

Most mail-in reg courses granted

by Stephen Horn
Staff Writer

Ninety percent of valid course requests made in last semester's advance mail registration were granted, according to a campus survey.

The study, conducted by Dr. Robert McCornack, director of Institutional Research at SDSU, showed that three-fourths of the students participated in mail-in registration, with 60 percent of them receiving all of the classes they requested.

According to the survey, a total of

150,000 primary and alternative course requests were made. The heaviest amount of participation involved business majors. Only 42 percent of the units requested in the Business Department were granted.

Conversely, students in majors generally leading to graduate work (such as social sciences and education), participated the least in the mail-in registration.

McCornack stated in his report that many students did not receive the courses they asked for because their requests were invalid. Nearly 10 percent of the primary

course requests were denied because the student was in the wrong major for the class requested.

Other invalid requests included cancelled classes, class-year restrictions and students asking for more than 18 units. McCornack suggested that students read the course requirement catalogue carefully before filling out their registration forms in the future.

Sophomores were most affected by closed classes because of their low registration priority, the report said. Graduate students, seniors, juniors and first semester

freshmen were given higher registration priority.

In general, the higher the course number, the easier the class is to obtain, McCornack said.

The advance registration system began last semester in order to make registration more convenient for students and to aid administrators in academic planning.

"It has helped in terms of our academic planning to know in advance what courses students want," said Dr. Frank Madeiros, director of admissions.

SURVEY continues on page 7.

San
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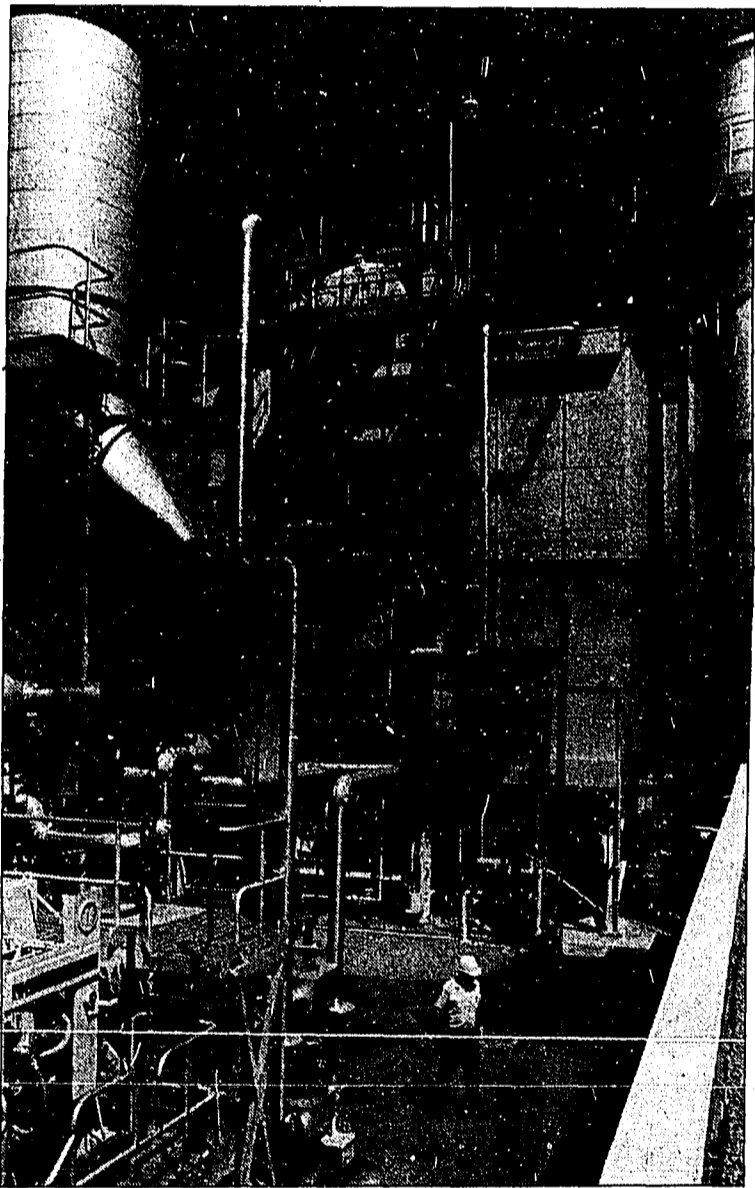


Photo by Fred Vaughn.

THIS COGENERATION PLANT at the North Island navy base turns natural gas into electricity. Engineers say a similar, smaller plant could cut SDSU's energy bill by \$850,000 a year.

Backdoor could close if debts exceed \$15,000

by Michael Hewitt
Associate News Editor

The Backdoor has lost \$11,000 this year and if losses reach \$15,000 the concert hall may stop booking acts, said Jim Carruthers, Aztec Center director.

While the booking shutdown probably won't occur, the Backdoor may have to limit its shows to commercially "big" acts, Carruthers said.

The Backdoor, which has shown a loss every year since 1970, is subsidized by the Associate Students. Last year the Backdoor lost \$21,000, Carruthers noted.

"The board (Aztec Center board of directors) decided they didn't want to subsidize it that much this year," he said.

Carruthers said the Aztec Center directors therefore budgeted a subsidy of \$15,000 for 1979-80.

He predicted that the Backdoor will probably end the year "right on the subsidy." Should it lose \$15,000 before May, however, Aztec Center board will have to vote to allow the club to continue booking shows and extend the allotted subsidy, he said.

"I don't think I would recommend we expand the subsidy without the students (on the Aztec Center board) thinking it was a good idea," Carruthers said.

He emphasized that the Backdoor will not close; it will continue to be available for use by the Cultural Arts Board and other campus groups.

Backdoor manager Diane Morton attributed the deficit to "poor-to-average" attendance at the shows.

