

# Spartan Daily

Volume 77, Number 22

Serving the San Jose State Community Since 1934

Friday, October 2, 1981

## Former instructors were let go due to politics, suit charges

By Julie Levy  
Staff Writer

A suit seeking reinstatement with back pay brought by three former SJSU economics instructors went to trial Thursday afternoon in Santa Clara County Superior Court.

The three non-tenured former instructors brought the suit against former SJSU President John Bunzel; Glenn Dumke, chancellor of the California State University and Colleges (CSUC) system and CSUC trustees.

Temporary lecturers Andrew Parnes and David Landes and probationary instructor Sue Van Atta were released from their SJSU jobs in 1974.

The suit alleges the three and seven other non-tenured instructors in the Economics Department were not rehired because of their support for Professor Martin Primack for

It is the standing policy not to comment on litigation involving the university, said Richard Staley, SJSU public information manager.

"They fired, let go, pushed out

*'They fired, let go, pushed out, and squeezed out instructors' -- Lee*

Economics Department chairman.

The university had no comment on the suit, said Lela Noble, interim associate academic vice president for faculty affairs.

and squeezed out instructors," said Economics Professor Marvin Lee of the university's release of the trio. "They generally ruined the Economics Department, and turned

it into a service department for the Business Department."

Lee was a professor in the department at the time of the controversy.

The plaintiffs allege they were denied First Amendment rights to free speech.

"The administration cannot stand academic freedom," Lee said. "It undermines their superior role. It was an academic freedom issue."

Daniel Boone, a lawyer for the University Professors of California, is representing the plaintiffs.

Matthew Boyle, California deputy attorney general is representing the defendants.

## Minors attempt pub entry, cited for false identification

By Randy Paige  
Staff Writer

University police were called to the Spartan Pub Wednesday afternoon when two minors displaying false identification tried to gain admittance, according to Technical Services Officer Russell Lunsford.

Carol Mitchell, 20, and Constance Eldred, 20, were cited for "false identification used by a minor," police said.

"A lot of people pick up these phony I.D.s to make them look older," Lunsford said, "but it's a misdemeanor to alter any I.D. and use it to

obtain admittance, to be served or to obtain alcohol."

A representative of Alcoholic Beverage Control (ABC) Board paid a visit to the pub Tuesday, Lunsford said. If the representative had started checking the identifications of those students who were drinking alcoholic beverages and someone was found to be less than 21 years old, the pub could have been cited and fined by the department.

The two women cited Wednesday were using a false international identification card, which

resembles closely the identification card issued by the State of California, police said.

Although this type of false identification looks authentic, it isn't and university police are aware of its misuse.

"It's no more reliable than what somebody writes in the I.D. card in the front of their new wallet," Lunsford said.

Persons cited for using false I.D. can be charged with a misdemeanor offense and bail is set at \$100, according to a Santa Clara County Municipal Court official.

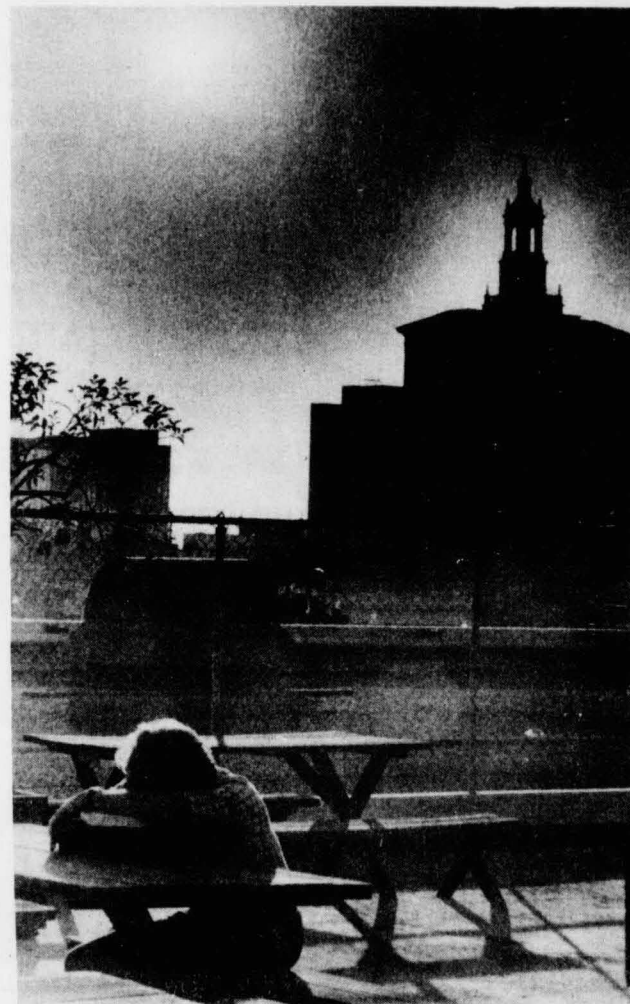


Photo by Stephen Blakeman

SJSU economics junior Zane Stabley escapes from studying by relaxing at the picnic tables on top of the library.

## Energy projects combine to obtain money from fund

By Julie Pitta  
Staff Writer

Individual campus and California State University and Colleges (CSUC) system-wide energy conservation projects have been combined to receive funding from one source: the newly created energy and resource fund.

Previously, energy conservation projects were separated into two categories and received funding from both the Instructionally Related Activities (IRA) fund and the building construction fund, according to Jack Emmons, chief university facilities planner.

The California Legislature has created the energy and resource fund using \$125 million in off-shore oil drilling revenues to improve energy conservation for all state agencies.

The fund will support all CSUC energy conservation projects, Emmons said.

The CSUC Board of Trustees approved combination of the two categories because of the support now provided by the Legislature, Emmons said.

"They're (energy conservation projects) all funded from that source," he said. "The IRA fund is left intact and the building fund is left intact. We didn't want to divert funds even though energy conservation is a very important need. Now instructional projects aren't

drained."

Emmons said that projects are already being funded from the support money provided by the Legislature.

According to Emmons, requests totaling \$679,649 have come from two universities for updating existing lighting and heating equipment.

San Diego State University has requested \$3,604,000 in funds for construction of a new library.

Funding totaling \$320,000 has been requested for four cogeneration projects at California State Polytechnic University, Pomona; California Polytechnic University, San Luis Obispo; California State University, Northridge and SJSU.

Plans are in the preliminary stages.

Emmons has requested working drawings from the four universities.

Energy cogeneration is the process used to make electricity from fuel while generating heat.

According to Bill Schooler, director of plant operations, SJSU could be using cogeneration by 1984, if plans meet with proper approval.

The SJSU project must first meet with the approval of David Elliot, associate vice president in charge of facilities. It then is subject to the approval of the CSUC Chancellor and board. Final approval must come from the Legislature.

## Students fill group openings

# Committees reach quorum

By Cindy Bundock  
Staff Writer

All vacant student positions on the S.U. Board of Governors, Academic Senate, and Academic Fairness Committee were filled at Wednesday's A.S. meeting.

Patricia Baptist and Derrick Mathis were appointed to the S.U. Board of Governors. The board of governors is concerned with programs and services conducted primarily with the student union.

Appointment of Baptist and

Oct. 6.

The board cancelled two scheduled meetings this semester because a quorum of members was not present.

Russell Daneron, Ron Yonomiya and Joe Ontiveras were selected to the Academic Senate, which is the principal agency for the formulation and recommendation of university policy.

The new members on the Academic Fairness Committee are Linda Voydat and Sonja Peterson.

volving curriculum or academic matters.

used to pay \$50 per month to five program board chairpersons over a

## Resolution passed to encourage awareness of English skills test

Marc Oplencia and Bill Tamblin were appointed to the A.S. Personnel Selection Committee, which has two more student positions to fill.

A decision on whether to pay the A.S. Program Board of Directors \$2,000 in salaries was postponed until next week's meeting.

The A.S. Program Board, in charge of campus entertainment, is requesting the board of directors allow \$2,000 to be taken out of its \$77,000 budget. The money would be

10-month period.

Bill Rolland, program board director, and A.S. Controller Angela Osborne are in the process of looking for an alternative to the \$50 salary request.

A.S. President Tony Robinson said that he was in favor of the \$50 stipend.

"If you do pay them \$50, you would have a lot more leeway in controlling what they put on," he said. "If you're paying someone, you always have more control."

Robinson said program board directors sacrifice their personal lives to work on the board.

"It's only \$50, but it's nice to have some payment to pick up some bills," he said.

The California State Student Association (CSSA) was given \$150 for its December conference to be held at SJSU. Each month, CSSA holds a conference at one of the 19 campuses in the California State University and Colleges (CSUC) system.

The A.S. Special Allocations Committee had the authority Monday to pay the amount because it is less than \$200, but a travel exception had to be approved by the directors.

Directors passed resolution to encourage student awareness of the English Placement Test (EPT). The test is given to students, who must take English 1A to determine their writing skill level.

State funds for remedial English classes are based on the number of students taking the English Placement Test, according to Jim Rowen, A.S. director of California state affairs.

SJSU does not receive as large an amount of this funding as other schools because many students come here after attending a community college, he said.

Rowen said it is important for students, not just freshmen, to know where they stand in their English skills. The test should be made more available and offered more frequently during the year, he added.

## Program board stipend decision postponed until next Wednesday

Mathis means the S.U. Board of Governors should be able to meet

The Academic Fairness Committee reviews grievances and cases in-



Photo by Bob Bernardo

David Crouse shows the A.S. Board of Directors pictures of a swing in front of the Sigma Nu Fraternity house that has recently been deemed a traffic hazard by the City of San Jose. Next week, according to A.S. Vice

President Andy Arias, the board will take an official stand to support keeping the swing, used for the fraternity's annual Toys For Tots Swingathon on the property.

## Deadline today for fall graduation

Today is the last day for students hoping to graduate in December with bachelor of arts and master's degrees to turn in graduation applications at the Admissions Office.

Forms not turned in could result in a graduation delay.

Graduation applications are available at the Admissions Office. Application fee is \$10.

The application requires basic information such as name, address and current class schedule. It can be filled out in the Admissions Office and turned in immediately.

Graduating seniors also need to pick up a major form from their department major office.

This form has to be signed by either the department chairperson or someone authorized to sign in the chair's absence.

This form should be submitted to the Admissions Office with the graduation application.

Engineering and business students can turn in both forms to the department office. These two department offices will send the forms to the Admissions Office.

Students can expect a response within four to six weeks.

The response will confirm whether units are in order or more classes are needed to meet graduation requirements.

Although the deadline is today, forms postdated Oct. 2 will be accepted.

## forum

## Chinese Americans-- torn between cultures

A-B-C means much more than the first three letters of the American alphabet; it is a nickname and, yes, a label for American-born Chinese.

Being a second generation Chinese had given me an identity crisis. Was I to be more American or more Chinese? I'm sure people of other races who have been born here feel the same way.

Discomforts arose whenever I was in a room packed with relatives who



By  
Kathy Chin  
Staff Writer

spoke Cantonese. I understood, but was unable to express myself. I would remain mute feeling like an idiot, angrily glaring at the clock wishing the hands would move faster, so I could go home.

What was worse was traveling to Hong Kong. Chinese will accept foreigners who cannot speak the language, but they will not tolerate Chinese who are ignorant of their own language.

When I went shopping, I tried my best to communicate, and only an ugly Americanized semi-Chinese dialect sounding like the clanging of tin pots issued from my throat. No one understood me.

Some think Chinese everywhere are alike. These people are obviously

uninformed. Chinese born in the Orient see China as their motherland whereas American-born Chinese view China as a foreign country.

The overseas born have a closer affinity to their own kinsmen whereas ABC's are more outwardly directed, freely interacting with those of other cultures. One reason for this is because of their fluency in English.

Often times, overseas Chinese would rather speak their own dialect among one another because they can communicate their ideas easily.

Not only Chinese foreign students, but foreign students of other races are forced to struggle to make a living once they arrive in the United States. Thus, they may have more insecurities about material needs.

As for ABC's such as I, we are usually not as worried about the necessities of life because we have always had them.

What I have described are not stereotypes, but mainly tendencies which I have observed.

Yet, I have learned to deal with the stereotypes of being an ABC which come from the eyes of overseas-born Chinese (OBCs). They view ABCs as unappreciative of the culture, ignorant and too lazy to learn the language, and too blunt and ungracious.

However, I readily confess to harboring my prejudices as well. I once felt OBCs were too narrowminded, unexpressive in sharing feelings and more materialistic. Not realizing they are more sensitive, polite, and soft-mannered.

My prejudices developed during childhood. Chinese friends from Hong Kong would ask if I ate Chinese food at home, if I could master chopsticks, if I celebrated Chinese New Year's. Trying my best not to be offended, I would politely answer their questions.

## Guest Opinion

## A.S. needs to face the facts of AFI

John Laffey and John Wright are co-founders of Save the Arts Save the Students Party and co-authored the Automatic Funding Initiative with Bruce Alderman. Laffey and Wright are seniors in political science.

By John Laffey and  
John Wright

As two people who were intimately involved in the creation of the Automatic Funding Initiative, AFI, we feel that the time has come to speak our piece. We have been silent during this latest "controversy" hoping that the immature behavior of the board of directors was really a silly joke. Unfortunately, it was all too real.

The sad thing about this "controversy" is that it is a complete fabrication. For all practical purposes, dispute about the AFI was ended in May with the unanimous judiciary committee decision declaring the AFI constitutional. At that point the board was constitutionally bound to prepare a budget taking into account the necessary cuts; they did not. They violated our trust in them, as elected representatives, by refusing to carry out the will of the students.

This "controversy" stems from misconceptions and distortions

about what the AFI is. The AFI is not a vehicle to bail out the university administration or a replacement for IRA funds. We think the administration should be funding the six AFI departments; however, they are too concerned about doing out 80 percent of the IRA funds to athletics. In light of this, we felt that there must be a way to ensure the continued survival of these programs, and that the AFI was the most efficient way to go about it.

All AFI departments offer services that are essential to the maintenance of reasonably high levels of information and culture at SJSU. All services are available to every student at little or no cost. They do not cater to the interests of a select few; everyone has a stake in the survival of these programs.

The AFI is not a carelessly drawn-up document devoid of checks and balances. The consummate safety device, a waiver option, was included to allow the students discretion over the distribution of AFI funds.

Should a student not want to distribute money to any or all the AFI departments, when he or she has the right to waive those monies back into the general fund. The beauty of this waiver option is the

The worst thing someone could do to me was make me feel guilty for not learning to speak Chinese. I would hear commands such as, "It's your duty to learn Chinese; you shouldn't be ashamed of your culture."

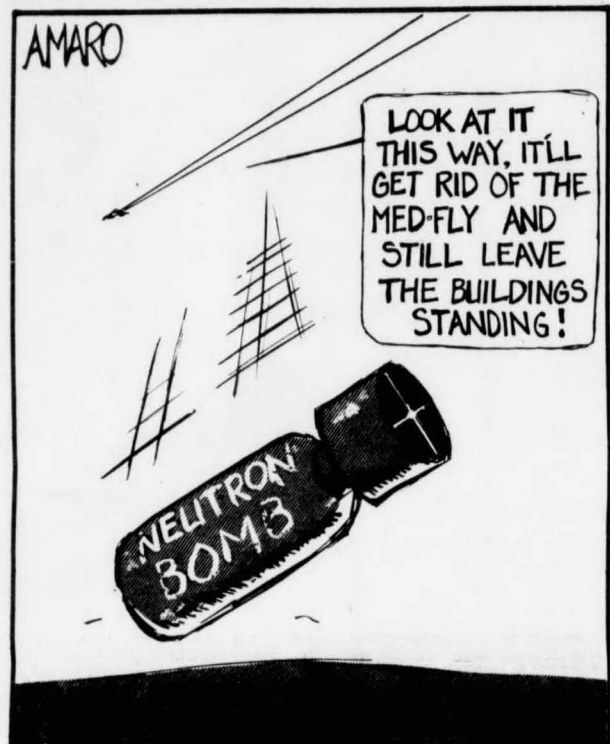
If anyone wanted to alienate and hurt me, those phrases would. Those words meant that if I was not fluent in Cantonese and a scholar in Chinese culture, somehow I was less of a person, with only the yellow skin, black hair and brown eyes as my Chinese credentials.

Maybe I do fit the ugly term "banana," yellow on the outside and white on the inside. Some people take pride in saying that they are Chinese believing that the Chinese values are far superior than anyone else's. However, I am not on the extreme end rejecting everything deemed as Oriental.

I see myself somewhere in the middle of the scale trying somehow to make East and West meet. Yet, I still wonder what would happen to us poor ABCs if China had a war with the United States. Would we be alienated by both countries?

I do not try to look glaringly at the differences between the overseas-born and American-born Chinese. I'm not out to prove how Chinese-y I can be by taking courses in the language and culture. In no way will I ever be like a Hong Kong-bred Chinese nor will I ever consider myself a true American, for I know my roots are planted in China.

Through understanding the distinctions between the overseas born and American-born Chinese, I can only hope that people on both ends can accept and appreciate one another without the barrier of a cultural stigma.



## Daily Policy

The Spartan Daily would like to hear from you - our reader. Your ideas, comments, criticisms and suggestions are encouraged. By listening to our readers we feel we can better serve the campus community.

Letters to the Mailbag, opinion articles and press releases are gladly accepted.

Our policy for accepting such material is as follows:

## Letters

- Letters should be submitted to the Spartan Daily office (JC 208) weekdays, or by mail to the Mailbag, c/o the Spartan Daily, San Jose State University, 125 S. Seventh St., San Jose, CA 95192.

- All letters must include the writer's signature, major, class standing, address and telephone number. Only the name, major and class standing will be printed.

- The Spartan Daily reserves the right to limit the number of letters on a given topic after a sufficient amount of comment has appeared.

- Letters should not exceed 350 words.

## Opinion

- The intent of the Spartan Daily Forum Page is to present a variety of viewpoints of interest to the campus community.

- Editorials reflect the position of the Daily. Opinions express the views of the writer or organization and will appear with a byline attributing the article accordingly.

- Comments, columns and editorials will discuss local, state and international affairs.
- The Daily encourages reader comments regarding editorials, opinions or news stories.
- Guest opinions are encouraged, but will be printed at the discretion of the Forum Page editors.

## Releases

- Releases should be submitted as early as possible to the City Editor at the Spartan Daily office, or by mail. The sooner the release is received, the better coverage the topic may receive.

- All releases should include a telephone number in case more information is needed.

## the mailbag

## Entitled to rights but not violence

## Editor:

How fortunate are those students who watched in bewilderment the Iranian student confrontation on Sept. 29.

They are fortunate because they are far removed from the concerns of the Iranian revolution which moved the Iranian students to demonstrate.

There is bloody civil war in Iran. It is not an abstract debate of philosophical ideals—it is a furious carnage of partisan politics.

And beyond that, I think there is little if any relevant analysis at the moment. Perhaps only after a period of stabilization, whatever political form that may be, will anyone be enabled to calmly and rationally debate the merits of cause and effect regarding the revolution.

For now, it is a profundity which is beyond most people to understand.

If it is the wish of the Iranian students to demonstrate peacefully their beliefs, then I believe they are entitled to the American constitutional guarantees of freedom of speech and assembly.

If they cannot control their actions and engage in violence, it is reasonable to assume they have forfeited their rights and are subject to control by police.

It is fortunate to revive scenes of police action which strikes a dissonant nerve in the recollection by most Americans of the violent struggle for free speech throughout our own history from Boston Commons to Selma and Chicago.

I do not wish to qualify my belief that campus police are entitled to

maintain peace by dispersing any confrontation which threatens to turn violent.

This is because of our stable economic and political environment. It is understandable to question the introduction of violent foreign debate onto our campus.

Tom Van Dyke  
Journalism  
Senior

## 'Our motto; Death to Reason

## Editor:

SJSU is proud to announce a new course in its Communication Studies Department.

Entitled "Meaningless Chanting 1A," the class meets from 11:30 a.m. to 12:20 p.m. Monday through Friday in front of the Student Union.

The first semester of the class will concentrate on the Iran situation and various chants associated with it, including the classics, "Death to Khomeini," and "Long Live Khomeini."

The class schedule is as follows: Monday, Wednesday: pro-Khomeini students; Tuesday, Thursday: anti-Khomeini students; Friday: confrontation day and a visit from the police department.

This is an activity class, and students should be prepared for some exercise such as effigy tossing, foot stomping, yelling and fighting.

Prerequisites for the class are as follows:

1. Stencils, paint and poster board.
2. Either an effigy or picture of the hated or beloved Ayatollah.
3. An obnoxious and loud voice.
4. The ability to yell five or more

English words.

5. A lot of nerve.

Instructors for the class will be chosen during the first week of the course (the person with the loudest voice).

Classes recommended as follow-up courses for Meaningless Chanting 1A are Propaganda 25, Pamphlet Dispersal 14A and Foreign Exchange 30.

And remember our motto: "Death to Reason."

Michael J. Vaughn  
Journalism  
Sophomore

## Nuclear might is the only way

## Editor:

This is in response to Michael J. Vaughn's letter regarding Cindy Bundock's opinion piece.

Mr. Vaughn believes the United States' strategic nuclear forces will be able to penetrate Soviet airspace unmolested by Soviet defense systems in the event of a nuclear exchange.

Unfortunately, he is greatly mistaken. The Soviets' air defense system is far superior to the United States'.

The Soviets' air defense system is comprised of some of their newest interceptors and surface-to-air missiles.

They are so advanced the B-52, America's only heavy bomber is being labeled obsolete by some, and even the proposed B-1 will need substantial updating if the new bomber should go into production.

The Soviets have highly researched the ABM since the signing of Salt I. The United States, on the other hand, has done very

little in this area. The Carter administration allotted very little money for further researching of this system.

America's strategic nuclear forces are divided into three branches called the Triad. There are 1,052 ICBMs, 400 land based bombers and 36 nuclear submarines. These levels are extremely insufficient, especially when the balance of power is tilted in favor of the Soviets.

It was not the United States that started the arms race lest he forget that the Soviets refused to disarm after World War II and remained in Eastern Europe.

The Berlin airlift, in which the Soviets blocked all roads leading to and from Berlin, put the United States and her allies to the test.

This occurred when the United States was in a period of disarmament, and the Soviet Union kept building her military forces to try and supersede the United States.

The United States' nuclear forces should be increased to such a level that no nation will ever dare raise their hand in a strike against this land.

As a citizen, I am proud of this. It is not a totalitarian move to rain utter destruction upon the world. It is a prudent move to preserve world peace.

Let us be thought of once again by our allies as the land of the free and the home of the brave.

Joseph M. Pruzzo  
Broadcast  
Freshman



The Forum page is your page. The Daily encourages readers' comments on any topic. The viewpoints expressed in opinion articles are those of the author. Editorials appearing on this page are the opinion of the Spartan Daily.



A construction worker lays down tile with aid of a power drill on the south entrance of the new Robert Clark Library.

Photo by Bob Bernardo

## Workers apply final touches to nearly complete library

By Wade Barber  
Staff Writer

Workers are applying the final touches to the \$12.5 million Robert Clark Library, scheduled to be turned over by the builder to the university within the next three weeks.

After Dickman Construction has relinquished the building to the university, campus personnel will have approximately 13 weeks to obtain furniture, shelving and move books in time for the Jan. 28 opening, said J. Handel Evans, SJSU executive vice president.

"We're waiting for the library to get finished," Evans said. "Then the university can begin installing the equipment necessary for the facility to be put in use."

Library Director Maureen Pastine said moving of books and materials will begin Dec. 19 and continue until the library opens officially.

According to Pastine, library staff is waiting for shipments of furniture, shelving, audio-visual aids and equipment for a computerized on-line circulation system.

"When we will get the furniture is still uncertain," Pastine said.

Library officials originally planned to obtain furniture from a state agency but were forced to look elsewhere when the agency withdrew from its agreement.

