayed real fortitude in putting up with my ravings, some of which will surely win someone a Pulitzer for *fiction* some day. Of course, I can't forget Donna Holt. Donna, wherever you are out there, remember—you're not supposed to enjoy it! Seriously, Donna taught me a lot about the conduct of these pages. She really stressed the importance of fairness and of letting even those whose opinions I detest have their say. I must also thank Brian Beesley for willingly drawing so many graphics which featured the Dome. Brian has been really flexible, often not knowing his subject until 8 p.m. the night before the paper was to come out.

This staff has not been my only source of inspiration. I can't possibly fail to thank my most consistent columnists, Tom von Alten and Thom Marti. And my favorite letter-writers can't pass without mention; Tom Layne, Bill Malan and all you folks in the Tower.

If anyone is left alive out there, I would also (*why not?*) like to thank you! Without the people for whom this paper is published—you—I would never have had the chance to mumble at you in such a nice typeface. Adieu.

Lewis Day is ending his tenure as Editorial Editor for the *Idaho Argonaut*. Come August, he will be switching hats, and will appear in this newspaper as Entertainment Editor.



# Letters

## Extravaganza

Editor,

Please extend our thanks to all the students (University of Idaho, Moscow Junior High, Genesee, and Troy) who participated in the 2nd Annual Gymnastics Extravaganza; to Bonnie Hultstrand, the graduate Recreation majors, Robert (for music help), and the others who helped make the show a success.

We hope the audience enjoyed our show as much as the participants. Come back again next year!

Wanda Rasmussen & Sharon Stoll

## Recommendation

Editor,

If any of your readers would like some facts and not poor journalism, as applies to Bill Spoljaric's article on herpes, "The 'silent foe' is a heavy burden to carry," I would recommend two sources: The Helper and The Herpes Book. The Helper is a quarterly publication of The Herpes Resource Center, P.O. Box 100, Palo Alto, CA 94302. The Herpes Book was written by Richard Hamilton, M.D. and contains current information. It has a 1980 copyright date and is published by J.P. Tarcher, Inc., 9110 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90069.

I encourage anyone who has herpes, thinks they have herpes, or is involved with someone who has herpes to consult the two above cited references. Don't make your decisions or base opinions about herpes on incongruous and obtuse articles. The facts may not read like a soap opera, but they will certainly leave you informed and perhaps feeling better.

Steve La Franchi

## Aware

Editor,

We, the undersigned members of Forney Hall, have become increasingly aware of the numerous negative comments made about our hall. Most of these comments seem to relate to the Tower issue.

On two different occasions our ASUI senator, Tom Naccarato, took a poll concerning the Tower issue at our hall meeting. Both times, the idea of kicking the men out was approved by a close vote. This vote, however, does not include the many girls who did not attend these hall meetings, and the girls who voted neutrally.

It is also unfortunate that the people making negative comments about Forney do not realize that we carry no more clout with the administration than any other living group.

Saying that a group of girls who live in the same hall have the same opinions is no more just than saying that all the men in the Tower are bums who throw up out their windows every night.

We hope that by reading this letter you will think twice before condemning an entire living group for an opinion derived from an informal vote.

*Editor's note: This letter was signed by 29 women. Unfortunately they did not print their names, so we cannot print them.*

## Concerned

Editor,

This letter is directed towards a select group of the university population:

As lovers of animals, we were appalled last spring at the number of abandoned dogs and cats left to roam the streets looking for food, shelter, and love. For the "future leaders of the world," this is a shocking example of irresponsible action towards other forms of life. Please, if you must leave your pet, call the animal shelter.

- Maryanne Taglieri
- Eileen Cline
- Ann Rice
- Stacy Mills
- Michael Carnell
- Richard Devoe
- Lou Piotrowski
- George Berry
- Bonita Roach
- Karen Potter
- Frank Seaman
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- Jim Barnes
- Roy Fluhrer
- Mary Kay McFadden

## Congrats

Editor,

As this academic year draws to a close, the UI Alumni Association would like to congratulate all of those who are completing their degrees and wish them the best of luck in their futures. We know that a new generation of success stories will be starting May 15, 1982.

We'd also like to take this opportunity to thank the students of the University of Idaho for their energies and efforts this year in advancing the University of Idaho and helping the Alumni Association. In particular, we thank Andy Artis for his boundless enthusiasm (he really has been a vivid and effective spokesman for the student body on the Alumni Association Board of Directors) and the Student Alumni Relations Board (SARB), with special recognition to Margaret

Nelson, its president this past year. Other groups who have made special contributions to the Alumni Association include Blue Key with its work on Silver and Gold Day, the Vandaleers who have served as the UI goodwill ambassadors, the varsity athletes who have brought state and national attention to the university, and all the performing groups who entertain the people of the state of Idaho and improve our quality of life.

Finally, we'd like to thank the *Idaho Argonaut* staff for keeping us informed, opinionated and amused about the student point of view. To us former students on the outside, it often seems the more things change, the more they stay the same.

Again, congratulations to the Class of '82.

Dennis P. Harwick, President  
University of Idaho  
Alumni Association

## Participation

Editor,

The administration rally Tuesday was a joke! We had a turnout of 20-30 students. About eight were from the media, another five or so were the "organizers" from the ASUI I think, and the rest appeared to have come to laugh at Eric the Rocker. This was set up to voice our dissent with the Administration's decision-making policies, but it turned out to be a farce.

At the beginning of the rally, interested students who wanted to say something to bystanders were told they couldn't use the megaphone to voice their opinions. The organizers didn't want the students to say something controversial or to sprinkle their speech with the colorful adjectives that expressed their feelings. How can a person have a rally and not expect anyone to speak except the organizers? The students who said anything usually were egging Eric on.

Finally, after having enough of trying to drum up support from the mostly apathetic dorm residents, they decided to move up to the Administration Building to do some real hell-raising. After one or two mediocre chants, the leaders said, "Let's go tell the president what we think." Unfortunately, the president and his advisors were long gone, leaving just the poor secretary and some flak-catcher by the name of Dr. Furgason. Being the director of academia, he addressed only those concerns, and refused to give any input in any of the really important decisions, such as the Tower move and East End Addition. After 20 or 30 minutes of beating around the bush and implying that we, the students, were lying with bogus figures, he said he had to go to a meeting and left us exactly where we were at the beginning of the rally—damn frustrated that the

Administration refuses to listen to us.

If the administration really wants to mend the schism that has formed between the students and themselves, they should let students have some control over the decisions which affect us. (Not them—they don't live here. It's just a job to them, and they get PAID for it). President Gibb should come out to talk to us, not hide in his private meetings where he is planning his next atrocity. I sure don't want to hear how Dr. Furgason can't address any of our wants. I'd like to see someone who can get something done as far as addressing our needs and desires to be heard!

As long as the student body is not unified on decisions affecting us, we will never get anything accomplished. So if you want someone to stand behind your gripes around here, the least you can do is help support other people's legitimate complaints. Unfortunately, that didn't happen this time. Let's make sure that it does happen next time.

James Baumgartner

## Legacy

Editor,

Thank Heaven the majority of us see more than the three options left us by Thom Marti in his article in last Tuesday's *Idaho Argonaut*. We have a fourth option—fighting back. To sit back and ignore the problem will not make it go away, it will only allow the problem to grow.

First of all, the "boss Pentagon general" will not "sit down one day for a quick game of 'ARMS RACE'" and then write a check for billions of dollars of our sweat-soaked tax money. It is the politicians who get us into war, not the military. It is, therefore, our responsibility to put people in office in Washington who have our best interests in mind. Let's get involved, acknowledge them, and face our problems head on.

Secondly—just stop and sit back? Think it through realistically. If we all just quit, society as we know it would break down. Today's Americans are living in the Golden Age of our country, and I seriously doubt most of them are willing to give up the luxuries they have. Once again I say, be realistic.

Still, in all, "no more war" is a worthy notion and one for which we should all expend our greatest energies to see come to fruition. The legacy I want to leave to my children is a better world. Perhaps if each generation had felt this way, this question of war would not even have come up. But each generation hasn't, and the question has come up. Can we turn our backs on the problem and leave it for our children to solve? I think not, for one day war is going to knock on the door and the time for solutions will be long past.

Jane Baillargeon

## SHOE

by Jeff MacNelly



# Letters

## Consider it

Editor,

I read with concern an article April 23 in the *Idahonian* which said Sundstrandt Data Control, Inc. has chosen Moscow as one of four finalists in its search for a new site for an electronics plant. From reading this article I got the impression that the Moscow Chamber of Commerce Economic Development Committee has taken it upon itself to encourage the electronics company to locate a plant here. Another *Idahonian* article, on April 27, said that representatives of the company would be in Moscow May 12 to meet with unspecified "community leaders." I still wonder how much input the citizens of Moscow and their elected representatives are going to have in the decision about whether the Sundstrandt company should put a factory in Moscow.

Surely the Chamber of Commerce committee thought it would be doing the community nothing but good by trying to bring a reported 300-500 jobs to Moscow, but there are still many unanswered questions.

According to the April 23 article, the Sundstrandt company manufactures "black boxes" and sound systems for aircraft. A firm which makes electronic components for aircraft is quite likely to depend on U.S. defense contracts for a major source of its income. It can be argued that a large part of the defense budget is spent on projects that are morally indefensible or a waste of tax dollars. What sort of aircraft might the proposed plant make black boxes for—B-1 bombers, or helicopters used to gun down civilians in El Salvador. Before the Sundstrandt company is encouraged to build a factory in Moscow, this question should be thoroughly investigated and discussed.

How much energy would the plant

use, and how reliable would the demand for its products be? Would an energy shortage, a cut in defense spending, or a continuing slump in the airline industry force the plant to shut down, creating a catastrophe for the local economy?

Would the factory provide jobs for current local residents? Much of the Moscow labor pool consists of students, who are available for work on a part-time, temporary basis. If the company "imported" most of its workers, the new plant might not do much to help solve Moscow's unemployment problems. And a population increase resulting from an influx of new workers might worsen Moscow's housing shortage and put an intolerable strain on public services.

The Chamber of Commerce has condemned the city council for proposing an economic development study before adequately consulting the chamber. I'm beginning to think the chamber wants to implement an extremist policy of development at any price, without consulting the public and without regard for the welfare of the entire community.

I hope the city council will protect the public interest by carefully assessing whether we should have the proposed electronics plant in Moscow, and will also hold public meetings on this issue.

Betsy Brown

## No more "Jake"

Editor,

Names are very important and that becomes all the more obvious when it's time to check off the list of ASUI Senate candidates. However, it seems names just aren't enough for some of the candidates—some have to have their nicknames on the ballot as well. Not just nicknames like "Doc" or "Jimmy." Names more along the lines

of "Gumbo," "Mr. Bill," and "the Beaver."

This kind of thing may be cute, but it makes a joke out of the election process. Nicknames are of no help whatsoever when it comes to choosing the best candidates. The only reason they appear is that the candidates like the idea of gimmicks on the ballot.

Making use of nicknames isn't necessarily wrong, it's just smart. What is wrong is that the ASUI allows them to do it.

It's time to issue clear, unbiased ballots without silly games. If a person wants to be known as "Bonzo," or "Pinhead," he should get his name changed.

W. Jacob Perry

Students, now is the time to voice your opinions. Don't let anyone take your freedom of speech or of thought. If you let this and other actions, such as last semester's \$50 fee increase, pass, what will they do to us next—impose in-state tuition?

Sandra L. White

## High on Jesus

Editor,

"Sitting on the Edge", an article in last week's *Idaho Argonaut*, might have misled some people. I'm not saying that the article was totally incorrect, and I'm not saying that everyone was misled. I'm simply saying that one portion of the article was misused and misunderstood by both the author and by the readers. For one of his solutions concerning the possibility of war, he suggests "to put faith in gods." As for me, I know personally that there is only one Holy and Sovereign God who came down in the flesh as Jesus Christ—God's only Son. How do I know? Because I have a personal relationship with the Lord; I'm a Christian. Now DON'T STOP READING because you think I'm going to "preach" to you—I'm not. I just want you to know that I'm proud to love and serve Jesus Christ. In the Holy Bible, the gospel of Mark 12:29-30, it says "Hear O Israel, the Lord our God is one Lord. Love the Lord your God with all your heart and with all your soul and with all your mind and with all your strength."

I have a love and joy in my heart that surpasses any high off of any drug. I'm "high on Jesus" everyday. Because of His Love, I don't need any artificial means of getting high: having sex, getting drunk, or taking drugs. I've got the Lord—the one true high. There is only *One God*.

Susie Nelson

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# Sports Friday

## Idaho women favored in NCWSA Div. II Regionals here today

After dropping Spokane Falls Community College 9-0 May 4, the Idaho women's tennis team moves on to host the NCWSA Division II Regional Tennis Championships in Moscow today and Saturday.

The Vandal netters, currently 16-2, will enter the tourney as the favorite. Other teams entered are: Seattle University, University of Puget Sound, Eastern Washington, Portland State, University of Portland, Boise State, Lewis-Clark State, and host Idaho.

Action is scheduled to begin today at 8 a.m. and again at 8:30 a.m. Saturday. Championship rounds are set for 12:30 p.m. in singles and 2 p.m. in doubles. Matches will be held on the Ad Lawn Courts, at Ghormley Park, and on the courts behind the Physical Education Building on campus.

"I think we're the odds-on favorite this year," said Idaho head coach Jim Sevall. "Everyone is looking up to us because we won it last year and have beaten the top two contending teams (Eastern Washington 8-1 and Puget Sound 9-0) earlier this year."

The Vandals will send an impressive line-up to the tournament this year. Leading it off at no. 1 singles is Leslie Potts, who has been hampered with a bad wrist but has been rested for this weekend. At no. 2 singles is Karin Sobotta. Sobotta has an 11-3 record

since starting late because of the women's basketball season. The no. 3 singles player is Trish Smith. She is the Vandals' winningest player with a 22-5 record.

Kristi Pfeiffer is the no. 4 singles player for Idaho. She also has been resting with a sore wrist, for this weekend. She enters play with an 11-6 record.

Pam Waller is at no. 5 singles. She has a 12-11 record, but has won her last five matches.

Rounding out the singles players is Sue Chaney with an impressive 17-3 record. She

also has won her last five matches.

In doubles play the Idaho players look very strong, according to Sevall. Potts-Pfeiffer are at no. 1 doubles with a 10-3 record. At no. 2 doubles is Sobotta-Smith. They have played sparingly, but own a 5-1 record. At no. 3 doubles is Ellen Cantrell-Karine Wagner. They are the most successful of the doubles players with a 16-4 record.

"I think this is the strongest we've been all year," said Sevall. "Our doubles lineup is solid. They are the strongest point of our team. I believe that is a good reason why we are the team to beat."

## Intramural Corner

All winners of an intramural individual sport - please come into the IM office and pick up your T-shirt.

Intramural Picnic — all intramural supervisors and officials, lifeguards at the swim center, and building supervisors are invited to a picnic at Wallace Fields on Sunday at 2 p.m.

Congratulations to the following people for swimming 50 miles in the Swim for Fun and Fitness - Dave DeRueve, Kathleen Meadows, Claude Melancon, Brian Marron, Steve Laursen.

Congratulations to Sigma Alpha Epsilon for winning the university championship softball game.

Congratulations to Roger Rowe, Pi Kappa Alpha, for being elected Intramural Athlete of the Year.

PKA is the Greek intramural champion for 1981-82.

Upham Hall is the resident hall intramural champion for 1981-82.

TMA is the independent intramural champion for 1981-82.

PKA is the university champion for 1981-82.

The Intramurals and Campus Recreation Department would like to give a special thanks to all the people who participated in or worked for our program. It was a fun and successful year. Have a good summer.

## Golfers take on Big Sky field

The Idaho golf team is currently in Missoula, Mont. competing in the Big Sky Golf Tournament at University of Montana's home course, the Missoula Country Club, today and Saturday.

Weber State, led by veteran coach Mac Madsen, is favored to win, as they have won it for the past 10 years. They will lead the rest of the Big Sky teams on the 54-hole, 6,522 yard, par 71 course.

Play will begin today with 36 holes being completed. On Saturday, the final 18 holes will be played, and the winner determined.

Each team is allowed to bring six players to compete, with the top five scores counting on the final score. The total scores will be added and the winning school, along with a medalist (person with the lowest score) will be named.

Idaho will take Mark Burton, the team's leading golfer with a 76.9 stroke average per 18 holes, along with Bob James, Pat Inglis, Sam Fackrell, Mike Lee and Frank Brown.



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# Test taking tips are valuable

Well, it's that time of the semester again...and of course, dead week was a complete waste of time. Finals week is finally here, so it's time to study.

Information gathered at the Learning Skills Center says studying for finals should have been started a long time ago, but if it's been put off all year, cramming is better than nothing.

Here are a few helpful hints

for better performance on final tests:

Think positively about test performance.

Get a good night of sleep before the exam.

Get up early to avoid a need to rush.

Arrive on time to get a good seat and hear all exam directions, but don't arrive so early you become nervous and anxious.

Preview the test and understand the directions.

Answer the easiest questions first; this builds self-confidence and assures you will at least have time for the answers you know.

Estimate how much time will be needed for each part of the exam; the questions with higher point values should take more time.

Answer all the questions; leave nothing blank.

Check answers carefully.

The Learning Skills Center offers more information on how to take tests or how to take specific kinds of tests. They also have practice hypothetical tests to offer for specific classes. So relax, and pass that test.

# Places for serious studying

As finals creep up on students, melodic voices can be heard all over campus saying things such as, "I never realized how small this room was," or "turn that thing down!"

Where can a person go to study? Students need places where the temptation to turn on a stereo doesn't exist.

One such haven is the bottom of the satellite SUB. Although others go here, the mornings aren't too busy. During the day, the buildings around campus are all open. One would be surprised at how many quiet nooks and crannies exist.

For nature lovers who enjoy the great outdoors, perhaps under a tree would be best.

For those who want an inside, quiet place to study, empty classrooms in places such as the Jansen Engineering Building may be perfect.

Let's not forget the most interesting place to study; the restroom. The Administration Building, SUB and Wallace Complex have women's lounges to study in, on the second floor of each building.

Some people cannot stand the thought of silence, yet the old room is getting a bit stuffy. They should pick up their books and go to a place like the SUB cafeteria, McDonald's or Zip's. The stereo lounge in the SUB doesn't have much traffic during the day and might be a good place.

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### Joint union maybe

The University of Idaho Federal Credit Union board of directors is awaiting approval on a requested charter change which would allow an expansion in their field of membership to include registered UI students.

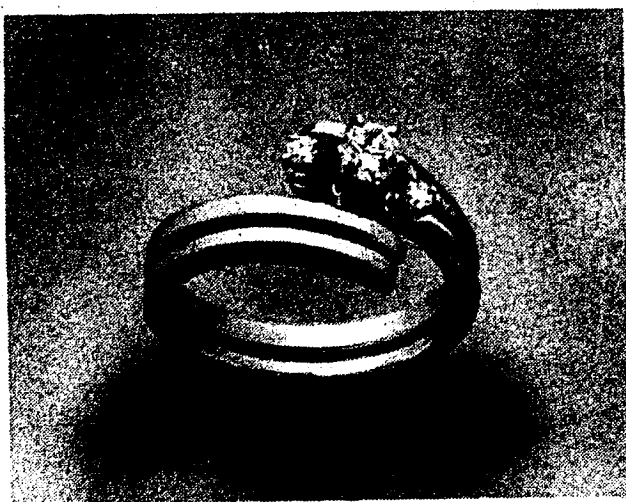
Glenda J. Hart, manager (treasurer of the UI union) said she hopes approval will come prior to the fall term and was very optimistic

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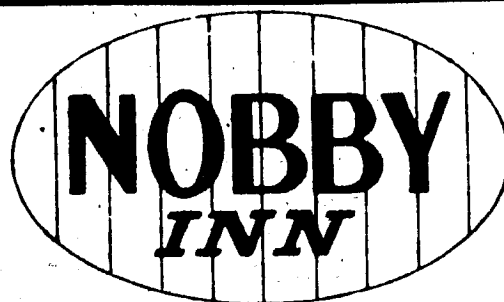
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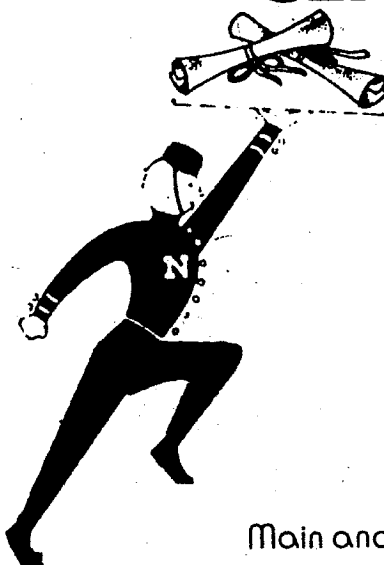


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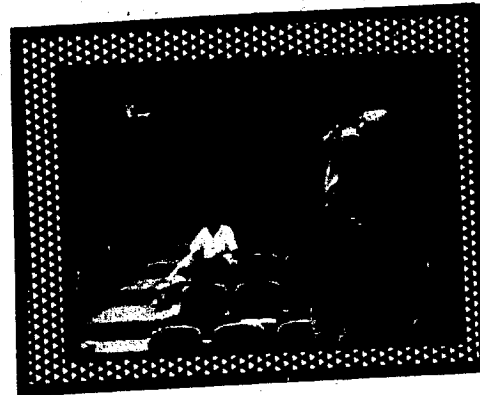
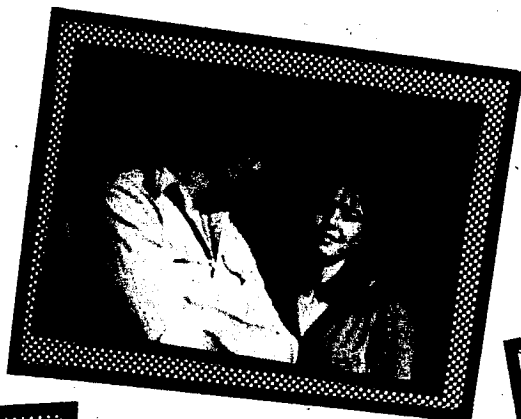
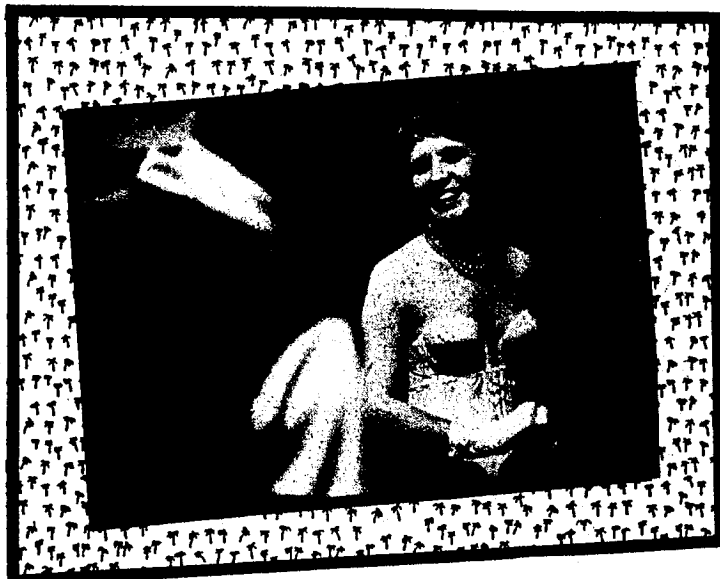
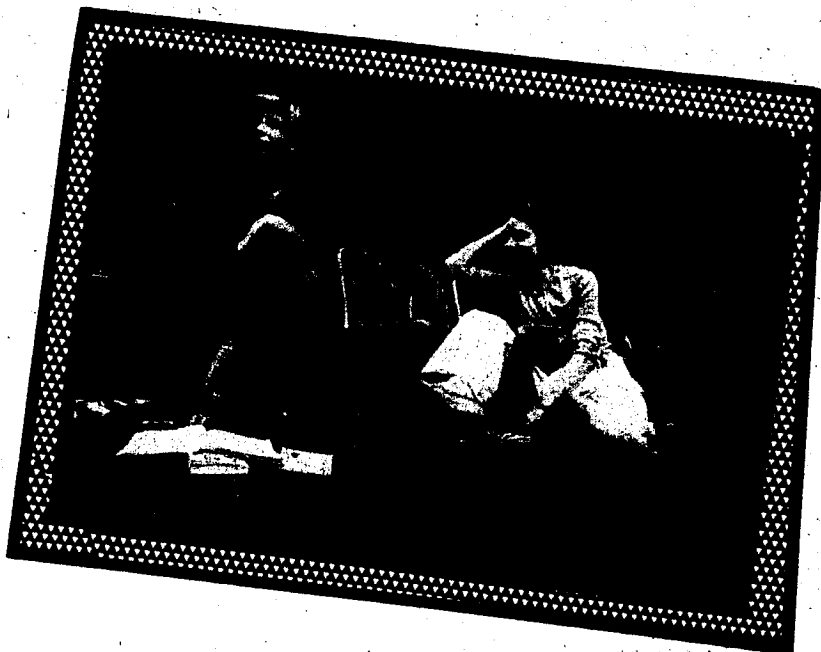
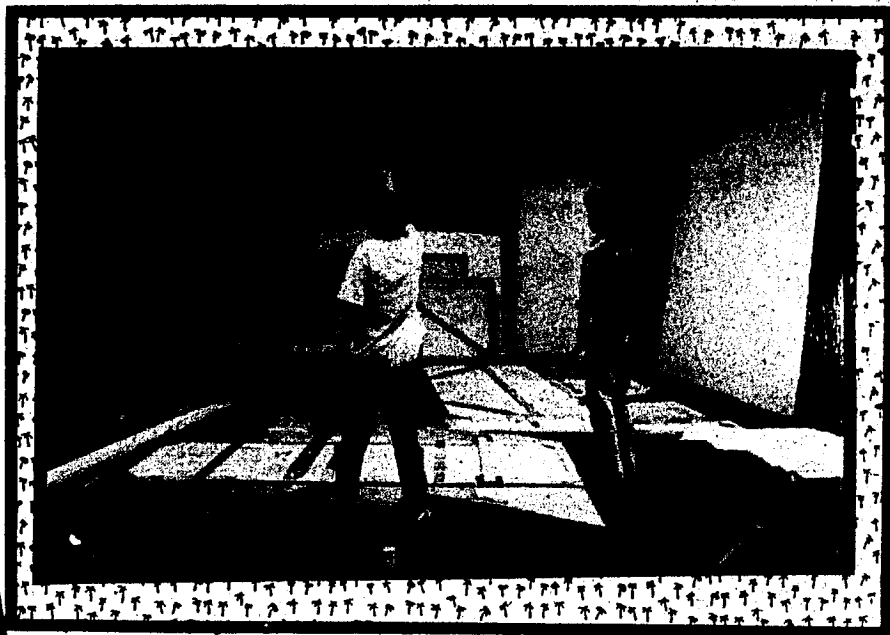
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# Front Row Center