The club sold \$5,062 worth of tickets last semester. More than \$9,400 was spent on guarantees to artists. The rest of the deficit came

from labor and promotion costs, according to Carruthers.

The Art Ensemble of Chicago was the most successful act booked, with ticket sales coming to within \$60 of paying the group's guarantee.

Shows by the Pop and the Animal House Revue drew less than 50 persons each to the 400-capacity hall, Morton said.

Morton said she will stick with acts that will be most likely to attract large audiences this semester.

"I'm going to try to do the type of acts the Catamaran or Roxy would book," she said.

Four acts are booked for this month: Les McCann, Feb. 14; Vassar Clements, Feb. 20; Manhattan Transfer, Feb. 27; the Beat, Feb. 28.

"We're spending \$9,000 on guarantees in February. This is as much as we spent last semester," Carruthers said. "Manhattan Transfer is guaranteed \$4,000," he said.

Carruthers and Morton both agreed the Backdoor is not in existence to make money. They stressed the importance of presenting a diversity of acts to the community.

"From an artistic point of view, I think I've satisfied that," Morton said.

Morton expressed disappointment at the failure of shows like folksinger Mary McCaslin and jazz group Hiroshima.

"People just don't want to spend a couple bucks to see an up and coming act anymore," she said.

Carruthers was also pleased with the Backdoor's offerings last semester.

"My only criticism of the Backdoor is we didn't get enough people in there. But that's a two-way street; people didn't take enough risks," he said.

DOOR continues on page 7.

Energy Campus cuts back consumption

by Stephanie Sansome
Staff Writer
Second in a series

In an effort to save energy, CSUC administrative officials have asked all campuses to reduce energy consumption to 40 percent of the 1973-74 level.

To achieve this goal, SDSU is planning to build a \$3 million cogeneration plant, which will produce electricity for the campus, according to Bob Downen of facilities planning.

According to a feasibility study by engineers, SDSU will save \$850,000 the first year of operation. The plant will meet 62 percent of the school's energy needs, while requiring 32 percent more natural gas than current consumption, the engineers said.

SDSU will still be tied into San Diego Gas & Electric's power lines for the times when the cogenerator is not able to produce enough electricity. The generator will produce 2,650 kilowatts per hour.

The meters will run both ways; SDG&E will be able to purchase excess electricity from SDSU when the cogenerator produces more than is needed, according to Fred Vaughn of SDG&E.

SDG&E supports the cogenerator plan, although it will mean the loss of money to the company, Vaughn said.

"At this point we are caught in a bind. We are having problems meeting our energy demand and we have been ordered by the Public Utility Commission to help develop new designs for small cogenerator plants," Vaughn said.

The cogenerator will probably be completed by late 1982 provided that the California legislature allocates the money for the 1980-81 budget, said Shaun Choudhouri, CSUC energy management engineer.

Because of its efficiency, the cogenerator should be easy to sell to the legislature, Choudhouri said. The plant uses 70 percent of its energy to produce electricity and steam, compared to the 30 percent efficiency of most SDG&E generators, he said.

Choudhouri predicts small cogenerating systems will be the wave of the future, and before the decade is over many CSUC campuses will have their own cogenerating plants.



FRED VAUGHN of SDG&E says his company supports building a cogeneration plant at SDSU, even though SDG&E would make less money from the school.

headlines

state

Temple money

SAN FRANCISCO (AP)—A peoples' Temple receiver believes he has found all the money and property belonging to the Jim Jones cult, but it may be years before the estimated \$10 million in church assets is divided among creditors, survivors and relatives.

Kidnap foiled

LOS ANGELES (AP)—A retired executive foiled a ransom plot yesterday by going to police instead of the bank for \$50,000 to free his invalid 75-year-old wife, who was being held hostage.

The man spotted a squad car on the way to the bank and the SWAT team found his wife, a stroke patient, unharmed and alone.

Cancer suit filed

SACRAMENTO (AP)—A public-interest law firm filed suit yesterday claiming that California law doesn't permit any cancer-causing pesticides on crops, but that the state Department of Food and Agriculture isn't enforcing it.

The suit demands that state food and Agriculture Director Richard Rominger eliminate the 37 pesticides suspected of causing cancer and sterility, and increase regulation of 244 others.

national

Prison problems

(AP)—Overcrowding in nearly half the state prisons may lead to disturbances similar to the riot in New Mexico, some officials said.

Poor food and inadequate work and recreation programs were contributing factors that lead to the death of at least 39 inmates in New Mexico over the weekend.

Reactor unlocked

HARRISBURG, PA (AP)—A reporter for a muckracking Harrisburg weekly got himself hired as a guard at Three Mile Island nuclear plant and gained entry through an unlocked door to the sensitive control room.

The reporter took pictures with a Minox spy camera which he identified as the interior of the control room and unlocked control room door which he "waltzed into" without proper clearance.

Mopeds exempt

WASHINGTON (AP)—The proposed standby fuel conservation measure announced Monday would exempt motorcycles and mopeds along with many four-wheeled motor vehicles whose continued use is considered necessary.

The proposal, to be reviewed after public hearing, would require most vehicles to be barred from use on one, two or three days a week depending on the severity of a shortage.

Women's rights parked

WASHINGTON (AP)—Sen. Daniel P. Moynihan proposed creation of a \$2.2 million Women Rights Historic Park at Seneca Falls, N.Y. credited as the birthplace of the women's rights movement in America.

Water bill passes

WASHINGTON (AP)—The house approved a controversial \$4.2 billion water projects bill Tuesday, authorizing some 200 construction projects and feasibility studies around the nation for such things as flood control, harbor navigation and shore erosion prevention.

Opposition to the bill came from Howard Jarvis, Common Cause and League of Women Voters, and the National Taxpayers Union which called the measure "Fiscally irresponsible."