The furniture, part of a more than \$1 million interior package, is up for bid and will hopefully be received in time, Pastine said.

Not all of the furniture would have to be received in the next three weeks, according to Pastine.

The shelving and equipment are essential to the move," Pastine said. "But the possible lack of some furniture can be worked around to ensure the library opens on schedule."

Workers for C. L. Cohen Landscaping of San Jose are installing approximately 500 plants and trees around the new library, according to Pam DeWhitt, project coordinator.

DeWhitt, a 1978 SJSU graduate, said the \$60,000 landscape contract should be completed within the next week, barring any "unforeseen circumstances."

### Committee has yet to meet

## Academic V.P. seat vacant

Four months have passed since Robert Sasseen resigned as SJSU associate academic vice president. The search group has been appointed to find his successor, according to Lela Noble, acting associate academic vice president.

Sasseen resigned in June to become president at the University of Dallas.

He was filling in as academic vice president for Robert Burns, then on sabbatical leave.

On Sept. 25, Burns announced the formation of a search committee to find a replacement for Sasseen.

Although the group has yet to meet, expectations are that the committee will meet sometime next week and start to work on a job description, dealing with the position and duties involved, Noble said.

According to Noble, once the group has established a job description, advertising announcing the opening will be placed in national publications.

After applications have been taken, the search committee will begin the lengthy process of interviewing prospective candidates.

In the end, the committee will forward a recommendation to SJSU President Gail Fullerton.

As associate academic vice president, the person chosen will also chair the faculty grievance committee.

The committee, Noble said, handles faculty grievances as well as disciplinary actions against faculty members brought on by the university.

Last semester, the committee was involved in several actions including the termination of Associate Professor of

Philosophy Phillip Jacklin. Jacklin was dismissed in January after five female students alleged he subjected them to "inappropriate and unwanted physical and or verbal attention."

see COMMITTEE page 6

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## HIS FIRST YEAR OUT OF COLLEGE, FRANK QUACKENBUSH RENOVATED THREE BUILDINGS, WORKED ON A DAM, PAVED A ROAD, AND BUILT TWO CHOPPER PADS.

"Most of the engineers I graduated with probably wound up as an assistant engineer to somebody else. Maybe doing the details for somebody else's design or supervising some small aspect of construction."

"But my first year as an Engineer Lt., I've designed many of my own projects and supervised the construction on everything from baseball dug-outs to the concrete work on a dam. Earthmoving, grading, filling, paving, concrete work, masonry—you name it, I've supervised it."

"Whether I stay in the Army or go into civilian construction work later, I've got experience that some engineers won't have when they're 30!"

"More than supervising construction, I've learned how to manage people. I've got 40 right now I have to plan for and see to in terms of a myriad of details of their lives."



2nd Lt. Frank Quackenbush majored in civil engineering at the University of Arizona and was a member of Army ROTC.

"What I learned in Army ROTC about leadership and management, I've put to good use."

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## ARMY ROTC. BE ALL YOU CAN BE.

Shrubbery being planted includes Texas privet, zelkova and red escalonia. The 50 trees surrounding the building will be primarily poplar and elm, DeWhitt said.

Yet to be tested is the solar heating system, which towers over the south courtyard entrance to the five-story library.

The old library will be closed from Dec. 19 until Feb. 26 when it will reopen. Some 125,000 square feet of old library space is destined for administrative use.

Older books and little-used materials will also be stored there.

### Open DJ Auditions

for KSJS training program  
Tues. Oct. 6 & Wed. Oct. 7

call  
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Chet Davis-general manager

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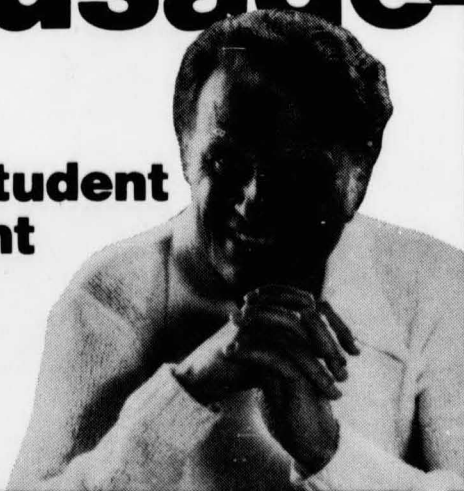


Mon.-Sat. 10:30-10:00  
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Photo by Marc Ashton

Spartan wide receiver Mervyn Fernandez struggles to nab a pass against Stanford earlier in the season.

## SJSU's PCAA opener

# Spartans limp to Fresno

**By Michael Liedtke  
Staff Writer**  
With their landmark victories the last two weeks, the Spartans eliminated a class barrier which separated SJSU from the football elite of the Bay area, Stanford and California.

But the team did not bridge that once gaping gap without paying a toll.

SJSU will be hobbled with injuries when the Spartans commence PCAA competition against Fresno State Saturday afternoon at 3:15. The PCAA opener for both teams will be televised by Channels 7 and 11 in the Bay Area.

Of all the injuries the Spartans incurred against California last week, cornerback Gill Byrd's was by far the most severe.

Byrd, an All-PCAA and honorable mention All-American selection last year, tore ligaments in his right knee which will keep the 5-foot-10 junior sidelined for the rest of the season.

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"Obviously, it's a tremendous blow to our defense," said Claude Gilbert, SJSU's defensive coordinator.

Jerome Bearden, a 6-foot-1 senior who can play all four secondary positions, will step in for

Byrd. Other Spartans will be aching but active Saturday.

A hip pointer did not prevent running back Gerald Willhite from catching 10 passes and scoring three touchdowns

last week, but it did prevent him from practicing most of the week.

see FRESNO page 5

**TUTORS NEEDED**  
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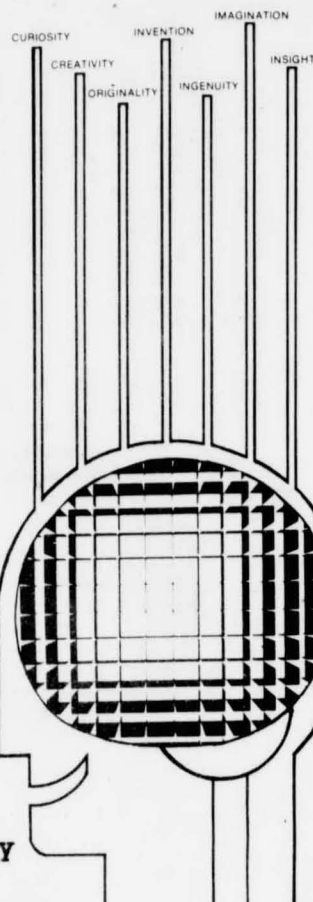
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## Stickers looking for repeat against 49ers

**By Kris Eldred  
Staff Writer**

SJSU's field hockey team is looking to repeat last year's three wins against Long Beach State as the Lady Spartans face the 49ers today at South Campus.

The Lady Spartans won all of their matches against Long Beach last season.

However, without the scoring abilities of injured player Jeannie Gilbert, the 49ers will have just one key scorer to contend with - Sue Walker.

Walker, who led the Lady Spartans to a 1-1-2 record by scoring five of eight goals in last week's tournament at Washington State, can expect much of the 49ers defense to be directed her way, according to Coach Leta Walter.

"Long Beach will key in on Sue Walker because that is what happens when you lose a top scorer (Gilbert) off the line," said Walter. "Walker is a good player and Long Beach knows it so they will watch out for her."

Walter is confident, however, that Walker and her teammates will pull together in the game to meet the Long Beach defense.

Although she admits the team is having trouble scoring, Walter says readjustments are being made to make up for the loss of Gilbert for the season.

The Lady Spartans will face the 49ers today at 4 p.m. on South Campus Field. Next Wednesday, the Lady Spartans will travel to the University of California to battle the Bears.

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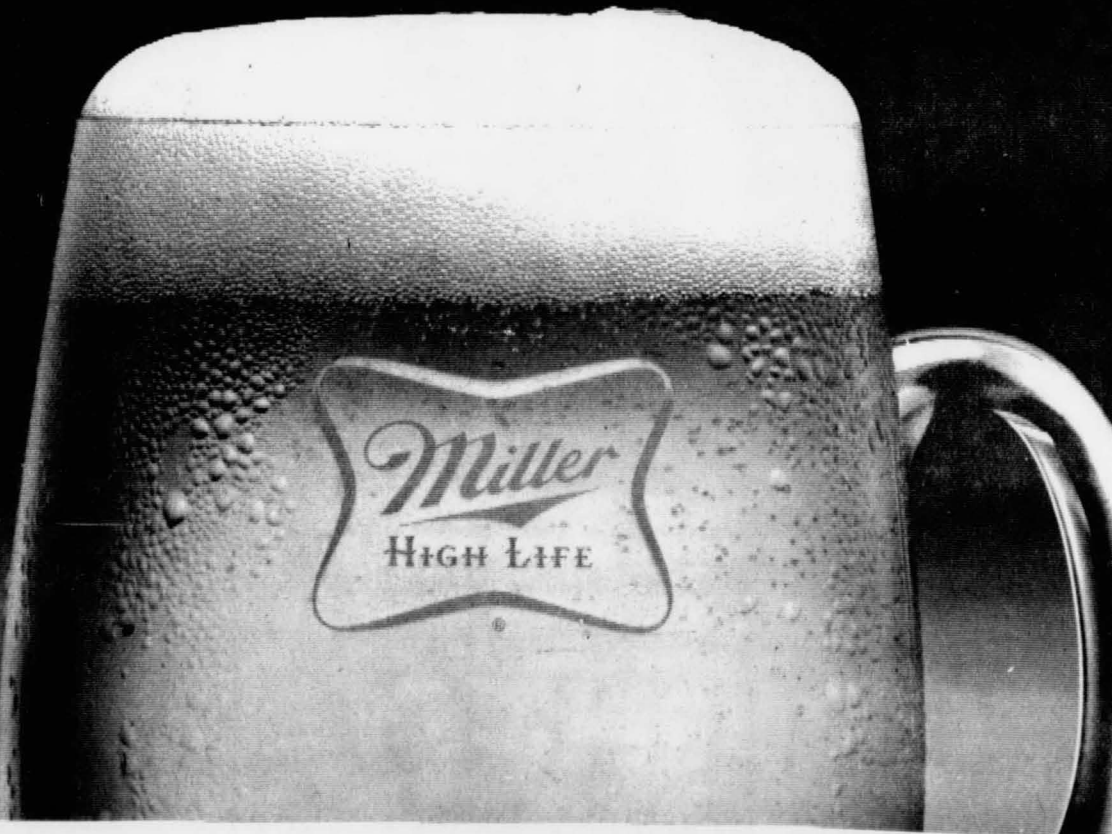
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FUNDED BY ASSOCIATED STUDENTS

# Miller time







## Resume writing workshop designed to help job hunter

By Kathy Chin  
Staff Writer

A resume is often the job hunter's first encounter with a potential boss, and a group of SJSU students learned how to make a good first impression at Wednesday's resume writing workshop held at Markham Hall.

The workshop was conducted by Cheryl Allmen, associate director of the SJSU Career Planning and Career Center.

Allmen told students the aim of a resume is to "bait the employer to be eager to talk to you."

"The whole job hunt is the sale of yourself," she said. "The resume is your own advertisement," she said.

"Pick words that show a lot of action," the director stressed, "such as experimented, documented, initiated, coordinated."

As students listened intently, Allmen said, "Be honest, but don't brag. Employers can tell right away."

"Show what kind of impact you had at the place."

When writing down the type of work experience

completed, students ought to include specifics about what they did and when, she said.

"If the resume raises more questions than answers, then you won't get the interview," she explained.

Allmen described the five types of resumes: chronological, modified chronological, skills, educational and functional. According to the associate director, the most common form is the chronological.

In a chronological resume, the most recent work experience is listed first. This form may not always be to the student's advantage if he is applying for a job and the first employment experience listed is totally unrelated to the field.

The second most popular form of resume writing is the functional, which the applicant groups similar work experience and skills together, so that the reader is not under chronological constraint.

"You must prioritize your information," she said. Employers with stacks of resumes will look at each resume about 20 seconds. For this reason,

Allmen told the group their forms should not be cluttered, but as concise as possible.

"Make it easy to read and not cumbersome. Make certain ideas stand out by bold caps or underlining," she said.

Allmen said sample resumes are available in Business Classroom 13.

"Have it printed," she suggested. "Don't photocopy it. It should look like an original. It is a formal business document."

She also advised that the same type of paper for a cover letter would appear more presentable to the employer.

One student asked whether or not to include personal information. Under law, Allmen said, no employer can inquire about a person's race, religion, marital status, or physical health.

"It's up to you. If you are applying for a job which requires a lot of travel and you feel it's to your advantage to say that you're single, then go ahead."

The 90-minute workshop was the fourth presented by the Career

Planning and Placement Office this semester. The next resume writing workshop will be held at 1:30 p.m. Wednesday in the Hoover Hall Lounge.

## COMMITTEE

continued from page 3

Jacklin later sued the university, contending that the prior hearing failed to provide a complete record of the proceedings.

Catherine Wiehe, the attorney representing Jacklin, said there were more than 1,000 gaps in the testimony, which had been recorded on tape.

Despite the suit brought on by Jacklin against Glenn S. Dumke, chancellor of the California State University and Colleges (CSUC) system, Jacklin's dismissal was upheld.

Another area which involved the faculty

grievance committee was the denial in January of full professorship to Associate English Professor Harvey Birenbaum.

Birenbaum, who had been denied full professorship for a sixth time in as many years, requested a review of the Birenbaum proceedings.

Birenbaum questioned whether or not the original university promotion committee had followed policy incorrectly in making its decision.

Of the grievances filed last year, Noble said all had been settled satisfactorily and none are expected within the foreseeable future.

An open party featuring the band Movin' will be held at 8 tonight at 282 S. 10th St. Call Jack, Rick or Bruce at 995-0847 for more information.

KSJS radio station, FM 90.7, will air "La Casa Nuevo" from 2 p.m. to midnight today. The program will feature Latino music and news.

The Environmental Studies Department will host a potluck picnic from 11 a.m. to 4 p.m. Saturday at Vasona Park. All interested persons are invited to attend. For more information, inquire at Building U.

Biology students can tour the Marine Mammal Rescue Center in Marin County on Saturday. A few openings are available. Call Dana at 226-2785 for information.

The Intercultural Steering Committee welcomes all cultural organizations to participate in the October food bazaar. For additional information, call Muriel or David at 279-4575 or 277-3690.

A.S. Leisure Services is accepting sign-ups for three-man intramural basketball teams. Men's and women's Sunday night leagues are also offered. For information, call Geoff Stocker at 277-2972.

ASPB Films will present "Women Being" at 7 and 10 tonight in Morris Dailey Auditorium. Prices for students are \$1.75 or \$2 at the door.

The SJSU Akbayan Filipino Club will meet to discuss plans for the semester at 1:30 p.m. today in the S.U. Student Council Chamber. Call William at 297-5274 for details.

Campus Ambassadors will hold a Bible study at 11:30 a.m. today in the S.U. Montalvo Room. Call Tom Flynn at 377-3387 for information.

The Lady Spartan basketball team is looking for a team manager. Work hours are 1:30 to 4 p.m. daily. Call Rene Lauerman at 277-3750 for an interview.

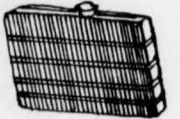
The Public Relations Student Society of America (PRSSA) invites all journalism and mass communications students and friends and families on

a canoe trip down the Russian River, Oct. 10. For additional information, call Julie Zak at 298-9571.

Theta Chi Fraternity will host an open party at 8 tonight featuring the band Brighton. Admission will be \$2 for SJSU students and \$1 for Greek members wearing their letters. For information, call Rick at 279-9629 or visit Theta Chi at 123 S. 11th St.

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**Spartan Daily**  
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'This is not a get-rich-quick thing'

## Author boasts of free enterprise

An amber-haired, blue jean clad 21-year-old took the microphone at SJSU Wednesday to talk about entrepreneurial spirit, the joy of being your own boss and the virtues of free enterprise. The surprise is he was speaking from experience.

"I'm just a regular guy," Brett Kingstone said, negating pre-speech media coverage that labeled him "boy genius" and "young tycoon."

Kingstone, 21, is a graduate of Stanford University with degrees in economics and political science.

Kingstone's just released book, "The Student Entrepreneurs Guide: How to Start and Run Your Own Part Time Small Business," is selling

briskly at \$4.95 in college and other bookstores around the country.

The Spartan Bookstore, however, ran out of copies before Kingstone's appearance. His publisher, Ten Speed Press in Berkeley, estimates Kingstone will make \$100,000 this year.

Kingstone is also a publisher in his own right. Kingstone approached fellow Stanford student Gil Morales, whose cartoons in the Stanford Daily had popularized his character "Dupie."

Together the two printed "Dupie-The Life and Times of a College Student," a collection of cartoon strips that appeared in the newspaper.

The Dupie Press was formed with \$10,000

backing from Kingstone. The two already have received other book manuscripts.

The latest venture that brought the media spotlight to Kingstone is Gekee Fiber Optics. This new multi-national corporation, based in the Bahamas for tax purposes, resulted from Kingstone's team-up with George Hara, a Stanford graduate with a master's degree in electrical engineering.

Kingstone took over sales and marketing of the company. The two are now promoting the fiber optic lighting system as a replacement for neon signs, stadium scoreboards and advertising billboards.

"We did it really by knocking on doors," said Kingstone of Gekee.

Kingstone was accepted but gave up a coveted spot in Stanford's Graduate School of Business to continue his current projects. But, he says, he didn't do it for the money.

"This is not a get-rich-quick thing. I'm reinvesting my profits for the future. I believe in working toward the future," Kingstone said.

Everything netted from his various business ventures has gone back into that business or others he is involved with.

Kingstone drives a 1969 Plymouth Valiant and shares a house with "Dupie" cartoonist Gil Morales and another student in Palo Alto. He still is more comfortable in jeans than suit and tie, he

adds.

"I'd like to dispel the myth that you have to be 35 and have 10 years business experience to start your own business," Kingstone told the SJSU audience in the Business Classrooms Faculty Lounge.

"At our age it's the best time, you can afford to take the risk," he said, adding that if things get rough he could still be happy sleeping on the floor in a sleeping bag.

For that kind of freedom, "You have to throw away the security of a paycheck at the end of the week," Kingstone explained. "Being an entrepreneur isn't for everybody."

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*The Music, Arts & Entertainment Magazine for College Newspapers*

**Hill Street Blues: TV's Finest**  
**Animal House/Blues Brothers Director John Landis Turns Werewolf**  
**Beyond Preppie with Franken & Davis**  
**Reggae Report—Live from Jamaica**  
**Are They Not Madmen? They Are! (DEVO)**  
**Student Film Festivals**



**'AROUND the CAMPUS'**  
**Color Photography**  
**Supplement**  
**Inside**

**You told her you have  
your own place.  
Now you have to tell your roommates.**



You've been trying to get to know her better since the beginning of the term. And when she mentioned how hard it is to study in the dorm, you said, "My place is nice and quiet. Come on over and study with me."

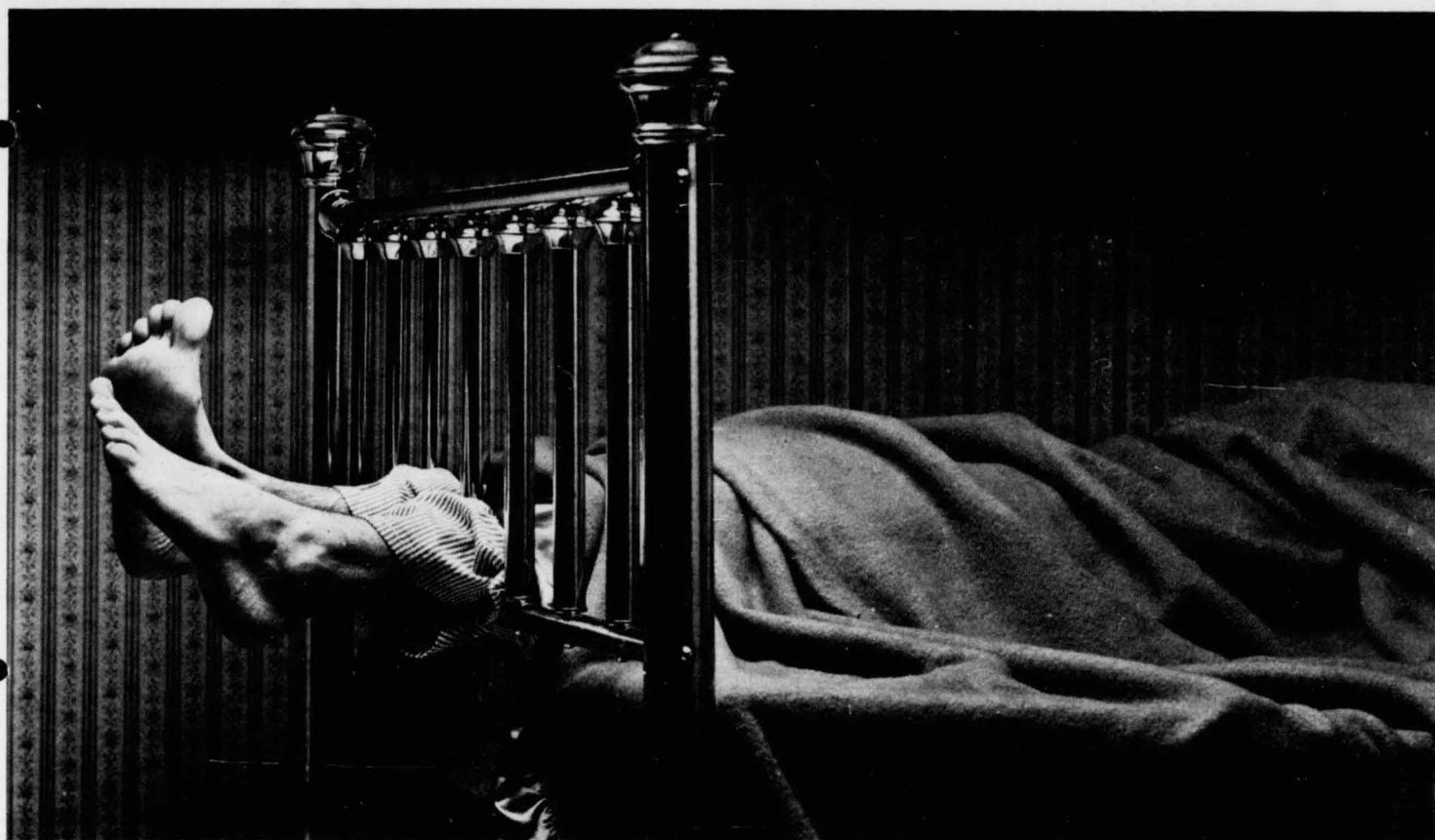
Your roommates weren't very happy about it. But after a little persuading they decided the double feature at the Bijou might be worth seeing.

They're pretty special friends. And they deserve a special "Thanks." So, tonight, let it be Löwenbräu.



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

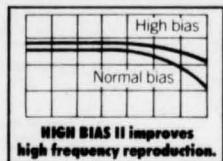
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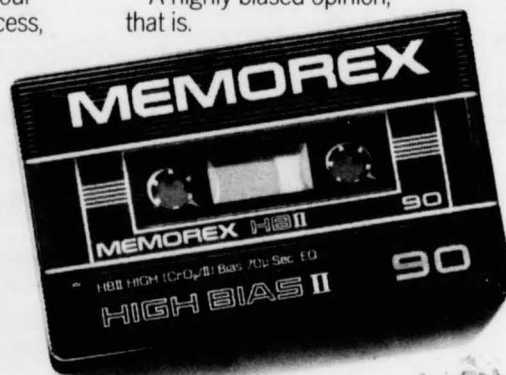
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# The 20-Minute Quivering Bush... & Other Student Film Treats

BY P. GREGORY SPRINGER

For ten minutes, an Australian ferny shrub has quivered and blurred through a nervous camera lens. Behind the screen a soundtrack of chainsaws and warbles blares into the audience.