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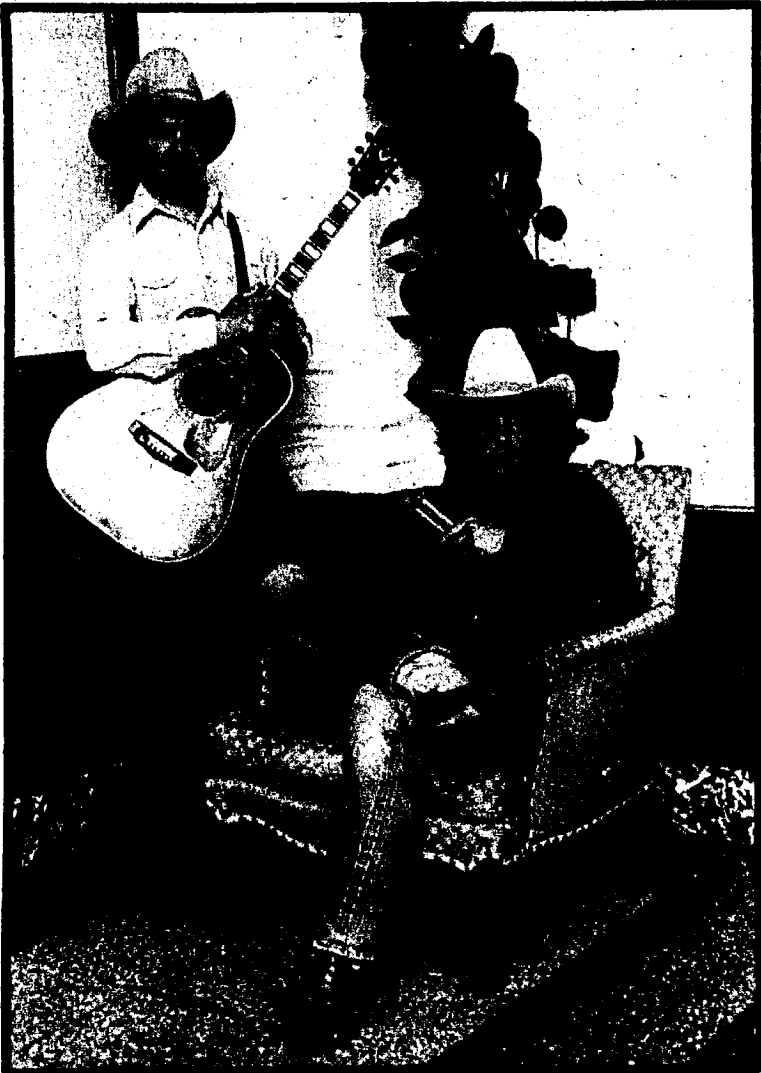
See story, page 10

Photos by Deborah Gilbertson



G. Tooley Graphics

## The Braun Brothers have Idaho in their music and in their blood



Colleen Henry  
Contributing Writer

When the Braun Brothers sing, one can almost see the raging Salmon River, the white Sawtooth Mountains around the Stanley Basin, and cowboys rounding up cows. One can feel the sadness of

mining companies moving into Idaho, and the joy of spring in the White Clouds.

The Braun Brothers, home-grown Idaho boys from their scuffed boots to their weathered cowboy hats, will be playing at the Capricorn Ballroom May 11-15.

continued on page 13

## Student plays stress reality; emotions

Nancy Metcalf  
Staff Writer

The Jean Collette Theatre is busy again, as drama students prepare their end of the semester productions. Tonight the two student-directed and acted performances will open.

*Innocent Party*, directed by Laurie Weeks, and *Hopskotch*, headed by Dana Kramer, will be shown at the Collette Theatre at 8 p.m. tonight and Saturday. Admission is \$1.50.

Saws and hammers have been creating sets while costumes and props are collected for the productions. *Innocent Party* requires a set which director Weeks calls "a metamorphic mutation of sterility undersea."

Before the play starts, actors apply last minute touches to the set. "We need a couple of more staples here, wherever the rips and tears are," suggests a woman at the dress rehearsal, who was costumed in a torn, cream and pink morning gown. Another actress, in a red and white striped bikini, grabbed a hammer to pound the staples.

The actors stretched and warmed up, moaning tonelessly. "Phoebe!" cries one, invoking her character to come to her.

Lights alternately faded and brightened and in sudden darkness the director's cigarette glowed brightly. Finally the lights dimmed, the director took her place and an off-stage actor asked, "Is this for real?" The answer was 'yes,' and the play began.

*Innocent Party* is a metaphoric tangle of people. Weeks says the dialogue is "real, the first thing I've heard in a long time that isn't bullshit." The characters, an over-the-hill couple and their 15-year-old daughter, are visited by a rich aunt.

The decrepitness of their lives in a run-

down, abandoned hotel, forces the couple to beg from Phoebe, who describes herself as "rich, beautiful, and greedy." She is played by Barb Casement. As Beatrix, the wife portrayed by Gloria Willis, begs for clothes, the ironic set of hundreds of rags hangs above her. Bob Leamer plays her mournful husband, bound in shame by his life and his wife.

Weeks said the play is about "innocence, deadness and other American dreams" and is very "unconventional."

The 15-year-old Janie, played by Annie Fictner, is the object of Phoebe's attention and twisted love. As the personal tragedies of the characters were resolved, the lights rose. "That's it," stated Weeks, acting as surrogate applause to end the play.

The house lights came up for the second play, *Hopskotch*. A 30-year-old woman is seen playing the game in the park, an empty stroller nearby.

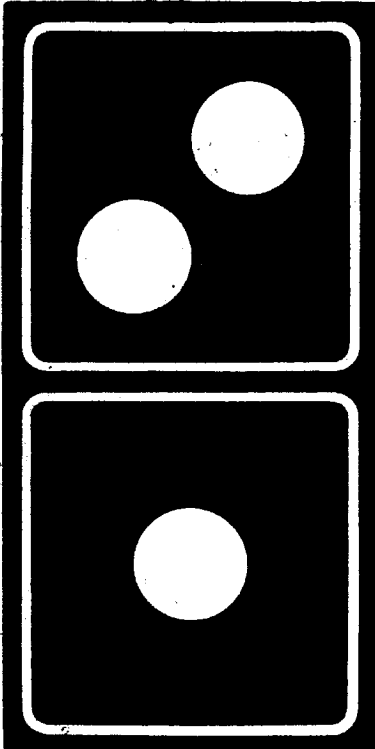
The entire play is an exchange between two people, a man and a woman, who are reunited after fourteen years. They were married for two days when Will, played by Bryan Gregory, left his young, pregnant wife.

The reaction of Elsa, portrayed by Laura Thompson, forms the heart of the play, which director Kramer said is "mostly about two people having to deal with each other."

The bitterness which time hasn't erased rises to the top, creating a very emotional confrontation. Kramer described the play as a challenge in acting and an exercise in skills.

"When I was little, I used to hate boys. But I grew up and things changed; now I hate men," states a bitter Elsa. The spitefulness continues and is never resolved. Will and Elsa exit as the music rises, taking over the empty stroller, park bench and hopskotch markings scuffed from the emotions of Will and Elsa.

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## In Depression era, \$30/month was big pay for CCC'ers



Old CCC Camp Moscow still exists in Moscow, with a few changes. The building in the foreground near the trees is now Chinese Village Restaurant. Moscow is out of the picture, to the left along the highway.

by Tracey Vaughan  
Entertainment Editor

They built dams, blazed trails, constructed roads, fought raging forest fires and planted more than 200 million trees—all for a mere \$30 per month.

They were the CCC boys, the young men of the Civilian Conservation Corps of the Great Depression years.

The corps was a major, and one of the most successful programs of President Franklin D. Roosevelt's "New Deal" program. The CCC, begun in 1933, lasted nine years, until 1942.

At that time, management of natural resources such as forests and soil was becoming a major problem. President Roosevelt saw the need for immediate action to prevent further erosion of prime topsoil and decimation of the nation's forests. His solution was to put young unmarried men, ages 18-25, to work planting trees, terracing eroding hillsides, building bridges and roads, constructing flood control projects and even working on recreational park areas.

The CCC took these boys off the streets and put them to work. Jobs were not easy to come by during the Depression, and for these boys and their families, the CCC was an ideal opportunity to put food on the table again, and the chance to learn a useful skill.

Not many people today can imagine working for only \$30 per month, \$25 of which had to be sent home to the boys' families. But where a small bag of groceries alone can cost up to \$30 today, during the '30s, \$25 could feed an average family for a month. According to one former CCC worker, the \$5 spending money each boy earned went a long way when "a hamburger cost a nickle, and a milkshake cost a dime."

Wages were comparatively good with the average earnings of the typical working man of that period. The CCC camps provided the boys with food, lodging, clothing and dental and medical care, in order to allow the boys to send the majority of their paychecks home to their families.

The CCC came to an end with the start of World War II in 1942. But after nearly 50 years, the CCCs are still going

strong, at least in the hearts and minds of the nearly three million young men who grew up, inside and out, in the CCC camps.

Today, many former CCC workers have joined together in an organization they call the National Association of Civilian Conservation Corps Alumni (NACCCA). The organization has a national membership of more than 8,000 in 57 chapters across the country, all dedicated to "the preservation of American pride, principle, purpose, and progress." The members would like nothing better than to see the CCCs start up again.

As I sat with a group of "CCC'ers," as they refer to themselves, they reminisced about the old days in the CCC, how it changed their lives and the country.

Nelson and Bea Fenstermacher, Earl and Emma Williams and Harvey

Spears are all members of the Lewiston and surrounding area chapter of the NACCCA. Lewiston is the only chapter in the state, and members from a wide radius meet once a month to share memories and plan for a future CCC II organization.

The men talked about their individual experiences in the various camps. All were in a different camp, and didn't know each other at the time. And as Earl noted, when a boy signed up for his sixth-month enlistment, it was hard to tell where he'd end up. Earl, originally from Illinois, said, "When I left home that night, I figured I'd be in a camp 20 miles from home, and I ended up in Southern California."

Harvey, a local boy, hailed from Clearwater, Idaho, and served in various local camps.

Nelson, from Ohio, served in a CCC camp in Moscow. Some of the buildings from

that camp are still standing. The former officers' barracks of the Moscow camp is now known as the Chinese Village restaurant. The row of apartments near Rathskellers was also part of the camp, as well as the building that houses the Plantation bar.

If words like "officers' barracks," "enlistment," and "camp" have a military ring to them it is due to the United States Army influence on the Civilian Conservation Corps. While in camp, the boys were under army supervision, wore army issue clothing, were treated by army medical and dental officers, and were given an honorable discharge at the end of each six-month enlistment, with an option to re-enlist. But the boys were not required to go through marching drills, bootcamp, or any other military activities.

Outside the camps, however, the boys were under the supervision of the federal or state Forest Service or the Soil Conservation Service, depending on the project they were working on. But back inside the camps, said Nelson, the boys either learned how to take orders, or were disciplined.

Fighting in camps was frequent. All the men agreed that the cultural differences between young men from so many parts of the country was a major source of conflict. The "street kids" from the cities were tough, they said. Emma, who wasn't a member, but was an observer of the

CCC's, noted that "our part of the country was rated as hillbilly, and they (street kids) thought they knew everything." Nelson related how officers in his camps handled this conflict. If two boys were caught fighting, they were separated, given boxing gloves, taken to a ring, and made to fight each other for so many rounds. "By that time, their madness had gone down, but they still had to fight."

Conflict was not limited to the CCC'ers themselves; the boys and townspeople frequently did not see eye to eye. Along the line of "one bad apple spoils the whole bunch" theory, certain of the young men, especially the tough street kids who had grown up fighting, gave the CCC camps a bad name in the eyes of many people. The men agreed this "slum" attitude directed toward the CCC camps was unfair, and caused a lot of trouble for the good groups. Nelson recalled the trouble he and his group had upon arriving in Moscow, which eventually led to one of the biggest fights in Moscow history. Apparently a "bad" group had been in Moscow just before Nelson's group. "When people saw us walking down the street, they'd move to the other side." While the boys were in town one day, members of the University of Idaho football team took it upon themselves to try and run the CCC'ers back to camp. At

continued on page 12



ASWSU PERFORMING ARTS COMMITTEE  
PRESENTS

# AL JARREAU

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TICKETS \$7.00 & \$8.00 ON SALE NOW AT COLISEUM BOX OFFICE, PROCESS INC.  
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## Training for the Olympics

While athletes around the world are sweating, straining, working, training, and most of all hoping to compete in the 1984 Olympics, a small group of young Moscow athletes is working equally as hard towards a goal on a smaller scale, though just as important to them. These athletes are training for the Special Olympics.

The Special Olympics is an annual event that gives disabled people the chance to compete in athletic events which they enjoy and which are best suited to their physical abilities. Some of the events include wheelchair races, but there will also be the more traditional track and field events, swimming, gymnastics, and bicycling.



J. Yost

The Moscow Special Olympics group is made up of 16 aspiring olympiads ranging in age from 8-24. Co-coordinator Laura Tonkovich said the group meets each week at the ASUI Kibbie Dome for training. With the help of volunteer coaches, the athletes are trained in their respective fields on a one-to-one basis.

Regional and local sport meets are held throughout the year, but the "big event" is the State Special Olympics meet. This year will be an especially important one for the Moscow Olympiads, since the meet will be held in Moscow, May 20-23, in the Dome.

Since Special Olympics is a volunteer-run organization, Tonkovich said volunteers are always needed with the meets, and will especially be needed in the state event.

Awards to be given during the meet must also be funded on a voluntary basis. To help solve the problem, The Great American Cookie Company in the Palouse Empire Mall is now collecting used trophies to be awarded to contestants at the competition.

If anyone is interested in helping with the state meet, they can call Mark Posluszny at 885-6150, or Carol Glaser at 882-9195.

## Look forward to four new cinemas

Christine Williams  
Staff Writer

A four-theater complex opening soon in Moscow will make the "which-movie-to-see" decision harder to make.

The Palouse Empire Mall is in the process of constructing the quadruplex directly east of K-Mart. It is owned by the Theater Development Company of Sparks, Nevada. According to Tony Viola, manager of the mall, the complex should be ready for use near the end of July or early August and will seat 250 people in each theater.

The theaters have been in the planning stages since the opening of the mall in 1979, but because of financing problems, construction was postponed until now. Although Viola would not reveal the nature of the problems or specify exact funding sources, he said, the theaters are entirely nationally funded.

The land on which the Mall and theater complex is located is owned by the University of Idaho. The owners have a long-term lease with the university that will last 40-50 years.

Viola said the competition which will face the downtown theaters could have a positive or a negative effect on the downtown area. He said he has confidence that the downtown theaters will remain strong. Viola said the theater owners "can take advantage and maybe change their image if they get off the dime and do some creative thinking."

## CCC

continued from page 11

the time, the football players all lived in Vandal Hall on campus, and the team as a whole converged on Third and Main Street downtown where the CCC'ers were waiting. What followed was a fight so big that the Moscow police (three of them at the time) were powerless to stop it, so they sat back and watched. The brawl culminated with one of the football players sailing through the big display window of David's Department Store where, according to Nelson, "he landed on a display bed and stayed there the rest of the night."

What was public opinion about the Civilian Conservation Corps? Other than the cultural differences, Bea noted most people were in favor of the CCC. At a time of economic depression, towns located near the camps welcomed the extra income coming into local businesses from boys who thought they were rich with their \$5 spending money, and had little else to spend it on other than whatever entertainment the local community had to offer.

On the other hand, the amount of money the government put into the program, Bea conceded, was a "huge amount" at the time. Apparently, the benefits of the CCC outweighed the costs. The numerous projects benefited the country as a whole, as well as individual communities. In the Moscow area, for example, the CCC can be thanked for building the Robinson Lake dam, planting many of the stands of trees along the highway between Lewiston and Moscow, and for the extensive terracing of the Lewiston hillside that helped prevent massive topsoil erosion.

The CCC workers themselves benefited from their work. Many, like Earl, a heavy equipment operator, learned trades that later earned them a living. More than 40,000 young men learned to read and write through CCC education programs, and many went on to careers in the Forest Service or the Soil Conservation Service.

Wives of the workers, though not personally active in the CCC, received what they consider the biggest benefit—their husbands. Emma, who lived in Clearwater County, met Earl while he was working in a camp near her home. As both Emma and Bea put it, "The CCC will always hold a special place in our hearts because it brought our men from back east to us."

The men looked at their wives and agreed silently, then began telling another story of the CCC days, the good and bad times. Earl recalled his company fighting a forest fire for more than 40 days. At one point, they had to choose between jumping into a river filled with an assortment of animals like bears and snakes,

or feel the lick of hot flames nipping at their heels. The boys didn't take too long to decide. "When that fire started tickling our backbones, we didn't hesitate—we joined them," and then watched the fire roar over their heads.

Then the subject switched to food. It was bad, they recalled with a grimace, especially the Friday night special. The trainees "always swept up the floor and cooked it up. They called it hash," Nelson joked. But it was food, they hastened to add, and a lot of the new CCC'ers "looked like they'd never had a square meal in their lives."

The Civilian Conservation Corps days were a time to remember, and according to the members of the NACCCA, it's time to bring back the CCC. A bill currently under consideration in Congress, S-2061, is intended to bring back the CCC, but the former members are not happy with the way the bill is being interpreted in Washington, D.C. "It's worded alright," said Bea, but the legislation is being interpreted as a plan to consolidate several of the existing youth-job programs. The old CCC'ers want the same type of program they had, complete with the discipline. They agreed that the major problem with today's youth-job programs is discipline, or rather the lack of it. Bea put it simply, "In the CCC days, when the top kick said 'Jump!', the kid said 'How high?' Now, if the the top kick says 'Jump!', the kid says, 'Do it yourself!'"

Besides pushing for CCC legislation, and the opportunity to get together and exchange stories, the NACCCA members are always searching for new members. With most of the former workers approaching their '70s, they want to get children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren of CCC'ers interested in a time when life was hard and a boy had to work hard to support himself and his family, and in so doing, better himself and his country. "We have a declining potential," said Earl. "We're all old. We have to get those grandchildren in, or it will die out."

In an effort to reunite all Idaho and surrounding area CCC'ers, as well as spread the word to relatives of former CCC workers, the Lewiston NACCCA chapter is sponsoring a convention June 26-27 in Lewiston at the 49'ers Club.

If anyone is interested in joining the NACCCA, they can contact Douglas S. Eier, at 401 Sixth Ave in Lewiston, (208) 743-6892.

Perhaps some day the CCC will be revived, and though all of the original workers may not be around to see it, a 50-year legend and a cherished dream will live on.

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# Events

## Friday, May 7

...A free discussion and demonstration of Reiki, a form of palm healing from Japan, will be given at 7:30 p.m. at 405 S. Almon. For more information, call 882-1488.

...A presentation of magic use and new combat types will be given by a Creative Travelers member at 8:30 p.m. in the SUB Ee-da-ho Room.

...Jack Novik, attorney in the recent Arkansas "creationism" trial, will speak in the WSU Compton Union Building from 3-4 p.m., and again at 7:30 p.m. in the WSU Herald Auditorium.

...Snapdragon literary and art magazine is offering a \$50 prize for the best cover design submitted by May 13. For more information, contact the Humanities office in the UI Library.

## Saturday, May 8

...A Jackie Kennedy '60's Night Party will be held at the Moscow Community Center at 8 p.m. Tickets are \$2.

...Casino Night will be sponsored

by the WSU Pi Kappa Alpha fraternity from 3 p.m. - 2 a.m. at the Station Restaurant in Pullman. Those over 18 can gamble. Admission is free.

...The WSU Mayfest celebration will begin today through May 15 on the WSU campus. Live entertainment, arts and crafts displays, outdoor movies, and many contests will be part of the festival. Any person interested in participating should contact Dan Maher, (509) 335-9666.

## Sunday, May 9

...The Religious Society of Friends (Quakers) will meet for worship at 11 a.m. at the Campus Christian Center.

## Monday, May 10

...A basic self defense class for women will begin today at the Egan Youth Center. The class will meet for three weeks on Monday and Wednesday nights from 6-7 p.m. The fee for the class will be \$10 for Moscow residents and \$12 for non-residents. For more information, call the

Moscow Parks and Recreation Department, 882-0240.

...A panic mass for final exams and a celebration of the end of the term will be held at 11 p.m. at St. Augustine's Center.

## Tuesday, May 11

...The Sign Language Practice Group will meet at 7:30 p.m. in the SUB Pend O'Reille Room.

## Thursday, May 13

...Barry Stevens, author of the book, *Don't Push the River*, will speak in the Bundy Reading Room in Avery Hall on the WSU campus at noon. For more information, call the WSU Women's Center, 335-6830.

## Sunday, May 16

...A special graduation mass will be held Saturday from 8:30 a.m. - 3 p.m. at the SUB. Registration will begin at 8:30 a.m. with a fee of \$15, or \$5 for members of the North Idaho Consortium for Health Education. For more information, or to pre-register, call 885-9186.