Job program studied

WASHINGTON (AP)—Most of the problems plaguing the summer youth jobs program, criticized for failing to provide participants with adequate work or supervision, have been rooted out, said the Labor Department.

An internal review of last year's program found that only a small percentage of work sites failed to provide teenagers with enough work, the department said. They had conducted a \$3-million study in 1979 to make sure that program operators were providing jobs and training.

world

Soviets attacked

(AP)—Anti-communist rebels, showing better organization and equipped with heavy weapons, have launched new attacks against Soviet troops in northeast Afghanistan's remote Badakhshan province, inflicting casualties on the Soviet units there.

The Soviet news agency Tass described the enemy as "well-armed," indicating that the ragtag contingents of Moslem tribesmen of just a few weeks ago may be giving way to a better coordinated rebel force.

weather

Warm again

The National Weather Bureau forecasts continued warm temperatures today with night and morning cloudiness clearing late afternoon. On the coast, night temperature will range between 50 and 57 degrees with water temperature nearing 60 degrees. The inland valley night temperatures will drop to between 42 and 50 degrees.

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Compiled by Cathy Schofield.

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A thought from the SDSU Students In Defense of Life. Join us — For Life. Next meeting:
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Van Ginkel to leave veep post

by Cathy Schofield
Staff Writer

After two years as one of the most knowledgeable and influential student officers, Vice President of Finance Ed Van Ginkel will leave office in March.

When his term ends, Van Ginkel, 21 will no longer spend more than half his day attending board and committee meetings. He will no longer be in charge of the Associated Students' \$2.67 million budget, and he will no longer exercise his considerable influence over A.S. affairs.

Van Ginkel's executive position enables him to have a voice in most of the issues passing through student government. Some observers claim that decisions are rarely made without Van Ginkel's approval.

"I get different perspectives serving on different boards and am often at the right meetings at the right time," Van Ginkel said.

He attributes his influence to the knowledge he has gathered in his four years of experience in A.S. government.

"With the turnover in officers, I am able to give some background on the departments requesting money. I know how much they received last year and how previous decisions were based," Van Ginkel said.

"Too much influence can feel like a threat, not to the people requesting money, but to the other (finance) board members, so I ask them how they want me to chair the meetings, and most of them want me to talk," Van Ginkel said.

Most of Van Ginkel co-workers have plenty of plaudits for his performance.

"It would be hard to find someone that would not rave about Ed. He gets along with everyone so well," said Steve Whitener, A.S. council member. "Ed keeps the A.S. corporation solvent. He keeps the money in reserve to fall back on instead of spending every last dime on new projects."

Most feel Van Ginkel deals fairly and honestly with the people who approach the finance board.

"He doesn't play political games. He is very honest, which makes him so successful," Rob DeKoven, A.S. President said.

"He is the most effective vice president of finance that I've seen in my 10 years here. He relates well to people and takes the time to examine the problem to make an equitable decision," Susan Carruthers, A.S. business manager, said.

Van Ginkel isn't completely giving up on student politics, however. He intends to keep his position on the Aztec Shops board.

With a degree in public administration, he intends to work his way through law school as a weekend real estate salesman.

He expresses concern that his grades alone won't qualify him for a good Southern California law school, but his records in A.S. might.

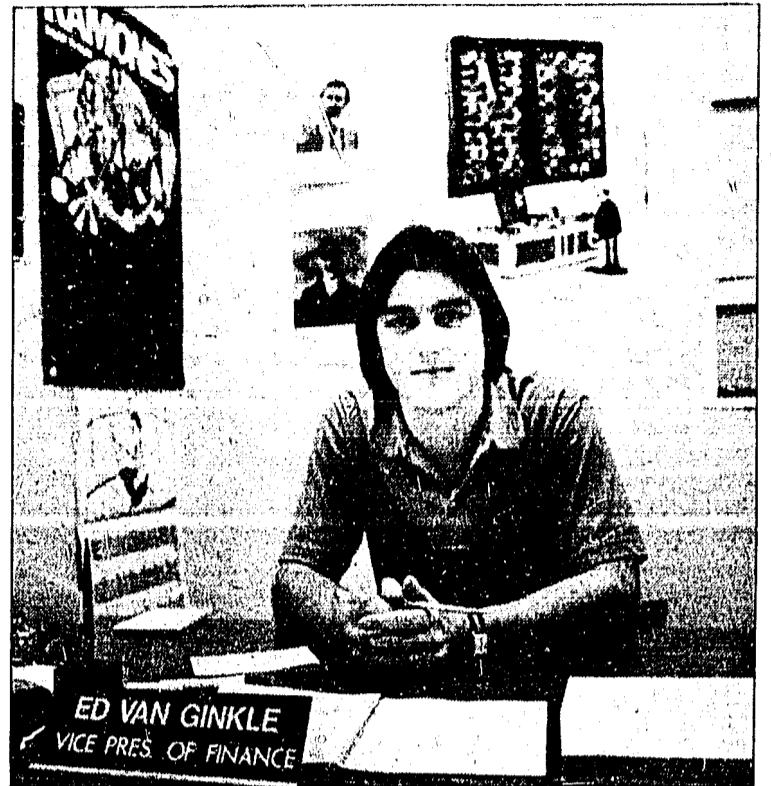
His experience in student government began with a two year stint as representative for undeclared majors. Then he twice ran unopposed for the vice president.

My opponents pulled out twice. If we had both spent the same amount in campaign money, I would have the advantage because I had name recognition and had not made enough enemies on campus," he said.

Before his term ends, Van Ginkel will propose a new bylaw that would change the structure of the executive officers' salaries.

Under his proposal, instead of granting \$3,000 to the A.S. president and \$2,000 to each of the vice presidents, he would increase the fixed salaries to be comparable to athletic scholarships.