The crowd in the 1800-seat Michigan Theatre does not approve. "Cut!" shouts an irate viewer in the balcony. "I confess" shrieks another. A helium balloon is released from the main floor, slowly obscuring a dark path through the shaking foliage in its ascent, and the audience approves with applause.

When Paul Winkler's film *Sydney-Bush* finally ends a few minutes later, a roar resounds in ire and aggravation, but no one is surprised or unnerved by such deafening events. The 19-year history of the Ann Arbor Film Festival has been speckled with many more outrageous moments.

*Magic Pillow*, a 12-minute dream-state by Lyn Gerry, made a deceptively simple start with a shot of her bed. Gradually, as Arabic drones accumulated over the increasingly thick-layered special effects, an altered state settles over the audience, the first positive psychedelic experience since the Master's Program at Harvard, circa 1962.

*Bottle Up and Go* showed black residents in rural Alabama who spend the day canning green peaches, making whistle noises on empty pop bottles, and watching a distorted television. Sometimes they sit outside on rocking chairs and speak in Ozu-like platitudes of indecipherable comfort. As documentaries go, this one discovered the Lost World Inside America.

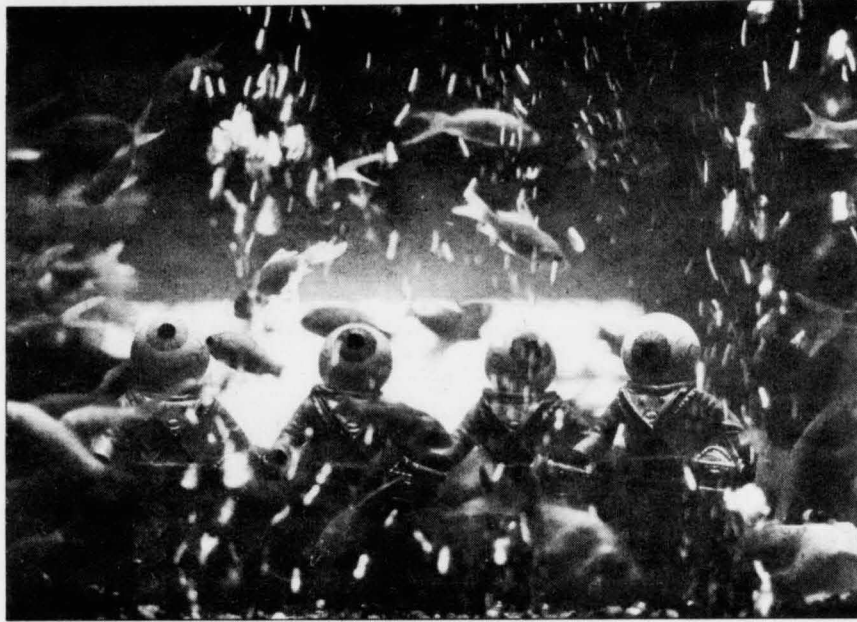
*Curious Phenomena*, by experienced film techno Stan Vanderbeek, delivered a state-of-the-art glimpse at computer animation, taking three-dimensionality and actual photographic realism into new possibilities with sheerly generated images, marred only by a routine cosmic soundtrack.

*Maternal Filigree*, by Sandra Davis, copped Brakhage's silent, fleeting, ironic style with brief moments of veiled femininity and plastic dolls falling out of broken eggs. At 21 minutes, one empathized with the eternity of birth.

*White Silence* was not the strobe light whoosh lobotomy predicted. Instead, a polar bear paces at the zoo for 15 minutes.

*Ritual* quietly detailed the condo housewife's method of French cuisine. She ties her sharpest knife to the unlocked door, ropes herself before it, and lets fate decide whether the dinner timer will ring before her husband bounces home from work. Even Hitchcock didn't dream of that perversity.

Oldtimers recall when Andy Warhol instigated festivities at Ann Arbor in the Sixties. Others remember the censorship uproar caused by Jack Smith's *Flaming Creatures*, the confiscated transvestite classic. Whenever this particular festival has been held, some element of avant enters, whether it's Pat Oleszko's nude and costumed performance art intermissions or just a general lobby ambience of weirdness. It's a tradition.



*Weird Scenes Inside the Festival Gold Mine: The Residents in One Minute Mooies (top); Nancy Buell in Seder's Phantom Subway (far left); and an unidentified person from Hello Skinny (left).*

What's become of experimental film art? Whither innovation? With more and more film schools teaching the fundamentals of the movie industry rather than allowing for creative trial and error, are we to expect a generation of *Smoky and the Bandit*, *Part Two* clones? Whence cometh our next Werner Herzog? Our new wave?

Fear not, Ann Arbor, or one of the other yearly exhibition marathons, will discover its maker. Every year hundreds of student and would-be filmmakers submit their creations for scrutiny, abuse, applause, and sometimes cash awards to these various festivals. David Lynch, before making *Eraserhead* and *The Elephant Man*, circulated a weird incest-dream item called *Grandmother*. Others became hooked on the festival treadmill, making 10-minute art snippets throughout their lives.

One veteran film experimentalist, Standish Lawder, presented his new film at Ann Arbor this March, entitled *Regeneration*. It consisted entirely of a baby being born, in reverse motion. It was not considered an advance.

Athens International Film Festival, held yearly in April at Ohio University in Athens, has come closest to usurping Ann Arbor's throne. By including day-long screenings, simultaneous events, and more feature films, and spreading them over a densely-packed ten-day period, Athens offers better weather, more and varied films, and a surer chance of exhibition for the

submitting filmmaker. Ann Arbor still maintains its festival over 6 days, with nightly exhibitions and accompanying folderol for bleary-eyed fanatics. Almost \$5000 in prize money was given this year at Ann Arbor, some of it in unusual places.

If any trend could be discerned in the screenings of 1981, it would pertain to rock music films. *Nuclear Beach Party* presented a black-and-white nostalgic punk Fifties glimpse at a science-fiction future where bathing-suited couples surfed in the sandbox of their nuclear fallout shelter. *Rock Lobster* presented Tutu and the Pirates singing "Killing an Arab" while the saga of a disco-fied fat girl and her slovenly boyfriend unfolded with murderous results. The Residents — San Francisco's bizarre antimusical, faceless combo — brought three filmed versions of their songs to the festival, including "The Simple Song" and "Act of Being Polite." While these cinema songs are resolutely too weird for television's *Video Jukebox*, they do pick up where Devo's mini-movies left off. Devo's concert movies, in fact, were first presented several years ago

at Ann Arbor. Their influence was commemorated this year during intermission, when a 20-minute re-edited version of *Jocko Homo* played over and over through the sound system. When several hundred people are force-fed the repeating notion that "We Are Devo," brains tend to snap.

The future of experimental shorts may again be bright, particularly for those with rock soundtracks, thanks to the burgeoning cable television outlets. Marilyn Horowitz, shorts supervisor for Showtime Entertainment Television, claims she needs a constant supply of continuity product to fill up the spaces between feature films on her paycable network. An all-music network, featuring only filmed versions of rock singles (like those Dick Clark showed when he couldn't afford the band itself), may already be available on certain cable connections. Video disks will provide yet another outlet for short films. "Video disks are my religion," claimed George Romero (*Dawn of the Dead*) at a recent film conference. Perhaps for the first time in history, dedicated film artists such as Stan Brakhage and Jorden Belson will have an affordable market for their works of art, with disks available at less than \$20. They need only sell a few hundred to earn back costs.

All this could spell important news for the film festivals, which might attain the recognition they deserve as forerunners in the field and as the showcase for the newest commercial

## A HANDY READERS REFERENCE GUIDE TO FESTIVALS & ONE NEWSLETTER

Here, for the determined student filmmaker, is a brief list of festivals that accept student films (yes, even *Cannes*). Write soon for specific requirements and deadlines.

**ANN ARBOR FILM FESTIVAL**,  
P.O. Box 7283, Ann Arbor,  
Michigan 48107.

**ATHENS INTERNATIONAL  
FILM & VIDEO FESTIVAL**, P.O.  
Box 388, Athens, Ohio 45701

**SINKING CREEK FILM  
CELEBRATION**, Box 3253  
Davy Crockett Station,  
Greenville, Tennessee 37743.

**KENYON FILM FESTIVAL**,  
Box 17, Gambier, Ohio 43022

**NEW YORK FILM EXPO**,  
B.A.C.A., Brooklyn Museum,  
Brooklyn, New York 11238.

**OBERHAUSEN  
INTERNATIONAL WEST  
GERMAN FESTIVAL OF  
SHORT FILMS**, Grillostrasse  
34, D-4200, Oberhausen, West  
Germany (FRG).

**CANNES FESTIVAL  
INTERNATIONAL DU FILM**,  
71 Rue du Faubourg-St. Honore,  
Paris 75008.

**FLORENCE FILM FESTIVAL**,  
Assessorato alla Cultura Del  
Comune Di Firenze, Via S.  
Egidio 21, Firenze, Italia.

**BIG MUDDY FILM FESTIVAL**,  
Southern Illinois University,  
Carbondale, Illinois 62901.

**FILM FESTIVAL REVIEW**, The  
Cinema Marketing Newsletter,  
PO 2505-A, Champaign, Illinois  
61820.

product. This sounds unbelievable to the starving diehards of hard-art cinema, but it's a hoped-for possibility. When residents of the feedback Qube system in Ohio were offered a choice of video art from the alleys of Soho versus more commercial routine fare, the middle-America, middle-class audience voted in favor of that weird stuff.

For now, most of these ingenious gems go unseen except at the festivals and in college labs. Big Muddy, Kenyon, Sinking Creek, the New York Expo, and many more events take pains to discover new breakthrough movies each year. In Europe, the Oberhausen, Florence, and even Cannes festivals make forays into the underground realm, searching for the eye and technique to make history. A newsletter, *Film Festival Review*, keeps tabs on the shifting trends and locations of the hundreds of worldwide festivals, keeping filmmakers posted on where the money and action is.

From year to year, nothing is predictable but the risk. "Hollywood tries to make pictures that will please everyone," said Jean-Luc Godard recently. "In doing this, the studios are more Communist than the Russians. They feel that movies should only entertain, but they do not even do that well. There should not be only one way to make a film. The cinema should not have rules."

Ann Arbor and its ilk have stood by such an anarchic formula since the inception of the alternative festival. And, still, anything you can get away with.



## "Thanks anyway, but my kid sister can give me a lift. She's got a Jensen."

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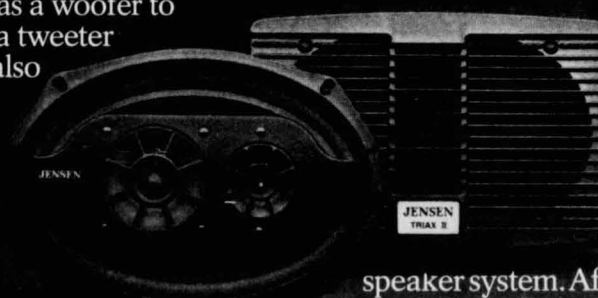
A Triax not only has a woofer to recreate low tones and a tweeter to capture the highs, it also features a midrange speaker to reproduce all those subtle sounds between low and high. The result is remarkable clarity across the entire sound spectrum.

And since Jensen hasn't had to concentrate on duplicating the Triax, we've been able to put all our efforts

into making it better than ever. Not with gimmicks or gadgets, but with meaningful innovations in the sound.

We've studied absorption, reflection, baffle enclosures and the "closed cavity effect" so that a Jensen Triax interacts with the acoustics of your car. We've also examined road noise, car speed, sound level vs. distortion and the need for higher power handling and driven the Triax high performance even higher.

But enough. Come hear a Triax three-way car stereo speaker system. After all, we know it's not all the technical talk that moves you. It's the sound.



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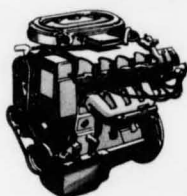
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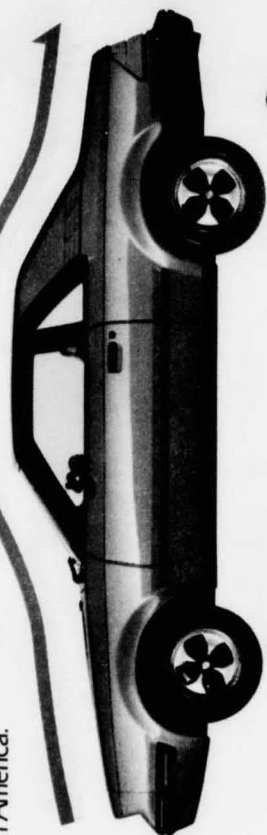
You can learn a lot behind the wheel of an EXP. Smart little gauges report on your RPMs, oil pressure, amperes



and temperature. You'll know the time. You'll even know the sports scores if you turn on the AM radio, because that's standard, too. (May be deleted for credit.) A special warning light will even tell you if your door is ajar.

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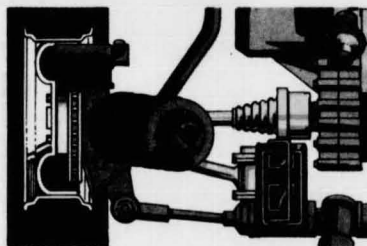
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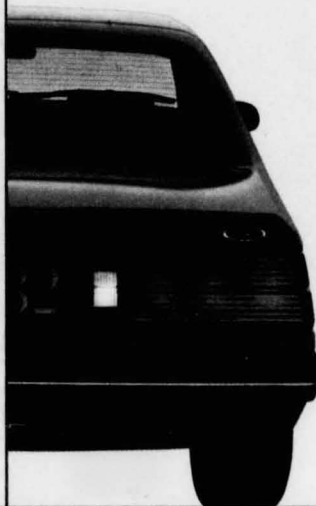
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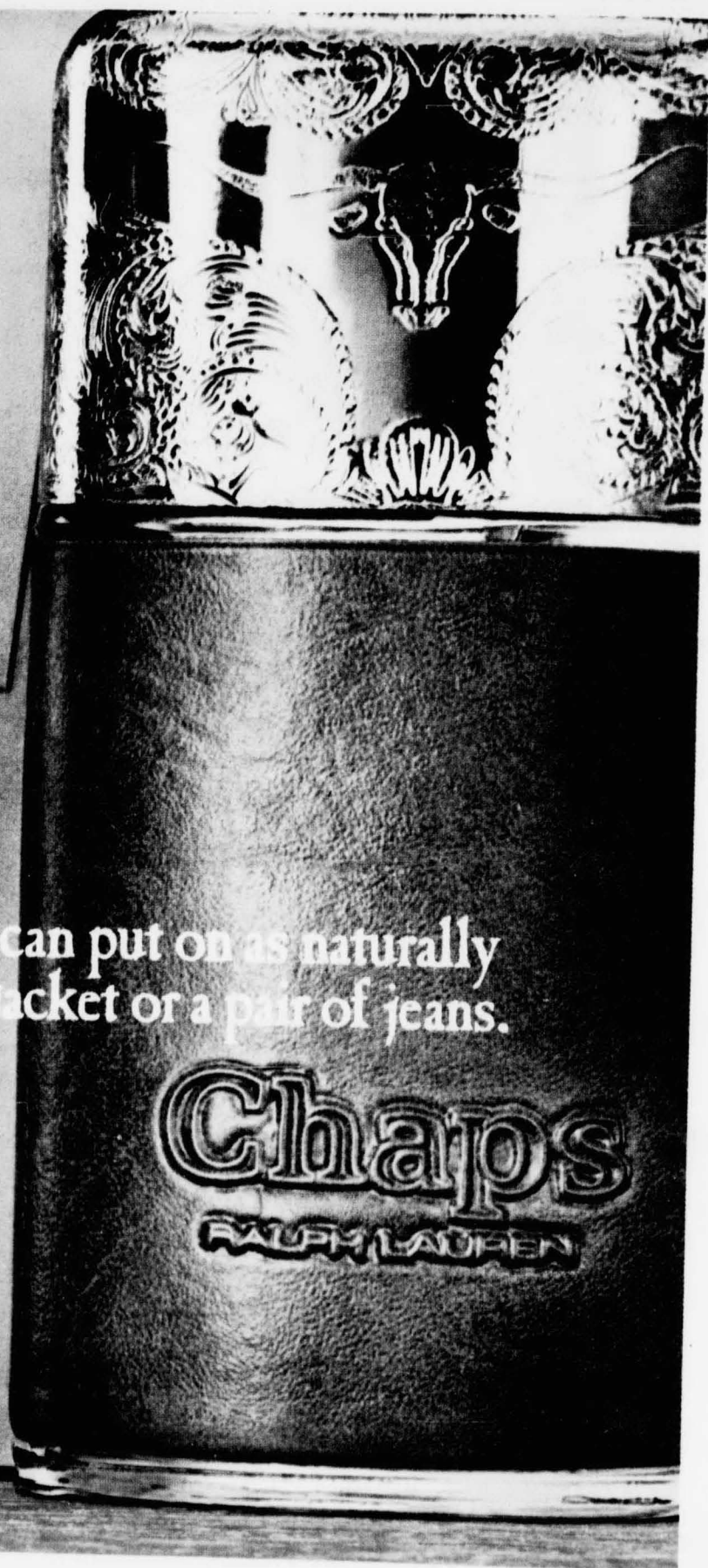
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# Hill 'Street Blues' Hill & Renko: Partners on a Winning Team

BY GENE SCULATTI

When her local station preempted the show, one diehard fan hopped in her car, drove across Texas and watched the missing episode in a rental motel room.

Complaining that programs like *Dukes of Hazzard* portray his colleagues as "buffoons," a New Jersey policeman wrote *TV Guide* "to thank the executives who kept this show about *real* cops on the air."

In Seattle and Boston and Atlanta, true believers faithfully videotape each episode in a kind of sacramental ritual.

And, of course, the television industry itself recently bestowed 21 Emmy nominations—the most ever for a television series.

All this for *Hill Street Blues*, the critical/cult smash of last season, this season's friskiest dark horse and quite possibly the best police series ever broadcast on network television.

Its staunchest supporters recite a litany of appeal factors: the series' "realism," its exceptionally high standards of dialogue and characterization. Not to mention *Hill Street's* willingness to depict, often explicitly, a world of situations and responses that is considerably less black and white than the cars its cops drive: arranging a truce between warring street gangs, coordinating a Presidential visit to the precinct, dealing with an alcoholic cop who goes on the take. There are also intra-squad antagonisms, a grubby plainclothesman, an epithet-snorting SWAT commander and an oversexed desk sergeant whose corner on the malapropism market could run Norm Crosby out of business. Not your average shoulder holster shoot-em-up.

*Hill Street* abounds in characters. Daniel Travanti's cool-eyed Captain Frank Furillo anchors the action in most episodes. He spars with ex-wife Fay (Barbara Bosson) and flirts with attorney Davenport (Veronica Hamel). Furillo is flanked by Sgt. Esterhaus (Michael Conrad) and Lt. Ray Calletano (Rene Enriquez). Around them move Bruce Weitz's grimy plainclothesman Belker, Joe Spano's psychology-trained Goldblume, James B. Sikking's paranoid SWAT leader Howard Hunter, policewoman Bates (Betty Thomas) and detectives Neal Washington (Taurean Blacque) and Johnny LaRue (Kiel Martin). Then there's Hill and Renko.

Hill (Michael Warren's conscientious, rulebook black cop) and Renko (Charles Haid's obstinate redneck) are about as far from Friday and Gannon as you're going to get. Ambushed in *Hill Street's* pilot, the pair spend most shows trying to readjust, most of the time going for each other's throat in the process. Conflict dogs Hill and Renko, whether they're busting a Haitian woman for keeping an apartment full of chickens or watching a mob form around them when they attempt to settle a curbside argument in the ghetto.

"I couldn't play Renko if I didn't understand anger," says Charles Haid, with no trace of Renko's mild Southern accent. Haid is huge, square-shouldered, broad-chested, the spitting image of the tough, implacable cop. The resemblance stops there. "Being



Charles Haid as Renko (top and middle right); Michael Warren as Hill (top and bottom left) in the best show on TV.



*Hill Street Blues* creators/producers/writers Steve Boshko (left) and Michael Kozoll.

## How Do You Spell Respect?

## The Prime Cuts of T-Bone Burnett

BY DANN SEAY

"I feel like I deserve a little more respect than I've gotten so far," observes lanky T-Bone Burnett, resting between mix-down sessions for an upcoming Maria Muldaur album he is producing. Rough, herringboned cedar strips slapped across the walls make the claustrophobic Paramount studio look like it can't decide between being a liquor store or a sauna. A large contact paper mural of the rugged Sierra Nevada Mountains defaces one wall.

Burnett may be excused his wistful sentiment: there are few such living legends in pop music as this 6'8" Texas-raised guitarist, writer, performer, laconic wit and homespun philosopher. Certainly there are few nicknamed like a cut of beef.

Actually, T-Bone (born Joseph Henry) drew his nickname from the tall, spare frame inherited from his ex-Brooklyn Dodgers father. His list of friends from nearly twenty years in music — ranging from Kris Kristofferson and Bob Dylan to actor John Hurt and prophesy pundit Hal Lindsey — is enormous. His sunglasses, which he often wears into the dead of night, are impenetrable. "The idea of making music for a living came to me in a nightmare," he reveals through a wry grin, leaning forward on crossed forearms that rest on his knees.

Burnett's earliest musical memories involve sneaking into Fort Worth, Texas bars to hear Delbert McClinton accompany strippers on harmonica. The two struck up a friendship that years later led to Burnett co-producing McClinton's first album.

"I formed a group called Loose Ends with Steve Bruton, who plays guitar for Kristofferson now and some other guys who sooner or later got smart and became lawyers," Burnett recalls. "We played around Texas, Oklahoma and Louisiana until I got tired and bought a studio in Fort Worth on borrowed money."

Sound City quickly became the site for

some of Texas' more bizarre musical fantasies, including a deranged underground masterpiece called "Paralized" by The Legendary Stardust Cowboy.

"The guy showed up one day," recalls Burnett, "in a '63 green Biscayne with a surface map of the moon on the roof. I knew I had something."

Well, not quite. Burnett eventually sold Sound City and became a prototype bi-coastal, migrating from New York to L.A. and back through a rather blurry mid-Sixties. He recorded a single for Frank Zappa under a name he can't remember, released a solo LP (*J. Henry Burnett, The B-52 Band & The Fabulous Skylarks*) that collectors nowadays will kill for and which included latter-day Steely Dan stalwart Dean Parks. Later, Burnett taught art for a time at the University of California, Santa Barbara campus.

Glimmers of fame arrived when Burnett, following a stint with Delaney and Bonnie Bramlett, was taped for Bob Dylan's Rolling Thunder Review as a guitarist and backing vocalist. This placed Burnett in the company of Joni Mitchell and Joan Baez as well as Dylan, and placed him on a 1976 television



special chronicling the Rolling Thunder Review as well as the live album from that tour, *Hard Rain*.

Burnett also met musicians Steven Soles and David Mansfield on that tour. They formed the Alpha Band, a crack trio that, some hoped, would be the force in American music that the Band had been a few years earlier. A critical rave, they never cracked the essential singles market; the Alpha Band lasted through three albums. Burnett converted to Christianity mid-way through the group's career. "The Alpha Band took a real toll on my fantasy life," Burnett says, indicating that he discovered pop stardom showed itself to be an unworthy goal.

His new religious convictions found their way eventually into his music, but prior to recording as a solo he was whisked away to the wilds of Kalispell, Montana to play a blindingly short part in Michael Cimino's famous *Waterloo, Heaven's Gate*. For a screen time of about six seconds in a movie practically no one wants to see, Burnett logged eight months on the set. Limping home early in 1980, he cut his strongest and most influential album yet, *Truth Decay*. Understated yet firm, musically subtle yet deeply woven with the blues, *Truth Decay* was prominent on several critics' Top Ten lists for the year. Alas, it didn't sell many copies.