# Braun

continued from page 10

While in Moscow, the group will be holding its annual Idaho Swing dance contest at the Capricorn at 11 p.m. Wednesday. Couples can enter, with no entry fee, for a chance to win the \$100 first-place prize. First- and second place winners will be invited to Stanley, Idaho for the state-wide contest, where a grand prize of \$1,000 will be awarded to the winning couple. River and backpacking trips will be given to the second and third place winners.

The brothers, Muzzie and Gary, have lived in Idaho most of their lives, and the songs Muzzie writes reflect their love for this state. The backdrop of Idaho's mountain ranges, open plains and wild rivers weave through most of the songs, and it's hard to imagine The Braun Brothers not singing about Idaho. According to Muzzie, the two want to become well-known throughout the state, playing in bars and

concerts and doing dance contests, but they don't have any desire to leave Idaho.

The Braun Brothers have put out two albums, *Old Cowboy Blues*, and *Heart of Idaho*. They hope to record another over the coming winter. They tour throughout the summer, taking winters off to record and take it easy. They have their own record company, Idaho records, and would eventually like to get other artists to perform on their label.

Gary, 30, is taking classes in music theory and composition at the University of Idaho to aid in arranging the music and producing the albums.

"We want to keep doing what we're doing," said Muzzie. Touring, recording and a possible television program with KAIT-TV in Boise is what the Braun Brothers see in their future. As Muzzie phrased it, they want to keep it as simple as possible.

# Your Own Private Idaho



## movies

SUB — *Bedtime for Bonzo* (G) ... 7 and 9 p.m. (Friday).

Micro — *Return of the Secaucus 7* (PG) ... 7 and 9:15 p.m., through Saturday. *Flesh Gordon* (R) ... weekend midnight movie. *Reds* (PG) ... 7 and 9:15 p.m., starts Thursday.

Kenworthy — *Victor, Victoria* (PG) ... 7 and 9:15 p.m., through Tuesday. *A Little Sex* (R) ... 7 and 9 p.m., Wednesday through May 18.

Nuart — *I Ought To Be In Pictures* (PG) ... 7 and 9 p.m., through Saturday. *Missing* (PG) ... 7 and 9 p.m., Sunday through May 15.

Old Post Office Theatre — *My Dinner With Andre* (PG) ... 7 and 9 p.m. *Baby Loves and Bear* (X) ... weekend midnight movie.

Cordova — *Chariots of Fire* (PG) ... 7 and 9 p.m., through Saturday. *Some Kind of Hero* (R) ... 7 and 9 p.m., Sunday through May 15.

Audlan — *Richard Pryor Live On Sunset Strip* (R) ... 7 and 9 p.m., through Saturday. *Death Wish, Two* (R) ... 7 and 9 p.m., Sunday through May 15.

Big Sky Motor Movie — *For Your Eyes Only* (PG) and *The Spy Who Loved Me* (PG) ... 7:30 p.m. (Friday-Saturday).

## music

ASUI Coffeehouse — open mike ... 8-9 p.m.; Dan Maher ... 9-11 p.m. (Saturday, Satellite Sub).

Cafe Libre — Ken Wriggle ... guitar (Friday); Paul Santoro and Friends ... a night of the '50's. (Saturday).

Capricorn — TNT ... country-rock. Cavanaugh's — Oasis ... top-40.

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

Moscow Mule — Open mike all weekend.

Rathskellers — Glider ... rock. Scoreboard — The Robell Brothers ... top-40.

## workshops

Understanding and managing stress is the topic of a two-day workshop to take place today and tomorrow at the Good Samaritan Village, 640 N. Eisenhower in Moscow. Session times are Friday, 8:30 a.m. - noon, 1 - 4:30 p.m.,

and 7 - 9 p.m. Saturday sessions are from 8:30 a.m. - noon and 1 - 4:30 p.m. The fee is \$85. For more information, call 882-6560. Human anatomy will be the focus of a workshop designed for emergency medical technicians,

paramedics and anyone interested. The workshop will be held Saturday from 8:30 a.m. - 3 p.m. at the SUB. Registration will begin at 8:30 a.m. with a fee of \$15, or \$5 for members of the North Idaho Consortium for Health Education. For more information, or to pre-register, call 885-9186.

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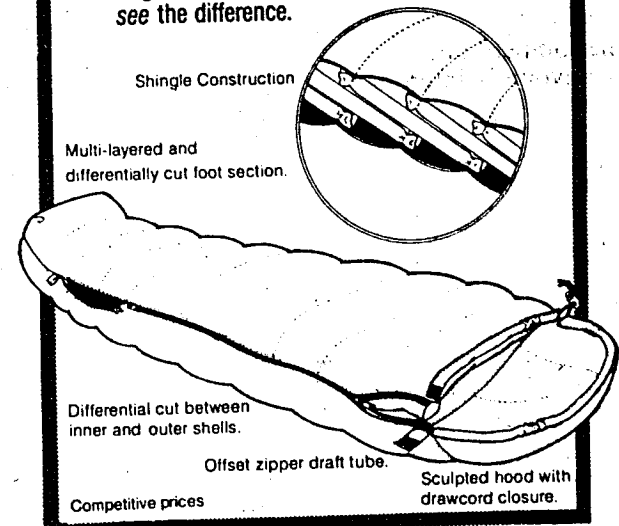
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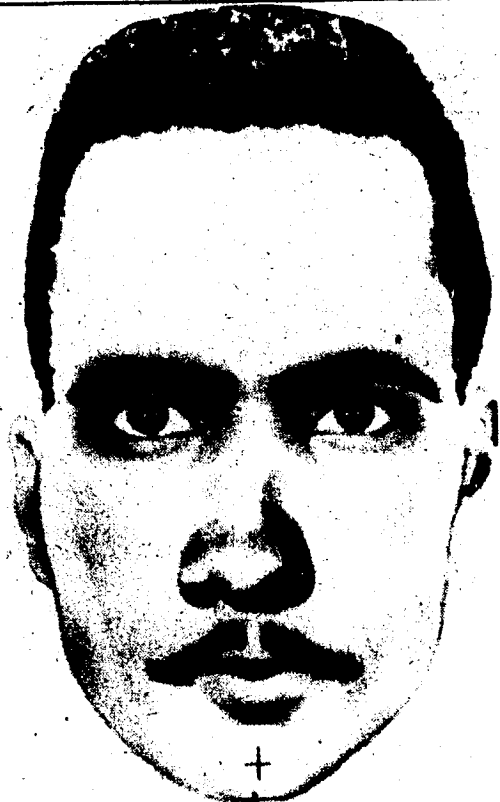
## SATURDAY MAY 8

The platters that matter. . . . .  
 trivia contest...60's fashions..  
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**Moscow Community Center**  
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Washington State University Police are seeking information leading to the arrest of this man. The suspect allegedly raped a WSU student.  
 He is a black male, 20-21 years of age. He is estimated at 6 feet 3-4 inches tall, with dark eyes and a heavy build.

## Regents

continued from page 1

Board member Leno Seppi had wanted the Board to approve a search for a central manager, but the motion died due to lack of second. Members of the Board objected to the Seppi motion because of the amount of time the process would take.

Hay also explained that whatever plans the Board decided on should be in line with the goals already set down for public television.

These goals include using public TV primarily for public education and for teaching higher education; providing high quality programs in the areas of music, arts, and documentaries for the public through private donations; and producing programs of local interest.

### CORRESPONDENCE STUDY in Idaho

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### ★ MAIN EVENT

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One criticism of the central station concept has been the potential loss of federal grant money.

Individual stations are eligible for grants when they are autonomous. Under a combined system the three systems would be eligible for only one grant.

Hay said although this money will be lost, money will also be saved because of a decrease in expenses.

In other action, fee increases and room and board increases were approved for each of the four institutions of higher education.

A fee increase of \$7.50 for full-time University of Idaho students was approved, with \$7 going to lessen financial difficulties in Student Union operations and \$.50 for the Alumni Association.

The increases in housing and food services will go to cover increases in inflation, personnel costs, and food and utility costs. It will also go to provide for the cost of in-room phone service and computer clusters that will be installed in dorms.

### GET AHEAD IN YOUR COLLEGE CAREER

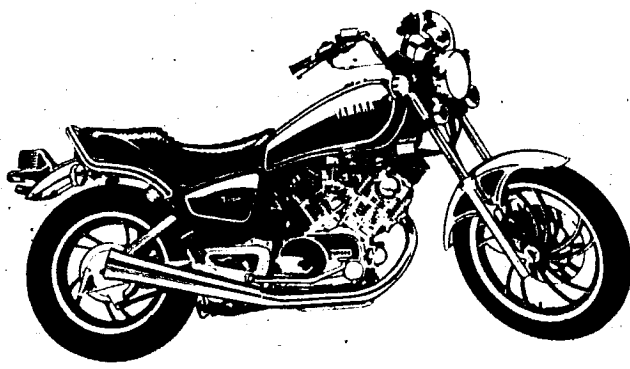
by taking Math 190\*  
 this summer.  
 M-TH, 8-9:50 a.m.

\*not listed in the current summer session schedule.

\*  
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**JAZZ**  
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# Classifieds

## 1. APARTMENTS FOR RENT

Furnished 2-bedroom apartment for summer sublease; a/c, dishwasher, laundry facilities; close to campus. Negotiable. Scott, 882-6253 or Bill, 882-9403.

2-bedroom apt. Quiet neighborhood. Pets and children OK. \$185/mo. Steve, 882-0133.

2-bedroom apt., furnished, for Summer Sub-let. \$150/mo. Call 882-7947.

2-bedroom furnished, air-conditioning, dishwasher, close to campus, 883-0944

2-bedroom basement. New, clean, carpeted, quiet neighborhood near East City Park. Summer sublease \$150. Utilities paid. Open for fall. 882-1901 after 5:30 p.m.

2-bedroom in Moscow, w/d, fireplace, dishwasher. Great location. No pets. \$300/mo. (509) 332-1754.

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

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

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 sublet, option for next year, all or part of spacious 5 bedroom house, 882-3414.

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.

Furnished house for lease, large three-bedroom, near town and university. \$355/mo, 882-3603

## 3. TRAILERS FOR RENT

Like new 2-bedroom trailer available June 1. \$150/mo. Negotiable. Call 882-8396.

## 5. TRAILERS FOR SALE

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

10x47 w/10x20 extension, 2-bedroom, wood stove. Setup, furnished, pets OK, 882-5843.

## 6. ROOMMATES

Female roommates wanted. One permanent opening, one summer sublet. Pets okay. Call anytime, 882-1626.

2 roommates, large 3-bedroom duplex. Many extras. \$100/person. Roger, 882-0133 or 882-2352.

## 7. JOBS

**FORESTERS**, Graduates in forestry, environmental science, biology or botany may qualify for positions in Africa, Asia, Latin America, and the Carribean. **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.

Earn \$205.80 weekly working at home. Part/full-time. No experience necessary. Details and application sent on request. Send self-addressed stamped envelope: FSP GROUP, Box 3531, Moscow.

Do you have some spare time this summer? Make a lot of kids happy by being a youth baseball & softball volunteer coach & paid umpire. If you are interested, contact Moscow Parks and Recreation at 882-0240. **WE NEED YOU!**

## 8. FOR SALE

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.

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

1974 Audi Fox. Good condition. \$1500 or best offer. Call 882-8132.

Moving, must sell!

Professional reel to reel tape deck and lots of furniture. Ask for Steve at 885-7463.

FOR SALE: Two 6-drawer stand-up dressers. \$100 each; cinderblocks 75 cents each. 882-1200.

MUST SELL: Hitachi AM/FM stereo cassette recorder. \$160, save \$65 off retail price. FREE Blank tape with purchase. Information, 882-6326.

Land for sale: 4 acres in Deary area. Log cabin under construction. Garden area, out buildings, beautiful view, \$25,000. Call after 7 p.m. at (801) 393-5907.

## 9. AUTOS

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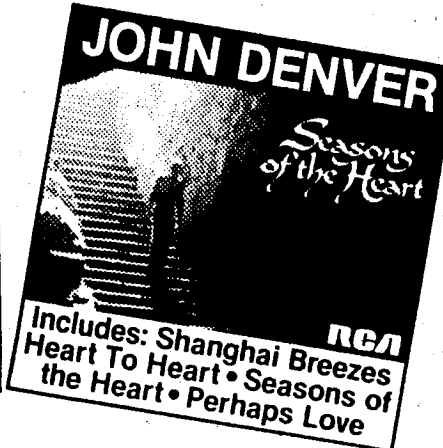
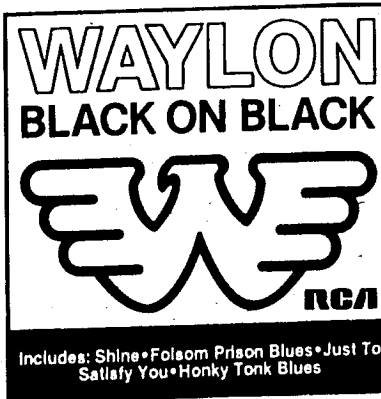
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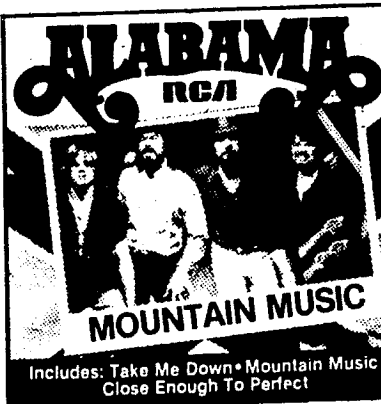


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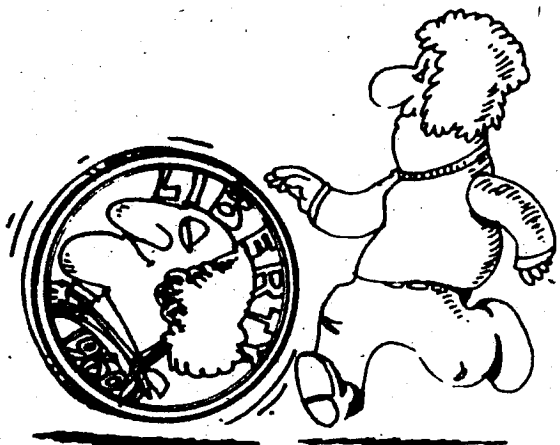
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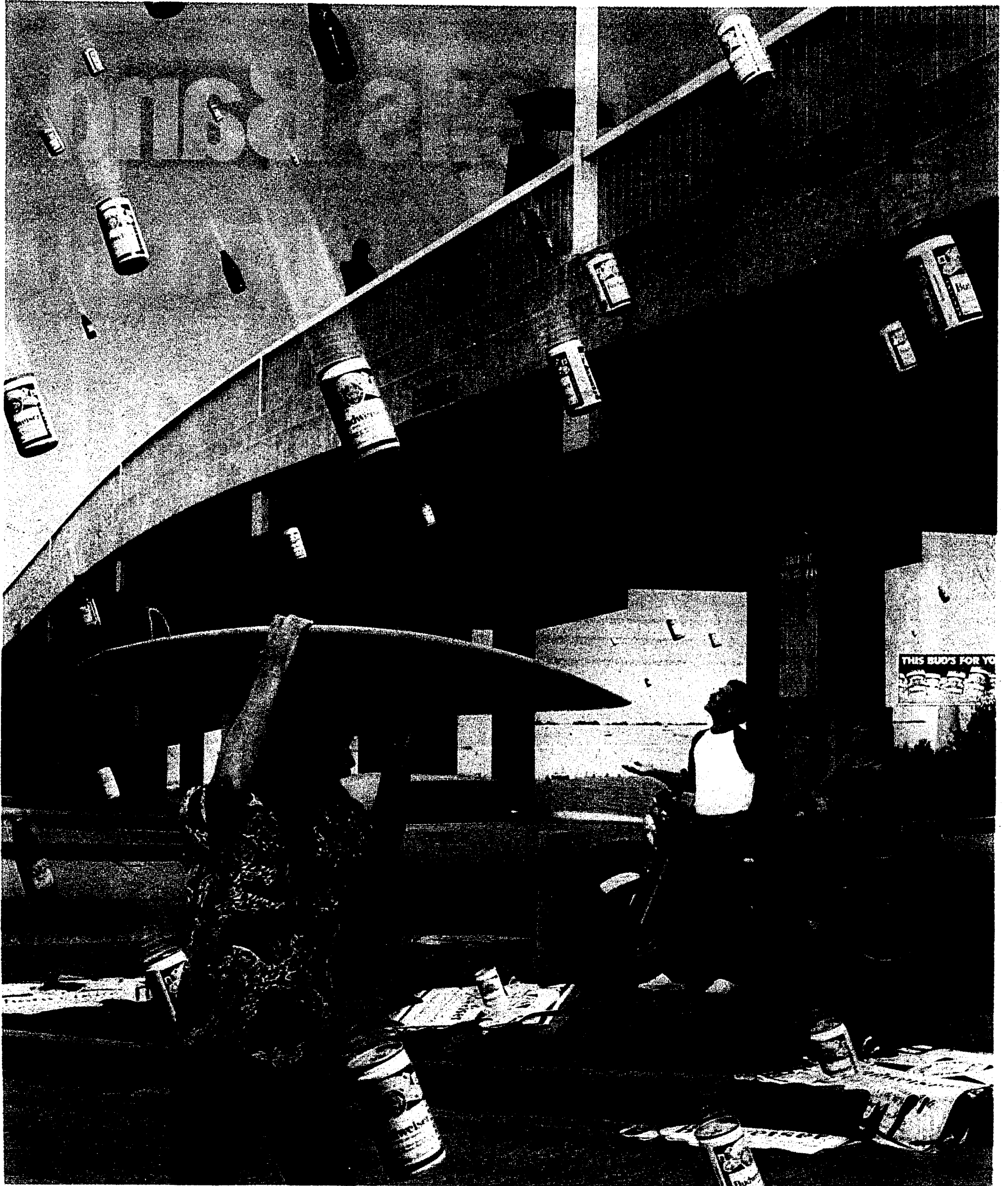
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I recently saw a copy of *Ampersand* dated January/February Volume V, No. 4, 1982. It is unavailable in any stores in my city. I was wondering if it would be possible for me to order this issue.

Mary Wilcox  
 Eau Claire, WI

We have, alas, many such complaints; we are distributed within, and only within, college newspapers. No newsstands. But back issues can be ordered, \$1.50 per issue, or you can avoid any future problems by subscribing. Costs six whole dollars per year (send check and address information to *Ampersand* Subscriptions, 1680 North Vine, Suite 900, Hollywood, CA 90028).

At the ripe old age of twenty-four I am about to do something I have never done before: write a fan letter. As I sat half asleep and bored to tears in my Federal Jurisdiction class last Friday, I happened to spy a copy of *Ampersand* (January/February '82). The cover alone was enough to snap me out of my boredom and the article — on Timothy Hutton — was enough to bring me back to life.

Russell Harris, Fan

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

### Consuming Mass Quantities

IN THE WAKE of irrepressible funster John Belushi's death from a synergistic mix of heroin and cocaine come these two coke-laced reports from a recent *L.A. Times* edition. First, actor Lou Gossett (you loved him in *Roots*) and girlfriend Honey Rufner were recently arrested for, among other things, giving her two children and his seven-year-old son drugs. It's called "Child Endangerment" in these parts. Detectives found cocaine and freebasing equipment in Gossett's home. Freebasing is a highly volatile method for cooking out the impurities — baby laxative and worse — that greedhead dealers routinely mix into cocaine. Freebasing also cooked out most of comedian Richard Pryor's epidermis between phallus and adam's apple a few months back, and helped Pryor cut his time in the 100-yard dash to practically nothing.

Second, corpulent Beach Boy Brian Wilson — whose apparently permanent drug-induced psychosis has been public knowledge for years — has reportedly resumed cocaine consumption, with the help of his brother Dennis. The news came to light because of a Santa Monica court action. Dennis Wilson and Stan Love, former collegiate All-American and Los Angeles Lakers basketball player, agreed recently via a mutual restraining order not to "harass, molest, threaten or strike" each other.

Love, a first cousin to the Wilson brothers, had spent the mid-Seventies as a sort of nurse/coach to Brian Wilson, trying to cure the once highly creative singer/songwriter's bouts with dependency and binges with drugs through an exercise program and strict supervision (which, apparently, was abandoned some time ago). He alleges that representatives of Brian Wilson, including Wilson's business manager, told him that the Dennis-to-Brian cocaine connection had re-

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### New Contributors

DENNIS CARLYLE DARLING (*Butch Hancock, Jimmie Gilmore photo*) teaches photography and graphics in the Journalism Department of the University of Texas at Austin. His credits include *Rolling Stone*, the *Washington Post*, *Popular Photography* and *Modern Photography*. Clinching an *Ampersand* assignment was a major career thrill but, avers Darling, "I won't give up my day job yet."

RICHARD GRAHAM (*In Print*) lives in San Diego and signs his letters with impressive calligraphic flourishes.

MIKAL TOOMBS (*In Print*) had better write to us soon and tell us where to send the check.



# & OUT THE OTHER



Dennis Wilson — his brother's dealer?

cently grown to \$10,000 worth of nose candy in a two-month span. Love and companion Rushton Pamplin went out to "confront" Dennis Wilson about the matter. Their meeting was short on good vibrations. The Beach Boy drummer was chased through his own house, Love whaling the bejeezus out of him all the while with fists, feet and a telephone, meanwhile smashing windows and furniture. Fortunately, a majority of the blows landed on Wilson's head, an object that's been of no use for several years.

Richard Pryor has spun his burning flesh experiences into some four minutes of stand-up comedy. Dennis Wilson lives in "constant fear of further attack." Lou Gossett is free on \$2,500 bail after just one night in the slammer. John Belushi is finally off drugs ... may he rest in peace.

## On the Road Again?

IT APPEARS TO BE semi-definite: The Rolling Stones will tour Europe this summer, somewhere between May and July. According to the Stones' Los Angeles publicity firm, the group was recently discussing the possibility of this tour while working on a film of last year's American tour and a live album of same (with any luck, both should be out this fall).

## Beatty Sued Again

WARREN BEATTY has been slapped with his second screenwriting lawsuit (the first, for *Shampoo*, which he co-wrote with Robert Towne, was ultimately reversed in the appellate court, to Beatty's relief). This time William M. Greene and Helen Smith have filed a \$20 million lawsuit, claiming Beatty reneged on their contract and paid only \$250 for rights to their unpublished book *Louise Bryant: Biography of a Radical* (Bryant was played by Diane Keaton in the film *Reds*). Greene also claims Beatty took advantage of his naivete and his research.

## Between the Lines

THE LATE ROCK STAR JIM MORRISON will be back in bookstores soon: Frank Lisciandro, photographer, filmmaker (he edited the Doors film *Feast of Friends*) and once a friend to Morrison, has published *An Hour for Magic* (Delilah Books, \$9.95). Lisciandro told *Ampersand* that the book contains 130 photos of Morrison taken by him, "Ninety-nine point nine per cent of them never published before." The text, 30,000 words of it, was written by Lisciandro (who now lives in Santa Barbara), except for ten Morrison poems which the singer's estate allowed Lisciandro to publish. Lisciandro, who worked with Morrison on film projects when he wasn't taking pictures, claims his book was written partly as an effort to dispel the nasty image Morrison suffered in the book *No One Here Gets out Alive* (by Jerry Hopkins and Danny Sugarman). "It's mainly my personal kinds of experiences with Jim," Lisciandro said. "I tried to show Jim leaning toward poetry and philosophy and filmmaking ... everything I wrote was something I experienced first hand."

FRANK HERBERT, author of the assorted *Dune* books, just signed a contract with Putnam for *Dune 5* (title to be changed) for the tidy sum of \$1.5 million. Not such a bad deal for Putnam,

considering that the five *Dune* books (most recent, *God Emperor of Dune*, a best seller) have sold 7.5 million copies in the U.S. alone. As for the alleged film version of *Dune* ... it still simmers away. As of February, screenwriters on the case were David Lynch, Christopher DeVore and Eric Bergren, with Lynch (*Elephant Man*, *Eraserhead*) to direct. Producer will be Dino de Laurentiis.