"If you look at the cost of living, you know that the salaries can't cover the expenses. This is a full-time job and every student should have an equal opportunity to run for the office," he said. "Of course, I had to wait till the end of my office to do this."



Staff photo by Steve Whalen.

ED VAN GINKEL relaxes at his desk in the Associated Students' offices. Van Ginkel (note nameplate spelling) is leaving his post after two years as vice president of finance.

A.S. reps may be easier to find today

by Virginia Hennessey
Staff Writer

Students may find it easier to meet their A.S. representatives this semester.

Beginning today, the A.S. Council will hold informal pre-council hours on Wednesdays at 2 p.m., before the regularly scheduled 3 p.m. meetings.

"I want to make it easier for the students to come and talk to us as just one student to another," said president pro tem Dave Cranston who proposed the idea. He said the pre-council hours will also give the representatives a chance to discuss council business before they vote.

Cranston, an undeclared representative, has several ideas for

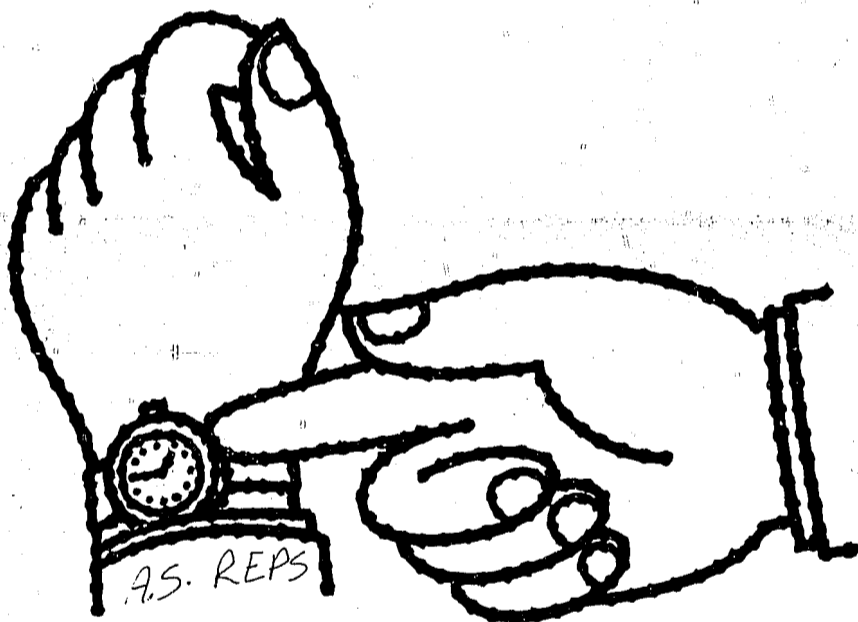
making student reps more accessible.

He has recommended that council members hold regular office hours and that those hours be publicized around campus. He has suggested holding brown-bag lunches where students could meet and discuss issues with council members. He would also like to see some council meetings held on campus lab lawn.

At least one council member, however, feels that Cranston's ideas won't change anything.

"These are not lightning bolt ideas Cranston has; they've been tried before and failed," said Steve Whitener, College of Professional Studies representative.

A.S. continues on page 8.



Speak easy

Should there be an alternative to the Moscow Olympics?



David Stilling, Business junior
The United States should have their own games. Either it should be something like the national sports festival or inviting all the nations that aren't going to Moscow. That's the only sensible thing to do . . . The best thing would be to have the Olympics moved and not have the Russians involved at all.

Margo Breuinsma, Mechanical Engineering sophomore
I see it as the end of the Olympics because what happens in 1984 is the Russians aren't going to come and if they have the free world Olympics, then it is going to end up just splitting between having the major sports events of the communists and the free world. If they do boycott the Olympics, it's just going to deviate from the whole meaning of the Olympics.



Michael Buckley, Psychology senior
I think that they should have the Olympics somewhere else, like Montreal. Most of the facilities are still good and it would be really easy to renovate everything and get it going again.

Robert Schwartz, Undeclared-freshman

I feel that since our athletes have already prepared so hard for this event that there should definitely be some kind of sports festival that they can participate in. In this way, they won't have to go home without showing their skills and doing their thing.



Sandi Smith, Business Administration sophomore
If they could have it in another country and leave Russia out of it. If they could get enough support to move some place else and still have the games going on and exclude Russia. I just don't know if they could get enough support from other countries to do that.

Photos by Chris Holme
Copy by Lorraine June

T.V.—best place for jobs

by Matthew Eisen
Staff Writer

The television industry is a great place to get a job, said a leading TV writer.

"I can't think of anything that's even a close second in the entertainment industry for openness of opportunity," said Gary David Goldberg, writer and creator of "Lou Grant" and "Last Resort."

Goldberg, an SDSU graduate, addressed the National Honorary Society in San Diego Sunday.

"Whatever job you get—sweeping up, going for coffee, working as a secretary—you've got to be the best at what you do to make people notice you," Goldberg advised. "The business is designed to move young people up," Goldberg said.

Goldberg gave some hope to those who see few chances of ever making it in the field.

"If you are a talented person, this business desperately needs you. In a matter of a year or two or three, or however long it takes, they're going to find you. There is nothing to worry about in that area."

Goldberg made the transition from student to successful program producer on the strength of his writing. He spent 10 hours every day writing, producing over 4000 pages of material by the time he tried to sell his scripts.

"Writing is the most wide open area. No matter what your goal is, if you can write, especially comedy, you'll be on your way. There are simply not enough people to write the amount of product television needs," he said.

Goldberg feels there are many myths that should be dispelled about the networks. He characterized them as "just a group of people trying to do a job. They are looking for people who can deliver a product."

Of the 1,000 series ideas proposed at each network, 150 pilot scripts are ordered, 40 are shot, and of those only eight will get on the air.