"The funny thing is," Burnett reflects, "success has been completely redefined for me. It's respect. And, finally, doing what you want to do... what you have no choice but to do."

A little shy about performing, Burnett nonetheless recently rented the Hollywood Foreign Legion Hall to showcase some new material for a small audience of press, friends and industry wheels. A new LP is mostly finished, as is an intriguing collection of standards called *Broadway My Way*. The latter contains a slow version of "Hooray for Hollywood" that actually makes one listen to the melody, rather than the bombast, of that funny old warhorse. Soon after the Muldaur production is finished, Burnett will tour Europe with Ry Cooder — yet another long-time friend from the ranks of the famous and near-famous. Perhaps his extra measure of respect is almost at hand.

big and Irish, I always get cop and priest parts," he laughs. Raised near San Francisco, Haid took up drama in college, after the Navy and a Jesuit education. Upon graduation he directed, produced, wrote and proved himself a remarkably versatile actor — as William Hurt's pragmatic research associate in *Altered States*, as a Beverly Hills heroin dealer in *Who'll Stop the Rain*. He played Ryan O'Neal's ex-roomie in *Oliver's Story* ("They paid him \$3 million to stare at the wall for two and a half hours") and a priest on TV's *Kate McShane*. *The Choirboys* put him behind a badge for the first time.

"Renko is a guy whose parents transplanted from Kentucky to the North," Haid muses. "He's never been west of Chicago. He's got three six-packs in the fridge, rides motorcycles on the weekend. You know the guy."

Haid himself shares little with the Renko character; Haid practices transcendental meditation, reads voraciously, drives a black VW Rabbit and lives, with his wife and two children, either in a New York apartment or a home in Carpinteria — many miles from the Bel Air circuit. But Haid understands Renko, well enough to admit he most enjoys the burly cop "when he makes a big jerk of himself. Unless you can laugh, you can't see the pain." Haid has infused Renko with

man-sized portions of both — in the brag-gadocio of his squadroom raps, in the fearful breakdown he experiences when Furillo finally grants him and his partner their "divorce" from duty together.

"Hill and Renko are opposite," explains Haid, "but together they create a whole character with two sides. Hill is precise, careful. Renko's reckless. What they have in common are hearts and souls. That's what draws them to each other. I don't think even they know that's what it is."

"Anybody who wants to be a cop is crazy," says Michael Warren. "It's thankless, the pay is low. But wanting to be good cops is what Renko and Hill share. They're opposites, in that Renko reacts actively to situations while Hill, having come from that very Hill Street turf and understanding it, is more apt to try and talk situations out. Renko is often right. Sometimes Hill shows too much sensitivity and compassion to be a good cop."

Warren came to play officer Bobby Hill in a roundabout way. Raised in Indiana, educated at UCLA, the 5'11-1/2" actor almost chose a pro basketball career. He played guard for coach John Wooden alongside Kareem Abdul Jabbar on national championship teams but turned down pro offers for a career in show business. Starting with

Pepsi commercials, he moved on to act (and serve as technical advisor) in Jack Nicholson's film about a renegade basketball player, *Drive, He Said* (1972) and on TV's *Marcus Welby, White Shadow* and *Paris*, where he met *Hill Street* producer Boshko.

Like Haid, Warren has a wife (Susie) and two children (intriguingly named Koa and Cash). While Haid works out in gyms, Warren prefers the tennis court.

Despite a chance to do a series pilot and a movie-of-the-week, Warren hitched up with *Hill Street*. He's particularly intrigued by the program's serio-comic format and Hill and Renko's humanizing of the often one-dimensional TV cop role. Accompanying real cops on a number of patrols (including one bloody homicide investigation that drew a rock-throwing mob), Warren "didn't really get the insight into cops I expected. They're too much on guard to reveal a lot. What you do get is real insight into the way the public reacts to them."

Warren carried over some valuable lessons from his earlier near-career. "Athletics teaches you discipline and it emphasizes team effort. If you played on a team with Kareem and you thought you were a star, you'd be badly mistaken. No one on a team is a 'star' because everyone has to work to make the effort successful. Writers, actors,

directors, cameramen — everybody has to give their best to make *Hill Street* a hit."

Ironically, the best cop show that ever happened almost didn't happen.

"When Fred Silverman asked us to do a new police show, we initially refused," says Steven Boshko who, with Michael Kozoll, created, produced and writes most *Hill Street* shows. "Both of us had done so many cop shows — *Kojak* and *Quincy*, *Columbo* — that we said we'd do it only on two conditions. First, that NBC leave us totally alone and let us do what we wanted with the show. And two, that we meet with their broadcast standards department before we even wrote one word."

Meeting with the network, Kozoll and Boshko pressed the point that "We were looking for a maturity of concept, we wanted to do an adult show. There would of necessity, on occasion, be some graphic violence. There were also to be a sexuality to the show." (In the latter area, *Hill Street* regulars have observed Captain Furillo's bubble-bathing with public defender Joyce Davenport, Sgt. Esterhaus' on-duty dalliances with anything in hose or halter tops and, once, officer Renko seducing his night school teacher in the classroom — surely one of the most erotic sequences on any network show.)

"We wanted to do a show that was recognizable as a genre show," Boshko explains, "but that was different." The writers' familiarity with police helped. "Working on cop shows, you become familiar with police procedure and with the ambience that surrounds their work. And you almost build up a troupeau of stories." Equally helpful were the actors' contributions. "They saw things in the characters we'd created," says Boshko, "and they were definitely active in adding dimensions to them."

Boshko assures that "All the characters will be back, and they won't change drastically. In real life, people evolve, incrementally. That's what our characters will do. It would, for instance, be a mistake to have Jim Sikking (Howard Hunter) continue to come in week after week, make cracks about Hispanics and walk out. That pales quickly. So that character will grow."

The series will continue to blend comic and serious, though Boshko admits that during the first season "the balance sometimes got thrown off. We are, in fact, a one hour dramatic series. One problem, conceptually, with the first season, was the on-going stories. It tends to confuse the casual viewer if he hits the third episode of a four-part series. We'll stick with multiple stories but each show will have one modular story with a start, a middle and an end."

Such fine tuning should only help *Hill Street*'s rapidly improving condition. Boshko claims last season's final episodes nudged into the Nielsen's top 20, and while supporter Silverman has left the network, NBC's new head is Grant Tinker, former boss of MTM, for whom *Hill Street Blues* was developed.

Charles Haid calls *Hill Street* "the fastest track in town. When you're on it, you'd better be serious and ready to work. Because everybody else is."

Steven Boshko searches his memory for his favorite definition of the show's appeal. "It came from my brother-in-law," Boshko recalls. "He said what he liked best was the fact that he never knew, from one moment to the next, whether something humorous would suddenly turn very complex, or vice versa. Keeping people off guard, that's what makes *Hill Street Blues* different: butting humor up against gut-wrenching drama. On paper it shouldn't even work," he smiles. "But somehow it does."

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# John Landis Howls over Hollywood ...& His Werewolf in London

BY JACOBA ATLAS

Universal Studios crams more tourists through its Universal City Studios Tour than Portugal crams sardines into tin cans, and on hot, smoggy days the "marks" bake in the San Fernando Valley sun until the sweat pours off them like so much olive oil. The Big Stop on the tour is the new special effects sound stage which promises to show the curious just how George Lucas made *Star Wars* and Dino De Laurentiis got King Kong to swing. Nine dollars and fifty cents a head is the going price for such information.

John Landis, director of *Animal House*, the highest grossing comedy of all time, runs into these tours everytime he steps from his office. It's a small, semi-crumbling bungalow that does not begin to suggest the riches this man has brought to Universal via *Animal House* and the *Blues Brothers* (yes, Virginia, the *Blues Brothers* did make money despite its \$31 million budget). The office has plywood stairs and dingy walls and backs into the parking lot where the studio tour buses light to herd the curious, sweating crowds into that special effects sound stage. If Landis opened his windows, he'd hear the forced good-cheer of the tour guides as they make their dictatorial statements ("you must return to the exact seat you have vacated") sound like suggestions. But then, if Landis opened his windows, the tourists wouldn't be listening to their guides — they'd be listening to Landis.

Landis, at 31, is best distinguished from the rest of the crop of hotshot-contemporary-under-thirty-five directors by his voice. Where others are shy, Landis is effusive; where others are quiet, Landis is outrageous. He doesn't speak *per se* — he yells, he shouts, he rants, he raves. It's a voice cultivated for the New York subway system, but John Landis has never lived East of the Mississippi.

A week before his new film, *An American Werewolf in London*, is set to open, Landis is saving his voice for the press. Alfred Hitchcock once told him the press is moronic, and Landis couldn't agree more. Proof of that assessment is the fact that the *Los Angeles Times* has printed not one, but four different pictures of what the newspaper insists is the monster, the "werewolf." Landis' press releases had told everyone that no pictures of the werewolf exist and in fact during production crew members were warned that anyone leaking information on the werewolf would be shot. Now the *Times* has come up with some pictures from the movie and printed them with finger-pointing glee as if to say, "See, John, you can't keep anything hidden from us."

Landis, his voice reaching new heights, wants to know why. What was the point? "Is this news?" he asks.

"Printing stolen photographs. Illegal photographs. We checked, they didn't get them from any kosher sources." When pressed for reasons, Landis insists the whole thing is personal. He's certain one of the newspaper's editors is out to get him because this editor has a wife who happens to be an actress whom Landis has happened never to hire for any of his movies. Landis says he's being paid back. "I mean," he adds incredulously, "what else could it be?"

Fouling up the secrecy on *An American Werewolf* is nothing new. The movie is about two American college students (played by David Naughton of the "Dr. Pepper" commercials and Griffin Dunne) who are attacked in Northern England by a creature from beyond the grave. *Werewolf* was supposed to contain a never-before-seen man-to-beast transformation that was done totally without optical effects. However, earlier this year a low-budget exploitation film called *The Howling* was released — lo and behold, it contained a never-before-seen man-to-beast transformation that was done totally without optical effects. In fact, *The Howling's* was so brilliant, it never failed to elicit applause from the movie's audiences.

The similarity between the two movies' transformations is not coincidental. Each was nursed into being by a 31-year-old special make-up and effects creator named Rick Baker. "What made me upset," Landis said, "was that Rick gave away some of our secrets on how to do this thing. That made me mad. Rob Bottin who did *The Howling* was actually Baker's assistant. Rick in fact started *The Howling* and I called him up and said, 'Rick, remember I'm making that movie, remember we discussed it in 1971, well I'm making it now,' and he said, 'Yeah, you told me that before' and I said, 'Well, this time I really mean it.' So Rick quit *The Howling* and Rob took the job instead."

"I haven't seen it yet, but Bottin is real gifted and I'm a big fan of Joe Dante's (director). But I've read their script and the two films are very different in conception. Theirs is real tongue-in-cheek and ours is decidedly serious. It's very funny, but it's not a comedy. We never make excuses for the story, we're never winking at it. It's straightforward and tragic."

Landis says he was inspired to write *Werewolf* by an incident he encountered in Yugoslavia back in 1969 when he was a 19-year-old flunky on a movie called *Kelly's Heroes*. While traveling from a location he got stuck in a traffic jam, "which is unusual since there were only about 300 cars in the whole country. Anyway, right in the middle of this crossroads was a burial with two priests and a corpse wrapped in canvas and covered with garlic and rosaries. I said what the f. k is this? Our driver,

an educated man from Belgrade, went to find out and came back laughing at the peasants and gypsies. He thought it was real funny. It seems this dead guy had been a rapist and was shot and he was being buried in the crossroads so he wouldn't get up and cause trouble."

"I was genuinely impressed by what I saw. The people were absolutely serious. I don't believe in that stuff..." he says, pausing for the right phrase, "but I don't disbelieve anything either. What these guys were doing in Yugoslavia wasn't any sillier than anything they do in the Mormon Church or in the Judaic-Christian beliefs. You can ridicule anything if you want to. But look at Voodoo. It's consistently practiced and it works. Papa Doc ruled a country with it. It kills people."

"In *Werewolf* we're talking about the suspension of disbelief. And it's hard. When you put a maniac with an axe in his hand, you believe it because strangers are walking around shooting John Lennon. So no problem, you say there's a man with an axe, fine... Or go into outer space... again, no problem, you go with whatever you have. But in a contemporary setting with monsters, it's a whole different thing. For instance, *The Exorcist*, which I believe is a great movie, has a tremendous advantage in that it's about Christ and Satan which gives us two thousand years on which we build our suspension of disbelief. You know the rules. Christ is good and Satan is bad. Just like you hold a cross to a vampire and he cringes, you don't have to be told why. It's good and evil. No sweat. But my movie's not about good and evil, it's about the ultimate schizophrenia."

Landis himself may know a little something about split personalities. Those who know him, have worked with him, invariably describe him as two different men. One is impossible,

infantile, egotistical; the other is charming, funny and bright. Eyes roll heavenward when his name is mentioned. One producer who worked closely with Landis on a now defunct project first has praise for the man and then adds derisively, "He has an office full of toys. Steven Spielberg gets the toys designated for kids eight to eleven — Landis gets the ones marked three to seven." Actually there are no toys in Landis' office, only a Mickey Mouse figure, several signed movie posters and a half-dozen copies of *Starlog* and *Monster* magazine.

It's easy to see why Landis elicits such diverse reactions. He's nothing if not opinionated. Why doesn't Jenny Agutter, who's so good in *Werewolf*, work more in Hollywood? "Because producers here aren't looking for beautiful, intelligent women, they're looking for bimbos." What's the hardest emotion to get out of a movie? "Wonderment. Spielberg did that with the first version of *Close Encounters*. You open your mouth in wonder. Very few movies do that. The first *King Kong*, *Pinochio*, maybe *The Wizard of Oz*. *Star Wars*? *Star Wars* failed miserably at it. It's exciting, ya ya ya, but it doesn't have a sense of wonder." The press' reaction to big budget movies? "The press is full of s---. *Blues Brothers* was never overbudgeted. We became 1942. Everyone hated us because we were young and too successful. Look what they did to Spielberg after 1941. I mean, what was his crime? Making a movie that didn't work." Is the current crop of hot-shot directors ever competitive with one another? "Never — what an odd question."

He is equally sanguine about the impact of his movies. He says *Animal House* was a breakthrough film and that 11 universities wouldn't let them shoot on campus because the film had

a teacher sleeping with a student. "They said it never happened. Hell, that's the reason most people become teachers. *Animal House* is a political film because at the height of born-again Christianity we made a film about born-again paganism. Toga Parties."

"Look at the end of *Animal House* and look at *Stripes*. *Stripes* is very funny, but it's totally reactionary. It's a fascist film. I was appalled when I saw it. That movie says the Army is great and supports the military establishment. I don't think those who make it know what it said and I'm sure they're going to think my response is out of line. But things are crazy. Do you know people in this country thought *Pvt. Benjamin* was a women's lib film? Forget it."

"You have a responsibility when you make films."

But Landis won't elaborate on the political impact of movies except to say you have to make them with subversive messages. "Your first responsibility is to entertain, but what I'm proudest of is where my films are banned — Argentina, Iran, South Africa. It's terrific. You can always tell if your film is correct by the countries in which it's banned."

One of Landis' next projects will be a movie of Mark Twain's *A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court* (which Jenny Agutter reads to David Naughton in *Werewolf*). The script is being written by Oscar-winning, one-time black-listed Waldo Salt. "Waldo has a lot of anger in him," Landis says, "and so did Twain. Twain's my hero. He was a bitter, cynical, nasty little guy. Twain's fascinating. *Huckleberry Finn* is the greatest American novel ever written."

It's said you can tell something about a man by the heroes he keeps.



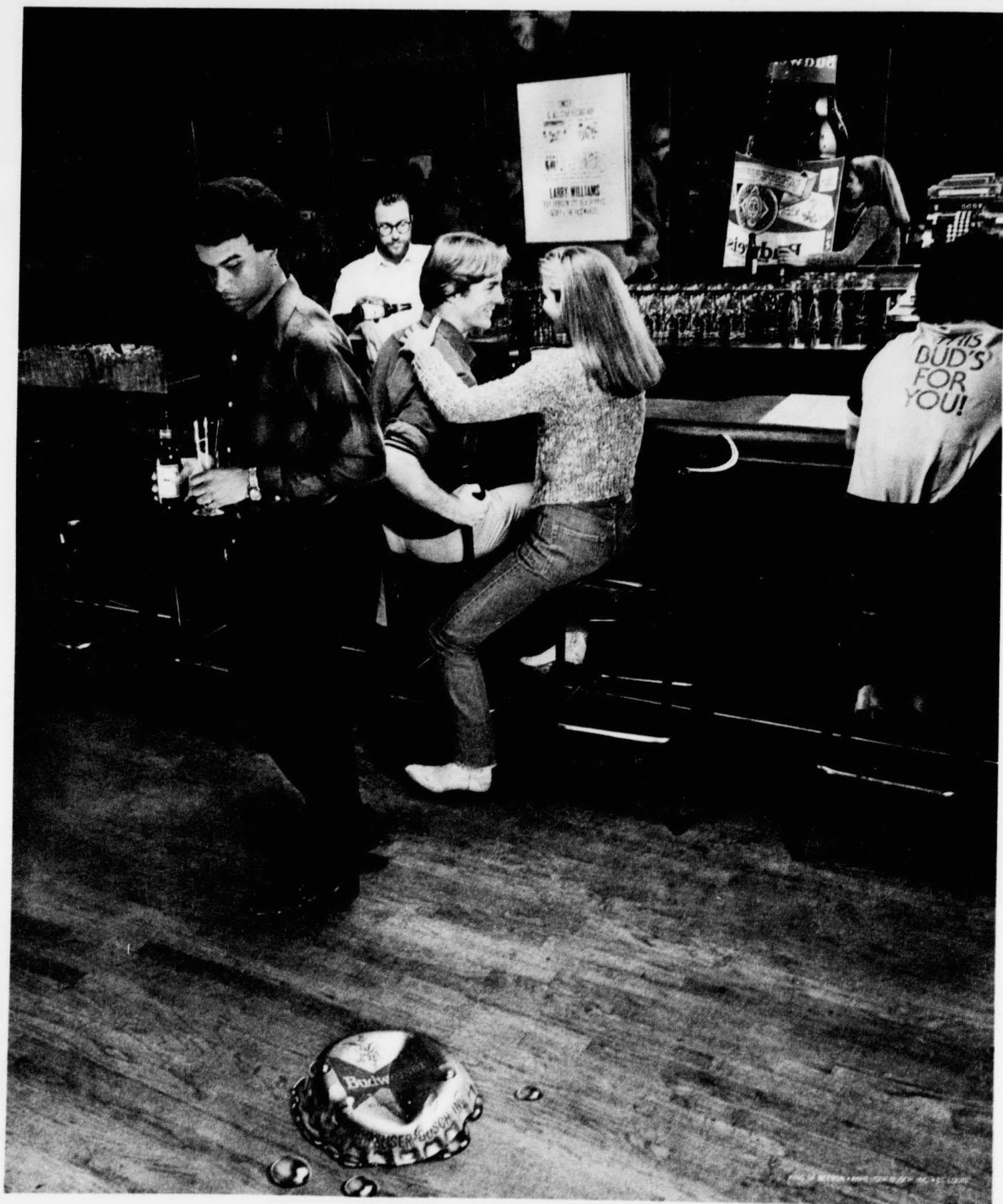
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# The CAMPUS

With The Editors Of Modern Photography Magazine



Peter Read Miller/SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

## Looking For Action? Don't Forget A Camera!

**W**hat with frisbees sailing around the campus, sleepy-eyed seniors trying to make it to 9 A.M. class on Monday morning before the bell rings or enjoying the football, soccer or basketball game, there are plenty of subjects in motion around you. If you've got a fast-acting finger, you can have a lot of fun chasing after action shots. And, with some luck and practice, you'll be surprised how proficient you can become in producing eye-stopping shots.

Let's figure first that you're a real tyro with a simple camera that you've been told won't take action pictures.

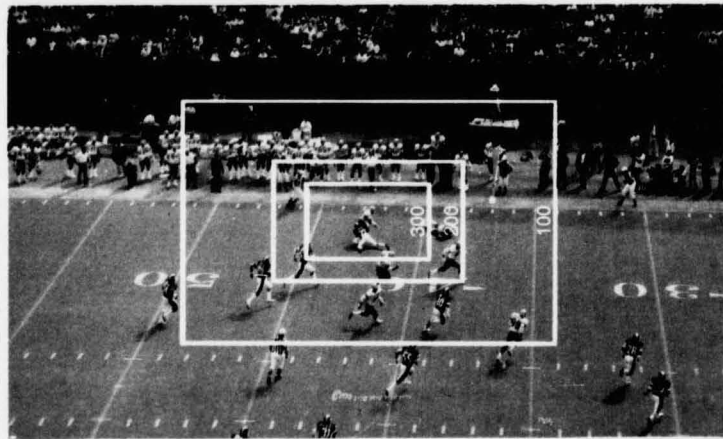
Sure it will. While its fairly slow shutter speed(s) won't stop much action, try following the action while looking through the viewfinder.

Pan the camera smoothly as your subject moves. Snap away when the subject appears most interesting. What you'll get is a fairly sharp subject, maybe with some softness around the legs and hands, all against a blurred background—which is how action looks anyway. (A lot of pro photographers spent plenty of time trying to dope out how to get just such an effect

possible when there's an exciting play and the audience goes wild).

But if you can change lenses, beg or borrow a telephoto or tele-zoom lens. Unless you're in a stadium the size of a walnut, you'll need something with a focal length of between 200 and 400mm depending on just how far away you are from the action and how close you want your pictures to appear.

A zoom lens allows you to use a whole variety of focal lengths, and so gives you many framing choices right from your seat. How long a lens do you need? A 200mm lens gets you four times closer than a regular 50mm lens (or if it's easier to think about, it covers  $\frac{1}{4}$  the area of a regular, normal lens). A 400mm covers  $\frac{1}{16}$  the area and a 300mm length is right in between.) If you can borrow a tele or,



David L. Miller

Zoom in on the action with a tele-zoom or telephoto lens. A "normal" (50mm) lens was used for this shot. Lines show how tele lens would have brought players closer.

before they tumbled on a simple camera setting as the solution.)

Simple cameras generally have slightly wide-angle lenses, meaning you've got to get fairly close to your subjects. This sort of rules 'em out for shooting spectator sports (other than the band formations at half time) from the stands. Unless you're an official photographer, you'll probably be stuck there, far from the action. With a simple camera or, as a matter of fact, with any camera having a normal lens (the one that came with camera) players on the field will look like tiny ants. If your camera doesn't allow you to use interchangeable lenses, better stick to snapshots of your fellow spectators (great shots are

even better, a tele zoom and try it out yourself for size you'll decide on the right length pretty quickly and then you can get a tele zoom lens of your own.

Load up with an ASA 400 so you can shoot at the fastest shutter speeds possible (if you want to stop action).

You've probably been told to avoid fast films because the colors aren't as bright and the resulting pictures are grainy. It used to be so but today's fast color films are good enough for many pros to use almost exclusively.

Have a happy game but do try for an aisle seat. When the crowd in front goes wild you don't want to wind up with a shot of bobbing heads instead of the action.

## Is There Only One Correct Exposure? No!

**I**f you have a camera with no exposure control or one that sets itself automatically with no provision for any manual variation, you'll probably be very satisfied with almost all the prints or slides you make.

But many more advanced cameras today do allow you to vary your exposure, either through auto-exposure compensation dials or straight manual override.

Auto exposure or no exposure control, cameras will generally yield an average exposure picture. However, by giving less exposure (using one or two smaller lens openings or one or two faster shutter speeds) or more exposure (setting your camera in just the opposite manner) you will produce different results that may even be better (as the pictures shown here illustrate). This is particularly true in contrasty light situations.