NO LESS THAN THREE CELEBRITIES threaten full exposure on the printed page. Richard Harris' is titled *Those Who Did and Those Who Didn't*. French film director Roger Vadim is writing a novel, not a memoir, titled *The Hungry Angel*, in which two female characters are said to resemble his ex-wives Jane Fonda and Brigitte Bardot. And Tony Toon, once Rod Stewart's manager (fired by Rod 8 years ago) promises to reveal more of the rock star's intimate secrets when his memoir is published. Are there any secrets still unrevealed, after *True Brit* of a few years back?

## Say Goodbye

M.A.S.H. will return for one more year, and then finito. The producers announced that the last show will be a two-hour special in which the war is ended and all the characters prepare to go home.

BARNEY MILLER will not even return for one more year; its final episode will air April 24, with the precinct being closed down.

## Lotsa Movie Stuff

APPARENTLY UNAWARE of the sagging economy, Hollywood plans to make dozens of movies in the next few months — after a half year of cutbacks, slowdowns and reductions which left most of the guilds and industry suppliers reeling and hungry. Supposedly we have the following to anticipate in the next year (or two):

Brooke Shields will not frolic in a lagoon, but she will disport herself in the sand — when she stars in *Sabara*, based on a 1928 auto race across the title desert ... *Mike's Murder* will star Debra Winger (late of *Cannery Row*), to be directed by Jim Bridges, who discovered Winger for *Urban Cowboy* ... Susan Sarandon and Richard Dreyfuss will star in *Buddy System*, in which they portray a court stenographer and a security guard brought together by her 11-year-old son ... Chuck Berry plays himself in the class reunion scene for *National Lampoon's Class Reunion* ... Faye Dunaway, Alan Bates and John Gielgud star in *The Wicked Lady*, to be directed by Michael (Death Wish II) Winner ... Burt Reynolds will first star in *Best Friends* with Goldie Hawn, then segue quickly into *Bogart Slept Here*, which was originally written by Neil Simon as a kind of sequel to *The Goodbye Girl*, and was to have starred Robert DeNiro, to have been directed by Mike Nichols. Now Reynolds himself will direct ... Richard Pryor will co-star in *Superman III*, then co-star with Dreyfuss in *Ain't No Heroes*, then assume the title role in *Malcolm X*, a biopic of the late Black Muslim leader ... *Greystoke*, based on Edgar Rice Burroughs' tales of Tarzan's early life, will be made by producer David Putnam and director Hugh Hudson (the team that brought us *Chariots of Fire*); *Greystoke* was originally in the hands and slow typewriter of Robert (Personal Best) Towne ... Olivia Newton-John will star in *Swing*, a contemporary musical ... Scott Spencer, who wrote the novel *Endless Love*, has finished an original script called *Rapture* ... Joe Eszterhas, former *Rolling Stone* editor who wrote *F.I.S.T.* (starring Sylvester Stallone), now has *Pluck the Eagle* (a comedy) and *City Hall* (not a comedy) poised for production...

DIRECTOR JOHN LANDIS (*American Werewolf in London*, most recently) is currently working on *Whereabouts* ("That's not the title, but we don't have a title yet"), after which he'll do "a secret" project with Steven Spielberg and two other as yet unchosen filmmakers ("we'll be contributing in an unusual manner," Landis said, revealing nothing) and the oft-mentioned *Dick Tracy*. Waldo Salt has been assigned the task of writing the screenplay for Landis' future version of Mark Twain's *A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court*.

## The Results Are In

LAST DECEMBER'S *Ampersand* included a Readers' Movie Poll, and here, after many hours of tedious tabulation, are the results: **The Top Ten Actors**, according to the more than 1500 replies, were (in descending order) Harrison Ford, Dustin Hoffman, Dudley Moore, Robert DeNiro, Burt Reynolds, Robert Redford and Alan Alda (a tie), Richard Dreyfuss, Clint Eastwood and Timothy Hutton. **Favorite Actress**: Jane Fonda, Meryl Streep, Goldie Hawn, Katherine Hepburn, Sally Field, Barbra Streisand, Marsha Mason, Diane Keaton, Faye Dunaway and Sissy Spacek. **Favorite Films**: *Raiders of the Lost Ark*, *Ordinary People*, *Arthur*, *The French Lieutenant's Woman*, *Body Heat*, *The Empire Strikes Back*, *Stripes*, *Time Bandits*, *Superman II* and *Four Seasons*. Readers also proclaimed their favorite kinds of films — Comedy was by far the favorite, followed not very closely by Adventure, Suspense, Science Fiction, Real Life, Romantic, Horror, Foreign, Animation and last (to our chagrin), Western.

IN THE WAKE of the undeserved disaster of *One from the Heart*, Francis Coppola is licking his wounds and preparing for his next film — *The Outsiders*, to film in Tulsa, Oklahoma. Based on the novel by S. E. Hinton, *The Outsiders* concerns three brothers who try to keep their family together after their parents die. No cast has yet been announced.

## T-Bone on a Platter

THIS TIME we're taking Tinseltown by storm," cracks T-Bone Burnett. Though the wry Texan's 1980 Chrysalis album, *Truth Decay*, made critical Ten Best lists right and left, it sold precious few copies. An ex-sideman for Dylan, Burnett is working out in L.A.'s smaller clubs until the release of a new album on Warner Bros. The title track, *Diamonds Are a Girl's Best Friend*, a Cole Porter gem associated with the Fifties Marilyn

Monroe/Jane Russell film *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*, gets a laconic folk-rock treatment which produces an unexpected sex-change. Instead of a witty, urbane bit of drollery, the song becomes a sort of parable of temptation that's oddly funny. At a recent Hop Singh show, Warren Zevon climbed onstage. Two nights later at the Cafe Bla Bla, without the aid of celebrity guests, Burnett reached into the funnier side of his song bag until nearly three a.m. "Well I've never been to art school," went one lyric, "But I kinda like Picasso/All his women look Egyptian/But then what the hell do I know?"

## Woosome Twosome

HAS TAPS STAR Tim Hutton been greeting reveille with insipid songstress Nicolette Larson? They've been spotted keeping cuddly company. Larson embittered Neil Young a couple of years back when, after the conclusion of their affair, she ran a lightweight rendition of his tune, "A Lotta Love," to a high spot on the charts. Maybe she'll remake the Hutton vehicle, *Ordinary People*, as *Ordinary Voice*.

## Rolling Stone Rumbles

LONG-TIME RECORD REVIEW editor Paul Nelson has reportedly left his post at *Rolling Stone* over a battle with publisher Jann Wenner. New policy for the section is said to be: one lead review and the rest no more than 32 lines long; no use of simile or metaphor (don't want to confuse those sophisticated *Stone* readers); and absolutely no new wave records unless they have "Top Ten sales potential."

## Psssst!!!! Want to Buy a Filthy Disc?

VIDEO DISC MACHINES aren't doing nearly as well as video tapes in the marketplace; one reason for the lag behind video tape is Japan's board

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## OUT THE OTHER

of censors. Most video disc pressing is done in Japan (Japanese pressing plants are like hospitals. Their American equivalents are generally more like slaughterhouses). Officials in the Land of the Rising Sun have refused to allow even such non-sexy fare as *First Monday in October*, *Serpico* and *Escape from Alcatraz* to be made. No such problem for tapes, which can be more crudely manufactured — it's estimated that half of all pre-recorded video tapes sold are pornographic. Or, as Zippy the Pinhead likes to say, pornographic. Pioneer is about to start pressing videodiscs at a plant in Carson, California, so America can soon choose whether to catch *Debbie Does Dallas* on platter or cassette.

**The Tube**

**T**HE PAPER CHASE, which re-ran nicely on PBS last year, will reappear — on Showtime. Once again, we're being promised new episodes. We won't hold our breath, but we'll be eternally grateful.

**A** FOUR-HOUR MINI series of *Little Gloria, Happy at Last* will appear

on NBC starring Bette Davis as Alice Gwynne Vanderbilt and Angela Lansbury as Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney, grandmother and aunt of Gloria (now the jeans queen), who fought for custody of the little girl back in the Thirties.

**Action Flicks**

**S**EAN CONNERY is still promising to return to the screen as James Bond (and about time; whom does Roger Moore think he's kidding?) in *Warhead*; an original script, it will nevertheless hew closely to the original Fleming character.

**T**HE ROAD WARRIOR (see Summer Movie Guide this issue) turns out to be the sequel to *Mad Max*, directed by Australian George Miller. The first of the two was said by some to be so action-packed "It made *Raiders of the Lost Ark* look like an Ingmar Bergman film." This gave rise to the rumor that Miller will direct *Raiders II* (he won't; Spielberg claims he'll do it), and to the unconfirmed rumor that Connery wants Miller to direct the above-mentioned *Warhead*.

**Conan the Barbarian**

starring Arnold Schwarzenegger, Sandahl Bergman, James Earl Jones; written by John Milius and Oliver Stone; directed by Milius.

**T**he *Wind and the Lion*, also written and directed by John Milius, is one of my all-time favorite romantic adventures: when Sean Connery lifts Candice Bergen onto his horse and rides off with her, after vanquishing the threatening horde ... heartstopping. There aren't many such images to fire female (or male) fantasies these days. And there are none in *Conan*.

Schwarzenegger looks perfect as the pulp heroic Sumerian hulk (he handles a sword with authority and his occasional sly smile betrays an intelligence behind the muscle), but there is no sense of the mythic about him, no suggestion of the fantastic. Even less about the others. Jones, as the evil Thulsa Doom, just stares into the camera intently, while Bergman (a nimble

sword wielder herself) has a startling American accent and vernacular. Nothing seems real, but there is no sense of otherworldliness either. The elaborate temples look phony, the battles are unconvincing (swords miss by inches), and the zillions of Doom's followers seem to pop out of the earth, existing on nothing in the middle of nowhere — just like the fancy defenses Conan constructs while waiting (a very long time) for Doom's army. Where did he get all those sticks, when there were no trees for miles? (I know it's a fantasy, but even Walt Disney would have given us a crumb to nibble, like "the wind brought us the sticks," or something equally silly but logical. I don't ask for much, but I do expect lip service to logic, however bizarre the logic.)

It's not that *Conan* is a waste of time; it's good, mindless, violent fun — but it has no challenge, no mystery. I expected Milius to give us at least two dimensions. Perhaps he'll do better with the promised sequel.

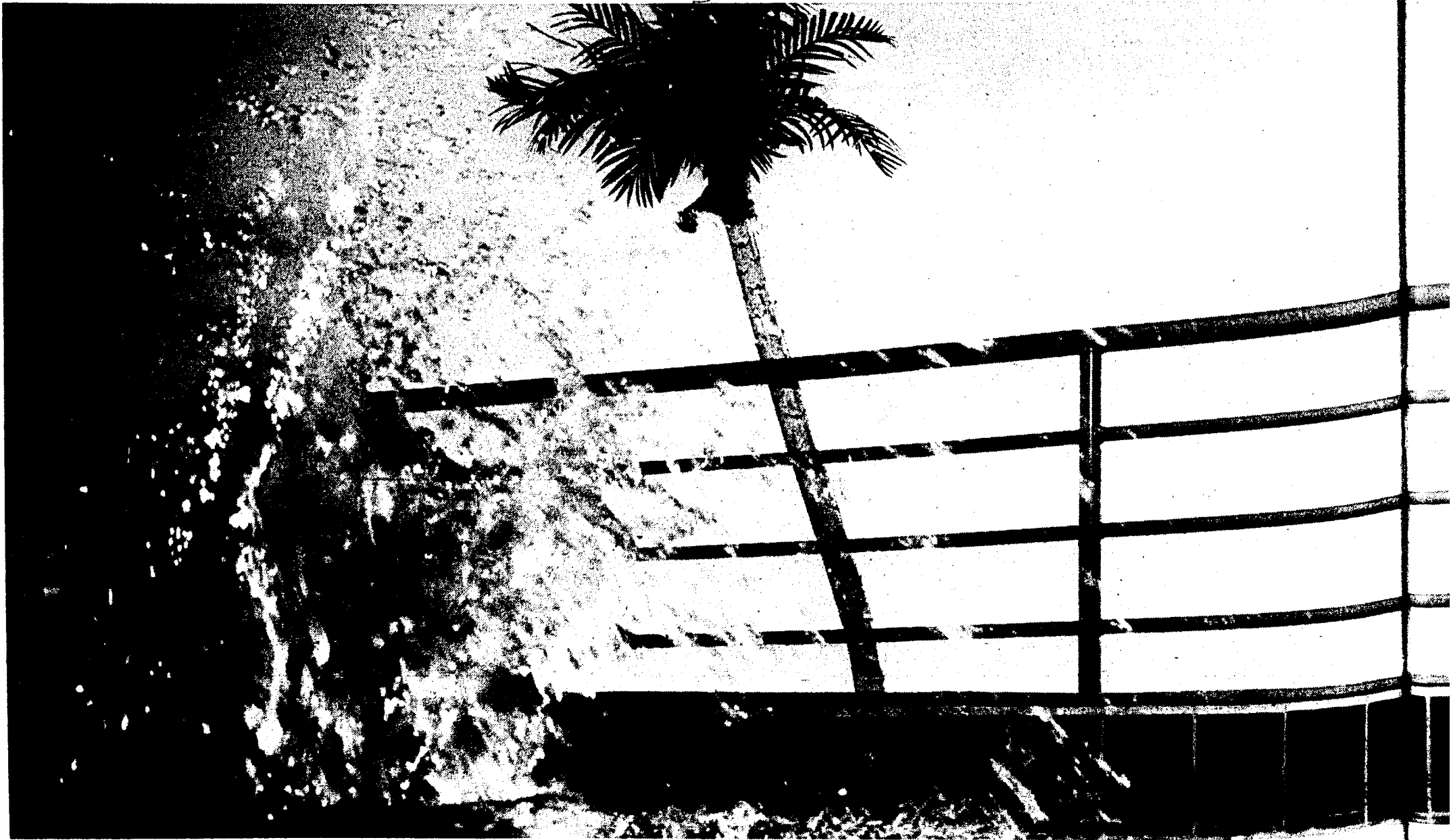
Judith Sims

**Victor/Victoria**

starring Julie Andrews, James Garner and Robert Preston; written by Blake Edwards; produced by Edwards and Tony Adams; directed by Edwards.

**I**t is Paris, 1935. You can tell this because the shops and cafes have French names and the actors speak ze English with ze French accent. Victoria — a hard luck case who hasn't had a decent meal in days and who can't get a job in a cabaret even though she happens to sing exactly like Julie Andrews — finally lands employment in the guise of Victor, a Polish count whom everybody believes to be a female impersonator. Since Parisians — and especially gay Parisians — are very big on transvestites who sing like Julie Andrews and who look like Julie Andrews with a boy's haircut, Victor soon becomes the toast of the town.

Victor/Victoria's meteoric rise to fame and fortune comes at the hand of several remarkably implausible coin-

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cidences: a chance encounter with a cockroach, a sudden rainstorm that shrinks Victoria's clothing half its size and the sudden brainstorm of a gay Good Samaritan named Toddy who happens to look and sing exactly like Robert Preston.

So enter King Marchan, a Chicago club owner/gangster-type who happens to look exactly like James Garner with a Clark Gable moustache. Of course, he falls head over heels for Victor/Victoria and is convinced that she's really a woman because there's *no way* he could fall in love with another (gulp) guy.

If all this sounds incredibly stupid, it is. Based on a 1933 German movie, *Viktor und Viktoria*, Blake Edwards' remake is an embarrassment. Even Edwards' flair for visual comedy, which he worked to near mastery with Peter Sellers in the Pink Panther films, is here almost nonexistent.

If your idea of a good time is to listen to an endless succession of very polite but not terribly amusing jokes about homosexuals and to watch countless table-throwing, cake-in-the-

face restaurant melees, then hurry off to see *Victor/Victoria*. **Steven X. Rea**

## Cat People

starring Nastassia Kinski, Malcolm McDowell and John Heard; written by Alan Ormsby; directed by Paul Schrader.

In 1942, Val Lewton, a producer with very little money and a great deal of imagination, made *Cat People*, a B movie that has since gone on to cult status. Now *Cat People* is a remake, a costly remake, full of costly mistakes. While it's far more psychologically complex than its inspiration, this update defeats itself at every turn with muddled writing, pretentious direction and ludicrous plotting.

Director Paul Schrader (writer of *Taxi Driver* and *The Yakuza* and director of *American Gigolo*) ought to have been perfectly suited to the material. By his own admission he's fairly obsessed by Big Themes: God, moral-

ity, guilt, sex. *Cat People* is awash in notions of beast and man, salvation and lust, sex and animalism, but the movie doesn't so much grapple with these themes as paw through them.

The setting is New Orleans, and Nastassia Kinski plays an exotic young woman who is reunited after many years with her preacher brother (McDowell). Things are pretty weird right off, but Kinski doesn't seem concerned, not even after McDowell disappears for days on end without explanation. Kinski just trots off on a tour of the city. Naturally she's drawn to the zoo, and naturally she's drawn to the zoologist played by John Heard.

But love or sex isn't for McDowell and Kinski. It turns them into cats who must kill to become human again. In a ridiculous dream sequence that opens the movie, designed by Ferdinando Scarfotti (Schrader's collaborator on *American Gigolo*), we learn more than we ever wanted to know about the special relationship between leopards and humans.

*Cat People* has some startling images and an ending that's as haunting

as any in a horror film; but Schrader subverts the power of his material with bad storytelling. Ultimately horror films have to play into our dreams, and although Schrader's come up with three or four strong moments, he can't sustain the illusions.

The movie is also very bloody and contains some misguided special effects that seem left over from *An American Werewolf in London*. *Cat People* has been sadly declawed.

**Jacoba Atlas**

## I Oughta Be in Pictures

starring Dinah Manoff, Walter Matthau, Ann-Margret; directed by Herbert Ross; written by Neil Simon

Neil Simon does it again. And again. And again. And again. Dinah Manoff plays Libby Tucker, a bright and irresistible teenager who travels all the way from New York to Los Angeles to visit the man she hates most: Walter Matthau as gruff and

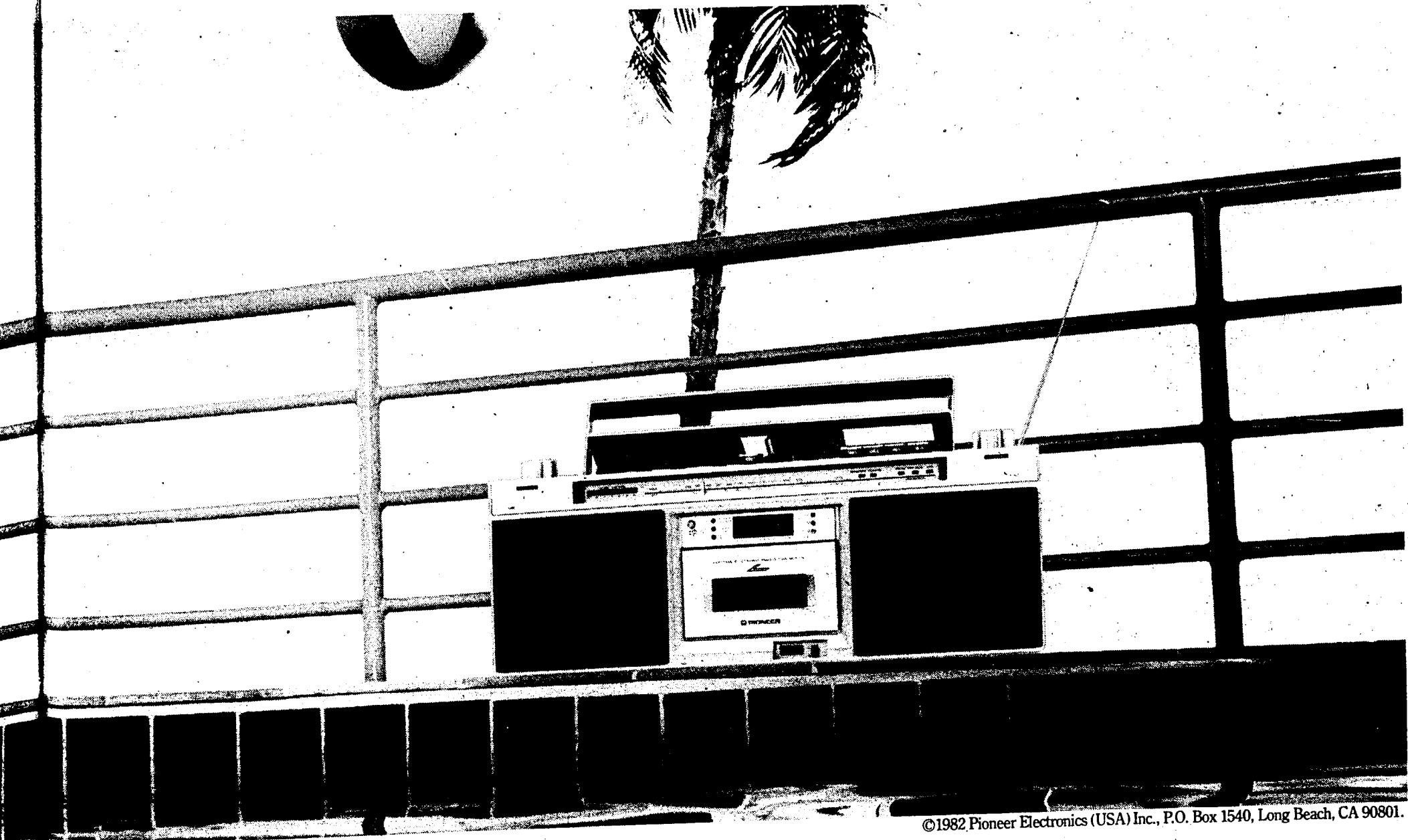
stubborn Herbie Tucker who can't have relationships, and would rather gamble his money at the races than his ideas at the studio. And Ann-Margret has big breasts.

Together, father and daughter fight and joke (he gruff, stubborn; she bright, irresistible) until he cries, she cries, they hug. Marsha Mason, I mean Ann-Margret, interrupts the feisty yet loving relationship by begging dumpy, grumpy Richard Dreyfuss, I mean Walter Matthau, to make a commitment. Simon's spontaneous repartee is not so spontaneous.

The formula works as most formulas do, but one becomes resistant to the coldness of this Broadway-put-on-film cardboard cutout. As a small film, *I Oughta Be in Pictures* could have been wonderful—it has nice visual tone and talented acting, but every nice scene has to end with a punchline, as if once the film gets good, we might forget who wrote it.

Who ought to be in pictures? I don't know. I only know who ought *not* to be.

**Jody Eve Grant**



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# Joe Ely: The New Pride of Lubbock

BY PAUL CULLUM

"We like this kind of music. Jazz is strictly for the stay-at-homes."

—Buddy Holly

"Hot dog I like it a lot!"

—Joe Ely

It's a smoky yellow evening outside, still warm, and the Joe Ely band is onstage at some Lone Star dancehall, tuning up. John Lennon's just been shot a couple of nights ago, and the crowd's milling around, not much spirit for the night ahead. Ely, a high school dropout from Lubbock with a passel of 5-star albums to his credit, hasn't looked at the crowd yet.

So the band seems ready, and Joe faces the mike now, serious. "Y'all heard the news?" And the crowd—as one man—thinks, "Great. Whole world's falling apart. What next?" ... when Joe slams rhetorically into a Roy Brown standard: "Ya heard the news?/There's good rockin' to-night." Which sets off not just the catharsis, but elation bordering on gratitude.

Or the time at Gruene Hall ("Texas' Oldest Dance Hall") when the sheriff came out after 2 a.m. to shut them down and Jesse Taylor, the bear-like guitarist, poured a beer in his hat (forcing them to dive into the crowd to have an escape). Or London at the Venue, when Ely and Butch Hancock were out after the show howling at the moon, and the bouncers tried to chase them down and kill them (forcing them to hide in a Dempsey Dumpster until a safe car could come around).

Joe Ely in concert is like no other—him charging and careening, flailing about, falling into the drums or climb-

ing up on the peana. He has more fun onstage than a white person has a right to.