"The odds are so great against a show succeeding. Programming is so vital, where a show is seems as important as what a show is. Move 'Laverne and Shirley' or 'Angie,' and they die in other time slots," said the Emmy-winning writer.

Lawyers are the new power

KCR plans meeting and 'Chinatown'

KCR radio and Roger Hedgecock, county supervisor have planned several campus events today.

KCR's first general meeting of the semester takes place today at 4 p.m. in MS-207. The meeting will give students interested in the fields of public affairs, radio engineering, business promotions and disc jockeying an opportunity to get involved in the campus radio station.

At 7 p.m. Hedgecock will present the highly acclaimed film "Chinatown" in Casa Real. Tickets are \$1.00 for students and \$2.00 for general admission.

The screening will be preceded by a brief discussion with Hedgecock on the parallels between the film and San Diego's development.


brokers in the industry according to Goldberg. They work for the new writer-producers like Grant Tinker and Gary Marshall who supply the programs, he said.

"Ratings are so strong the networks have gotten very aggressive about going out and getting talent and committing them. For example Steve Cannel who created 'Rockford Files' is now at ABC and has a hit with his 'Tenspeed and Brownshoe.' A number of other writer-producers are under contract to the networks to supply products," Goldberg said.

Goldberg sees the comedy show trend continuing. They cost

relatively little to produce, are easy to syndicate and draw an audience that's attractive to advertisers, he said.

With the increasing number of new broadcasting and entertainment technologies, the use of video cassettes and video discs "could revolutionize the business, depending on the quality of the products," Goldberg noted. "I'm hoping they will open a whole new market, more specialized like FM radio. I think they and cable are the future, and maybe the networks will lose some of the control that they have, which will be good," he said.



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editorial

Grid seating draws cheer

The new seating plan for Aztec football games is worthy of a hearty cheer from everyone. It will help increase student enthusiasm at the games and strengthen financial support of the Aztec Athletic Foundation.

The plan has several parts. The most important one, from the fans' standpoint, involves switching the home-side section to the other side of the field opposite the press box and television cameras, combining student seating into one large section.

A more active student section should result from this creating an enthusiastic, collegiate atmosphere that will make this year's games more exciting.

Aztec games have not looked good on TV primarily because the students were out of view of the TV cameras. Moving the students out in the open will let the TV watchers know that there is support for the Aztecs.

This is not a new idea. Places like UCLA and USC have been using it for years. An extensive study by an Athletic Department committee could not find a single university that didn't have the students across from the TV camera.

Another step that should be popular with students is an increase in the number of student

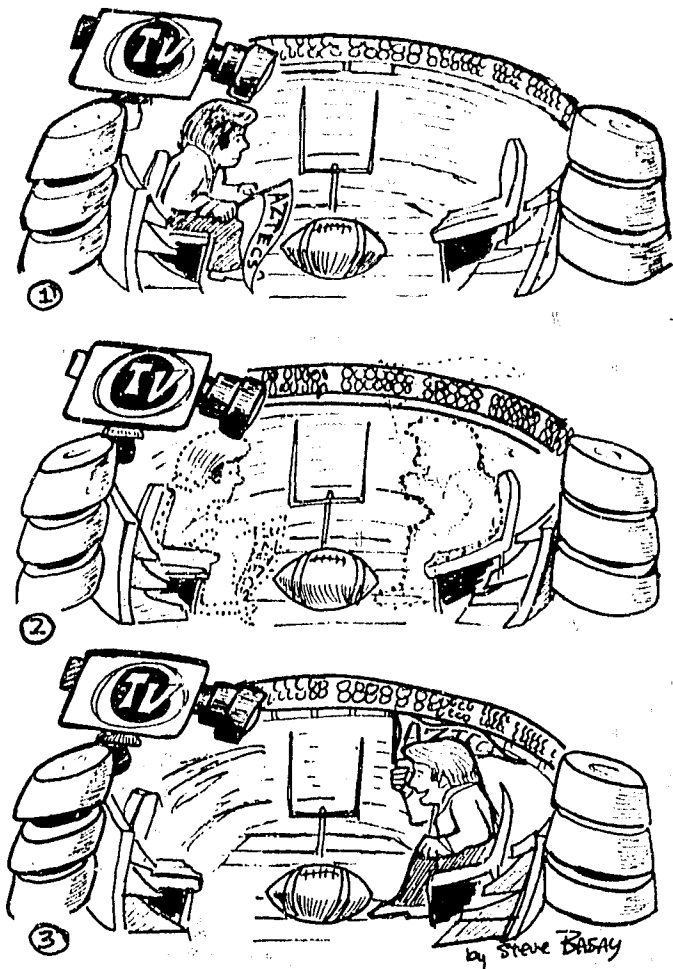
general admission seats. There has been a decline in the sale of reserved seats. The general opinion of those studying this problem is that students would rather choose who they want to sit with each week, and not be committed to one seat for the whole season.

Many season ticket holders will be displaced by these seating changes. The third major part of the plan would reseat these people on a priority basis, with highest priority going to the largest contributors to the Aztec Athletic Foundations. This "auctioning off" of some good seats is necessary to encourage vitally needed donations.

One other group given a high priority will be those fans who have held season tickets since 1972. This support of the most loyal fans is reassuring.

Some of the money raised by this proposal will undoubtedly be used to satisfy the Title IX requirements that men's and women's athletic programs be equally funded.

SDSU President Thomas Day is said to be in favor of approving the plan. If and when he does, Aztec fans should be able to give their game the support it deserves.



commentary

John (who?) Anderson enlivens race

by Mark Larson

Every four years, it seems, there's one presidential candidate who wishes to address the issues, take controversial stands and talk straight.

Whether you agree with him or not, the one candidate this year who said what he thinks and lets the political chips fall where they may is Illinois Republican John B. Anderson.