If you do plan some exposure variations, stick to color slide film. If you shoot color print film, the processors will probably correct your exposure variations in printing and make all your shots of the same subject look pretty much alike, despite the exposure variations.



Bruce Thomas

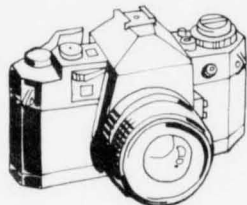
Deliberate underexposure blacked-out figure, shadows, for effective picture

## What Type Of Camera Do You Need????

**P**ocket 110 camera? Instant-picture camera? All-weather camera? Single-lens reflex camera? Pocket 35 camera? Auto-focus camera?

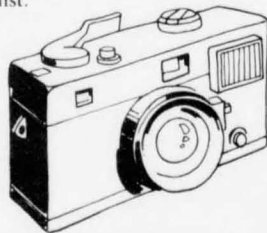
They are all very different and serve different functions and different users. It may well be overkill if you've been persuaded to buy a single-lens reflex when all you want is a no-nonsense pocket camera which means you can learn as little about photography as possible.

Books have been written about proper camera type selection. No matter—we're going to reduce it all into five thumbnail-size sketches and descriptions. We might not be able to accompany you all the way to the proper choice, but at least we can head you in the right direction.



**35mm Single Lens Reflex (SLR)**

You see what you get by viewing and focusing right through the lens, be it a wide-angle, normal, telephoto or zoom; extremely versatile, available with manual control, auto-exposure only, or auto-exposure plus manual override. But SLRs are bulkier than pocket cameras or other 35s, heavier, more expensive, more complex, take more care to use. Accessory list is enormous with fully-coupled auto flash and battery-powered auto winders heading the list.

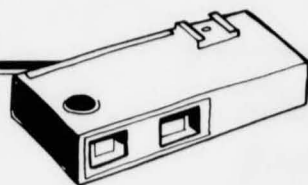


**35mm Lens/Shutter Camera**

Uses optical finder (like a miniature telescope) for sighting, optical rangefinder in some models for focusing. Lowest-priced models use simple scale: you guess distance, then set footage marker accordingly and hope it's right.

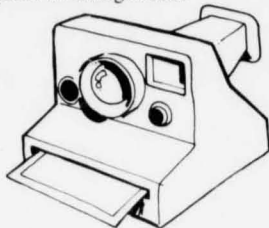
Advantages include rugged, simple design and lower-than-SLR cost, plus greater compactness and lighter weight than SLR. Models now available include built-in electronic flash, auto-exposure, super-compact pocket versions, auto focusing.

But only a few high-priced cameras offer interchangeable lenses. Good snapshot cameras, however.



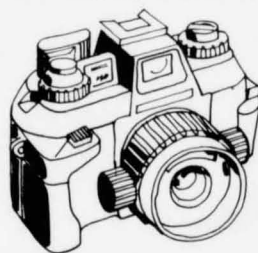
**110 Camera**

Tiny and super-tiny easy-to-load camera using miniature film size. There's a wide range of models from simple box-camera equivalents to a single-lens reflex and underwater types. Newer models have built-in electronic flash, automatic exposure, built-in auto winders. Rugged, simple, light and compact, the 110 turns out good snapshots but small film size limits sharpness of enlargements.



**Instant Camera**

If you must see your color prints within minutes, the instants will deliver the goods. Cameras tend to be bulky, lenses slow. Cameras are fully automatic, film fairly expensive, enlargements of poorer quality. Great for making friends all over the world, shooting at parties, weddings.



**Underwater/All-Weather Cameras**

Specially designed to withstand elements, these auto-exposure cameras are ideal for hunters, fishermen, sailors, backpackers, when extremely rugged camera is needed. Some are water resistant only; others can go to 15 ft. or so. Only one, the Nikonos, is a true underwater camera with interchangeable lenses!

## Closeups And Copying: School Aids

**H**ave a lab experiment you want to preserve before you break it down? Do you need a copy of a map, drawing or painting but can't get it to a copying machine? Is there some material in a book that you can only glom onto for a few hours? The answer is to copy it or shoot a close-up with your camera. You can use any camera, except pocket cameras—the negatives or transparencies made with them are generally too small to carry enough information—for copying and close-ups.

Most 35mm SLRs focus as close as 18 to 24 in., which may be enough for some copying and close-up work. Other cameras reach 3 ft., which is usually too far.

Close-up lenses are by far the simplest and most convenient accessory to allow you to focus nearer than the regular minimum distance of your camera. They're easiest to use on an SLR, since you can thread one over your normal lens and focus right through the finder. Close-up lenses are generally available in three major strengths: +1, +2 and +3.

While we could give you the distances at which the close-up lenses will allow you to work, what you really need to know is how large an area the close-up lens will take in when fitted on your normal lens. For a 50mm normal camera lens a +1

close-up lens will cover a subject from  $9\frac{1}{4} \times 14$  in. to  $18\frac{1}{2} \times 28$  in. depending on the focus setting of the camera. A +2 will allow areas from  $6\frac{1}{8} \times 9\frac{1}{4}$  in. to  $9\frac{3}{8} \times 14$  in., while a +3 will get you from  $4\frac{1}{2} \times 6\frac{7}{8}$  in. to  $6\frac{1}{4} \times 9\frac{3}{8}$  in.

These close-up lenses can be combined for even closer work with smaller areas. It's now simply a matter of choosing the right close-up lens depending on the size of your subject area you want covered. For instance, if you were copying a map in a book which was  $8 \times 10\frac{1}{2}$  in., a +2 close-up lens would do nicely.

With a single-lens reflex camera, making a close-up is no more complicated than lining up the camera and subject and shooting. Use the built-in, or a hand-held, meter recommendation for the correct exposure.

While close-up and copying lighting can get very complicated, even, shadowless daylight from a window (or from a skylight in a library reading room) will do.

With cameras other than SLRs, follow the directions that come with the close-up lenses as to proper camera distance settings and actual distance from the subject. If you don't have a single-lens reflex, you won't be able to rely on your viewfinder to show you just what will be framed in the close-up picture. Instead, measure carefully from the very center of your camera lens to the very center of your subject using a rigid or coiled metal tape.

How can you hold the camera steady enough, particularly if you need a longish exposure and you don't have a tripod or copy stand? The accompanying pictures show you just how to do this with books as supports for the subject and camera.



Table-top set-up, +2 close-up lens made picture below for paper on Dickens.



If you load up with a fast (ASA 400) film, you should be able to make good exposure in reasonable light. For sharp pictures with close-up lenses, you will have to close your lens down to f/8 or f/11, which means a fairly long exposure if the light is poor. If your meter can't handle such a low light level, you'll have to experiment by making exposures at a number of longish times until you find the proper exposure.

Avoid using color print film for copying if you are photographing a map or printed matter. Instead, shoot black-and-white negative or transparency material. View the slides (or even the negatives) with a projector or by means of a fairly powerful (10X or more) magnifier. If it's a negative you will want to have a print made.

With careful copying, your transparency or negative should have all the detail from the original that you'll need.

# THE NEW AE-1 PROGRAM

## Nobody has been able to make fine photography this simple. Until now.

There has never been a high quality 35mm SLR camera as simple to use as the Canon AE-1 PROGRAM. That's why people who don't have time for complicated cameras, like professional tennis star Tracy Austin, carry it with them wherever they go. And you should, too.

Indoors or out, day or night—in any light—the AE-1 PROGRAM is designed to give you perfect pictures automatically. You just focus and shoot. Really. When set on "PROGRAM" the advanced electronics inside provide total automation, so you can concentrate on your subject.



For action photography, there's also shutter-priority automation, which lets you choose a speed fast enough to "freeze" moving subjects while the



camera's electronic brain automatically adjusts the lens opening for the lighting conditions.

Flash photography is totally automatic as well, and with the new Canon Speedlite 188A with built-in exposure confirmation, you can tell you've gotten a perfect flash picture before removing your

eye from the viewfinder!

There are new and exciting accessories that add even more versatility. The Power Winder A2 provides single-frame and continuous motorized shooting at up to two frames-per-second. Or, for really fast action, you can add the Motor Drive MA for up



to 4 fps. rapid sequence shooting.

There are eight interchangeable focusing screens and nearly fifty Canon FD lenses that fit the AE-1 PROGRAM. So you can shoot a wide-angle panorama, do candid portraits or use a Canon zoom lens to really reach out and bring your subjects up close. Best of all, when you add any of these exciting accessories, shooting is still automatic. And just as simple.

Ask your Canon dealer to show you the camera that makes fine photography simple. The new Canon AE-1 PROGRAM. It's one more reason we're the world's leader in 35mm photography.



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**AE-1**  
PROGRAM

## Trick Filters Can Put a Kick In Your Shots

**G**ot the photo blahs? All the usual campus sights seem old hat and done to death? Try some of the new trick creative filters. They can produce sunburst and star effects, add color selectively, combine images in many colors. There are really too many to list, but a quick trip to your local photo store will give you an eyeful. With most such filters, you can just hold them to your eye or put them over your SLR camera lens and view through the finder to see what the effect will be. Herewith a few oddball creative shots to show what's possible.



Mitchell Funk



Mitchell Funk



Mitchell Funk



Why settle for reality when you can photograph a dream? Here, diffusion filter was used to soften "straight" shot (left) to produce this ultra-romantic vision.

Wild imagination plus filters and masks produced these shots. Statue of Liberty was taken with circular cut-out plus colored gel. Split-field mask gave "Night and Day" effect to Manhattan's waterfront (above) while keyhole mask was used for umbrella shot. Filters and masks for effects like these are sold by Acme, Hoya, Cokin, Ambico and Spiratone, among others. For best results, use a reflex camera so you can preview the effect you are getting. If possible, place camera on tripod and make exposures at varying settings.



## Which Lens? Camera Brand, Independent, Or Unknown?

**R**eady to buy an accessory lens but confused by all the brands? Here—with a short, short, three part course in lensiana.

**Camera maker's lenses:** Your safest bet, since they were made specifically to work with your camera and are generally of top mechanical and optical quality. If the lens does not work properly with the camera, only one single company is responsible for straightening matters out.

**Independent maker's lenses:** Some-

times less expensive (but camera makers are now offering budget-priced lenses that are remarkably inexpensive). Independent makers' lenses often have special features such as close focusing or compact design possibly not available on the camera maker's lenses. Make certain you buy a well-known independent maker's lens.

**Unknown maker's lenses:** Many stores try to save money or offer rock-bottom prices by purchasing lenses from small importers or they may even import lenses under their own label. (It's a simple business to have a lens identification ring engraved with almost any name and make and then to thread it into an off-brand optic.) These lenses may be OK, but store importers don't have the wherewithal to test the lenses—and so quality can vary remarkably, repair parts may not be available or be stocked for only a short time. These are garbage lenses and are best avoided regardless of price.



Herbert Keppler

Macro (left) versus non-macro (right). Photo at left was taken from 8 inches, at right from 18 inches. ASA 400 film made f/8 lens opening possible to gain sufficient sharpness at close range. Two lights were used, one on each side of ring, to eliminate shadows, reveal details of design.

## Getting Blurry Pictures? Here's Why

**I**f you're getting blurry pictures, here's a quick checklist you can use to identify the problem:

**1. Whole picture area blurred but some pictures more than others.** Causes: Not holding camera steady at time of exposure; too slow a shutter speed; dirty lens.

**2. Main subject blurred but foreground or background OK.** Cause:

Improper focus, either the camera's fault or your mistake. If focus is still off after you focus carefully and shoot next time, have camera checked.

**3. All pictures blurred about the same amount.** Possible cause: Crummy camera. Have your dealer check to make sure and then, if indeed it's crummy, ditch the heap.

**4. Close subjects blurred with non-focusing camera.** Cause: Using camera at a closer distance than it was designed for. Back off!!

**5. Prints look slightly soft.** Possible cause: Color printer can be out of focus. Check sharpness of your negs with magnifier. If they're sharp, have photofinisher make prints over.

## Don't Get Stung When Buying

**W**ith an almost endless array of cameras offered, and sources varying from your local dealer to distant mail-order firms, buying an expensive item like a camera can be a rewarding experience or a nightmare.

Here are some tips, found out the hard way, to guide you through the maze of desire to the glories of happy ownership.

**Learning what you want:** Ask knowledgeable friends who are happy with their cameras. Read all the photo magazine test reports and camera literature you can. Handle the camera yourself. Look at your friends' results. Do you think they're good? Go to a store, ask to see similar cameras. If some other camera looks better and seems a better deal, don't go for it on the spot. Take time to think. Ask others about the camera. Read up on it. Make sure any camera you select is convenient to use and handle.

**Selecting the right store:** Most photo stores near campuses are reliable because bad ones are quickly put out of business by word of mouth. Ask your knowledgeable friends what stores they deal with. Yes, you probably pay more than at a big dis-

count or mail order store but you will get better service right where you are.

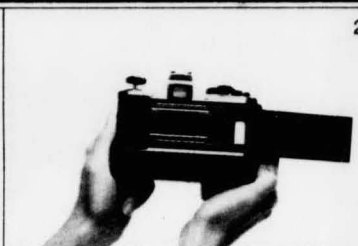
You can buy by mail from the big stores that advertise in photo magazines such as *Modern Photography*, but ask your friends for the names of reliable ones they've dealt with. Don't be surprised if there are delays in getting your equipment because the mail-order stores are out of stock or they try to persuade you to switch brands. Stick to your guns. The advantage of mail order shopping is big savings.

Catalog houses are reliable, although prices are slightly higher. Big-city gift shops and stores handling all sorts of general merchandise such as watches, rugs, tape recorders, radios can be real gyp artists with exorbitant prices and discontinued merchandise. Beware of unknown brands: Quality may vary or be poor, and repairs almost impossible.

**Buying the camera:** Try to get a camera in an unopened box if possible. Cameras come with various accessories: batteries, lens caps, cleaning cloths, which mysteriously disappear from opened boxes. Have the dealer open the camera box and try all controls at all settings before you pay your money. If something isn't working properly, ask for another camera. Examine the store warranty carefully. If the merchandise is faulty, does the store promise to give you your money back or exchange the camera? How many days do you have? Many stores promise nothing and refuse to have anything to do with a non-functioning camera after it's sold!

**Checking the camera:** Once you and

the camera are back in your room, do not fill out the warranty card that comes with the camera until you have tried the camera with film, have seen the results and are satisfied. Most camera stores won't accept a camera back for exchange if the warranty card has been filled out. Load the camera with slide film (print film can still yield reasonable prints even if the camera underexposes or overexposes). Improper exposure will immediately show up on slides. Shoot pictures under all sorts of light in conditions indoors and out at closest focus, at middle distances and at infinity. Try it at every possible setting. If you can, make all your tests with a tripod. Examine your processed slides with a slide projector or with the aid of a good magnifier of at least 5X power. Pictures should be well exposed, the main subjects and detail crisp. Fill in the warranty card only after you're certain there is no nagging doubt in your mind about anything connected with the camera.



1. Image sharpness, lens distance scale should agree. If not, there's trouble.
2. Check camera body for dents, nicks in leather, bare metal spots.
3. Lens openings should change smoothly, front surface be scratch free.
4. Check all shutter settings. Problems usually show up at slow speeds.

# Give something really sharp.



Kiron's™ 80-200mm Macro Focusing Zoom. At 80mm, it's a portrait lens. At 200mm, it's a telephoto lens. At macro focus, it's a close-up lens. And it's everything in between. Give one to your Nikon, Canon, Pentax, Olympus, Minolta, Konica or Yashica/Contax this Christmas. And consider the possibilities.

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In Illinois, call 800-322-4400.

# Muck On Your Lens? It Isn't Always Easy To Remove

**L**enses seem to attract dirt magically. Tromp across a dusty campus with your lens exposed and you'll get a fine coating of dust. Fiddle with the camera and, inevitably, you'll have a nice greasy thumbprint on the lens or finder. Use a dirty lens and you'll get soft pictures and probably lens flare as light hits the muck and bounces around inside the lens and camera instead of traveling straight to the film.

In years past, when no one was looking, many a lens was cleaned with the end of a tie or the corner of a handkerchief (sometimes not too clean). That spread the dust or grease around nicely. Luckily, few students today wear ties or carry cloth handkerchiefs.

Ivory for lenses? A touch in water makes ideal lens cleaner. Other ingredients for good camera housekeeping include Kleenex tissue, lens chamois and lens brush.



Lens tissue is always being recommended for cleaning lenses: who but the constant gadget-bag toter carries it? Even pros can't find it in their camera bags when they need it. Small lens brushes available at photo stores are very handy for removing non-clinging dust from lenses, but you may have forgotten the brush too or probably can't find it. (Hint on buying brushes: Don't buy a paint brush thinking it's cheaper than a lens brush. Some paint brushes are treated with oil to preserve them or to maintain their

shape. You need a pristinely clean brush for a lens.)

For removing surface dust, facial tissue works well. (We can vouch for Kleenex as a brand with less lint than many others.) Replacing dust with lint fibers is a step in the right direction but a dustless, lintless lens is even better.

To remove dust, roll up a small piece of facial tissue and use it on the lens surface like a brush, in a circular motion. Don't apply pressure on the lens surface with your finger behind the tissue. That will only serve to grind the dust into the glass surface.

A grease spot such as a fingermark on a lens is not so easy to remove completely. Buy some lens cleaner and keep it around your room for whenever it's needed or, if you're around a chem lab, a touch of alcohol will do it when applied with the facial tissue or a wad of cotton. Don't moisten too much. The lens surface should not become wet or moisture may seep underneath the lens ring and into the lens.

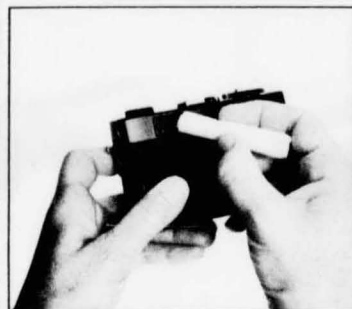
Water with a touch of a liquid detergent soap is another way to go for lens cleaning. Remember to wash off the detergent afterwards with a damp tissue.

One of our favorite materials for lens cleaning is chamois, the softened skin of a special sheep. You can usually get a small chamois at an optician. Use it like you would a facial tissue. Keep it clean in a plastic bag. Chamois and a tiny bit of alcohol or lens cleaning fluid makes a good grease-removing combination.

What about eyeglass tissues? There has been a great deal of argument even among optical experts as to whether the silicon in eyeglass tissues damages coated lens surfaces. If you use it constantly, we think there may be some chance of lens damage, but we would have no compunction about using it gently very occasionally.

Reminder: Lenses have two exposed ends—the front, which you will remember to clean, and the rear, which you won't. Rear lens elements, especially if you have an interchangeable-lens camera, need almost as much attention as the front. Since they are within the camera, you can be lulled into thinking they are clean when they are not. Never put a lens on a camera without looking at the rear for dust or grease.

Don't neglect the camera's viewfinder. They collect eyelash grease constantly (also fingerprints) and make clear, sharp viewing a near impossibility.



How do viewfinders get dirty? Greasy eyelashes! Clean with tissue.



Ideal dirt remover, but who remembers to keep one handy? You should.

# Holding Steady And How?????

**W**hether you've got a simple pocket 110 or a super camera, you'll get blurred pictures unless you learn to hold the camera steady. Even a fast shutter speed won't guarantee you sharp shots. Here's how pros get them. (Beware of drawings or pictures in some camera instruction book purporting to show how to hold a camera. Many are wrong!)

With a 110 pocket camera, grasp the ends between thumbs and first and second fingers. Hold to your eye. Place the most convenient finger over the shutter release. Press your thumbs upwards against the center of camera while pulling down slightly on the ends with your other fingers—as if you were going to snap the camera in half.

For verticals, it's everyone for himself! Few pocket cameras are easy to hold for verticals so try various two-handed positions until you find a comfortable one. Suggestion: Use your forehead to brace the camera. Press the shutter release gently with a smooth, even pressure.



Hold pocket camera firmly; braced against forehead for vertical shots (right)



For SLR, support camera with left hand, use right hand for shooting.

With a 35mm camera, grasp camera and controls completely in your right hand, as if you weren't going to use your left at all. Now bring your left hand, with palm open, under the left side of the camera. Rest camera in your left palm and grasp the lens from underneath between your left hand's first and second finger. Use these fingers to turn the lens mount for focusing.

Hold the camera to your eye. Bring your elbows into your body and dig them in as much as you can for support. Use your left hand to support the camera and your right to aim the camera and work the controls.

(If you have a non-focusing or auto-focusing 35mm camera, you needn't grasp the lens mount. Just keep your hand underneath the camera.)

Ready to shoot? Breathe gently. (No, you don't have to stop breathing!) Keep your feet about 10 inches or so apart for good support. Don't lock your knees. Press the shutter release so gently that someone standing next to you wouldn't even be able to notice that you did it.

OK, you made it. Practice will make perfect—but remember to stay cool, calm, and collected no matter what the excitement around you. And dig those elbows in!



Herbert Keppler



# Easy Ways To Better Pictures

**M**ove in close: Many pictures are taken from too great a distance so that the main subject—and the point of the picture—is lost. Try taking pictures of people at distances from about six to eight feet for full figures, three feet or less for faces. And don't forget to shift your camera to vertical from horizontal to make the most use of the length of your arca.

**Move up or down:** Don't always shoot from eye-level. Maybe a low viewpoint would dramatize your subject and remove cluttered background. Before you snap, move around to find a more interesting approach.

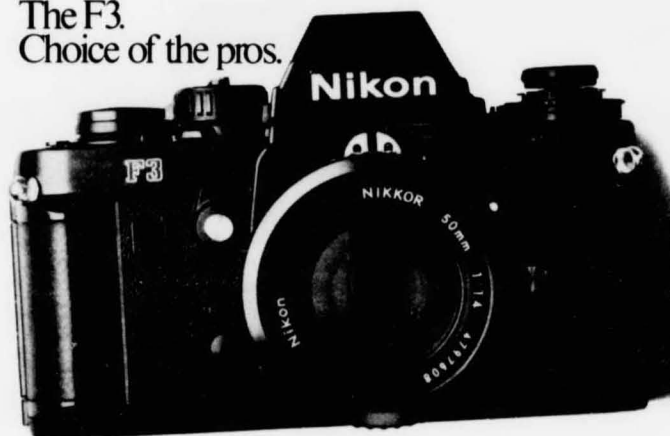
**Avoid the noon-day sun:** Direct sunlight is, perhaps, the worst possible lighting, especially for pictures from different angles and distances. With human subjects it's hard to capture the best expression with one photo.

**Keep backgrounds simple:** Unless you are looking for a specific effect, examine your backgrounds carefully to avoid trees and telephone poles growing out of heads.

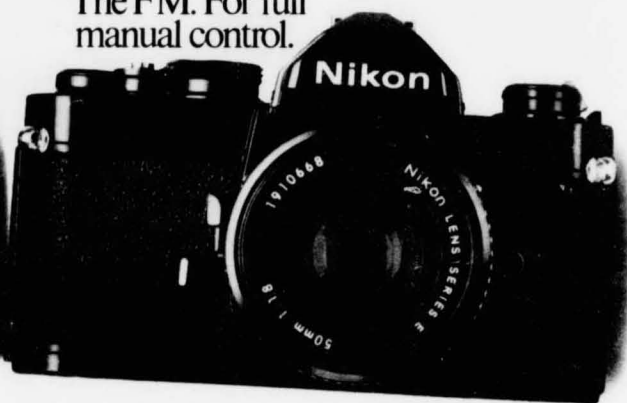
**Squeeze the shutter gently:** Regardless of the camera you use, s-q-u-e-e-z-e the shutter release gently. Don't rock the camera. Above all, don't jerk the camera as you press the release.