There's lots of places we could meet, I'm thinking. The Alamo Hotel, the sparkling and virulent Thirties brownstone where LBJ's brother decayed from cancer. The base of the Texas Tower—count the sniper's bullet holes out on the concrete mall. Some chili parlor or domino hall with a sense of history. Any old icon.

"Tell ya what,"—Ely speaking with that same goofy deadpan in his drawl—"you bring your tape recorder and meet me at the Austin Bowl-O-Rama."

"Next up in mixed league competition, we got Hall's Package Stores vs. the Lane Tamers on Lane 2, and Edgbrook Texaco vs. the Hair Flair on Lane 22. Parents, please keep those youngsters off the end lanes, we have a tournament going on down there."

"Y'know," he's studying the orange headpin now on the lane just in front of us, "there's some real good sauce you can get at Tom Thumb grocery stores. It's called Cox's Texas Hot Sauce, and it comes in a mayonnaise jar, from Dangerfield, Texas. You try it sometime—it's de-licious."

Master of non sequitur. Joe is dressed in a vintage British tweed jacket, black corduroy shirt and pants, wing-tipped ostrich or something boots, silk scarf, and a blood-red bolo tie with tiny toy gun clasp. That and the neo-rockabilly chopped pompadour clump-swirl coiffure (compliments Yardley English Lavender). For a Lubbock boy who used to play for nothing but Rebel Tractor drivers, he looks to be out of place in any culture he could claim.

Joe Ely was born in 1947 in Amarillo, Texas. His father worked for the railroad, as had his grandfather, so they shifted: from Amarillo to Fort Worth, Houston, San Antonio and then Lubbock. He played hooky from high school, tried out amps and guitars in the downtown stores, eventually starting to work in local clubs. Over the past ten years or so he's gone from being just another Texas secret to opening for the

Rolling Stones and touring with the diverse likes of Merle Haggard, Carl Perkins, Tom Petty and the Kinks, acting as Clash clown and Linda Ronstadt's next trend to ride ("Honky Tonk Masquerade" on her next LP), at long last putting two albums on the *Billboard* charts (*Musta Notta Gotta Lotta* and *Live Shots*), and bringing country music into the Twentieth Century.

Peter Guralnick called Ely's work "some of the hardest-hitting music of the decade" in *Country Music* magazine, adding, "It has all the intensity, the singleminded drive, conviction and explosive originality of first generation rock 'n roll." *Rolling Stone* found Ely's albums "Full of poignancy, insight and affection for the Southwest and its people." The *L.A. Times* tagged him "... the most impressive male singer to enter country music in the '70s." Twentieth Century-Fox approached Ely to star in *Not Fade Away*, a planned film biography of Buddy Holly that never got made. (Ironically, Gary Bussey—later the star of *The Buddy Holly Story*—was to have played the part of Holly's drummer.) Chuck Berry caught a 1978 Ely set in St. Louis and, after midnight, jumped onstage to join the band on "Jambalaya" and "Mountain Dew."

The corners in-between were packed up with a lot of his term, "colorful misery." He slept on the beach in Venice, California with a Fender Super Reverb amplifier for a pillow, rode a lot of rails ("The Rock Island Express out of Amarillo, up east to watch the leaves turn"), played the subway circuit in NYC, and slept on the Staten Island Ferry. He zigzagged around in the entrails of the continent, working as a fruitpicker, dishwasher, feeding the llamas and the world's smallest horse for Ringling Bros., sopping up the scenery in places like Louisiana, Arkansas, New Mexico, Old Mexico, Colorado—all those Texas outlands he's been made responsible for.

"I helped build Angel Fire Ski Run up in Eagle's Nest. Drove a concrete truck up and down that mountain, like to scare me to death. I was unloading hunnerd-pound sacks of concrete and they asked could anybody drive a truck, so I said 'sure,' anything to get out of loading concrete." And could he drive a truck? "No, course not. But, y'know—you learn real fast, a-hurting down the side of a mountain with about two tons of concrete right behind you."

Ely came into American radio through the backdoor of the English

## Gilmore & Hancock: The Minds Behind the Songs



DENNIS CARLYLE DARLING

A lot of the bands who come through Austin, from U-2 to the Stray Cats, believe all those stories Joe Ely tells over in England—chicken wire across the stages to protect the bands, people shooting off guns inside of bars. So invariably, they get depressed by all the redevelopment—fern bars, gentrification, ossification, cartilage to bone, the spread of mellow capitalism up Sixth Street like a pastel disease.

After that, they generally like what they find: The Fabulous T-Birds/Cobras/Stevie Ray Vaughan blues confluence. The Huns/Records/Norvells new wave exes nexus. And the Emmajoe's aggregation.

Emmajoe's is the socialist roadhouse (named after Joe Hill and Emma Goldman) which is local home to the modern country crowd—people like Townes Van Zandt, Lucinda, Rank and File (formerly the Dils, premier West Coast punk outfit), Butch Hancock and Jimmie Gilmore.

Hancock and Gilmore are always mentioned in tandem, probably a disservice, since both go back to the Flatlanders, the Lubbock band circa 1970 that they formed with running buddy Joe Ely. The Flatlanders' one album is finally on Charley Records as a British import. Together they have written over a third of the songs on Ely's albums.

Jimmie Gilmore is responsible for "Treat Me Like a Saturday Night," "Tonight I think I'm Gonna Go Downtown," and "Dallas," three ballads of subtle clarity. They speak of loneliness and grey light, and the high gentle whistle of the Lubbock winds. Technically, it was Jimmie Dale and the Flatlanders.

Butch Hancock, on another hand, is the best songwriter in America. This is not hyperbole. In the folk poet tradition, singer-songwriter, one man/one guitar, Hancock is the best there is.

"Boxcars," "Fools Fall in Love," "Wishin' for You," "She Never Spoke Spanish to Me" ("All her favorite poets said/Spanish is the loving tongue...")—over and over again. Perhaps his most accessible songs show up on the Ely albums, those on his own being more private, more mystical. But there are gems like "Dominos" or "Own and Own," about Texas' rural to urban shift and things lost to progress, or the ballad "Mario y Maria" (subtitled "Cryin' Statues and Spittin' Images") which are shared between an audience of maybe 5000 people.

Hancock has five albums—*West Texas Waltzes* and *Dust-Blown Tractor Tunes*, *The Wind's Dominion* (double), *Diamond Hill*, and two new live collections, *1981: A Spare Odyssey*, and *Firewater (Seeks Its Own Level)*, with Jimmie Gilmore. If he lived in Los Angeles and hustled the clubs on the Strip for five years, he would be famous in more places than just Texas and Italy (where they love him). But that would probably kill whatever it is that makes him Butch Hancock. Hancock is also a practicing architect, makes video documentaries, once won an argument with the Soviet ambassador over Afghanistan, and built the bar at Emmajoe's. But those are other stories.

Hancock's albums are available for \$7.00 from Drawer 810, Clarendon TX 79226.

press. Much has been made of his adoption by the Clash, their English tour, the oxymoron of that alliance. But if the new wave was ever about anything, it was about structural integrity—purity of essence, reconnecting to roots of form.

"The first couple of Clash shows we did in England were really hilarious, the first time we were confronted with what would be a normal Clash crowd, y'know? Especially places they'd grown up, like Camden Town, were really rowdy crowds. They'd be throwing stuff, and we'd throw back buckets full of ice. To me it felt about like a Saturday night in Austin."

That was the *London Calling* tour, and Joe's *Live Shots* LP was almost named *Lubbock Calling*. Stateside, the Clash wanted Joe to open their Texas dates, and he ended up signing on for the rest of the American tour. (It's probably instructive to remember that the Sex Pistols said their San Antonio audience was the only one to respond with violence in kind. Two thousand people in a concrete skate palace, guys with shaved heads and safety pins in their scalp, and this big cowboy saying, "If y'all'd just move about a c-t hair closer, we could get some more people in here.")

"The Clash were playing Houston, Austin and Dallas on their swing through Texas, and they had a couple of days before they had to go out west, so I talked 'em into playing Lubbock. They scared everybody there, it was great. Then they wanted to see the

sights of Lubbock. Y'know, there just aren't too many sights in Lubbock. So I showed 'em Prairie Dog Town, the high school where Buddy Holly played, that's just about it. We ended up getting some six-packs and spending the night out at Buddy Holly's grave."

Lubbock was where Ely came of age, where he took guitar lessons from Buddy Holly's old guitar teacher, where at age 11 he saw Jerry Lee Lewis outside of Pontiac House. ("There was Jerry Lee on a flatbed truck, wind blowing, dust everywhere...") It's where he says he learned to shoot pool. (He played a friend's wedding last year and took some Aspen developer types for about five hundred dollars.) It's where he lived through his first three LPs (*Joe Ely*, *Honky Tonk Masquerade* and *Down on the Drag*). The 6th LP, the one he's fast at work on at his lakehouse outside Austin, could well be the one to finally force him out of this cult ghetto he's been reposing in the last four years. Another Linda Ronstadt LA-country album is a small enough price to pay.

"Bowlers, I'd like to remind you of the *Diamond Jubilee* next week, we'll be having one shift and one shift only, and that will be the 8:00 shift. Also, there will be a deaf tournament here. It's gonna be real quiet."

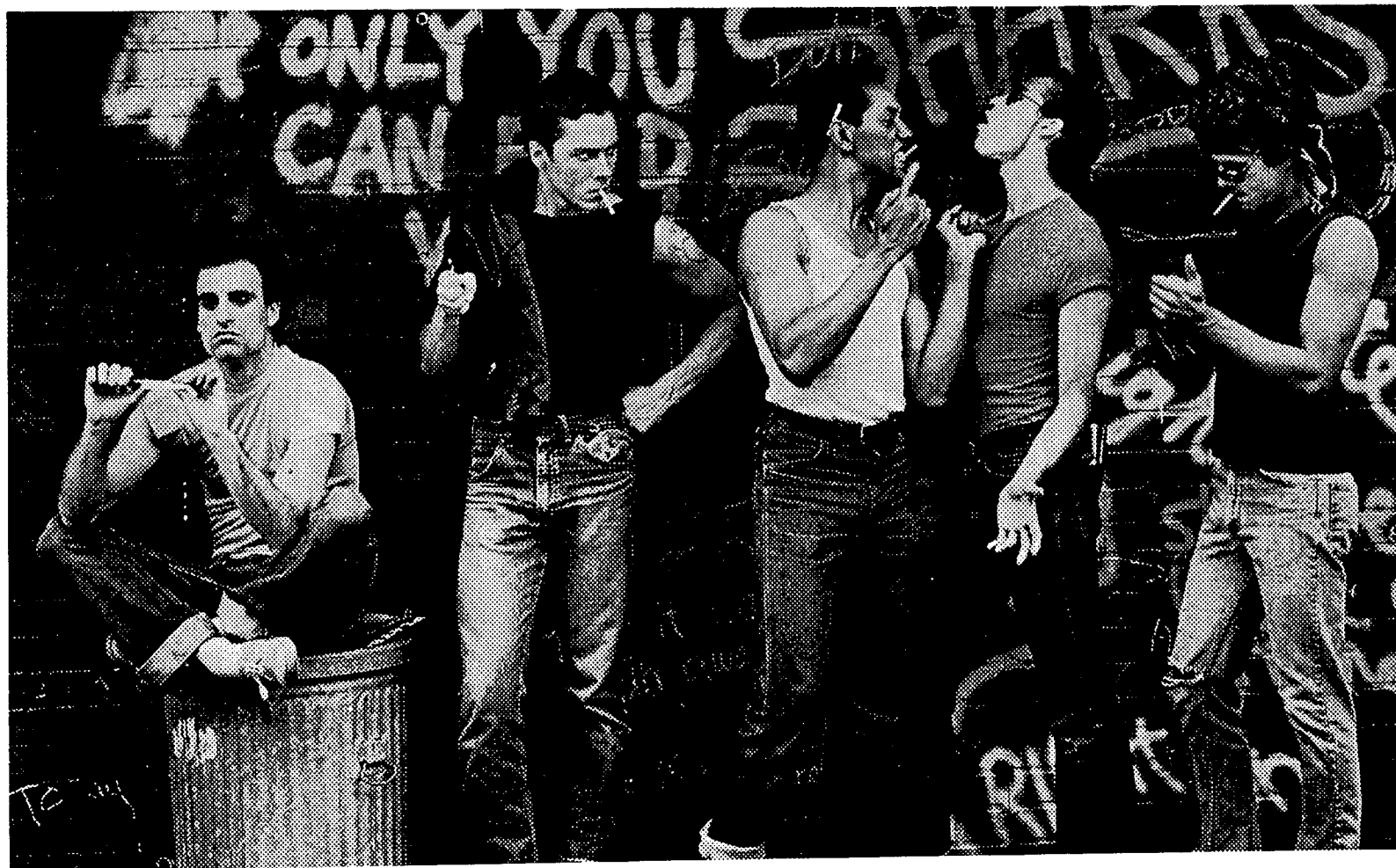
"He say 'Deaf Tournament?'"  
"I think he said 'deaf tournament.'"  
"Oh, good... Least we won't have to hear all this racket."



Joe Ely: Hard-biting, fun-loving Texas rocker. Above, Butch Hancock and Jimmie Gilmore: Head of the Balladeer Class.

HOWARD ROSENBERG

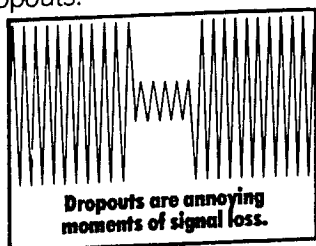




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# 5TH ANNUAL SUMMER MOVIES

## MOVIES

**STAR TREK: THE VENGEANCE OF KHAN** is not, we're told, a sequel to *Star Trek*, but a whole new episode, "different in every way," with more emphasis on characters. Ricardo Montalban recreates the villain Khan, who appeared in a 1967 episode of the TV series. All the familiar Enterprise crew return, with a new addition: Lt. Saadik, played by Kirstie Alley; she's a half-Vulcan cadet, with pointy ears, just like you-know-who.

**SIX PACK** is that most dreaded of genres, a heart-warming family picture. Seriously, folks, it stars Kenny Rogers as a down-on-his-luck stock car driver and six kids, among whom Diane Lane is the oldest, who insist that he adopt them. Directed by Daniel Petrie, who also made *Fort Apache*, *The Bronx* and *Resurrection*.



**POLTERGEIST** directed by Tobe Hooper, produced by Steven Spielberg and starring JoBeth Williams and Craig T. Nelson, is allegedly very scary. Poltergeists, as we all know, are spirits famous for their noisy table rappings and generally ghostly behavior.

**STRIKING BACK** stars Patti Lupone, Tom Allen Skerritt and Michael Sarrazin in a tale of a young man's crusade to restore his old neighborhood to its former dignity.

**FIREFOX**. The return of Clint Eastwood, with a fancy futurist airplane and international intrigue.

Actor Richard Benjamin turns director—of **MY FAVORITE YEAR**, starring Peter O'Toole as a fading and besotted Fifties star who must somehow be convincingly swashbuckling . . . on live television. Co-starring Jessica Harper (from *Pennies from Heaven* and *Stardust Memories*).

**PINK FLOYD: THE WALL**. Just what you think it is. Director Alan Parker (*Midnight Express*,

*Shoot the Moon*), gives us a "very weird" rock & roll movie, starring Boomtown Rats singer Bob Geldof as a rock star burning out in a hotel room, re-living his life. Includes about 15 minutes of Gerald Scharf's animation.



**ROCKY III**, according to those few who've already seen it, is much better than the first two. They swear it is. In this one, Sylvester Stallone joins forces with former rival boxer Carl Weathers in order to beat a new villain. Talia Shire is still the long-suffering Mrs. Rocky.

**DEAD MEN DON'T WEAR PLAID** (our favorite title of the year) stars Steve Martin and Rachel Ward (from *Sharky's Machine*) in a silly sendup of the detective genre. Directed by Carl Reiner, who collaborated with Martin on *The Jerk*.

**THE THING** is director John Carpenter's remake of the sci fi classic; this one stars Kurt Russell, script by Bill Lancaster (Burt's son, who also wrote *The Bad News Bears*) and special effects by Rob Bottin.

**E.T. — THE EXTRATERRESTRIAL & HIS ADVENTURE ON EARTH** is Spielberg's second entry this summer (but his only directorial effort, unless you count the still-in-release *Raiders of the Lost Ark*). This one involves a young boy, Henry Thomas, and an alien (created by the man who made the rubber babies for *Close Encounters*). Also stars Dee Wallace (from *The Howling*) and Peter

Coyote. Written by Melissa Mathison, whose name has appeared in gossip columns lately because she's living with Harrison Ford.

**BEST LITTLE WHOREHOUSE IN TEXAS** finally makes it to the screen, starring Burt Reynolds and Dolly Parton, about which we can say no more.

**FAST TIMES AT RIDGE-MONT HIGH**, written by *Rolling Stone* contributor Cameron Crowe, details the ups and downs of California high schoolers. The key to success? Working at the right fast food chain.

**SOUP FOR ONE** is a contemporary comedy of a young man's search for his dream girl. It stars Saul Rubinek, Marcia Strassman and Gerrit Graham.

**I, THE JURY** is the second version of Mickey Spillane's Fifties tough-guy classic, this time starring Armand Assante (from *Private Benjamin*) as Mike Hammer.

Al Pacino, who appears in movies all too seldom these days, stars in **AUTHOR, AUTHOR**. He plays, oddly enough, an author (a playwright, to be specific); Dyan Cannon is the leading lady in one of his plays, Tuesday Weld is his dippy wife.



Gilda Radner and Gene Wilder star in **HANKY PANKY**, a romantic comedy with international intrigue. (Oh, that again.)

**MEGAFORCE**. Director Hal Needham, the perpetrator of all those Burt Reynolds *Smokey* flicks, gives us a blue-eyed superhero (Barry Bostwick) and some improbable motorcycles that fly, fire machine gun bullets, lob grenades and launch rockets. Persis Khambatta is also unbelievable, but at least she's pretty.



**YOUNG DOCTORS IN LOVE:** a supposedly comic look at the medical profession, starring Michael McKean (Lenny on *Laverne and Shirley*), directed by L&S creator Garry Marshall.

**GREASE 2** is a sequel of sorts; it takes place in the early Sixties and stars Lorna Luft, Maxwell Caulfield, Adrian Zmed and Michelle Pfeiffer (as well as Tab Hunter, Connie Stevens and Eve Arden from another era—the real early Sixties). Directed by choreographer Patricia Birch, *Grease 2* features lots of tight pants, tight sweaters and motorcycles.



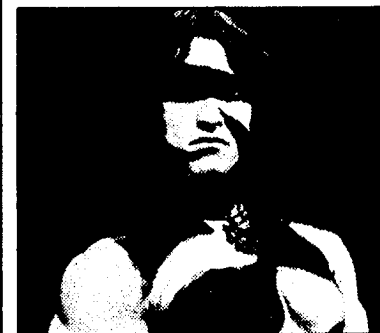
**THE PIRATE MOVIE** stars Kristy McNichol and Christopher Atkins, has lots of *Blue-Lagoon*-type scenery, and mucho music—actually sung by the stars. Some of the music is contemporary, some of it is Gilbert & Sullivan, since this is loosely based on *The Pirates of Penzance*.

**ESCAPE ARTIST** stars Ryan O'Neal's son Griffin, plus Teri Garr, Raoul Julia and Joan Hackett; it's been finished for a long time, was exec produced by Francis Coppola and directed by Caleb Deschanel.

**THINGS ARE TOUGH ALL OVER:** the latest Cheech & Chong movie, this one allegedly without extensive dope references.

**RECKLESS** (which may have a title change) stars Kathleen Quinlan, Francis Sternhagen, David Keith and Cliff De Young in a contemporary love story about a photographer and a car-racing enthusiast. But what's really important about this film is that Jennifer Owens, *Ampersand's* West Coast Sales Director, is an extra in an art

gallery scene. "Probably ended up on the cutting room floor," she laments.



**CONAN THE BARBARIAN**, written and directed by John Milius (who made one of the most romantic films ever, *The Wind and the Lion*), presents the mythic pulp hero; Arnold Schwarzenegger is Conan, dancer Sandahl Bergman is suitably lovely and unclad, and the sets and costumes look terrific. But so did *Excalibur's*.

**THE ROAD WARRIOR** (tentative title) is an Australian venture starring Mel Gibson (the blond hero of *Gallipoli*); it's a science fiction look at the destruction of urban society, no less.

**ANNIE**—the huge version of the Broadway hit, starring Aileen Quinn as Little Orphan Annie, Albert Finney as Daddy Warbucks, and dozens of other stars like Carol Burnett. Directed by John Huston.



**BLADE RUNNER**. Another chance for men to admire and women to drool over Harrison Ford, who plays a futuristic detective assigned to track down and eliminate androids—rebellious non-humans. Except that he falls in love with one of them (portrayed by Sean Young). Rutger Hauer (a droolee in his own right) also stars.

**A MIDSUMMER'S NIGHT SEX COMEDY** is the latest from Woody Allen, also starring Mary Steenbergen, Mia Farrow, Jose Ferrer and Tony Roberts. Summer in the country with six characters in assorted romantic and sexual liaisons.

# MOVIES & MUSIC GUIDE



**IT'S ALL IN THE GAME** (formerly titled *Jinxed*) stars Bette Midler and Ken Wahl; this is the ill-fated Las Vegas gambling/love story, plagued with on-set personality conflicts between Midler and director Don Siegel, among others.

**NIGHT SHIFT** gives us Henry Winkler and Michael Keaton as enterprising New Yorkers who stumble on a get-rich-quick scheme: running a whorehouse. Directed by Ron *Happy Days* Howard.

**THE WORLD ACCORDING TO GARP**, based on John Irving's bestseller, stars Robin Williams as Garp. Written by Steve *Breaking Away* Tesich, directed by George Roy Hill, and also starring Mary Beth Hurt and Swoosie Kurtz.

**THE SECRET OF NIMH**, animated by Disney defectors, is based on a children's book and reportedly "reminds you of *Fantasia*."