Anderson, 57, veteran of 19 years in Congress may show only a few percentage points in the polls, but gets nearly a 100 percent rating for tackling unpopular issues.

His most widely discussed stance is his proposal for a 50-cents a gallon gasoline tax. He says the tax would have two benefits. First, it would immediately reduce consumption about 7 percent. And secondly, Anderson would use the new revenue to cut Social Security taxes by more than half.

"This would give everyone an increase in take-home pay," he told U.S. News and World Report. "A person earning about \$17,500 a year would get a \$300 cut in Social Security taxes."

"He could drive 18,000 to 20,000 miles, paying a 50-cent tax

on each gallon of gas and still break even. But hopefully, people wouldn't use all of the tax cut to buy gasoline."

In addition to a reduction in Social Security taxes, Anderson's plan would give special tax breaks to businesses to offset added inflationary pressure put on them. And he would raise Social Security benefits for those more than 65 years of age who don't pay Social Security taxes, but who would be affected by the gas tax.

Anderson calls himself a "moderate," but is hard to label. He was the only Republican to support President Carter's Soviet grain embargo during the Iowa candidates' forum in January. He also supports a windfall profits tax on big oil companies if, and only if, the proceeds are used for alternative energy sources and to help the poor pay higher energy prices.

On other issues, Anderson doesn't favor a shutdown of nuclear plants; opposed the B-1 bomber; opposes the proposed MX Missile system; supported the deregulation of natural gas prices; supports SALT II; opposed the proposed Federal Consumer Protection Agency; supports talks in the Middle East with the PLO; and opposes peacetime registration for the draft.

Anderson is a strong advocate of women's rights. Contrary to his Republican opponents this year, he supports the Equal Rights Amendment and public financing for abortions.

After the National Organization of Women refused to endorse Jimmy Carter earlier this year, Newsweek reported, "NOW leaders also toyed with the idea of endorsing Republican John Anderson of Illinois, who has strongly backed feminist causes. But they didn't, partly because they thought he had no chance of winning."

Anderson is fiscal conservative. He doesn't favor national health insurance; opposed the Social Security tax increase in 1977; supports a lower minimum wage for teenagers to alleviate unemployment among youth; and he wants to limit the growth of the federal government by balancing the budget. But Anderson opposes a constitutional amendment requiring a balanced budget.

"I would not sit still for another \$30 billion deficit," he said. "Programs already authorized should be cut at least \$10 billion. We should have a law limiting the growth in federal expenditures to the growth-rate of the economy."

Anderson opposes giving the disposed shah asylum in the United States and was the only Republican candidate to support the President's Soviet grain embargo.

Although he is not a strong advocate of defense spending, Anderson sees America's problems in the world in a different light.

"I don't accept the argument that we are simply a second-rate power," he said on ABC's Issues and Answers. "I think it is the declining American dollar; I think it is our general weakness economically that has caused other countries to wonder whether or not we can any longer discharge the burdens of world leadership."

If anyone stood out among the six Republican candidates during the Iowa debates in January, it was Anderson. He often speaks with the zeal of a fire-and-brimstone preacher and recently placed second when congressmen were asked to name the most persuasive debater in the House of Representatives.

Anderson will at least make the dreary primary season lively. After his appearance at the Iowa forum, the Anderson For President offices were swamped with mail from people who liked his style and candor. But whether Republicans are ready to listen to him this spring is a different matter.

THE DAILY AZTEC

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The Daily Aztec is published Monday through Friday during the regular school session. The editorial (265-6975) and advertising (265-6977) offices are located in SS-135.

letters

Grad gives job advice

Editor:

I am an SDSU graduate in Environmental Design. For several years I have been asked by students of what use is a degree in this field. I have found some answers.

These answers came from exposure to the professional world of architecture I had while a student. As a student member in the San Diego chapter of the American Institute of Architects, I became involved in activities with professional architects who knew that jobs were available and what preparation was needed for

those jobs.

I have been the coordinator for a county-wide group of architecturally-interested students for several years. While at SDSU, I have posted all information of student interest about AIA events in the art lobby and other locations. Unfortunately, most students don't take advantage of these opportunities.

I can only say that the opportunity to work with professionals has been a rewarding experience for me. I feel confident about securing a job and establishing a career. This was only possible by knowing the reality of the professional world.

Byron W. Keener
Environmental Design graduate

news briefs

Grant apps due Feb. 11

Students and teachers who want to apply for a California bilingual teacher development grant have until Feb. 11 to do so.

The grants to help train bilingual teachers range up to \$3,000 a year for tuition, fees, books, and living expenses, depending on the applicant's financial need. They may be renewed for one additional year.

Juniors, seniors, grad students and certified teachers may apply. Winners are selected on the basis of financial need, oral bilingual skills and the ability of the applicant to become a bilingually authorized teacher in two years.

Fellowships available

Applications are available for California 1980-81 Graduate Fellowships. These applications are supplemental for the first time to the Student Aid Application for California (SAAC).

The deadline for applying for the fellowships, which provide aid for full-time graduate or professional study, is Feb. 11.

Law students must also attach copies of their Law School Admission Test (LSAT) to the application. Other students must request that test scores in their field be sent to the Student Aid Commission.

Awards for top students

Students with a 3.0 grade point average and an ability to communicate effectively with others, may be eligible for Rotary International Scholarships to study abroad.

The scholarships include

travel, tuition, fees, room and board and miscellaneous expenses for nine months of study. They are available in 183 countries around the world. Applicants must be able to attend university-level classes in the language of the country.

The undergraduate awards have a maximum age limit of 24 and the graduate and journalism awards have a maximum age limits of 28.

Other requirements include volunteer extra-curricular activities and a career objective tied to international study. Applications

are available from the Scholarship office, 265-6180.

Deadline for completed applications is Feb. 15.