# The only reason to buy a lesser camera is to take lesser pictures.

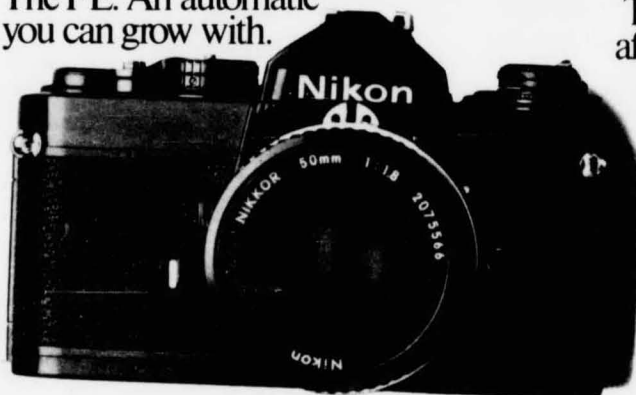
The F3.  
Choice of the pros.



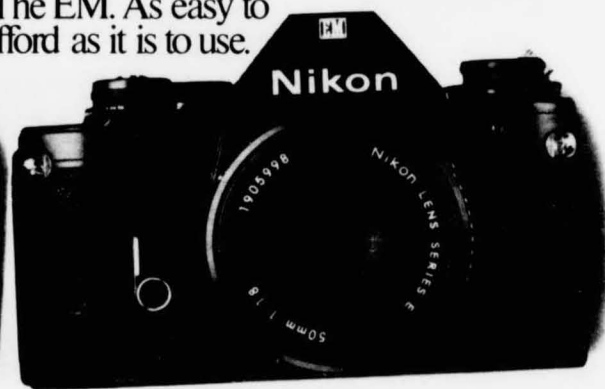
The FM. For full  
manual control.



The FE. An automatic  
you can grow with.



The EM. As easy to  
afford as it is to use.



Nikon cameras have unquestionably been used by more professional photographers to take more award winning 35mm photographs than any other camera in the world.

For that reason, a lot of people think a Nikon is too much camera for them.

But it really isn't. Nikon makes a full line of cameras, with a full range of features, in a full range of prices. One of them is designed for you.

Whether you choose our professional automatic F3; our versatile, automatic FE; the

fully manual metered FM; or the affordable, automatic EM, you'll be getting a Nikon. A camera subjected to an exacting system of design, manufacture and quality control.

If great pictures are what you're after, why buy a camera that gives you anything less?

**Nikon**  
We take the world's  
greatest pictures.™

# Carry Camera At All Times? You're No Twit

A few years ago, anyone who always carried a camera would get razed into total embarrassment. Everyone made fun of the ardent camera fan. Cartoonists had a great time at his expense.

It's changing fast. More and more serious photographers on campus and off carry a camera at all times because they realize that ideal picture taking possibilities don't just occur at the rare instances you might decide to take pictures on vacations and weekends. A college campus is loaded with quick vignettes, scenics and candid well worth shooting.

But you don't have to be a serious photographer to qualify as a constant camera toter. Try carrying a camera yourself for a few days and see if it doesn't pay off. You may get some kidding—until the guy or gal doing it sees some picture possibility they want you to shoot.

A few words of advice. Don't carry the camera closed up in its case. "Never-ready" cases are just obstacles to be overcome before you can actually use the camera. Take the camera out of the case completely and carry it over your shoulder with the neckstrap. However if your case comes apart in two pieces and you can remove the front part that goes over the lens and top camera controls, do so.

Keep your camera on a setting which would allow you to shoot quickly. The speed should be 1/125 sec. or faster with



the focus set to 15 ft. or so. Shoot any fast-changing scene quickly at the preset exposure, and then fiddle with the controls for a better shot.

When traveling around campus, if you don't think you'll be taking pictures, move the carrying strap over your head and carry the strap across your chest. It's safer than dangling the camera from one shoulder. When you think you'll be shooting pictures, the camera should be around your neck at chest level where you can grab it quickly.

## Snapshots From Your TV

Always wanted a snapshot of some favorite TV movie scene? Is there some cable TV subject that you'd like on a print? Or perhaps it's some shot a friend has on a video cassette you want to preserve. With your still camera you can shoot the picture right off the TV screen, and in color too!

Tune your set for the best reception possible and adjust the contrast so that you get detail in both shadows and highlight. The contrast should be somewhat less than you have for viewing.

Reduce your room lighting, taking care that no light is reflected in the screen.

Move your camera as close to the screen as it can go and still give you the complete TV image sharply. Use a close-up lens if necessary.

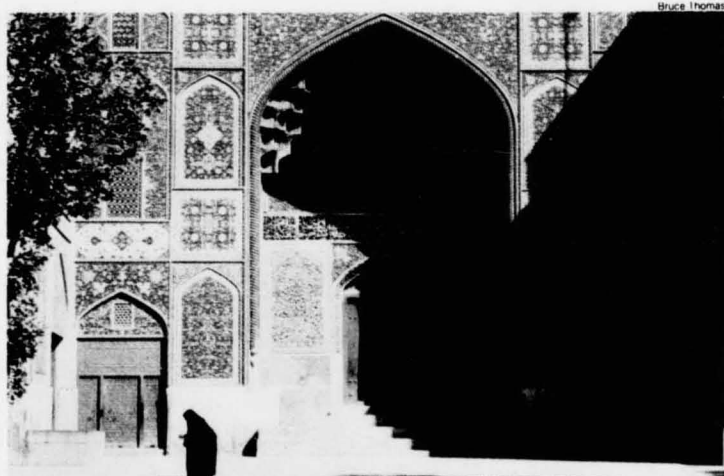
Load your camera with ASA 400 film. Set your shutter speed at 1/30 sec. If you have a focal-plane-shutter camera (most single-lens reflexes are such) set your shutter speed at 1/8 sec. *Do not use a faster speed* (1/60 sec., for example) or you will only get a part of the TV image. With a speed of 1/8 sec., be sure to put your camera on a tripod or other support.

With adjustable cameras, typical settings using 400-speed films (either color or black-and-white) are 1/30 sec. at f/4 or 1/8 sec. at f/8.

Since television sets differ as to image brightness, you may have to make some test shots. Keep a record of exposures and settings for your television set so that you develop a standard procedure. If you're shooting in color, your slides or prints will be slightly bluish. If it bothers you, order a CC40R gelatin filter from your photo dealer and hold it in front of your camera lens. Give one stop more exposure.



Photo from tape, 1/8 second, ASA 400 film, CC40R filter used for warmer tones.



Fast eye, fast camera, produced these shots. Carrying a camera at all times will sharpen your reflexes, make you aware of unusual situations. Photos were taken with 35mm camera, regular lens. Keep camera set at 1/125 second or faster, lens to correct opening for light conditions. When you see promising picture, shoot first, then worry about camera settings. Above all, take plenty of pictures, learn from your mistakes.

## What do you think?

Got some useful information from *Around the Campus with The Editors of Modern Photography*? Have some ideas on what you'd like us to cover in the next section. Any criticisms? We'd like to hear from you. Send to *Around the Campus, Modern Photography, 825 Seventh Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10019*

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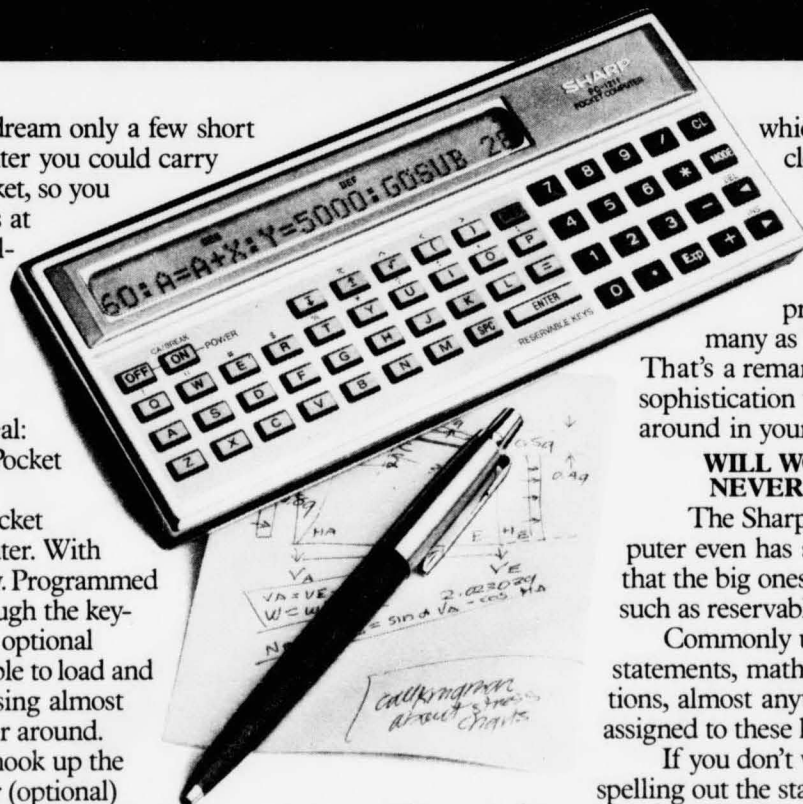
You can even hook up the PC-1211 to a printer (optional) and print out the program results or the program listing itself.

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The PC-1211 with optional printer.



# The Pretenders: Only Make Believe? or Hynde in Plain Sight

BY BILL BRAUNSTEIN

**T**he Look that would have made most men shrink. It was a venomous scowl flickering low from impassive eyes, a perfect cross between disdain and indifference so thoroughly dehumanizing one didn't know whether to admire it or fear it. It was so perfect, in fact, one wondered if it was real. Did she mean it, or was Chrissie Hynde, rhythm guitarist, lead singer and songwriter for the Pretenders, just pretending?

The band had come out of their dressing room just five minutes before they would take the stage for a sold-out show in Fort Lauderdale, Fla., the second stop on a stamina-testing tour that would take them through the United States for the next four months—until November—then to England, Europe, Japan, Australia and New Zealand, before finally stopping in March.

One by one the photographer posed each member of the group around a pay telephone backstage. First, lead guitarist James Honeyman Scott, 24, came out, then drummer Martin Chambers, 29, and next, bassist Pete Farndon, 28. Chrissie Hynde, 29, was the last to come from the dressing room.

"Great, just great," said the photographer, as he moved them around. "Chrissie, you look beautiful."

She stopped in her tracks, turned, and then gave him The Look. "Who is this guy?" she snarled, enunciating every word slowly for the proper effect.

The photographer, undaunted, snapped his photographs while Hynde spat out a monologue that would have made Don Rickles proud.

"If I wanted to look pretty, do you think I'd dress like this? Give me a break." She flashed The Look once more.

"Now turn the other way," the photographer said.

"Why should I look that way? Hynde asked. "I'll look where I want to." She brought her hands to her shoulders like a boxer in a clinch.

"So this is for a college magazine, huh? We hate colleges. It's against everything this band stands for."

The group's entrance music, Elgar's "Pomp and Circumstance"—an eternal favorite at college ceremonies—started playing over the P.A. The house lights went down, a roar from the crowd came up, and the four Pretenders marched by and took their places on the stage, leaving behind the slightly dazed photographer.

"Insulting photographers," said Chambers a few days later, "is one of Chrissie's favorite pastimes."



James Honeyman Scott: He's got the touch

**T**he Pretenders, an English group fronted by an expatriate American named Chrissie Hynde, was one of the brightest new bands to emerge onto the 1980 music scene in an otherwise uneventful year. After three successful British singles in 1979, the group's first album, *The Pretenders*, released here in January of 1980, set the states abuzz, selling just under a million copies.

The success wasn't difficult to understand. Writing or cowriting 10 of the album's 12 songs, Hynde proved she was a contender in more ways than one. Her voice is a sensual, lilting instrument that harbors both self-assuredness and a soft vulnerability. And as a songwriter, Hynde's lyrics touched upon an emotional battleground, things like interpersonal relationships, unrequited passion and social enmities. The group's hit single, "Brass in Pocket," a swaggering proclamation of female independence, masterfully combined all her and her band's skills. The album worked.

In short order the Pretenders were being hailed as the first important band of the Eighties. Several rock critics fell over themselves heaping adulation on the still-developing band. An e.p. released last March, *Extended Play*, was also greeted with praise. And now, with the release of their second album, *Pretenders II*, the group finds itself in the unenviable position of

trying to live up to expectations.

Now that the novelty of a rock group led by a female singer has worn off, the Pretenders will have to make it on the only thing that counts—their music. And that's the reason behind the massive seven months of touring that await the band. The question remains: Will the Pretenders have staying power? Are they the real thing?

"As far as what we're trying to do," said the band's manager Dave Hill, "we're really trying to crack this place this time. It's

very good to go to places like New York and Los Angeles and Chicago and be known. But I want this band to be known everywhere.

"Whether the American public will go wild and buy 10 million albums, I don't know. All we can do is tour and do the best we can."

**H**ours before the Fort Lauderdale show, Martin and James, whom everyone calls Jimmy, playfully splash each other in the pool at the Hilton Hotel like two little kids. Martin throws punches at the water, causing it to cascade upward; Jimmy jumps back, as though each punch has hit him.



Martin Chambers: He's got the fever!



Chrissie Hynde: She's got The Look

"Take that, and that," says Martin, with each swing, as Jimmy would scream out in mock agony. The playfulness turns to a water splashing fight. Suddenly there is a clap of thunder.

"What's that, mate?" asks Martin. "Nothing to worry about," answers Jimmy. "It's just the sound check."

A few minutes later, Chrissie, who had been staying at a hotel some 20 miles away with her boyfriend of more than a year, the Kinks' Ray Davies, approaches the pool area with Davies in tow. As the two walk by, Jimmy swims over and starts splashing water on Davies' shoes. Davies smiles benignly and keeps walking.

A reporter eyes the couple as Hynde and Davies stop at a table at the far end of the pool, sit down and start to chat. He starts to walk over, but Hynde raises glowering eyes. There it is. The Look. It says, "Come no further."

The reporter walks over to Jimmy instead. "It's just a front, you know," says Jimmy, laughing. "Behind this punk persona that Chrissie has lies the weakest little kitten you've ever met."

The fourth stop on the tour is Orlando, Florida, and Hynde sits in her hotel room, an hour before the show, finally willing

to meet with the reporter. Sitting on her bed, legs crossed, raven black ragamuffin hair framing her pouty face, she munches on a Reese's Peanut Butter Cup. "I haven't eaten one of these in ten years," she says almost apologetically. "This is a flashback to my candy store-going days in Ohio."

Christine Ellen Hynde was born in Akron, Ohio, September 7, 1956. She got her first guitar when she was 14 and became interested right away, learning the tunes of Bob Dylan off records, and writing her own songs. "I'd play in my room alone," she says. "I couldn't really jam with the guys in high school because I was terribly shy. I didn't want them to know that as a girl I was playing things like the Paul Butterfield Blues Band."

After a brief one-gig fling in a band with Mark Mothersbaugh (who would later devolve Devo) when she was 16, and three years at Kent State University as an art student, Hynde knew it was time for a change. "I was one of those thousands of American kids who get out of high school, don't know what else to do, so they knock around college for a few years. After a while, I didn't see any point in staying."

London seemed as good a place as any, so after working at various odd jobs, she left the United States in 1973. "I left because the lifestyle here, in general, doesn't suit me. I never had a car, I never wanted one, and I'll never have one. As far as I'm concerned, if you don't want a car and don't drive, then you better get out of America. It's as simple as that."

When Hynde got to London she immediately found work as a journalist for the British music tabloid *New Musical Express* where she garnered attention for her devastating reviews and off-the-wall musical tastes. But she soon grew tired with her budding journalism career. "The music scene in London in 1973 and '74 was so ultimately boring, there was nothing to write about." Trying to change that, Hynde moved to France with the intention of starting her own band. When that didn't work out, she moved back to Cleveland, Ohio, in 1975, out of a desire to "get back to my musical roots."

(Continued on page 20)

# ROCK 'N' ROLL YOU CAN'T REFUSE!



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## SEPTEMBER

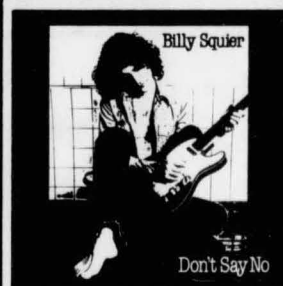
- 15 Charleston, WV
- 16 Knoxville, TN
- 18 Johnson City, TN
- 19 Lexington, KY
- 20 Nashville, TN
- 22 Biloxi, MS
- 23 Baton Rouge, LA
- 25 Tallahassee, FL
- 26 Birmingham, AL
- 27 Huntsville, AL
- 29 Jacksonville, MS

## OCTOBER

- 1 Memphis, TN
- 2 Little Rock, AR
- 3 Dallas, TX
- 4 Houston, TX
- 16 Buffalo, NY
- 17 Rochester, NY
- 18 Hartford, CN
- 20 Washington, DC
- 21 Norfolk, VA
- 23 Pittsburgh, PA
- 24-25 Philadelphia, PA
- 27 Glens Falls, NY
- 28 Boston, MA
- 30-31 New York, NY

## NOVEMBER

- 1 New York, NY
- 3 Evansville, IN
- 4 Cincinnati, OH
- 6 Detroit, MI
- 7 South Bend, IN
- 8 Chicago, IL
- 10 Milwaukee, WI
- 11 Indianapolis, IN
- 13 Toronto, Canada
- 14 East Lansing, MI
- 15 Cleveland, OH


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## The Pretenders

(Continued)

"It never occurred to me to go back to Cleveland," she says. "I'd spent all my time trying to get out. But I became very one-track minded about music at this time." She played in a band called Jack Rabbitt for about six months in Cleveland and when the band broke up she made her way back to France for another abortive attempt at organizing her own band. Then, in 1976, Hynde returned to England for a visit, just as the punk movement was beginning to take hold. "You could just smell there was something cooking, and I thought 'I've got to get back to London!'"

Hynde had been making demo tapes with different people she'd known over the years, and finally one tape landed on the lap of Dave Hill, a promo man for a small English label. "I was really bowled over by her," he recalls, "so I was determined to do something for her." He left his job to manage her. The first step was to get a band together.

Bassist Pete Farndon had met Hynde in the spring of 1978 while Chrissie was making her latest effort to put a group

together. Farndon had just split from an Australian folk-rock band, and when he met Hynde he was impressed with the singer's material and feisty determination. He called upon guitarist James Honeyman Scott, whom he remembered as the little brother of a girl he dated in his home town of Hereford.

Hynde made her typical first impression upon Scott when they saw each other in the little rehearsal studio she and Hill had rented. "When I first met her," recalls Scott, "I thought, 'What a loudmouthed American cow. Who the hell does this woman think she is?'" But, he too, was impressed with Hynde's single-minded drive.

The band recruited an Irish drummer named Jerry Mcleoduff and recorded a demo tape that include two original Hynde compositions, "The Wait" and "Precious" and a cover version of a 1964 Kinks song, "Stop Your Sobbing." This done, and seeing no future, Scott moved back to Hereford. But a few weeks later when Farndon phoned to say Scott's hero, Nick Lowe, wanted to produce a single of "Stop Your Sobbing," Scott wasted no time rebounding back to London.

Mcleoduff, on the other hand, was not

working out. He was a married man with three children and couldn't give the commitment Hynde demanded of people. "Nothing was more important to me than the band," said Hynde. "If someone said they wanted to be in the band, but their car, or their house, or their job, or their girlfriend seemed more important, I dropped them like a hot potato." Exit Mcleoduff, enter Chambers.

Martin Chambers had played in a variety of bands, ranging from blues to classical to a rock band called Cheeks he played in with Jimmy years earlier. He was living not far from the others in London, where he was earning money as a driving instructor. Coincidentally, he was from Hereford too. When Martin was called to audition for the band, the chemistry was immediate. A band was born.

The group's name, taken from the fifties song, "The Great Pretender," was a last-minute choice, made in desperation the day before "Stop Your Sobbing" was released in January of 1979. It immediately made a respectable show on the British charts, cracking the top thirty. Two more singles followed. Before long the band was playing around

England to the praise of critics — an amazing feat, considering they had never played live together before the release of the first single.

Nick Lowe didn't think the band had enough material for an album, and politely declined to produce the Pretenders. A friend of Hynde's, Chris Thomas, who had produced the Sex Pistols, Wings and Pete Townshend, agreed to work with the band for a week on an album. The week turned into six months of recording. And he's been with them ever since. *The Pretenders* was released in January of 1980 and the group hasn't had time to look back.

**A** knock on the door by tour manager Stan Tippins signifies that it is time for Chrissie to get ready for the show. She's been cooperative, gracious and talkative.

Minutes later, Chrissie and the other Pretenders meet in the lobby of the hotel and then get into the white limousine: she and the driver up front; Martin, Pete and Stan, the tour manager, in back. Jimmy, hanging out with some friends, arrived at the auditorium ear-

lier.

As the car drives the short distance from the hotel to the concert hall, the people in the car are subdued, quiet. Chrissie turns around and looks contentedly at the people in the back.

When the car pulls into the auditorium's back lot a few fans surge closer to the limousine. Finally the car comes to a stop.

Outside the car, a photographer, who has been waiting more than 30 minutes, readies his camera and as the car door opens starts clicking pictures at Chrissie, who almost instinctively shields her face.

The calm Chrissie Hynde disappears and a different one emerges, the one seen earlier. "Stan," she calls out to the tour manager, "there's a photographer out there. Get rid of him."

The tour manager jumps out the door and tells the photographer to stop. Then the members of the Pretenders, led by Chrissie Hynde, walk through the crowd, into the auditorium.

Hynde turns to see the photographer being hustled away. And there it is. The Look. It's back on her face. And you still couldn't tell if it was real or just pretend.



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## ON SCREEN

## Body Heat

starring William Hurt and Kathleen Turner; written and directed by Lawrence Kasdan.

Kasdan, in his first directorial effort, has managed a near-perfect updating of the Forties film noir style, losing none of the shadowy sensuality; retaining all of the mystery, passion and corruption; and adding the realistic embellishments (sex!) that weren't possible in the more constricted earlier days.

*Body Heat*, like the classic *Double Indemnity*, deals with a man's obsession for a woman, climaxing in their plot to kill her husband for his money — and for their freedom. William Hurt, a second-rate attorney, is gorgeous and appealing, but in a shabby, low-rent sort of way; Kathleen Turner, wife of a rich man with mobster connections, is thin and classy, and she

wraps herself around Hurt like a slowly tightening noose. The supporting cast is excellent, the Florida background alternately foggy and steamy, and the inexorable, inevitable denouement almost—but not quite—satisfying.

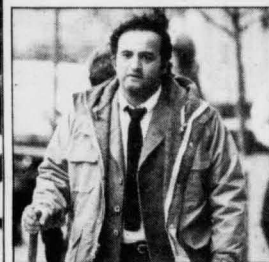
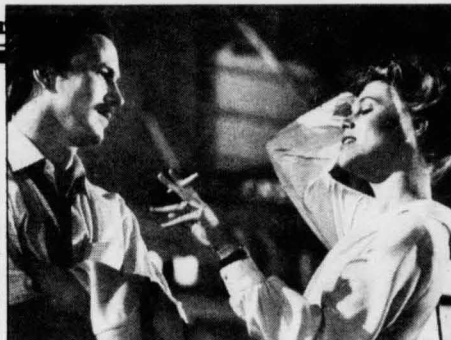
*Continental Divide* (see accompanying review), I'm told, represents Kasdan's early work, while *Body Heat* is his latest; he's definitely getting better. I'm impatient for his next film.