## MUSIC



*Mellowed-out Mangione*

**CARMINE APPICE**  
 May 2 ..... Providence, RI  
 May 3 ..... Philadelphia, PA  
 May 4 ..... Washington, DC

**ASIA**  
 May 1 ..... Philadelphia, PA  
 May 2 ..... New York, NY  
 May 3 ..... Buffalo, NY  
 May 5 ..... Rochester, NY  
 May 6 ..... Poughkeepsie, NY  
 May 10 ..... Akron, OH  
 May 12 ..... Grand Rapids, MI  
 May 13 ..... Detroit, MI

May 14 ..... Chicago, IL  
 May 15 ..... Ames, IO  
 May 17 ..... Minneapolis, MN  
 May 18 ..... Milwaukee, WI  
 May 21 ..... San Francisco, CA  
 May 23 ..... Fresno, CA  
 May 24 ..... Santa Cruz, CA  
 May 25 ..... Stockton, CA  
 May 27 ..... Santa Barbara, CA  
 May 28-29 ..... Santa Monica, CA  
 May 30 ..... San Diego, CA

### BLACK SABBATH

May 4 ..... Casper, WY  
 May 5 ..... Pocatello, ID  
 May 6 ..... Salt Lake City, UT  
 May 8 ..... Denver, CO  
 May 9 ..... Albuquerque, NM  
 May 11 ..... Houston, TX  
 May 12 ..... Dallas, TX  
 May 13 ..... San Antonio, TX  
 May 17 ..... New York, NY  
 May 18 ..... Providence, RI  
 May 19 ..... Wilkesbarre, PA  
 May 21 ..... Rochester, NY  
 May 22 ..... Syracuse, NY  
 May 23 ..... Binghamton, NY

### BOBBY "BLUE" BLAND

May 16 ..... St. Petersburg, FL

### CHICAGO

May 31 ..... Ft. Pierre, FL



*Cool Carter*

### ALBERT COLLINS

May 1 ..... Grinnell, IO  
 May 7 ..... St. Paul, MN  
 May 14-15 ..... Chicago, IL  
 May 20 ..... Toledo, OH  
 May 28 ..... Wichita, KS

### RITA COOLIDGE

June 17-19 ..... San Diego, CA  
 July 14 ..... Costa Mesa, CA

### CROSBY, STILLS & NASH

Aug. 1 ..... Portland, ME  
 Aug. 2 ..... Worcester, MA  
 Aug. 5 ..... Columbia, MD  
 Aug. 7 ..... Hampton, WV  
 Aug. 9 ..... Pittsburgh, PA  
 Aug. 10 ..... Hershey, PA  
 Aug. 11 ..... Philadelphia, PA  
 Aug. 13 ..... East Rutherford, NJ  
 Aug. 14 ..... Uniondale, NY  
 Aug. 16 & 17 ..... Clarkston, MI  
 Aug. 18 ..... Charleston, WV  
 Aug. 20 ..... Indianapolis, IN  
 Aug. 21 ..... Chicago, IL  
 Aug. 22 ..... Milwaukee, WI  
 Aug. 24 ..... St. Louis, MO  
 Aug. 25 ..... Kansas City, MO  
 Aug. 26 ..... Tulsa, OK  
 Aug. 28 ..... Oklahoma City, OK  
 Aug. 29 ..... Wichita, KS  
 Aug. 30 ..... Omaha, NB



*Soignee Supertramp*

### RODNEY CROWELL

May 2 ..... Sacramento, CA

### CHARLIE DANIELS BAND

May 13 ..... Ft. Myers, FL  
 July 4 ..... West Palm Beach

### EMMYLOU HARRIS

May 1 ..... LaGrande, OR  
 May 2 ..... Seattle, WA

### HOOKED ON CLASSICS

July 1 ..... Miami Beach, FL  
 July 2 ..... West Palm Beach, FL  
 July 3 ..... Tampa, FL

### LENA HORNE

July 19-22 ..... Detroit, MI  
 July 30-Aug. 1 ..... Washington, DC

### AL JARREAU

May 11 ..... Pullman, WA  
 May 16 ..... Seattle, WA

### JOURNEY

May 21-22 ..... Chicago, IL

### GREG KIHN BAND

May 21-22 ..... Chicago, IL

### B.B. KING

May 13 ..... West Palm Beach, FL  
 May 16 ..... St. Petersburg, FL

### CHUCK MANGIONE

Aug. 20-22 ..... Los Angeles, CA

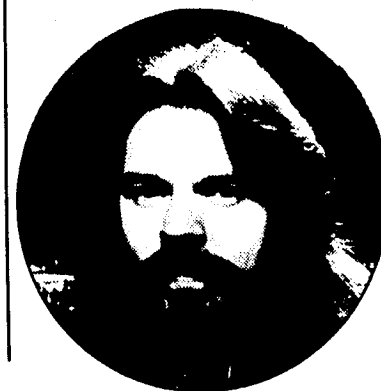
### GARY MORRIS

May 8 ..... Cumming, GA  
 May 22 ..... Laurel, MO

### SMOKEY ROBINSON

May 14-16 ..... San Francisco, CA  
 May 21-22 ..... Los Angeles, CA  
 June 18-20 ..... Chicago, IL  
 June 25-26 ..... Cleveland, OH

*Somber Seger*



*Zealous Zevon*

### KENNY ROGERS

May 1 ..... Cincinnati, OH  
 May 2 ..... Toledo, OH  
 June 1 ..... Minneapolis, MN  
 June 2 ..... Rockford, IL  
 June 3 ..... Peoria, IL  
 June 4 ..... Milwaukee, WI  
 June 5-6 ..... Chicago, IL

### SON SEALS

May 1 ..... Detroit, MI  
 May 13 ..... Columbus, OH  
 May 27-29 ..... Minneapolis, MN

### T.G. SHEPPARD

May 8 ..... Cumming, GA  
 May 18 ..... Charles Town, WV  
 June 19 ..... Newton, PA  
 June 26 ..... Nashville, IN  
 July 10 ..... Columbus, OH  
 July 25 ..... Arlington, TX  
 July 30-31 ..... Cheyenne, WY

### SPLIT ENZ

May 8 ..... Los Angeles, CA

### KOKO TAYLOR

May 6-8 ..... Chicago, IL  
 May 28 ..... Lafayette, LA

*Journeying Joni*



### Disclaimer:

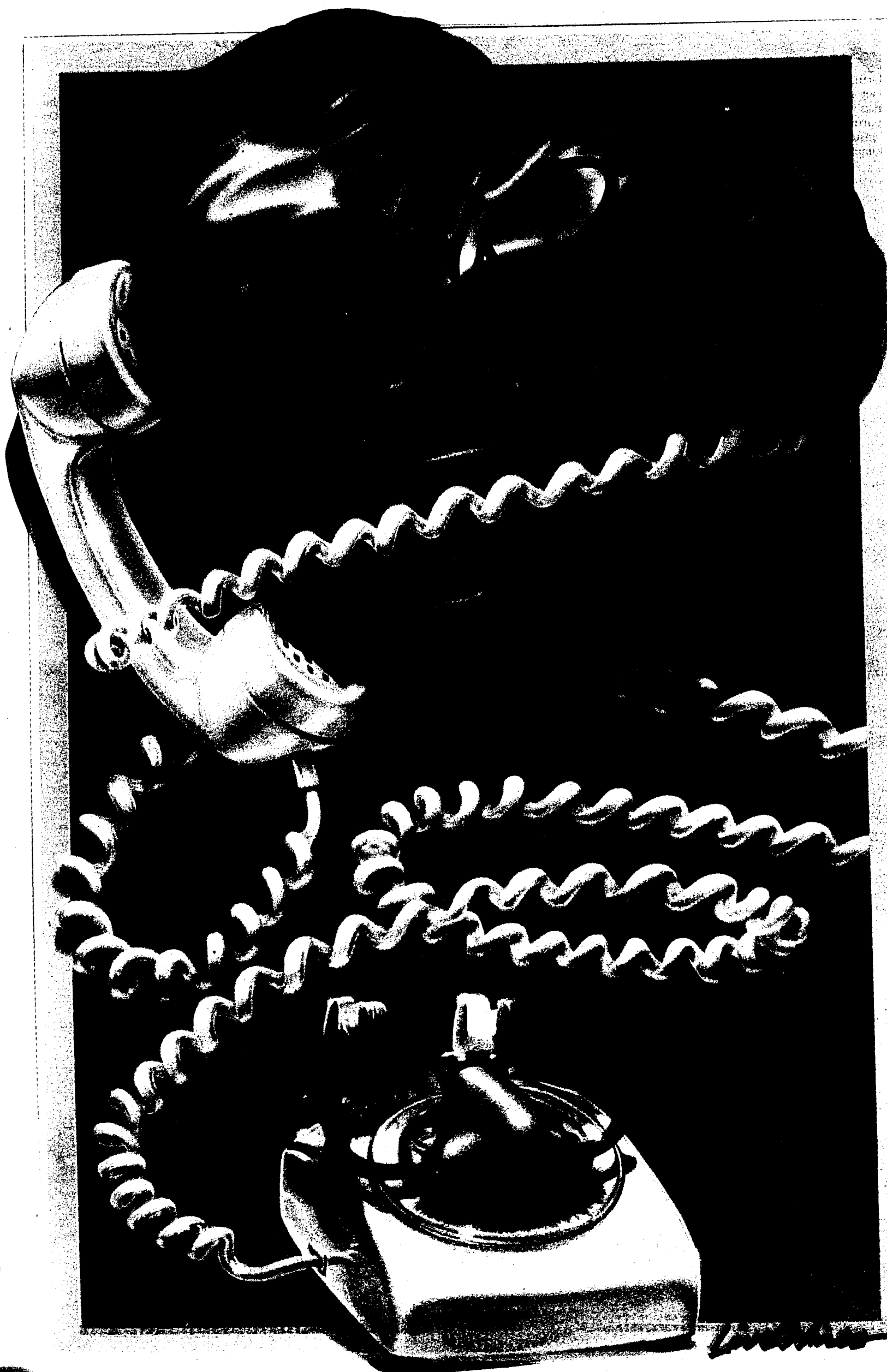
Watch your step and not so fast, anyway. There's no telling what changes these schedules may undergo between our diligent collection and their inexorable completion. So play it smart and check local listings a little in advance, just to be sure.

## SEVERAL DEFINITE MAYBES

Springtime, when the crocuses un-croak, is also when the rocksters and popsters de-hibernate. Millions of your personal favorites are in the recording studios right now. Since album-making can often take more time (and money) than anyone plans on initially, precise tour bookings are apt to be put off until the album is complete. Here are some plans of some of the famous.

LINDA RONSTADT is making a record, probably won't tour.  
 TOM PETTY is making a record, plans a summer tour.  
 RON CARTER plans an all-star jazz band tour.  
 J.GEILS will take whatever money is left in Europe after ...  
 THE ROLLING STONES launch a summer tour of the Continent.  
 QUEEN will definitely tour, but ...  
 JACKSON BROWNE hasn't decided yet.  
 JONI MITCHELL is pretty sure she'll make the rounds.  
 JOHNNY OTIS will mount an Oldies Revue for the resort trade.  
 WARREN ZEVON will probably tour when his album's done.  
 DAVID LINDLEY will tour, but without Ras Baboo Pierre.  
 NEIL DIAMOND is bringing his mood music to a grateful nation.  
 X makes their first major-label LP and puts it on the road.  
 BOB SEGER finishes *The Distance* (new LP) soon, then goes on the road.  
 SPLIT ENZ plans an early summer tour.  
 FOREIGNER will be getting tan on the stadium circuit.  
 ASHFORD & SIMPSON have a new pop/soul album and a tour.  
 SUPERTRAMP will publish *Tightrope*, but aren't yet sure about a tour.  
 BILLY SQUIER will try to extend his winning streak on the road.  
 THE MOTELS will check into a few cheap ones during their road spree.  
 SQUEEZE offers *Sweets from a Stranger* and several tour dates.  
 BOZ SCAGGS has been recording for aeons, probably will tour.  
 GARY U.S. BONDS keeps his comeback rolling with a tour.  
 ROSEANNE CASH makes with a new disc and roadshow.  
 KENNY ROGERS groans on a new album and all over America, too.  
 GEORGE CLINTON Funkadelic/Parliament mastermind goes solo.  
 KIM CARNES risks jet lag with tour and new LP.  
 MARTY BALIN has a new album, tour not yet certain.  
 HUEY LEWIS AND THE NEWS will be traveling fast all summer.  
 U.F.O. flies into selected stadiums.





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# midnight movie madness

BY JOSEPH PATTON

In 1968, George Romero made a low-budget, explicit shocker called *Night of the Living Dead*. The dead, revived by an intense dose of radiation, roam the countryside, automatons with one motive: attack and devour the living. Even the "dead" must eat to stay "alive." *Living Dead* opened in drive-ins, where most films wind up, but it was soon revived at the Elgin Theatre in New York, where it played to young, enthusiastic viewers Fridays and Saturdays at midnight. Audiences went repeatedly to scream with delight as cannibalistic cadavers munched on bones and gorged on intestines and livers.

*Night of the Living Dead* pioneered the phenomenon of "midnights" — special midnight showings of films too excessive, too outrageous, too "weird" to be shown at any other time. Ben Barenholtz, who owned the Elgin when *Living Dead* was unleashed, has compared midnights to pajama parties where all the rules are broken. They're not just movies, but events, and thrill-seeking spectators frequently dress in costume, talk back to the screen, roar, boo, cheer, clap, whistle and shout. At midnights, restraint is out of place. Every midnight is Halloween.

Films that attract late-night clubs are as close to comic strips as live action can be, with something crazed and irreverent about them. Take *Martin*, for instance. When Romero's sly, spooky debunking of the Dracula legend surfaced at midnights in 1978, it was obvious that he had scored again. Martin is a shy, attractive 17-year-old who looks like the boy next door, but he has a freakish fixation: bloodsucking. Martin's ancestors emigrated to Pittsburgh from Transylvania, but since he is fang-

less, Martin uses a hypodermic to knock out his victims and hacks at their wrists with a razor blade to drink their spurting blood. Viewers leave *Martin* unsure whether he is a victim of the vampire inheritance running in the family, or a psychotic delinquent with a horrible habit.

Not much later Romero's *Dawn of the Dead* was sneaked at midnights, played briefly in regular runs, and then settled in for long runs exclusively at midnight. *Dawn* is a sicker, slicker *Living Dead*. Three men and a woman seek shelter from swarms of marauding cadavers inside a shopping mall. "Instinct brings them back here," one of the survivors says. "This place was a very important part of their lives!" All of Romero's films are awash with gore, but *Dawn* proves, once and for all, nothing succeeds like excess. A ghoul stumbles into the path of a whirring helicopter blade, and the top of its head is sliced off. A corpse bites a chunk from a victim's neck, and blood gushes like water from a fire hydrant. Spectators are open-mouthed in horror when the carnage begins; gradually, their screams dissolve into raucous laughter; eventually they break into wild applause, cheering on the last of the survivors as they escape scores of stalking goons in the best cliff-hanger tradition of vintage Saturday matinee serials. For Romero's fans, though, too much is not enough: *Day of the Dead* is in the works, completing the Zombie trilogy.

John Waters uses Romero's favorite device—shock—with gleeful abandon in *Pink Flamingos*. When it came out in 1972, *Flamingos* provoked howls of

disgust, acquired a rowdy cult following, and made its leading actor, Divine — a 300-pound female impersonator billed as "the greatest grossout of all time" — the first superstar of the midnight circuit. Divine lives in a burnt-out trailer with her son, a longhaired punk with a chicken fetish, and her mother, who has a thing for eggs. They enter a contest sponsored by the *National Enquirer* to find "the filthiest people alive." Tacky, sleazy, berserk, *Flamingos* is rated X, but viewers who expect hard-core sex are disappointed; all they get to witness is incest, fellatio, castration and exhibitionism. "To me, bad taste is what entertainment is all about," Waters writes in *Shock Value*. "If someone vomits watching one of my films, it's like getting a standing ovation." *Flamingos'* climactic scene — Divine scoops up a fresh pile of French poodle excrement and eats it, lickety-split — is one of the most talked-about in the history of midnights. The strong of stomach are outraged and amused at the same time, while the squeamish look in vain on the back of the seat in front of them for an emergency bag.

David Lynch's *Eraserhead* rivals and, quite possibly, surpasses *Pink Flamingos* in sheer grossness. It combines elements of science-fiction and fantasy, but it's impossible to categorize, let alone explain. *Eraserhead* concerns Henry, a simpleton with a bouffant hairdo that resembles a fright wig; Mary X, his moronic wife; and their offspring, a cross between a human and a dinosaur. Baby's crying sends Mary home to Mother. Henry feeds Baby a worm, and Baby grows... and Grows... and GROWS!! Poor, startled Henry retreats into a sordid dream world, torn between the Beautiful Girl Across the Hall, a hooker who pouts prettily, and the Lady in the Radiator, who sings sweetly while worms fall around her and squish underfoot. In

the end Henry loses his head, and it is turned into an eraser. *Eraserhead* fans, who roar with satisfaction during its grosser scenes, believe that a truer picture of the mind of middle-class America would be hard to find, except maybe at a K-Mart checkout lane. Lynch, of course, went on to fame directing *Elephant Man*.

Jim Sharman's *Rocky Horror Picture Show* — an outrageous melange of clichés from monster epics, Marvel comics, beach-blanket frolics and Fifties and Sixties rock 'n' roll — is the quintessential fluke. It bombed in 1975, but not long after that it resurfaced at midnights and mushroomed into a national phenomenon. Brad and Janet, two clean-cut kids, get mixed up in the weird antics at a castle where Frank N Furter, a transvestite scientist from outer space, is conducting maniacal experiments, creating drag revues and a blond stud he plans to put to good use — his own.

Audiences turn *Rocky Horror* into a midnight masquerade, dressing as members of the mad doctor's kinky household: Riff Raff, the hunchback henchman; Magenta, his sister; the tap-dancing Little Nell; and Frank N Furter himself, in black corset and high heels. Audiences dance the Time Warp in the aisles, throw rice, spray water, flick cigarette lighters and sing along with the soundtrack: "Toucha, toucha, toucha, touch me/I wanna be dirty/Thrill me, fill me, fulfill me/Creature of the night." *Rocky Horror* is the most popular midnight so far, perhaps because it catches the confusion of two all-American kids agape at the sexual permissiveness of the Seventies.

*Shock Treatment*, a sequel from the makers of *Rocky Horror*, opened at the Waverly Theatre in New York last October, but it hasn't caught fire the way *Rocky Horror* did. Since they're aberrations, it's hard to predict what films will inspire midnight madness, but Frank Perry's *Mommie Dearest*, with Faye Dunaway in a monstrous caricature of Joan Crawford, has the stuff midnights are made of: outrageous humor, shocking behavior, topsy-turvy morality. Audiences have mimicked Crawford's abuse of her daughter, Christina, and her obsession with cleanliness, mock-strangling people sitting next to them with wire hangers and attacking gummy theatre floors with scrub brushes and Bon Ami.

Midnight movie fans often dream up their own bizarre scenarios. Here's mine: a solitary figure totters in high heels down Hollywood Blvd. Whatever it is, it looks like Joan Crawford in the last stages of leprosy, with the blank stare of the "living dead." Rolling her eyes, twisting her lips grotesquely, she cries "Chr — ist — in — aah!"

Outside the theatre, a poster reads: "The Maddest Mother of All Time Is Back — And This Time She's Really A Monster!! With apologies to George Romero, Wire Hanger Productions presents Divine in a film by John Waters, *Afternoon of the Living Dead* (NOT a Soap Opera). The Abuse Continues..."

Tickets, anyone?!

Joseph Patton lives in Charlottesville, Virginia; for the past three years or so he's managed a company that rents theaters in college towns to exhibit midnight movies. He knows whereof he speaks.

ERASERHEAD



STARRING:

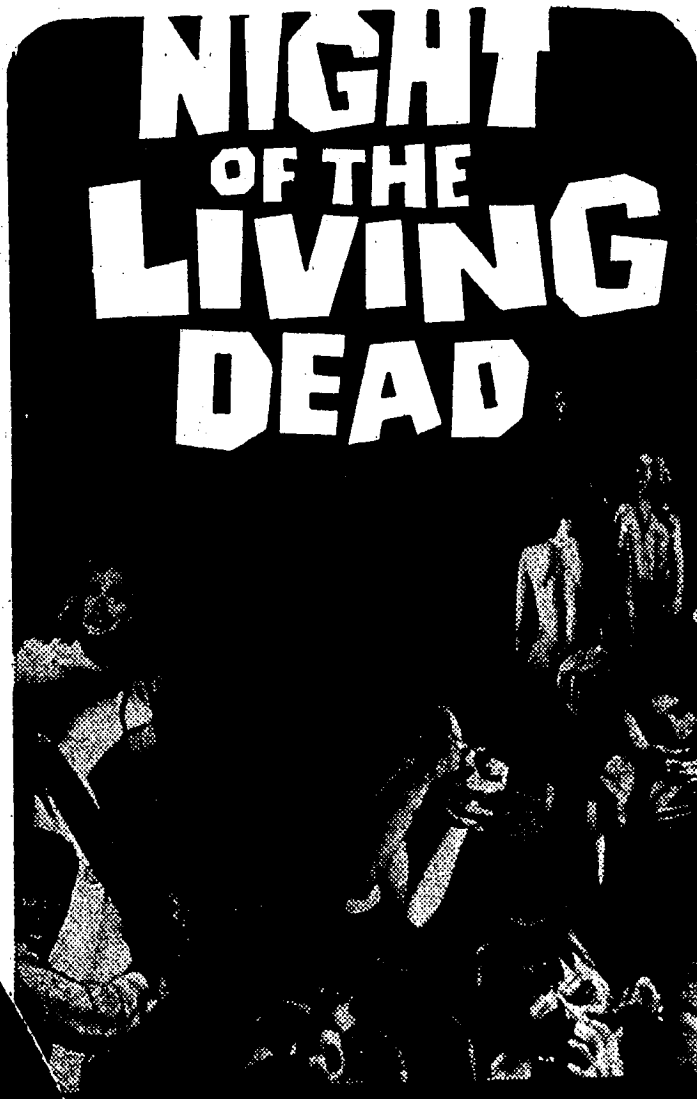


A new nightmare from George A. Romero, the director of "NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD"

MARTIN THE BLOOD LOVER



NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD



# GEORGE CARLIN: STILL SANE AFTER ALL THE S



BY RICHARD LEVINSON

George Carlin is sitting in a director's chair in a Los Angeles photography studio, mugging for the camera. "Hey, Jerry, Brenda, c'mon you guys, you gotta say some stuff that'll really make me laugh," Carlin says to his wife of twenty years and his longtime friend (now personal manager) Jerry Hamza. "What're the seven deadly sins?" asks Carlin.

"Greed," answers Hamza. Carlin's face suddenly becomes very greedy. Click. One frame.

"Try pride." Pride. Click. Not quite.

"Nah, that was really more disdain, wasn't it?" says Carlin.

"Lust." Ahhh, lust. Carlin's face grabs lust and holds it in a strangle-lock for three frames. He's got lust *down*.

"Great, great. How about anger?" suggests Hamza.

"Anger? Oh, yeah, but I can't do that one. It takes too much out of you."

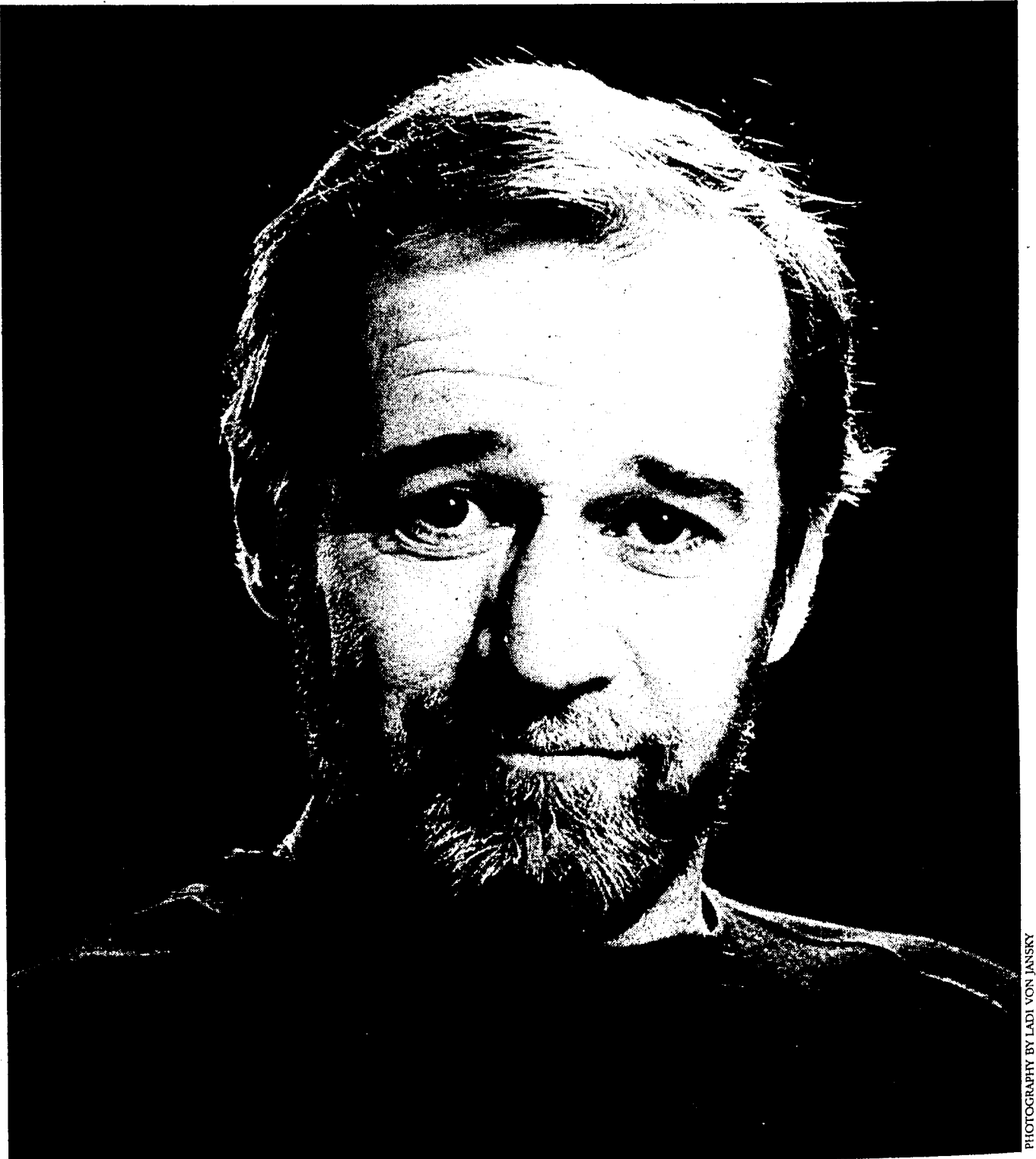
"I think lust is the one," says Hamza.