Delays in law exams

Admission to law school may be delayed by problems in Law School Data Assembly Service processing by the Educational Testing Service.

Law schools have been made

aware of the problem which was caused by delays in the delivery of a new computer. ETS said that no students would be penalized for late reporting delays incurred by the company.

Because of the backlog, it is estimated that, at the current processing rate, there will be delays for about the next eight weeks.

If there are specific problems that cannot wait, students are advised to write to Law Programs, Newton, Pa. 18940. Please do not phone.

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FRIENDS (QUAKERS) unprogrammed meeting YWCA 4848 Seminole Drive San Diego, 10:30AM, Sundays. (30062)

VALENTINE'S DAY cards and gifts for special people! Logos Bookstore, 6512 El Cajon Blvd. (by Daisy's). (SDS 113)

NO OTHER CLUB offers quality business & social activities like the American Marketing Association (AMA). Students of all majors are invited to stop by BA433 for more info. (SDS 124)

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THE ASSOCIATED STUDENT announces openings for an Elections Coordinator, seven positions on an Elections committee, and one council position to represent the College of Engineering. The positions of Elections Coordinator pays \$300.00 per semester and would involve coordinating the spring semester A.S. Applications will be accepted until Friday, February 8, 1980. Contact Mark Ernster in the Associated Students office, lower level in Aztec center at 265-6571 for more information. (SDS 137)

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PERSONALS

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THE SIGMA PI brothers would like to thank the clam brothers for last Saturday night. Kevin & Doug D. (30097)

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LOST HIGH SCHOOL transcripts Original from Venezuela. Very important Spanish English translation Notify Beatriz Dominguez Phone 286-3486. (30063)

SAVE GAS-SHOP AZTEC CLASSIFIEDS

DOOR: Concert hall may be forced to close

Continued from page 1.

The Backdoor's philosophy probably won't change, Carruthers said. The club will continue to host minor artists and present events like "Hoot Nite," an amateur show which loses

money despite good attendance.

"I'm convinced we're going to do those acts and go with a subsidy," he said.

Along with its philosophy of presenting diverse and commercially high-risk acts, there are

other problems which keep the Backdoor in the red. A large part of the problem comes from having a student manager, Morton said.

"There are continuity problems. The manager here is new almost every year," she said. Often agents won't call the Backdoor because they don't know who the manager is, Morton added.

She contrasted this with the Cultural Arts Board, which is managed by Russ Wright. Wright has been with CAB for seven years and the agents know him, Morton said.

"The Backdoor needs a full-time manager, or at least two part-time people," she said.

Carruthers, however, indicated that the Backdoor would keep the present student manager system.


"We see the Backdoor as an experience for students. We want that position to turn over," Carruthers said.

He cited the inability of the Backdoor to provide extras—lodging, transportation, food—as a major stumbling block in booking big acts.

"We have a \$25 per act amenities budget," he said.

The Backdoor is also unable to pay the big guarantees being demanded these days by most acts, Carruthers said.

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SURVEY: Mail-in reg gets results

Continued from page 1.

From a student perspective, mail-in registration has meant less time standing in lines and more time to carefully choose classes.

Bob Williams, a business administration major said: "When I was in Syracuse University, I had to plan on spending at least four hours standing in registration lines. If the classes I wanted turned out to be closed, it was a mad scramble to find another course to replace it."

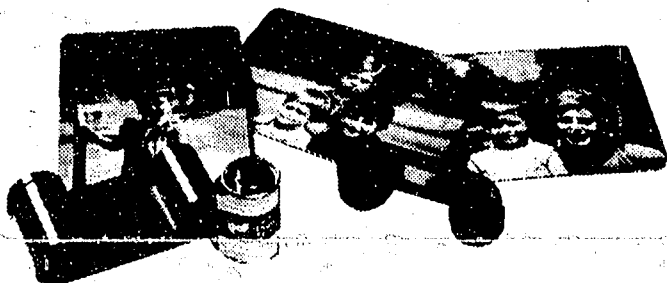
Williams also commented that the mail-in process offered a chance to see which courses were available before the add/drop period. Because of this, he was able to spend more time deciding what alternative courses he wanted.

"The whole idea behind mail registration is to make people happy," said McCornack.

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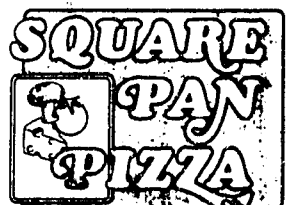
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DA-2

organizations

Advertising Club
Meeting 5 p.m. today in Scripps Cottage. Marketing director of S.D. Convention and Visitors Bureau speaks on "The Selling of San Diego."

American Marketing Association
Club days today and tomorrow on the 3rd floor of the B.A. building.

Aztec Field Hockey Team
Practice at 3:30 p.m. today on WG 700. Beginners welcome.

Aztec Ski Club
Meeting 6 p.m. today in Aztec Center, rooms C, D, E, F. New members welcome.

Aztec Wrestling Club
Meeting tomorrow at 9 p.m. in Peterson Gym Wrestling room.

CAL Grassroots Council
Meeting Friday in Aztec Center K and N. Spring '80 budget session.

Campus Y
Three new sessions start today: Jazz Dance, 3:30 p.m. in Aztec Center, Casa Real; Aikido, 7 p.m. in Peterson Gym; Growing with Herbs, 7:30 p.m. in the Wesley Foundation.

Conflict Simulations Club
Meeting Friday 11 a.m. to 6 p.m. in Aztec Center conference rooms B and G.

Criminal Justice Student Association
Meeting 5 p.m. to 7 p.m. Thursday in Aztec Center, Presidential suite.

Disco Club
First dance 8 p.m. Friday in Council Chambers. Free. For more information, call Patti, 298-3784.

Finance and Investment Club
Meeting at noon Friday in B.A. 401.