Judith Stms

## Continental Divide

starring John Belushi, Blair Brown and Allen Goorwitz; written by Lawrence Kasdan; directed by Michael Apted

A peculiarly lacklustre production, in spite of its Rocky Mountain locations and surly-faced star, *Continental Divide* seems to hover on the verge of amiability



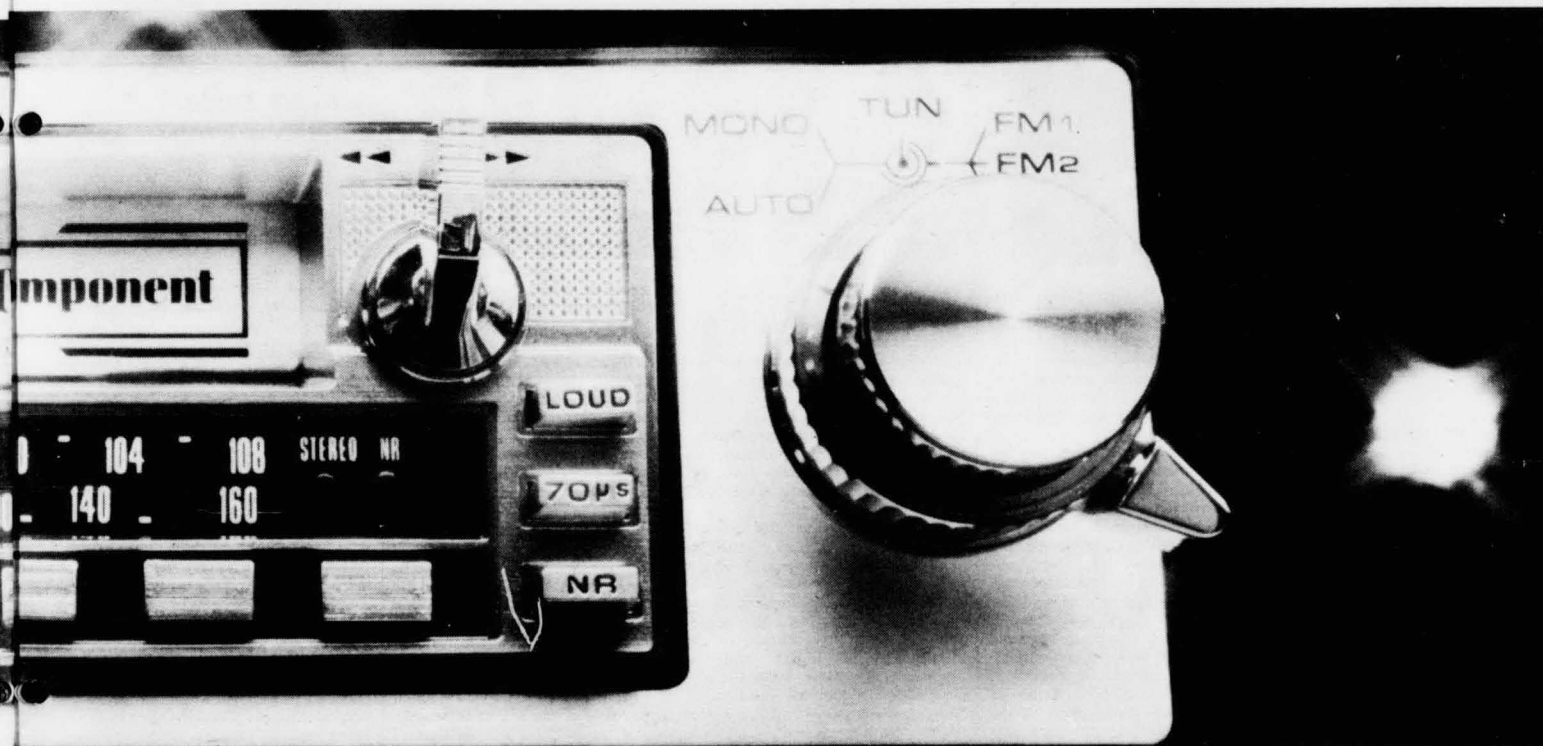
Hurt & Turner in Heat and Belushi in Love.

but never quite commits itself. It's an alleged romantic comedy about a muckraking Chicago newspaper columnist and a reclusive ornithologist who studies bald eagles in the Rockies. Unfortunately, it's not all that romantic, and the laughs are mere smiles, rather infrequent. Belushi seems tentative and unsure of his character except when he displays flickers of his old irascible *Saturday Night Live* persona. There are no sparks between the two lovers, just as there is no spark anywhere else. (We know Belushi is

in love because he walks around like a zombie and can't write.) There were times during *Continental Divide* when I thought the script (by Lawrence Kasdan, who's writing everything these days — *Empire Strikes Back*, *Body Heat*, *Raiders of the Lost Ark*) must have been fun to read, but somewhere along the line it lost most of its charm.

Director Apted seems to have trouble presenting believable male-female relationships. His films (*Stardust*, *Coal Miner's*)

(Continued on page 27)



## it became a singer.

model goes through before it goes into our line.

So it can go into any car. Withstand all of the above.

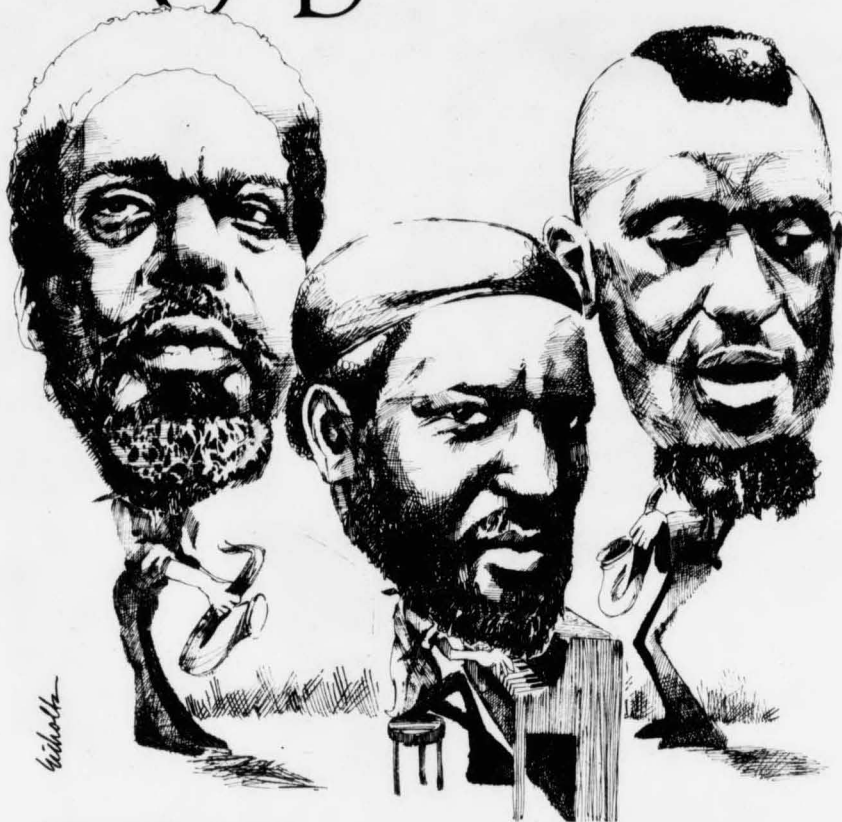
And always live to sing about it.

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## ON DISC

## ON TOUR



### THOSE FANTASTIC FANTASY VAULTS

Fantasy twofers

(Fantasy Records) Fantasy Records has mined its seemingly endless vault of classic Fifties and Sixties jazz and come forth with a group of eight twofers that spotlight musical mountain-movers Thelonious Monk, Sonny Rollins, Charles Mingus and Max Roach and lesser miracle workers Johnny Griffin, Eddie "Lockjaw" Davis, Cannonball Adderly, Gene Ammons and J.J. Johnson. All of these releases are good; some of them are simply first class.

At the head of the list go Monk's *April in Paris* (Milestone) and Rollins' *Vintage Sessions* (Prestige). The two are musical cousins. Both put rhythm at the heart of their work and it is that unshakable swing, coupled with melodic imaginations of colossal proportions, that has made their art endure. Too, both are exceptional composers, Rollins still writing fluently today while Monk has remained dormant (he last appeared in public in 1975 and is reported to be in ill health); many of their compositions (Monk — "Round Midnight," "Well, You Needn't"; Rollins — "Oleo," "Airegin") have become classics.

*Live*, a 1961 date, presents a routine familiar to those fortunate enough to have heard Monk in person: each tune, excepting the piano solos "Just a Gig-olo" and "April in Paris," consists of a reading of the melody, solos by tenorman Charlie Rouse, Monk, bassist John Ore and drummer Frankie Duno and the melody once again. Rouse's airy, amber tone and semirigid style fit handily with Monk's on-the-beat comping, and the pianist's solos, with rephrasing of the melody

and widely spaced intervals, are commanding. Monk may be a little hard to decipher at first, but when one finally "hears" him, he sounds traditional and uncomplicated. Such titles as "I Mean You," "Off Minor," and "Rhythm-a-ning" are played.

*Vintage* documents Rollins' first five trips to the studio as a leader, appearing with Miles Davis (it was Miles' date and he insisted Sonny cut a tune, and it was later issued under the saxman's name), the Modern Jazz Quartet, pianists Kenny Drew, Elmo Hope, and Monk. Though he was only 21-24 when these 1951-54 sessions were held, the by-now familiar Rollins trademarks were in evidence: an innate rhythmic sense; stunning melodic outpourings; a stark, brash tone; and a selection of rarely heard material. Sonny works his magic on a lazy "Time on My Hands," "I Want to Be Happy," with Monk comping merrily, and a rippling "Movin' Out," one of four cuts where the great trumpeter Kenny Dorham and a Bud Powell-influenced Hope are highlighted.

The influence of Monk trails over into 1961's *Live at Minton's* (Prestige), where tenor saxophonists Griffin and Davis engage in joyous musical combat. Griffin worked with Monk for half of 1958 (*Live at the Five Spot* on Milestone is recommended) and the pianist's "In Walked Bud" and "Straight No Chaser" are included here, along with a generous measure of blues and bop tunes. While the saxmen are both disciples of Ben Webster, they express his influence differently: Davis' sound is swarthy and raspy, Griffin's lighter and leaner. Both love to play chorus after chorus, as does Junior Mance, one of the finest blues-based pianists extant.

Tenor saxophonist Ammons was another jazzman who thrived on the blues, and three of the eight lengthy tunes on *The Big Sound* (Prestige) are

blues, of which the snail-paced "Blue Hymn," with Ammons' sound oozing thickly out of his horn, is a particular delight. Also welcome are the four numbers with Pepper Adams' husky baritone sax and John Coltrane's alto (!), with the latter in a rare appearance on that horn. Ammons, who delivered ballads and uptempos with equal aplomb, is in excellent form on this 1958 date.

Three of the twofers offer live sessions. Mingus' tumultuous triumph at the Sunday afternoon concert of the 1964 Monterey Jazz Festival can be found on *Mingus at Monterey* (Prestige), a superb album if only for the bassist's plucked rendition of Ellington's "I Got It Bad" and his exhilarating arco work on "Meditations on Integration," though altoist Charles McPherson and pianist Jaki Byard also shine. Drummer Roach's *Conversations* (Milestone) has two long performance cuts, spotlighting Clifford Jordan's ringing, passionate sound, while the two studio sides are worthwhile for the wonderful duets with Roach and bassist Art Davis. *Four Trombones ... The Debut Recordings* (Prestige) presents Johnson, Kai Winding, Bennie Green and Willie Dennis, four seminal slide men, in a 1953 club date that covers standard jazz material in a jam session context.

Cannonball's *Alabama/Africa* (Milestone) completes this bounteous release, combining John Benson Brooks' four-movement "Alabama Concerto" — with written and ad-lib sections that utilize the talents of guitarist Barry Galbraith, trumpeter Art Farmer and the altoist — and "African Waltz," a Sixties big band date that finds Cannon's soaring horn out front on "This Here," "Stockholm Sweetnin'," and some succulent others.

Zan Stewart

### Koko Taylor Concert Review

NEW YORK, AUGUST 5, 1981

Willie Dixon (famed blues songwriter and bassist) found Koko Taylor playing local clubs in Chicago. He was doing A&R for Chess Records then and knew he'd found a rare figure — one that's even more rare 16 years later — a woman belting the blues. She was unstudied and powerful. He took her to Leonard Chess, she signed, and kept on playing the small clubs.

She plays the clubs almost nine months a year.

"If I stayed home I'd get real lonesome," she told fans at Tramps on a sufferable August night in New York. She had filled the city's only regular blues venue on a Wednesday night. "These are your people," her label rep told her, "Koko fans. They aren't the same people who come here all the time." Indeed, she had drawn Doc Pomus — legendary pen of the rock & roll/R&B song trade ("Suspicion," "Surrender," "Save the Last Dance for Me") — who stayed for three sets, and got tribute from Taylor's band doing "Born in the Country (Raised on the Ghetto Streets)."

Offstage, Koko Taylor offered a fresher of personal reflection: proud recollection of her brothers' homemade corn-cob harmonica and hay-baling wire guitar; B.B. King as her hometown deity; the inspiration of Memphis Minnie, Elmore James, Magic Sam, Howling Wolf and Muddy Waters. Talkative, low-key, sweet and big-spirited, she let fall some of the self-effacement that seemed so surprising onstage.

For most of the show, Taylor met standard blues form. Her own "I'm a Woman" was triumphant, confident, proud: "I can make love to a crocodile ... I know my stuff/I ain't never had enough." "You Can Have My Husband (But Don't Mess With My Man)" did its crowd-pleasing turnaround on the "outside woman" genre in blues and pop soul. "Trying to Make a Living," a song from the Depression Thirties, said volumes about the Reagan Eighties.

Taylor's stance and attack recalled James Brown. She's a small woman with a big face and she has Brown's ability to draw herself round the microphone and *commandeer* the first words. She's powerful; there's a rolling scream way back in her throat that would break most singers in one show a week, let alone three sets a night.

Still, the Tramps date showed a professional's pace, and a long-haul

traveler's distance. The air wasn't loose until sometime in the second set; the between-songs talk was time-worn (excepting a loving introduction of Pop Taylor, husband and driver); and the band didn't rock too far from format. At 200-plus nights a year, she was doing the one sane gait, the slow build toward intimacy and *give* that a small club allows and rewards.

"In the blues it's just Big Mama Thornton, myself and a few more. You can count them on two hands, the women that's really singing the blues today. Let's face it, you can get radio airplay doing disco," Taylor told us.

Clearly, Koko Taylor is in her prime. She refreshed the blues at Tramps. While the pop media inhale and spit out six trends a month, Taylor quietly and forcefully makes a person want to hear the blues.

Linda M. Eklund

### Al Di Meola, John McLaughlin, Paco De Lucia

GREEK THEATRE, BERKELEY

An elegant evening of acoustic guitar virtuosity enriched one August Saturday night in Berkeley when Al Di Meola, John McLaughlin, and Paco De Lucia performed a concert much like the one at the Warfield Theatre in December that spawned the trio's best-selling new live LP, *Friday Night in San Francisco*.

The Berkeley show's material included pieces from *Friday Night*, and shared both the transcendent, exhilarating moments and the hyped-up audience-pandering ones that fill the record.

The concert opened with each performer doing a brief solo-spot — and supplying some of the night's most tasteful, concise guitar work. The solo pieces also comprised clipped introductory phrases about the guitarists — De Lucia: deft, but limited; McLaughlin: quick, complex; Di Meola: fluid, percussive.

The next segment — duets — crackled with zest and magic. But part of that bargain was periodic gaps in discipline and structure. McLaughlin and De Lucia poured out a spirited rendition of Egberto Gismonti's dreamy "Frevo Rasgado," and bits of the other duets were equally uplifting, yet occasionally it seemed that crowd-pleasing and sheer speed were more important to the guitarists than tasteful, lyrical playing.

That wasn't entirely their fault. In an evening of all-acoustic guitar, an audience may well *appreciate*, say, the enticing melodies, or maybe the contrapuntal/unison playing. But the audience *responds* most vocally to wild-fingered pickings or occasional snippets of incongruous music (country strumming at the Berkeley show or the "Pink Panther" theme on *Friday Night's* version of "Short Tales of the Black Forest.")

In the final portion all three musicians finally joined forces. Di Meola, McLaughlin and De Lucia were more controlled and precise than during the duets, yet maintained the magic, soaring triumphantly on a shimmering new McLaughlin piece, "La Balena," as well as the set-closing "Fantasia Suite."

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**LATE NIGHT COMEDY  
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# FRIDAYS



# FRIDAYS

**12 O'CLOCK MIDNIGHT  
11 O'CLOCK CENTRAL**

**Watch for Friday's National  
Talent Hunt on your campus**

## OFF THE WALL

## Fall Fashion Forecast: Franken & Davis Abandon 'Saturday Night Live' for College Capers & Bigscreen Pix

Reveling in the latest campus epidemic—Dull Normalcy—those great guys and tip-top comedians, Al Franken and Tom Davis, show how to come down with an acute case.

Imagine an outdated mail-order catalog, perhaps found lodged behind the rifle rack in a musty farmhouse. Cross-pollinate the Young Men's Ready-to-Wear section with Sporting Goods and School Supplies (scissors and paste can be helpful at this point), and you've got it: Dull Normalcy. Or, at least, you could have it. With a little effort.

BY JIM GULLO

Al Franken and Tom Davis were on that old television show called *Saturday Night Live*. You remember, it was the terrific concept in television comedy that everyone loved for a few years and then it stopped being real funny but everyone kept watching it anyway. Franken & Davis were among the group of original writers (they had a hand in the creation of such skits as *The Coneheads*, *Jeopardy!* 1999, and *Nixon's Final Days*). They also performed occasionally as the Franken & Davis show-within-the-show, and in the last season with the original cast, Franken became very visible with his "Al Franken Decade" riff on Weekend Update.

At a New York sidewalk restaurant, Franken and Davis recently talked about sick, sophomoric comedy, their college tour, and the screenplay they're writing.

"College audiences are a lot of fun for us to do," the slender Davis said over eggs Benedict. "They're not drinking during the show."

"Well, there's nothing wrong with drinking during the show," the shorter, curly-haired Franken cut in. "As you recall, when we performed at Harrah's (in Reno), we performed to a basically middle-aged, middle-class crowd, and they were fun because they were drinking."

"College audiences have their drawbacks," he continued. "They're a little immature in some respects. They'll laugh at certain things that are maybe ... we do some stuff that is ..."

"A little blue," Davis said.

"It's a little blue," Franken repeated. "And usually the blue stuff we do, we try to have more than just one level to. But very often, a college audience will take on the dirty joke."

"As opposed to the stunning, looks-into-the-human-psyche kind of thing," said Davis hopefully. "The difference between a dirty piece and a brilliant piece can be very fine sometimes."

An example of Franken & Davis blue material occurs in the "You've Come a Long Way, Buddy" sketch, which was done on *SNL* and which they repeat in their stage show. The sketch is a talk show for men, where the guests talk up male accomplishments. One of the guests is a guy who has started a rape hot line for men, and he says, "Sometimes men who have raped are reluctant to call the police because they think they might be harassed or mistreated. We encourage them to call." I reminded them that when they did the sketch in a New York club, there were women hissing in the audience.

"There are always like four girls in the audience who hiss at that," Davis said. "As we all know, there's nothing funny about rape. We know that."

"The point of that sketch, the large point," Franken went on, "is that women don't go to the police very often, because they get harassed by the police. That information is feminist information." The joke is in the turn-around of the situation, and Franken points out that *Ms.* magazine asked for and reprinted the sketch after it had been aired.

"When we do colleges," he went on, "we have what we call a beef box, where the audience can ask us questions. And the questions were always, 'What's Belushi like?' 'Do you take drugs to come up with ideas?' 'Does Belushi take drugs?' And after getting these questions asked ... (a loud hammering is heard in the background, from construction in the restaurant) ... we figured ... (the hammering gets louder)."

"Stop it, Tom."

This year, funsters from Rockbound Shores Tech (Middletown, Maine) to Sunny Coast Junior College (Midol Flashback, California), will be accessorizing with—have you guessed it yet?—books! Books and more books, in fact. Geometry, First Aid, Applied Sheet-rocking. It doesn't matter. To push the Look over the top, as Tom so often does, accessorize further with a ring binder. Notice how books and binders coordinate with Franken & Davis' shoes—all being made of cardboard.

For most Dull Normals, sports are A-O-K, you bet! For that on-the-beam sports look tote a real football to classes. Lift your knees high with each stride. Let your darting eyes scope out the sidewalk ahead for downfield blockers and holes in the defensive alignment. Footballs for the Fashionable come in all shapes, sizes and colors; some of them, called basketballs, are round, and others, variously called volleyballs or baseballs, are also round and mainly whitish. These latter are for the times a Dull Normal is really on a tear. For day-to-day, the basic burnt sienna pigskin is timeless, a classic on the order of basic black and pearls. Come to think of it, why don't you try basic black and pearls? Al does.

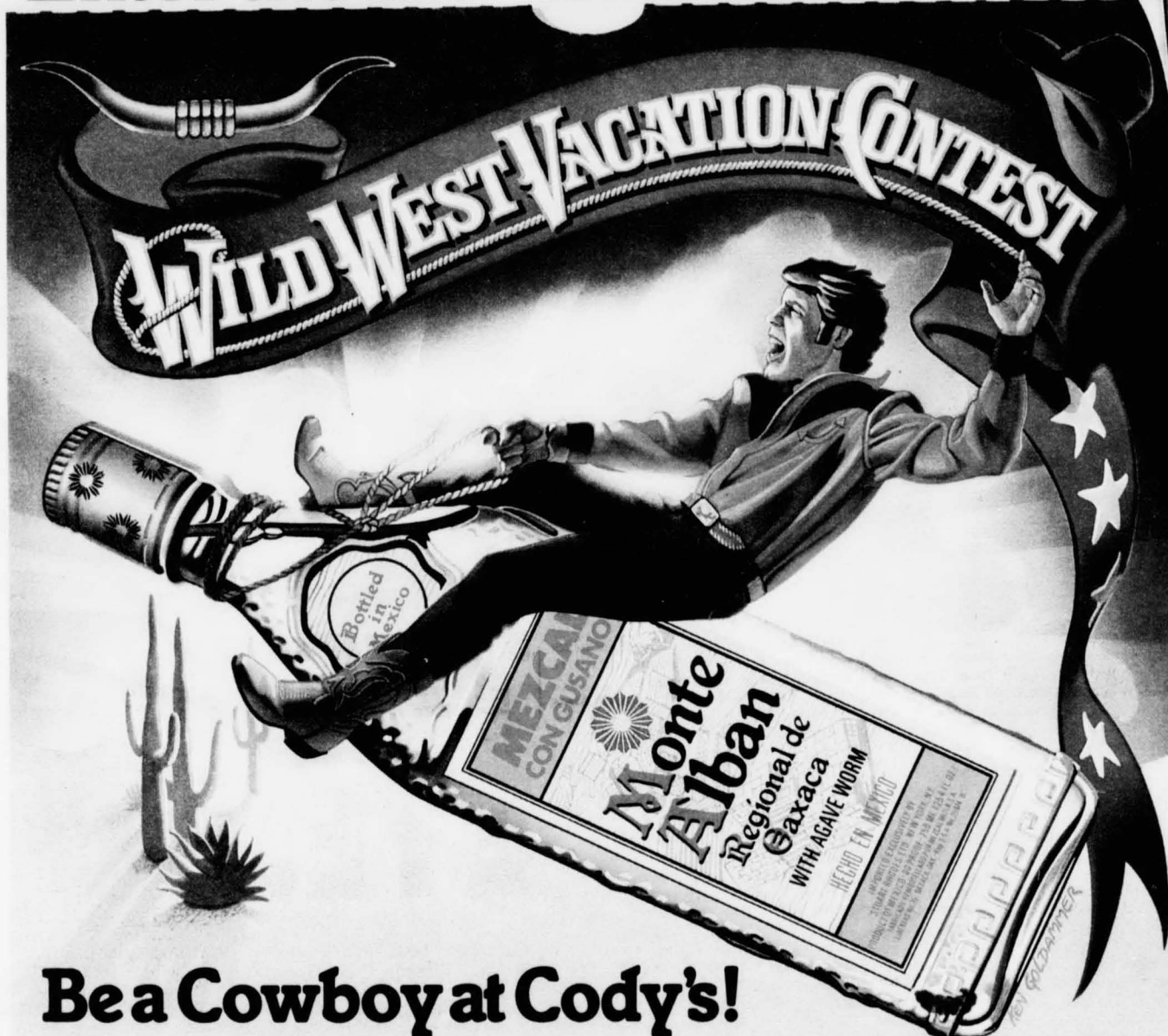


TOM SOBOLIK



Ah, the globe! The model planetoid! The spherical orb! Spankier than a derby and spats, yet suitable for coke dates as well as purposeful cross-campus striding. Hollow throughout, it's a perfect match for Al's head. Tom's too. Except the globe is mostly blue, and Tom generally has a greenish cast.