The photographer calls a break, and Carlin gives his face a rest. The camera, on its own, falls forward on its tripod. "That's the inanimate world responding to me," says Carlin. Hamza starts laughing, then goes over to the telephone to do some business. Hey, where there's a phone, there's an office, right?

These days, there's a lot of business for Hamza to do. After almost five years of relative obscurity for this normally high-profile comedian, George Carlin is back, and back loud. A new album (*A Place for My Stuff*), a *Playboy* interview, plans for books, more records, a cable T.V. show on HBO ("The biggest budget in the history of cable comedy" says Hamza), more frequent tours and *Tonight Show* appearances ("Do you know who the most popular guest host is?" Hamza knows), and lots and lots of ink bear witness to Carlin's return to the spotlight. But, like everything else in his sometimes turbulent career, this re-emergence is on Carlin's own terms. A brief Carlinography: he achieved some notoriety in the Sixties as a "straight" comic and satirist, known for such bits as "The Indian Sergeant" (which you still hear on airline stereo comedy programs, wedged between Bob Newhart and Phyllis Diller), and for the classic 45 "Wonderful WINO"/"Hippy Dippy Weatherman." He built his Las Vegas price up to \$12,500 per week, but in 1970 left the comfort of the Vegas stage cold. The much retold story of his hasty exit from his straight career says less about censorship, (audiences of conventioners began to take exception to his more controversial act, and the hotel fired him), than it does about Carlin himself. He simply had more he wanted to say than the audience was ready to hear, so it was bye-bye Las Vegas. Carlin began playing colleges in the early Seventies and again achieved success, recording six albums (four gold) as a "counterculture" comedian and as a "social critic," labels that Carlin himself wouldn't use.

"I don't do politics. Basically, I do this for myself. My main priority is to be funny, to get them to say 'God, wasn't that clever,' to satisfy my childhood ego. I talk about what's in your refrigerator, how your dog and cat are different, words you use without noticing what they mean. Beyond that, I have a great us-and-them mentality, which surfaces along with the other stuff. It's another section of my personality. But I don't rely on that. I go out there to be funny."

The mid-Seventies brought a lot of changes, none particularly for the better. Massive cocaine consumption, a heart attack, the pursuit



PHOTOGRAPHY BY LADI VON JANSKY

of a movie that was never to be completed, and years of therapy kept Carlin out of the public eye. He survived: health, wit and, almost as importantly, career intact. That kind of silence might deal a fatal blow to the career of one or another entertainer, but in many ways, Carlin's comeback has been easier than his going away. He attributes this to the professional groundwork he has laid over two successful career phases so far.

"Monologues are the basic thing I do. They always will be. That's the thing that got me from standing behind all the guys on the corner to standing in front. If I'm able to expand and develop other forms of writing and performance, they'll be good for me. But they'll never entirely eclipse that the basic thing I do is think about things, stand up and tell them. Having established over a long period of time that I am someone who can always come back and do that well, I would expect the audience to have full confidence, to be ready for me."

Minding the fine points of coming back is the task of Carlin's professional advisors, headed by Hamza. Forget how Carlin might describe himself in conversation, his most recent image is that of a rubber-limbed, wild-eyed class clown who, as often as not, would

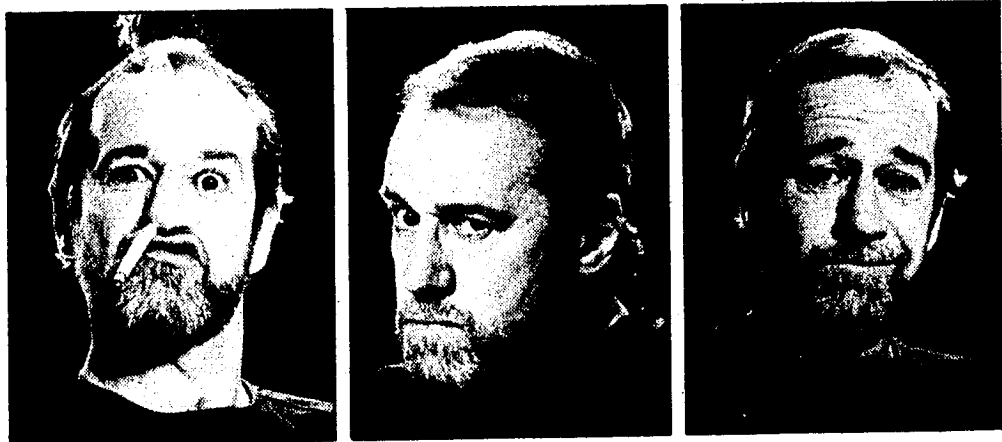
get himself in trouble, saying the right thing to the wrong people. Now, his presentation to the public is very neatly sculpted. The official photo on Carlin's press-kit shows a rather mature, intelligent face with a neatly clipped beard, a friendly, amused... *benevolent* look. Like a cross between a happily tenured college professor and a liberal, socially aware (dare I say it?) *priest*. The new, grown-up George Carlin.

Although he must have approved of the milder image (nothing in his career gets by him), it doesn't prevent him from saying whatever he feels like at interview time.

"I don't see much hope for this society, maybe even the human race. The [population] segment I identify with is the one that feels, as I do, that it's hopeless. The things I do that are pointedly anti-institution are just my way of name calling, of standing across the street and shaking my fist. So, I do them, and try to make them as funny as possible, so they are entertaining to the segment that doesn't give a (insert one of the seven words you can never say on T.V., or print in this magazine). The trouble is profit. I think the only real hope is to kill about three or four hundred million people; maybe even a billion, and start all over again without cash



# THESE YEARS



registers."

Are the billion on any particular continent?

"No, they're all over. You'd have to aim mainly at the financial centers, the commercial centers. I want to be fair. When you're killing that many people, you want to be as fair as possible. It'll be nice, because you'll get a lot of Christians, too."

Carlin doesn't like Christians very much. "Christians have spread more evil than most. I don't like many organized religions, including Judaism. But the Jews have usually been packing and running — it was the Christians doing the chasing."

Is the trouble in the teachings, or are people just reading it wrong?

"You've answered the question. Nothing wrong with the teachings. But you let a couple greedheads get a hold of some gold, and they'll f-k up a good philosophy every time." Carlin adds that this will probably end up as a routine, perhaps as a companion piece to a bit he does on life after the nuclear holocaust.

That's the trouble talking with George Carlin. You never really know if you're hearing the man or the comedian. It's a line Carlin is consciously trying to erase. "I want to get as close to being myself on stage as I can. It's a structured, orderly, professional self, but it's still me. So, the more an audience knows about me personally, the better."

It's this meld of person and comic that makes it possible for Carlin to do his diatribe on Christians, then turn around, go on the *Tonight Show*, do a neat, very funny 10 minutes without a trace of controversy, and feel that, in both cases, he has presented a valid side of himself. ("And now, the news. A man, attempting to walk around the world, drowned today.") There's a lot of death in Carlin's *Tonight Show* material, but death has never been a forbidden subject on television.

"The problem with doing the *Tonight Show* is that so many people see you there that never see you anywhere else. A woman wrote me a letter asking for her \$10 back for the album. She went through such a story, about how she'd loved me on the *Tonight Show*, and played the album for her husband and friends, and got so embarrassed. I sent her the ten. That's not to set a precedent. If it appears in this magazine, I'll just deny it."

"Now, as far as the career goes..." Carlin warms to his favorite subject, his future. It seems that he puts up with, no, encourages the hustling, business side of himself, knowing that the payoff is that he gets paid to do what he loves most and does best: talk. "On the new cable show, I'm going to be doing a lot more characterizations, in costume. Up 'til now, my characters have just been supporting players. Now, I'm going to put them in front. The show will have maybe twenty minutes of monologue, and about forty minutes of sketches, blackouts, vignettes, whatever."

Touring? ("George sold out his last tour.

Added shows in Pittsburgh," says Hamza.)

"Yes, I'm going out soon for 18 days in the East, Midwest, and South."

The album?

"It could have had a better December, but my albums have always had good, solid, steady growth. They sell, they've got legs. And for a first step in a new direction, it's doing magnificently."

Legs? Such a showbiz term for this anti-showbiz comedian. But somehow, the paradox never crosses into hypocrisy. No one feeds Carlin his lines. He knows about and oversees every aspect of his career. He's the one taking the chances, he's the one making the decisions. If anyone has to know about the business side, it's going to be George. And characteristically, he's more than willing to talk about it.

"I've been autonomous all my career, all my life. That's done all the things for me that have happened. The fact that I made the choices. When a posture of that type pays off so handsomely, both in personal satisfaction and money, it's harder and harder to pull away and let other people in." But, with the cable show and other "conceptual" projects, other artistic people will have to be involved. "I'm taking it step by step. As long as I'm the person doing the writing and acting, I can have others advise me. I think I can open myself to that now."

The photographer is ready for a few more shots. I ask Carlin how many photo sessions he's had in his career.

"One hundred and fourteen, exactly. Not counting the ones that didn't come out."

As the pictures are snapped, Carlin does a few lines, gentle ones for a man bent on killing a billion people: "Don't you hate it when you wake up at night, and there's a spider crawling on your pillow, and you don't know his name?" Brenda laughs, and Carlin says, "That laugh. After twenty years, that's still what it's all about."

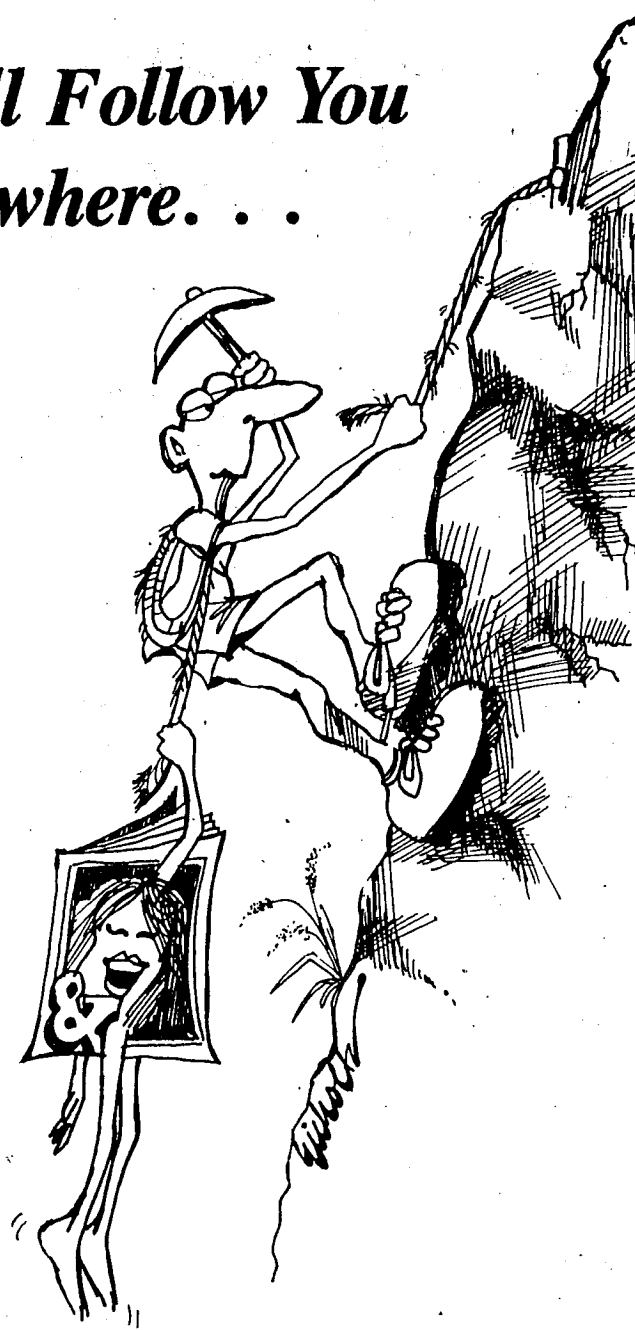
"I want to share the little wonders of the world. Not the big ones, those are in the books. Just the little ones. I'm afraid to go out and fight for justice, because I'm afraid it's a losing battle. But I think ideas and comedy can co-exist. You can be relatively smart and still be pretty funny."

As the session winds down, Carlin and Hamza are talking. I walk over with the tape recorder. "Hey, Jerry, better watch that corporate stuff. The recorder's on," Carlin is laughing. Then he adds, apparently in reference to their discussion, *Time-Life*. The two things they know nothing about, they use as their name."

Now everyone is laughing, a sound familiar to Carlin. I ask him if he has anything he'd like to add before he takes off. He's got an answer ready. After 114 photo sessions and years of interviews, you better believe he's got an answer ready. Still, he sounds like he means it.

"I'm happy, and I'm looking forward to whatever happens to me next."

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## ON DISC

VAN MORRISON  
Beautiful Vision

(Warner Bros.) Here's a scenario: William Blake and W.B. Yeats are swooped up in a cosmic time ray and transported to the Sixties where they're exposed to a relentless barrage of soul and R&B records, after which the poetic pair's respective consciousnesses are fused together and transplanted into the pudgy body of a wacked-out Irishman who used to front a rock group called Them.

Maybe it didn't happen quite like that, but after listening to Van Morrison's latest solo album (his 14th), one begins to wonder. *Beautiful Vision* is a glorious, screwball affair featuring Van the Man in the throes of spiritual ecstasy, reveling in his Celtic roots, celebrating his heartfelt hodgepodge of religious beliefs and summoning up his uncanniest of musical chops.

Song titles like "Aryan Mist," "She Gives Me Religion," "Dweller on the Threshold" and "Across the Bridge Where Angels Dwell" tell part of the story, with Morrison knee-deep in mystical hyperbole, quoting from tomes as diverse as the Bible, the Bhagavad-Gita, Alice Bailey's *Glamour—A World Problem* and Jack Kerouac's *On the Road*. But then, on the stunning, funny "Cleaning Windows," Van forgets all the portentous deity-dropping to deliver a simple first-person narrative from a "workin' man in my prime" who washes windows on week days and then goes "blowin' saxophone on the weekend in some downtown joint."

Either way—adrift in metaphysical hooey or wiping clean his squeegee—Morrison gets away with it. Flanked by a trio of cooing female backup singers, Van grunts, groans, growls and warbles like a man possessed, while his band churns out rhythms and riffs that combine the earthiness of *Tupelo Honey* and the august, ethereal strains of *Astral Weeks* with a funky verve (check out Pee Wee Ellis' sax on "Cleaning Windows") heretofore unmatched in Morrison's career.

Steven X. Rea

LOU REED  
The Blue Mask

(RCA) Our story thus far: Lou Reed, famed for penning such exercises in rock decadence as "Heroin" and "Walk on the Wild Side," cleans up his act and opts for the decent life. He marries (a woman, even) settles down and stops writing songs about junkies and senseless violence, ultimately releasing an album of (almost) conventional love songs, *Growing up in Public*, some two years ago.

Now there's an update: Reed's mellowing has (thankfully) not been total. While fans could congratulate him on his new-found personal contentment, there was evidence that his creative powers were not at their height. *Growing up in Public*, for all its good intentions, suffered from self-conscious lyrics and amorphous music. Reed's best work had addressed themes of ugliness and despair with a heroic directness—heart-and-flowers sentiments didn't seem to suit him.

*The Blue Mask* is a distinct step in the right direction. If not up to the standards of his startlingly innovative

work with the Velvet Underground (his brilliant band in the Sixties), it nevertheless shows that he retains the grit and honesty that were his trademarks. His latest LP doesn't find him denying the changes in his lifestyle, but it does show him capable of more than mundane love songs.

The album's real strength, however, is its fierce musical approach. Supported by a new band, Reed plays guitar with a slashing edge that's sadly been missing from his records for some time. The atonal screechings he reveled in back in his Velvet Underground days are heard once more in "Waves of Fear" and "The Blue Mask." Complementing his renewed playing abilities, Reed's singing has regained much of its old dramatic nuance.

Barry Alfonso

DWIGHT TWILLEY  
Scuba Divers

(EMI) "And now I'm back again, with a hole in my shoe/I'm back again, now everything's new..."

Dwight Twilley is unarguably back. Seven years after his "I'm on Fire"

torched the Top 20, three years since his last album, the boyish Southwestern popster returns. Twilley has a new label and a new album, but it sounds suspiciously like someone else's music.

It took me halfway through the first side of *Scuba Divers* to realize I wasn't listening to the new Tom Petty album. Even taking into account regional similarities and both musicians' fondness for buzzy Byrds-ian arrangements, "I'm Back Again" and "Somebody to Love" (DT's current single) uncannily resemble the mealy-mouthed Floridian at his worst. These are tepid pieces, exercises in recycling that add little and annoy plenty. They're not isolated instances either; the flipside offers "Dion Baby," weak-kneed pop of the most dismissible stripe, and "Cryin' over Me," an unsubtle attempt to toughen up that cops its lick from—of all the tired warhorses—Led Zep's "Whole Lotta Love."

Twilley's return isn't all bad; the title track, while nonsensical lyrically, packs some charge, and "Touchin' the Wind," which breaks the Petty lock of Side One, achieves the kind of yearning romanticism that so rightly earned Twilley praise in the wake of his first

(with Phil Seymour) lp, *Sincerely*. "I Think It's That Girl" is standard Beatle-esque stuff, good for a spin or two.

The lack of inspiration on *Scuba Divers* may have any number of causes. Apparently, the tracks were recorded over a period of time, at different locations, for several prospective labels. Or maybe the well's simply gone dry. Or the genre that Twilley works—melodic, Sixties-inflected pop-rock—may have yielded all its going to yield in terms of riffs and rhyme. Whatever the causes, Twilley's return delivers much less than fans who fell for "Fire," "TV" or "Twilley Don't Mind" had a right to expect.

Gene Sculatti

## OKEH REISSUES

(EPIC) Culled from a half-century of pivotal American music, brilliantly and copiously annotated, handsomely packaged—Epic Records' five-album ten-LP reissue of the best from the gold mine vaults of the venerated

Okeh label may be the most significant reissue series of recent years.

Okeh Records (1918-1969) was known primarily as a purveyor of "race music," that euphemistic appellation that encompassed jazz, R&B, soul and the blues during each of those genre's halcyon eras. This beautifully conceived and presented series further documents the label's forays into Western Swing. With two-album packages highlighting the company's contributions to each of these musical forms, the listener is treated to the early recorded work of such pivotal names as Muddy Waters, Major Lance, Bob Wills, Little Richard and Ahmad Jamal cheek by jowl with such forgotten greats as Johnny Shines, Billy Butler and the Enchanters, the Light Crust Doughboys and the ineffable Sandmen. Screamin' Jay Hawkins shares the grooves with Doc Bagby on *Okeh Rhythm & Blues*; Sons of the Pioneers segue to Emmett Miller & His Georgia Crackers on *Okeh Western Swing*; Victoria Spivey compliments The Yas Yas Girl on *Okeh Chicago Blues* and on and on. It's a marvelous cornucopia, a musical motherlode that delights, astounds and preserves.

Davin Seay

## IN PRINT

## Pinball

JERZY KOSINSKI  
Bantam Paperback, \$7.95

Goddard's not your typical rock superstar. No Hollywood Bowl concerts, no corporate-sponsored national tours, no full-color magazine cover shots of his dates or his arrests—in fact, no photos at all. Goddard wants the impossible: to sell three million records a year while maintaining a private life and identity despite (or because of) his fans.

To that end, he's managed an anonymity so complete that not even the executives at Nokturn Records have seen his face, or learned the address of his secret recording studio home. How Goddard becomes the prey of a fan desperate to know him is part of the story Jerzy Kosinski tells in *Pinball*. The rest of the story is not so straightforward. It involves Patrick Domostroy, a faded composer who's seduced into assisting the desperate and evil Andrea Gwynplaine; Donna Downes, a sensuous black Chopinist whose ambition at the piano needs Domostroy's experienced touch to succeed; and Jimmy Osten, the Clark Kent flip side of Goddard.

Kosinski's preoccupation with a celebrity's right to privacy is understandable. He was, after all, only hours away from meeting Sharon Tate for dinner at her home when an airline luggage mix-up prevented him from taking his flight to Los Angeles and a ringside seat at the Manson murders. It's his Harold Robbins-style perspective on male-female relationships, and women in general, that's hard to figure. Pianist Donna Downes speaks for all of *Pinball*'s lascivious ladies when she tells of the night when "Marcello and I returned to the bar. I was still excited. My whole body oozed sex, and I spun from one orgasm to the next. Like heartbeats, they kept on

coming—for as long as I wanted..."

It could be that the cardboard women like Donna effectively serve to point out the existential despair that only Kosinski's men are capable of feeling. Or, it could be that the pop novel formula of sin-seduction-and-servitude doesn't easily adapt to the serious and worthy questions Kosinski seems to have in mind about privacy and society's expectations of its artists.

Or, it could be that Kosinski hasn't noticed that the mechanics of pinball have been replaced by electronic video games, and that the mechanical sex of the pop novel has been replaced by living, breathing sensuality in the best fiction of the Eighties.

R. Sue Smith

## Majipoor Chronicles

ROBERT SILVERBERG  
Priam Books, \$5.95

*Majipoor Chronicles* is not really a novel—it is a collection of short stories set on the planet Majipoor, the world of Silverberg's *Lord Valentine's Castle*. The stories are linked with an ingenious narrative device—Hissune, Lord Valentine's successor-designate, is allowed to delve into the Hall of Records, where telepathically encoded memories of the citizens are stored.

We see Hissune, at first merely a mischievous boy, grow and mature as he lives these people's lives. Some of them are giants of intellect and courage, some are petty, lost in their prejudices and hatreds. All are fascinating, and all help Hissune to understand the world he will one day rule.

Indeed, the only time one can truly smell blood flowing through the tales is during the numerous and varied sexual encounters. In fact, sexuality is the most dominant form of physical action. This is by no means an insurmountable problem: Silverberg's talent is so strong that his concern for these

people and their lives pierces the veil of intellectual satyriasis.

*Majipoor* is a fascinating creation, a tree which will undoubtedly bear additional fruit, but it is to be hoped that further adventures will be experiences of fuller spectrum—it is something of a cheat to give us such a tantalizing world, and then limit our perception of it.

Steven Barnes

## Sound Effects

SIMON FRITH  
Pantheon, \$8.95

Simon Frith leads an intriguing double life: on the one hand he is a professor of sociology at the University of Warwick, England—a most respectable position—and on the other, a smirk—*rock critic*. The happy convergence of these two seemingly contradictory employments is a writing style which, transmitted to us via columns in *Creem* and (presently) *New York Rocker* and now through this book, is consistently informed and thought-provoking.

In *Sound Effects* Frith sees rock'n'roll (which he uses to describe chiefly the Fifties form) and rock as a cultural phenomenon grounded in the youth and leisure activities of the past (particularly the 1920s) but with a value and meaning all its own. The book is structured around a production/consumption theory of rock culture—the chapters are titled "Making Music," "Making Money," "Making Meaning" and so on—but the emphasis is important: Frith's analyses of the means of production and of marketing are vital but not unprecedented; his real concern is how music is consumed, an area he feels has been unjustly neglected. He explores with great insight and care the uses of rock: as background music for teenage activity, as the rallying point for youth

"community," as a means of making sense out of one's existence.

*Sound Effects* is clearly intended as a text and is, as Frith himself introduces it, "a solid and generally sober work." Thus, the going may be slow at times—a comparison between the Frankfurt School and Marxist theories of mass culture doesn't exactly make for fun reading—but Frith has a way of making sense out of even intellectually abstract concepts.

Mikel Toombs

## Are the Kids All Right?

JOHN G. FULLER  
Times Books, \$13.50

Rock and roll will never die, but you just might. That seems to be the message John G. Fuller is attempting to convey in this gripping recreation of the infamous Who concert at Cincinnati's Riverfront Coliseum on December 3, 1979. Fuller's unique—and certain to be controversial—theory endeavors to explain the forces that contributed to the deaths of the eleven fans who were asphyxiated as they stood among the huge crowd waiting to enter the Coliseum.

Using the Who concert as a focal point, Fuller traces the history of hard rock violence from the mid-Sixties clashes between England's Mods and Rockers to recent disturbances at Van Halen concerts and argues that such disturbances result from a hidden death wish on the part of the rock generation. Fortunately, Fuller keeps his theorizing from becoming too dry by combining it with fascinating biographical information on Jimi Hendrix, Janis Joplin, the Doors, the Rolling Stones, the Who and other such rock superstars. The central story of the events leading us to the disaster at the Who concert is suspensefully told, and makes the book difficult to put down.

Richard Grabam

## OFF THE WALL

## Futzie Nutzle: A Stickman for Our Times

BY BILL BRAUNSTEIN

Futzie Nutzle is not the latest flavor of the week at Baskin-Robbins. Futzie Nutzle is not the lint you find in your navel at the end of the day. Futzie Nutzle is not an esoteric hardware part. "With a name like that," he says, "when people meet me, they are disappointed. They expect some sort of clown that jumps out of a box."

What people do meet is a cartoonist whose best known work appeared on the Letters page of *Rolling Stone* from 1975 to early 1981. But Nutzle's cartoons, which can be likened to drug-addled ideas developed at 33-1/3 rpms and drawn at 78 rpms, have been all over. The publications that have carried his work range from the high and mighty (*Esquire*, *Quest*, *New West*, *Road and Track*, *Oui* and the *Village Voice*) to the low and shaky (the *Free Spaghetti Dinner*, *West Bay Dadist* and the *Weekly Breeder*).

"You're probably wondering," says Nutzle, standing by the door of his grey-blue woodframe house, "why I lead an isolated life out here in nowhere's land" a tiny town in the Monterey Bay area of Northern California. A very tiny town. Cattle in the fields nearby outnumber people. The main street consists of a post office, fire house and grocery store.

It's a good question, considering that Nutzle's deliriously gonzo sketches are concerned with space-age man facing contemporary problems. His first book of cartoons, released last September, is even called *Modern Loafer*. Yet the look from Nutzle's porch is early American barren.

"This will explain." Nutzle gets into his silver 1957 Chevy, fires it up and drives a few minutes before stopping. He is surrounded by hills which seem to tumble over one another in an endless cascade of purple hues. Wood and wire fences run just outside the car, separating pastures from the dirt road. A cow munches some grass. "This is beautiful—and it's just a mile from my home. As an artist, if you can't be inspired by this, forget it."

Nutzle's inspirations have appeared outside the pages of newspapers and magazines, on display in such prestigious places as the Museum of Modern Art and the Whitney in New York. His second book, *American Nutcase*, will be out sometime next fall, and he is currently negotiating a contract with a Los Angeles animation studio, finalizing plans to make a feature-length animated film.

Here, most certainly, is a man on the move, yet everything about him is shaded in mystery, either by design or out of an inert strangeness. Nutzle, for example, will refuse to be interviewed if the town in which he lives is mentioned. He also refuses to be photographed. Even Nutzle's agent is in on the game: he legally changed his name to Freeman Zygote a few years back, cryptically citing reasons having to do with freedom and unfertilized eggs.

Then, of course, there is Nutzle's name. He is introduced in a wide variety of ways; some call him Futz, or Futzie Nutzle, or Nutty, but most friends call him just Nutzle. There's no great story or moment of truth that lead to the name change, Nutzle ad-



The Futz and his alter ego stick figure (above), a Nutzle closeup (far right), and three samples from his latest book, *Modern Loafer* (elsewhere).

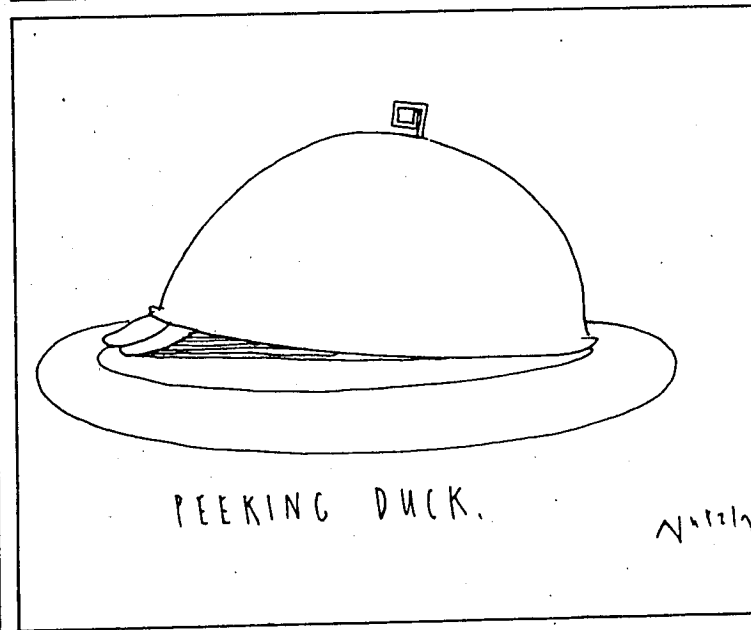
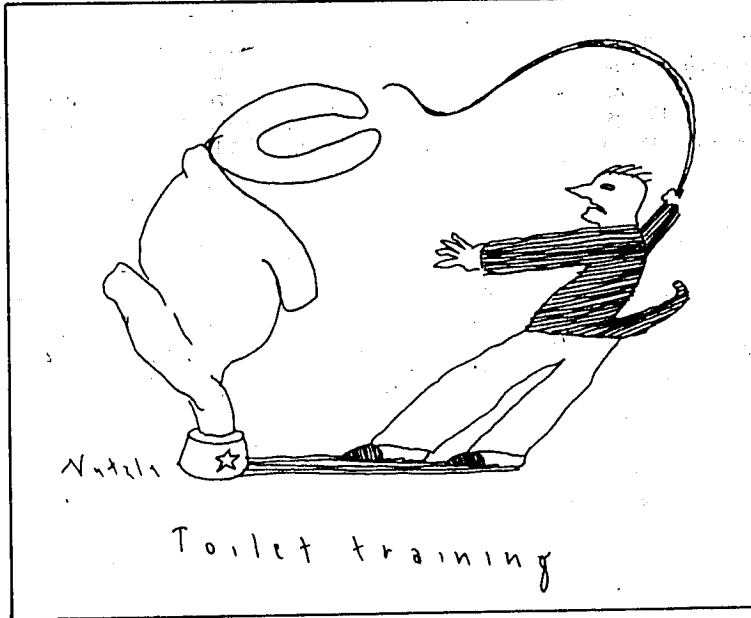
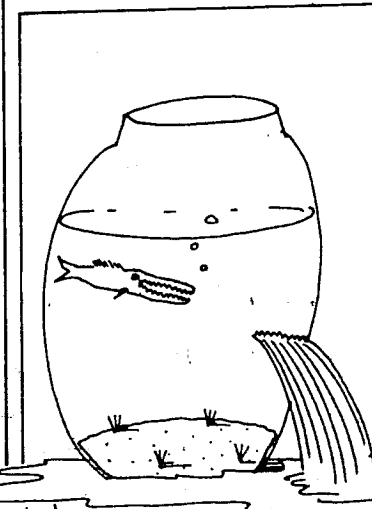
mits. It came from a character he was drawing for a late Sixties underground newspaper called the *Balloon*. His other artist friends had pen names, so he took one, too.

"At first I was uncomfortable with the name," he says. "It's really silly and my art isn't always that silly. But in another way, it's part of the plan. It gets me further than my real name would, and it's become sort of a trademark. Then there's the question of how much of my real personality do I want to expose. I'm not really sure, but Nutzle takes the pressure off."

After a morning cup of coffee strong enough to launch a rocket ("Why drink four or five cups to get going," he says, "when you can drink only one?"). Nutzle leads a visitor to the barn in back of his house that serves as his studio. "It's perfect back here," he says. "I have nobody banging on my door. In fact, sometimes I wish the phone would ring just to make something happen."

A quick glance around reveals the helter-skelter atmosphere of a childhood that wouldn't let go. The walls are covered with posters and paintings. Stereo speakers hang from the loft, usually blaring out the jazz of Charlie Parker or John Coltrane while Nutzle works. An HO-scale train set complete with miniature tracks, bushes and houses, sits in one corner. On a nearby shelf is a lineup of about 15 Hawaiian hula-girl dolls, with nodding spring heads. "Great for monitoring earthquakes," Nutzle says. A glass case by the trains contains an extensive array of Hopalong Cassidy collectibles. And overhead, a pair of gymnast rings dangle from the ceiling.

Somewhere in this conglomeration is an artist's table where Nutzle works. But the room also serves as a study,



where Nutzle has collected literally hundreds of books on cartoonists he admires. Shelves lined with names like Otto Soglow (creator of "The Little King"), George Herriman ("Krazy Kat"), Charles Addams and Rube Goldberg.

In rapid succession he takes out old *New Yorkers* from the war years, an issue of *American Artist* dated 1948 with a Saul Steinberg drawing on the cover and even some old *EC* horror comics. The book collection is the result of doggedly attending swap meets and scouring antique shops and garage sales.

As he turns the pages of a book, the cartoonist becomes animated himself, obviously enjoying the works of the past masters. "These books on cartoons say just about everything," Nutzle says. "They poke fun at the rich, at people who are successful, at the middle class and at the poor."

He opens a cabinet in the room's center and takes out a huge box containing the drawings that will compose his next book. Like a father holding a baby, he carefully displays a few of his latest sketches. The influence of the older styles Nutzle studies is obvious, like tracing one's lineage on a family tree, similar yet different. "I think the older times, like the Fifties, were more interesting than the present. For that reason all my cartoons have funky old buildings and huge cars, plus modern things. I see a real contrast between the old and new."

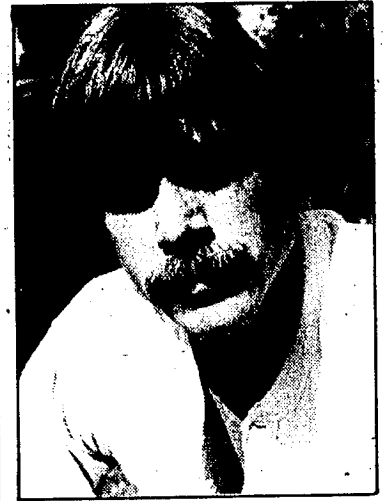
Describing Nutzle's drawings is no easy task. Their humor often relies on

puns, double and triple entendres. He'll sketch "news anchormen" as just that—people with anchors for heads. A "sandwich" is drawn as two pieces of bread with sand overflowing out the sides. An illustration of "body building" will be a structure shaped like a body. On a good day, Nutzle will concoct up to a dozen sketches, using his right hand, then sign his name using his left, to give it a child-like quality.

Oftentimes there is no joke, per se, his purpose being to simply create an image that stays with the reader for no other reason than being interesting to look at. Spare and to the point, his sketches look like the absent-minded doodling one might do while talking on the phone. Nutzle himself acknowledges his shortcomings as an artist. "It's not what you'd call a real slick approach," he admits.

"The style is derived from my being unable to sit at a table for hours and hours. I hate that. I usually find that the successful drawings are just about finished before I even realize that I sat down to draw them. Something will be twirling in my brain and when it finally starts to jell, I'll sketch it. If the sketch is legible and has something going for it, I consider it a success."

The closest Nutzle comes to using a character is his version of Everyman, a figure who wears a blank expression and has three hairs coming out of his head. That person, he says, is his fantasy counterpart. "Who else could it be but me?" he asks. "But I don't want to get caught in the trap of having a particular character. It keeps changing. I



don't want to draw a Snoopy five million times in my life."

If Nutzle's Everyman is a befuddled figure often confronted by strange circumstance, perhaps it is because his own life has been a jumble of mixed experiences and extensive travel. Nutzle was born Bruce Kleinsmith in 1942 in Cleveland, Ohio. His father was killed during World War II's Battle of the Bulge, and his mother remarried, giving him a step-brother and -sister.

He held different jobs as he grew, working in a foundry, driving a truck, cutting weeds along highways, landing his first painting job at 17. "Painting a bridge silver was my first masterpiece," he says. Nutzle's first published drawings, caricatures of teachers and friends, appeared in his high school paper.

When he entered Ohio State University he was still uncertain about what career he wanted to pursue. That changed when he saw the first real painting he'd ever seen hanging in a university gallery. "Watching the canvas, the weight of the painting, and watching it vibrate when I pushed it—that did it. I was completely intrigued. It was there I decided that I wanted to be an artist."

After dropping out of Ohio State, he attended two other art schools, the Cooper School of Art and the Cleveland Art Institute, before deciding he wasn't the school type. He dropped out of college for good and moved to Fort Lauderdale. Returning to Ohio for a brief fling as a commercial artist, Nutzle next realized that he wasn't cut out to lead a normal 9 to 5 existence. His next stop was Lake Tahoe, where he worked for a hotel removing money from slot machines. After brief stays in San Francisco and Santa Cruz, Nutzle settled in the Monterey Valley area in 1975 with his wife of six years, Laura, and their young son, Adrian.

Which brings us back to this tinker toy of a town, so simple and uneffacing, it looks like a cartoon that Nutzle might have sketched. "Yes, I like it here," says Nutzle as he leads a visitor to his car. "It's unaffected. There isn't a cute little coffee shop where hip people go to hobnob with their friends. The birds don't have Tupperware parties in the garden. It's the lack of distractions that give me my inspiration."

Just the spot for a cartoonist to spend the rest of his days, right? "No," says Nutzle, with part of that inert strangeness resurfacing. "I'll only stay here about five more years." A mysterious grin crosses his face. "After that I'll move even further away from civilization."



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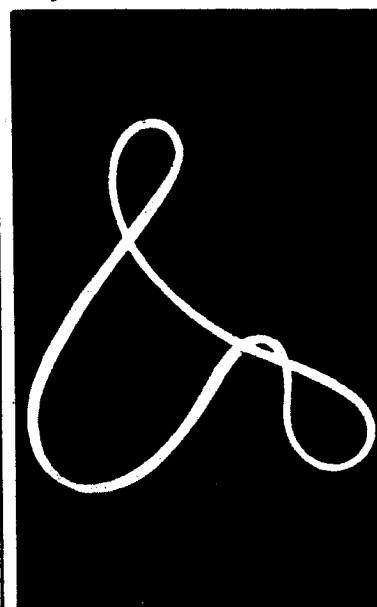
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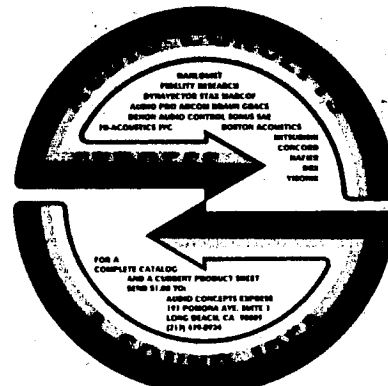
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Please allow 6 weeks for delivery.

**MONEY BACK GUARANTEE** If you are not satisfied, simply return your undamaged, unsoiled order prepaid within 10 days. Your money will be promptly refunded.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_ Apt. # \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

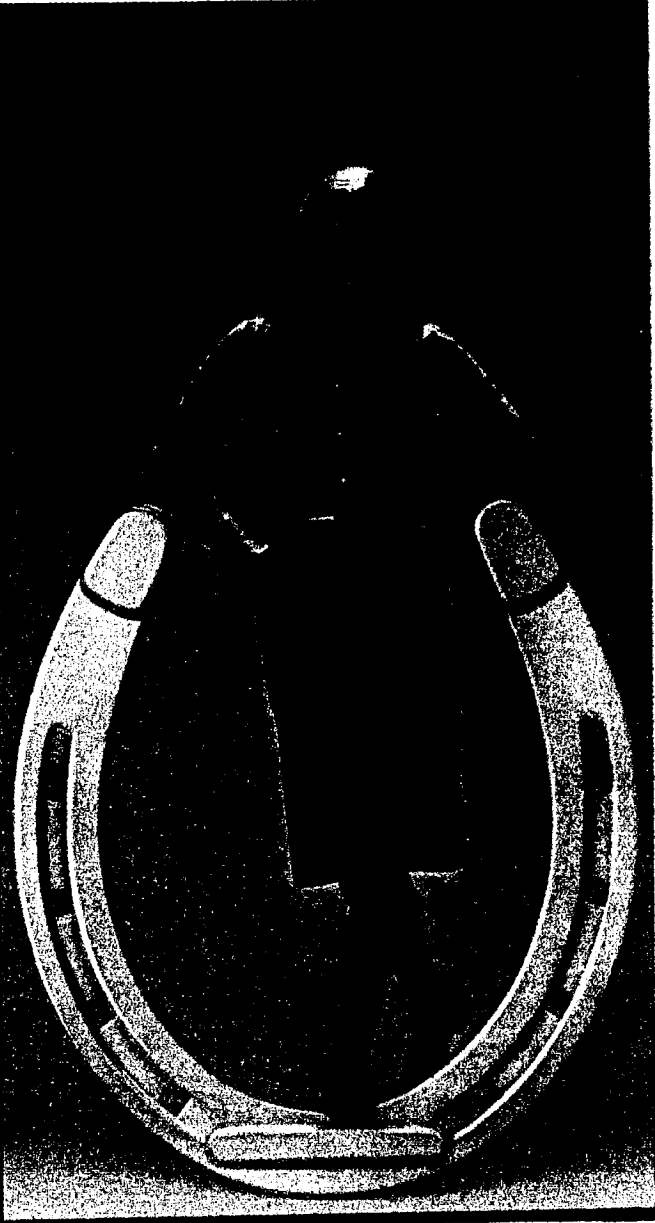
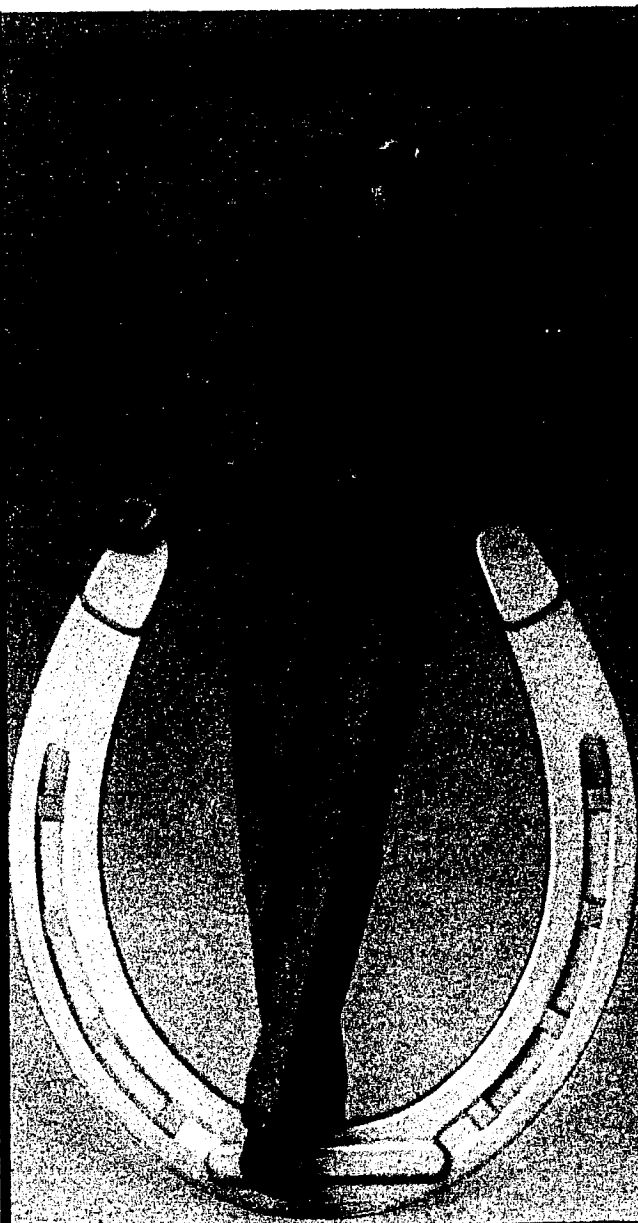
QUAN.	ITEM NO.	ITEM DESCRIPTION	SIZE S,M,L,XL	WAIST SIZE	PANTS INSEAM	COLOR	PRICE EACH	TOTAL COST

MERCHANDISE TOTAL  
Add \$1.50 for shipping and \$1.50 for each additional item.  
CALIF. RESIDENTS 6% SALES TAX  
GRAND TOTAL: MERCHANDISE/TAX

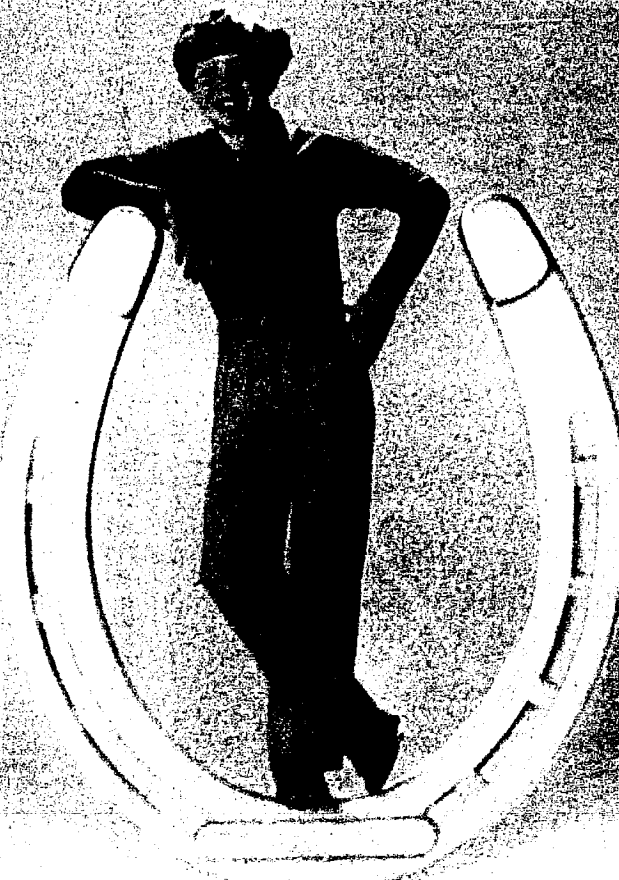
Mail this form and check to  
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SANTA MONICA, CA 90402

We will pay postage and handling fees on all orders totaling more than \$25.00.  
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# DICKIES, 1922



# DICKIES, 1982



## WHERE DID WE GO WRONG?

People used to work in Dickies work clothes. Then you young whippersnappers started wearing them, so we made them in younger sizes and 28 delicious colors. We didn't change our label, anyway. Same old Dickies horseshoe. And it's a runaway best-seller, so we must be doing something right. Williamson-Dickie Apparel Mfg. Company, Ft. Worth, Texas.



# When the party is BYOB (Bring Your Own Brush), you find out who your friends are.



Friends aren't hard to find when you're out to share a good time. But the crowd sure thins out when there's work to do. And the ones who stick around are the kind of guys who deserve something special. Tonight, let it be Löwenbräu.



## Löwenbräu. Here's to good friends.

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