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1. On the official entry form (for a piece of paper 3" x 5") print your name, address and zip code and the answers to the two questions. Enter as often as you like. Each entry must be mailed separately and postmarked no later than December 31, 1981.
2. Mail your entry to Monte Alban Contest, P.O. Box 6353, Chicago, IL 60677.
3. Winners will be selected in random drawings from among all correct and eligible entries by H. Olsen & Company, an independent judging organization whose decisions are final. Barton Brands reserves the publicity rights to use names and pictures of winners without compensation. Odds of winning will be determined by the number of entries received.
4. Winners will be notified by mail. Prizes are non-transferable, cannot be substituted and limited to one prize per family. Trip must be taken by July 31, 1982.
5. Contest void where prohibited by law. Entrants must be of legal drinking age at time of entry. Officers, employees, representatives and their families of Barton Brands, its affiliated companies, agencies and wholesalers and retailers are not eligible.

Yes, I'd like to enter the Wild West Vacation Contest. I've answered the two questions below.

1. What kind of worm is in the Monte Alban Mezcal Bottle? \_\_\_\_\_  
 2. Where is Monte Alban bottled? \_\_\_\_\_  
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## OFF THE WALL

Davis: "Sorry, I'm trying to get this bird-house done by 2 o'clock."

Franken: "No, we're doing an interview."

Davis: "Okay. I'm going to have 14 martins living in my backyard."

Franken: "He's really excited about this birdhouse."

Me: "It's amazing how these guys can eat lunch, do an interview, and build bird-houses all at the same time."

Franken and Davis met in high school in Minnesota, where they began doing their silly skits together. After high school, Al went off to study at Harvard while Tom wandered around Europe and Asia ("No, I didn't have a green backpack, but I had a pony-tail"). They reunited occasionally and did more silly skits and when Franken graduated, they turned pro. They went to L.A. and performed in the Comedy Store and other clubs, supporting themselves with odd jobs (including playing Santa Claus and Winnie the Pooh in a department store; "We switched off").

"We did pretty good," Davis recalled, "compared to all those people who were performing for free. People like Steve L., who eventually threw himself off the roof of the Continental Hyatt House into the parking lot of the Comedy Store with a note saying, 'I was a comedian. I used to perform at the Comedy Store.' He lost his sense of humor."

"Somewhere between the 9th and the 14th floors?," I wondered.

"Or the 14th and the 9th floors," corrected Franken.

"It's very important to maintain your sense of humor," said Davis.

After a year and a half of getting by, the boys landed a big job at Harrah's in something called "The Boob Tube Revue." Six months later a William Morris agent sent a portfolio of their work to Michaels, who was looking for writers to start his new show, *Saturday Night Live*. It was what you'd call your basic Big Break.

Franken remembered one SNL, hosted by Bea Arthur, in which they seemed to get away with uncensored murder. "We did 'First He Cries' on that show, which is about what a husband goes through when the wife has a mastectomy. And in that show, I was the science editor, and I was talking about how cockroaches are the oldest form of life and they're very difficult to kill." He and Davis started giggling.

"And I had all these roaches: I stuck pins through them and boiled one. I put dish-washing liquid on one and pulled the legs off another. It was a terrific hit. I had a great response from it. But I also got incredible mail."

"You should be shot for what you did to those cockroaches," Davis remembers the letters as reading. "The people who don't live in New York City thought it was terrible. They told us that cockroaches had souls, too. Some people really dislike Al Franken."

Davis talked about another sketch they wrote which never got on the air. The piece was entitled "People Who Wanted to Kill Ted Kennedy," written when Kennedy was being pressured to run against Carter in the primary. The sketch consisted of a talk show with nuts who offered ways and reasons to kill Kennedy. They said things like "I will complete the hat-trick."

"It's good, sick comedy," Davis insisted.

"If you're going to be liked," Franken said, "you're going to have people dislike you. People hate Steve Martin, and I don't

know how anybody can hate Steve Martin."

As for the movie they're writing, along with fellow SNL writer Jim Downey, Franken & Davis volunteer that it will be a spoof of future-negative-utopia films like *Logan's Run* and *Soylent Green*. Lorne Michaels is producing it, and they hope it will be better than their SNL colleagues' film work. Remember *1941* or *The First Family* or *Seems Like Old Times*? Neither does anyone else. About that, Davis said diplomatically, "We keep hoping for the big, immortal movie to come out, like a *Citizen Kane* or a *Dr. Strangelove*. We haven't seen that yet."

"I'm not as happy with my colleagues' work as Tom" said Franken. "I'm a little more critical. We liked the *Blues Brothers*. *Animal House* was the best, but that wasn't written by anyone who wrote for the show."

"We're trying not to have the big basketball game at the end of ours."

## ON SCREEN

(Continued from page 21)

*Daughter, Agatha*, except for *Agatha*, are bloodless and bland in their portrayal of love and sex. In *Agatha* Apted cast two extremely confident actors, Vanessa Redgrave and Dustin Hoffman, in a perversely fascinating tale of attraction and obsession. But Sissy Spacek and Tommy Lee Jones never made their courtship or marriage understandable in *Coal Miner's Daughter*, and now in *Continental Divide* we have the weakest lovers of all.

Both Kasdan and Apted have done better work than this film; Perhaps they'll remember how in future projects.

Judith Sims

## Prince of the City

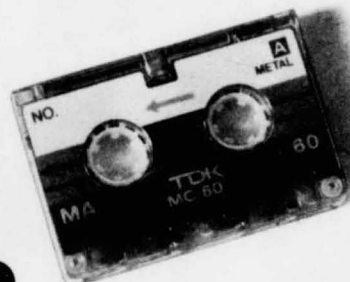
starring Treat Williams, Jerry Orbach; written by Jay Presson Allen and Sidney Lumet, based on the book by Robert Daley; produced by Burt Harris; directed by Lumet.

I know the law," says detective/informant Danny Ciello towards the end of *Prince of the City*. "The law doesn't know the streets." *Prince* was directed by Sidney Lumet, and it resembles his earlier work, *Serpico*. Both films portray the struggle of a tough undercover cop who fights alone to uncover corruption. But where *Serpico* was a one-sided account of an honest cop versus all others, *Prince* is a story of a man being swallowed whole by the legal bureaucracy, his ideal of ending corruption being itself corrupted.

Deciding to work with a Federal investigation into corruption, Ciello (played by Treat Williams, from *Hair*) begins by nabbing corrupt lawyers, mafiosos, and far-straying cops. But the investigation snowballs into a McCarthy-esque witch hunt — there isn't *anybody* out there who hasn't broken some law — and Ciello ends up implicating everyone, including his closest friends/partners. Williams' portrayal of Ciello grabs our attention and holds it throughout, especially difficult because he's virtually always on-screen. He rages, he fights, but he also becomes baffled by the complexity of a system which has its own rules for behavior. The legal system, with its baffling ways and its lack of understanding

(Continued on page 29)

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# Mutants in the Ma



## DEVO drops the mask (but they still won't play Aerosmith)

BY BARRY ALFONSO

Jerry Casale of DEVO spears another fish fragment from his plate of sushi delicacies, then resumes an attack on 20th Century life. "What DEVO is dealing with fundamentally is the absurdity of the human being," says the 31-year-old bassist emphatically. "We hate what is assumed to be real — what most people assume to be true and real, *isn't*. It all disgusts us..."

Sitting across from Casale in the wood-paneled, soft-lit surroundings of a Los

Angeles area sushi restaurant, absurdity is on my mind as well. Mid-way through my interview, it strikes me as a tad incongruous that DEVO's chief public spokesman, a musician supposedly dedicated to wising up the "spuds" about the insanities of modern man, seems so comfortable in this chic setting. Watching a member of DEVO feast on a crab-and-quail-egg roll while railing against predatory capitalism is slightly disillusioning.

Which brings us to the question many are asking about DEVO these days: has the techno-costumed quintet from Akron, Ohio with the message about human de-evolution been compromised by the big time? When their debut LP, *Q: Are We Not Men? A: We Are Devo!*, was released in late 1978, the band was critically hailed as the dadaist guerrillas of rock. Everything about the group, from their clockwork rhythms to their robotic stage manner and lyrics about

happy mongoloids, suggested that they would never rise above cult favorite status. That was then — today, in the wake of their near-platinum *Freedom of Choice* album (and its Top 40 single, "Whip It"), the band has released a new LP, *New Traditionalists*, a disc which brings them even closer to mass acceptance.

Back to the sushi bar: Casale places another order (green tea ice cream, this time) before addressing the sell-out issue head on. "We're like 'the band that fell to earth' now," he says with a wry smile. "We got sucked up into the music business and now, with *New Traditionalists*, the transformation's complete. It's inevitable — we've always said, 'Watch us devolve, watch us become what we're laughing at and see how gracefully we survive...'"

"Whip It," DEVO's breakthrough single, is a prime example of what Casale means. Intended mainly as a tongue-in-cheek moral

uplift peptalk, the lyric actually succeeded through its more vulgar sexual implications. Casale says it's all to be expected: "We wrote a patently disgusting lyric and, sure enough, it worked. As long as there's sexual innuendo in a song, it'll be a big hit. It was perceived on that level: beating your meat, beating your woman, beating *something*."

*New Traditionalists* continues in the direction of *Freedom of Choice*: more mainstream song structures and arrangements, with simpler, less overtly bizarre lyrics. Casale and DEVO co-leader/vocalist/keyboardist Mark Mothersbaugh are writing tunes in a more direct vein and, together with guitarists Bob Mothersbaugh and Bob Casale and drummer Alan Myers, they're playing more conservatively as well. Such tracks as "Soft Things" and "Love Without Anger" may be the latest DEVO satires of America's sexual fixations — or perhaps they're celebrations of them. Buzzwords drawn from mass media advertising and sci-fi, usually a DEVO staple, are all but unused this time. The language is vaguer though still ominous, as in "The Super Thing." In short, the band has rounded off some of its sharp edges — but does it necessarily mean they've sold out?

Yes — and no. DEVO's peculiar, irony-laden aesthetic allows the band to blatantly stoop to conquer without violating its basic principles. The crass, the grotesque, the sweepingly inane: they've been elements in DEVO's music and video presentations since the very beginning. By "mutating" (a favorite DEVO word) to fit America's tastes, the band hopes to expose its doctrine to millions, though, Casale admits, "only about 3 percent of our audience really get our ideas."

Our conversation ended, Casale heads off for a meeting as I continue to mull over his words. While he was pleasant enough company, something about his press secretary manner disturbed me. He was too glib in his spouting of DEVO's creed, too pat in his statements about the band's intentions. Pulsating beneath the neatly-packaged android exterior of the group, I knew, was a heart of stone *craziness*. DEVO might be working within the system at present, but I was confident that the madness which nurtured DEVO back in Akron lived on.

My conviction was confirmed later that night after several hours of enjoyably warped conversation with Mark Mothersbaugh at his home in L.A.'s Miracle Mile district. I was told by DEVO's management that Mark preferred to leave press relations to Jerry. Perhaps they were afraid to unleash him on me. Or vice versa. In any case, I responded to Mothersbaugh's personality immediately. He radiated the sincerity of someone who's lived on the social fringes for so long they can never truly join the masses. For better or worse, the 30-year-old Voice of DEVO struck me as *real*.

Mothersbaugh's upstairs duplex pad is short on furnishings, but filled with all sorts of flotsam: children's toys, strange collages and other art pieces, tape after tape of old DEVO material. His trademark bangs cascading down his forehead, he leads me about the place, seizing my tape recorder to help me keep pace as he sweeps from his

# instream



Opposite page: DEVO corporate heads meet at DEVO World Headquarters. Above: Dadaists in detention. Below: Blasters set on satire, DEVO maintains spudland security.



of DEVO's films and stage shows. Filled with disturbing William Burroughs-esque fantasies and an overall disdain for all things "normal," *My Struggle* reveals Mothersbaugh to be a bonafide obsessive. It effectively squelches any belief that DEVO was invented as a money-making vehicle.

Mothersbaugh snickers as he remembers his early attempts to interest the music biz in his songs: "Jerry and I drove out to L.A. in '75 to play our tape for Joe Walsh (another Kent State lad). We went to his home in Coldwater Canyon and, boy, were we impressed—he had video tape machines and all the things we wanted! Then we put the tape on and Walsh ran out of the room after the first few seconds. We couldn't understand how anybody could hear DEVO's music and not think it was great stuff."

Further rejection followed. Frank Zappa was among those who didn't appreciate the band's "great stuff." According to Mothersbaugh, Zappa advised DEVO to stay in the garage they recorded in ("The day he said that to us, he said it to the wrong spuds," Mark asserts). Home town audiences were even less sympathetic. At one local gig, Mothersbaugh and company entertained a club full of long-hairs who demanded conventional rock 'n' roll. "I was dressed up as Booji Boy all night. Everybody was getting real angry. Finally, some big hippie came up on stage while I was singing and ripped my mask right off my head and screamed, 'I said play some Aerosmith, goddamn it!'"

Through such tough times DEVO persisted, until the climate of the American music scene loosened up just enough to allow them their chance. To Mothersbaugh's mind, what DEVO is doing today is essentially the same as ever: "What we're releasing now may not be as patently weird as our earliest stuff, but it's saying the same thing. Some of my favorite songs are things we've never put out, but you don't lay your most intense stuff on people right away. I get off on the challenge of how much DEVO we can get into people."

Mothersbaugh continues to scheme new ways to spread the word. "We've been offered a five-minute spot every week on a couple of TV shows. We want to do something called 'Club DEVO,' where we can play our most bizarre music and put things like Booji Boy up front. We want to do things like that after people take what we say seriously. Maybe DEVO could be responsible for something good, like getting rid of the leaders of the Republican party."

Such a lofty goal, I suspect, is beyond the imagination of most pop music groups. But, then, is DEVO truly a pop band at all—or is that identity just another of the masks Mark and Jerry have been fond of all these years? Is there, ultimately, an identity that wears no mask? I can't really say. But even an ordinary spud like me can sense the delight Mothersbaugh takes in molding reality on his own terms. "I think what DEVO really means is knowing that things are f—d up and laughing along with it while it's happening to you," he reflects. "What I want to do is to choose my mutation rather than just accepting one—when my times comes, I'll just get silicone injections and turn into Booji Boy."

## ON SCREEN

(Continued from page 27)

for the people with whom it deals, is the real enemy.

Jim Gullto

### Shock Treatment

starring Cliff de Young and Jessica Harper; written by Richard O'Brien; produced by Lou Adler; directed by Jim Sharman.

This film musical, a sort of quasi-sequel to *The Rocky Horror Picture Show*, is in color and has Dolby sound.

That's the good news.

The bad news is that this posturing, pandering, claustrophobically directed attempt to mine the same *Rocky* vein of Divine Decadence has come up totally empty. It hasn't a memorable character, a toe-tapping tune, a single moment so outrageous as Dr. Frank N. Furter (Tim Curry's show-stopping rendition of "Sweet Transvestite" or even actor Charles Grey wiggling atop his desk singing "Let's Do the Time Warp Again." *Rocky Horror* was for specialized tastes, but at least it was sincere in its message, which was, basically, "loosen up and boogie."

This film, whose cross is borne by many of *Rocky's* same "creative talents," has no discernible point of view. Its plot, if one insists on abusing that term, has Brad and Janet Majors (the only characters carried over from the first film, and the Ozzie and Harriet of Transvestism) appearing on a faintly amusing version of the *Newlywed Game*. Janet is encouraged to send her husband to the funny farm, where he is stuffed with enough drugs to o.d. Cheech and Chong. Meanwhile, she is corrupted into the new advertising sex symbol for television magnate Farley Flavors, who turns out to be Brad's long-lost twin brother...

Utterly wasted is the lovely Jessica Harper, who sings her heart out and does her best with material thin enough to sneeze through. Tim Curry, the saving grace of *Rocky Horror*, is notably absent here, presumably turning down a chance for an encore. Judging by the audience reaction at the screening, he made the right decision.

Steven Barnes

### Chariots of Fire

starring Ben Cross and Ian Charleson; written by Colin Welland; produced by David Putnam; directed by Hugh Hudson.

After a demoralizing glut of wretched or disappointing films, *Chariots of Fire* comes along with little hype, no advance warning, and a depth of commitment and breadth of talent that make the other movies in release look like anemic, subintelligent runts.

*Chariots of Fire* revolves around two British runners who ultimately compete in the 1924 Paris Olympics. Eric Liddell (Charleson), Scottish missionary, runs for God; "I honor Him when I run; I feel His pleasure." The other, Harold Abrahams (Cross), a wealthy Jew, runs to defy the bigotry he encounters even (perhaps especially) in Caius College, Cambridge where he is a law student, presumably living a privileged life. Describing this dichotomy to his actress lover, Abrahams says, "I'm semi-deprived; they lead me to water but they won't let me drink." This is not just another sports film obsessed with beating

(Continued on page 30)

living room into his home studio and back again.

Along the way, he paints an hilarious picture of how he and Casale distilled DEVO out of the various creative projects they were involved with back in Ohio. Both as art students at Kent State University in the early Seventies and Akron-area musicians/filmmakers near the end of the decade, they reveled in their status as outsiders. While giggling in fairly conventional bands (Casale played in a hard-core blues group while Mothersbaugh was briefly part of a rock unit which included Chrissie Hynde), the two of them were living out the concepts that DEVO later made world-famous.

"Back in '75, Jerry and I would wear masks our whole waking days nonstop," Mothersbaugh recalls with laughter cracking his voice. "At the time I was managing an apartment building where all the tenants were scared out of their minds of me. One

night, we were up making a tape. It was a torture routine and we were getting pretty carried away, shouting things like, 'No, not the punishment cone!' Mothersbaugh bounds out of his chair, as if to answer an imaginary knock. This old lady knocks at the door at two in the morning, and I answer it in a dress and a hood. Jerry had this rubber chimp mask on and his hands were tied behind his back. That poor lady..."

Alternately sickened and amused by the cultural desert around him, Mothersbaugh found a variety of outlets for his creative urges. A revealing document of this time is *My Struggle*, a limited-edition collection of his mid-Seventies writings Mothersbaugh published three years ago. Skimming it, I found the germs of DEVO songs and packaging concepts from notes and drawings dating back six years or more—Booji Boy, the mutant child-monster credited with authorship of the volume, is now a mainstay

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## ON SCREEN

(Continued from page 29)

the other guy; it's about personal triumph, and it's not merely good, it's elevating — but not in the sappy violins-and-tears tradition.

The film looks perfect; I don't know why it is that the British can make period films look right (with a relatively small budget) and we can't, but we should rejoice that somebody knows how. There isn't a wrong note or chair or photograph anywhere. My only quibble derives from my ignorance of the 1924 Olympics: we don't learn exactly who won what. Also, the title (a line from William Blake's "Jerusalem" is a mystery to most Americans.

But don't let these minor omissions stand in your way; spend your money on a movie that deserves it. There are so few...

Judith Sims

## Honky Tonk Freeway

starring William Devane and Beau Bridges, written by Edward Clinton, produced by Don Boyd and Howard W. Koch, Jr., directed by John Schlesinger.

So little of the humor in *Honky Tonk Freeway* is of the intelligent variety that one seriously wonders why such actors as William Devane, Geraldine Page, Hume Cronyn and Jessica Tandy had anything to do with it.

*Honky Tonk Freeway* purports to be the story of the commercial crusade of the town of Ticlaw, Fla., which, in spite of promises from Tallahassee, does not get its own exit on the newly built freeway. On their ways to Ticlaw are a renegade family man from Chicago (Bridges), a pair of not-too-charming bank robbers from New York (George Dzundza and Joe Grifasi), a busload of Asian orphans and, the only redeeming subplot, an elderly ad man and his tipsy wife (Cronyn and Tandy, who are, as always, a dynamite pair). As in a sort of misbegotten *Nashville*, these parties mix, match and play musical cars until they are all chaotically brought together.

There are a few good moments. The opening shot of an exploding grove of palm trees is a subtle parody of the same moment in *Apocalypse Now* (and later comes the blowing up of the bridge, or in this case, a freeway overpass). The film's climax is a High Noon-type showdown with the town's mayor/minister/innkeeper (Devane) striding down the deserted streets to meet with the evil government bureaucrats. There is the rather touching plight of a young nun (Deborah Rush) who steals away from her superior (Page) for forbidden dabs of perfume and dips in the pool. And there is the immortal line: "The International House of Pancakes is the one consistent thing in my life."

But most of what we get is tasteless. We visit the drive-thru mortuary. We meet a dizzy young blonde (Beverly D'Angelo) who carries her late mother halfway across the country in an urn; a wasted hitchhiker (Daniel Stern) winds up snorting the contents of that urn. We meet Bubbles, the water-skiing elephant. Get the idea?

Do not fear, friends, that your life will be incomplete without *Honky Tonk Freeway*.

Susan Armine

## Tarzan the Ape Man

starring Bo Derek, Richard Harris & Miles O'Keefe, written by Tom Rowe & Gary Goodard, directed by John Derek.

Tarzan, the late Edgar Rice Burroughs's mythic Lord of the Jungle, has about as much to do with John and Bo Derek's much-publicized remake of *Tarzan the Ape Man* as Jack Nicholson has to do with Jack-in-the-Box. Since the film's focus is on Bo-as-Jane for at least two-thirds of its considerable length, MGM should have rechristened this saga *Jane Goes Ape*. Ostensibly, the script deals with the conflict between Jane, a turn-of-the-century heiress, and her father, a long-absent Great White Hunter she has followed all the way to Africa. But this father-and-daughter skirmishing is merely a prelude to the film's Big Moment — Jane swings with Tarzan. That, in turn, allows John Derek (who directed and photographed) to shoot what amounts to a *Playboy* layout-on-film, a kind of *Blue Lagoon* for the *Cosmo* crowd. Unfortunately, two things get in the way. First, there's Bo, who loses what undeniable appeal she has every time she opens her mouth and delivers line readings flatter than any that can be heard in your average Army basic training film. The second problem is a much-muscle, ex-football player named Miles O'Keefe who, as Tarzan, is supposed to be enraptured by Jane but actually carries an expression of annoyance which suggests he has better things to do... like a modelling assignment for *Playgirl* or a trip to the gym. The film's climax, which finds Tarzan waylaid and Jane and Big Daddy (Richard Harris) at the mercy of some pygmies, is initially quite confusing. Why are all these petite creatures jumping up and down with venomous looks crossing their brows? Finally, it dawns on the confused viewer why they are carrying on like munchkins-on-speed. They're mad... fighting mad. They read the script.

Bill Royce

## American Werewolf in London

starring David Naughton, Jenny Agutter and Griffin Dunne; written and directed by John Landis.

Werewolf's best scenes are the first ones wherein American college students Naughton and Dunne trek through deserted portions of northern England on a full moon night. Their dialogue is sharp and real and witty, and the film never quite attains that level again (except for one brief scene later when nurse Agutter feeds patient Naughton). The actors are engaging, but there is little style on display here. It's neither a spoof of, nor homage to, the genre.

Those who adore horror films with hairy creatures and foggy forests and lurid special effects will probably find *American Werewolf* tame — its exposition somewhat incoherent, its monster all too cuddly. But for the rest of us — those who think most horror/werewolf/vampire movies stupid and childish — Landis' film is funny, diverting, inoffensive and OK.

Judith Sims

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