Gay Student Union
Meeting 8 p.m. Monday in Aztec Center rooms I and M.

Jewish Student Union
Welcome back barbeque 5:30 p.m. today at 5742 Montezuma. For more information call 583-6080.

Latin American Studies Student Organization
Meeting at 7 p.m. tomorrow in Aztec Center, Casa Real. A member of the executive committee of Amnesty International will speak.

Luso-Brazil Club
Carnival at 7 p.m. Saturday in Scripps Cottage. 50¢; free w/costume.

Mortar Board
Meeting 6 p.m. today in annex.

North American Indian Student Alliance
Elections at 4 p.m. Thursday at student house on Hardy Avenue.

Pi Kappa Alpha
Meeting today at Pi Kappa Alpha house.

Political Science Students Club
First meeting 4 p.m. Monday in LE 348.

Pre-Veterinary Club
Meeting 7 p.m. Thursday in Aztec Center Council Chambers.

Psychology Colloquium
Speaker at 4 p.m. today in Physics 145. Subject: Cognitive functioning in schizophrenia.

S.A.M.
Sign up for information on club days. 3rd floor B.A. building.

Samahan
Meeting at noon today in Aztec Center, Conference rooms D and E.

SDSU Ski Team
Meeting 6 p.m. today in Aztec Center rooms I and M.

Special Education Department
Meeting at 7 p.m. Monday in Scripps Cottage. First in a series of four workshops will begin Monday. Developmental disabilities and mental retardation will be discussed.

Waterski Association
First meeting of spring 8 p.m. today in Aztec Center, Presidential suite. Guest speaker and films.

Women in Communication, Inc.

Women's Studies
Lecture at 1 p.m. today in SS 100. Allison Rossett speaks on "Whatever Happened to Dick and Jane." New Views on Women series.

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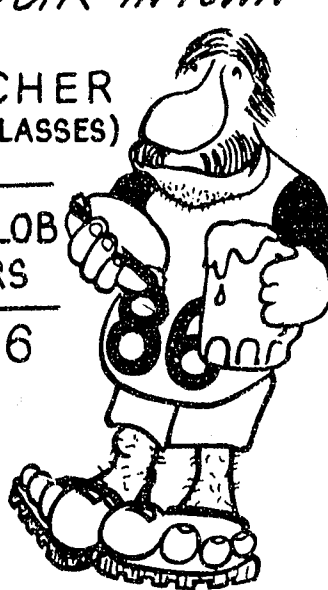
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A.S.: Reps accessible to students

Continued from page 3.

"I can't even believe he's sincere in believing that they would bring in a mad rush of students," Whitener said. "I held office hours last year and I don't think a single person showed up."

Cranston, himself, is not sure his ideas will make a difference in student involvement.

"It would depend on student reactions and how council goes about implementing them," Cranston said. "It also depends on what issues come up. 'High visibility issues draw more attention.'"

Whitener agreed with Cranston that controversial issues would have to come up to really spark student attention.

"The only time you can involve students is when things are bad," Whitener said. "No one has any reason to care when things are good. If the students knew how much of their money we spend wastefully—they'd get involved."

Business representative Ron Lakin feels that getting a lot of students involved isn't necessarily the key, although he believes Cranston's ideas should be implemented.

"All we want to do is to get a few more good people involved in Council," Lakin said.

He feels the key to student involvement is at the grassroots level.

"I'm in a different position than the other council representatives because I'm from the College of Business and our Grassroots Council is much more effective than any other," Lakin said.

He said he keeps close to his constituents through the Grassroots Council.

Refreshments for the pre-council hour and publicity for representative office hours will be paid for out of the campus and community relations fund, which is financed by Aztec Shops and the SDSU foundation.

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NCUA



sports

Both men and women cagers defeated

by Greg Hanlon
Staff Writer

The Aztec women's basketball team suffered a heartbreaking defeat to the USC Trojans, 65-62, in the Sports Arena last night.

Leading, 62-61, with one minute remaining, the Aztecs saw Kathy Hammond of the Trojans sink a 20 foot jumpshot to put her team ahead. San Diego State's Laura Dione had a chance to tie the game with a free throw with 22 seconds but the ball bounced off the rim to USC.

The Aztecs then trailed USC in the standings as their record dropped to 3-3 in league play and 18-7 overall.

The Aztecs travel to Pauley Pavilion Thursday to take on the UCLA Bruins.

The balanced San Diego State

scoring attack was led by Marsha Overton who contributed 16 points, followed by Darlene Winter with 15, Laura Dione 12, and Judy Potter 11.

The score was tied five times in the early going, then USC went on an 18-10 burst taking the lead 36-26 with four minutes left. The Aztecs went on a burst of their own, scoring the final seven points of the half, and cutting the USC lead to 36-33.

San Diego State took the lead in the second half, 50-49, on a fast break layup after a steal by Overton. The 5-8 guard from Riverside played well scoring consistently from the outside along with Winter.

The Aztecs shot well from the field, hitting 48 percent of their shots, but that wasn't enough to

contend with a torrid shooting display by USC with 62 percent.

Point guard Dione contributed six assists and five steals while center Porter grabbed nine rebounds for the Aztecs.

Despite a 41 point effort by freshman Eddie Morris, the San Diego State men's basketball team dropped a 98-86 decision to the Runnin' Rebels of the University of Nevada-Las Vegas at the Sports Arena last night.

Morris, the sharp shooting sixth man of the Aztecs, turned in a sparkling performance hitting 20 of 25 shots from the field and one for two from the free throw line.

Morris' 41 points ranks him third on the all-time San Diego State single game scoring charts behind Kim Geotz.

The Aztecs hung close to the Rebels in the early going but gave way to a superior team. The Rebels, now 17-3 on the season and 10-0 against Western Athletic Conference teams, built a 52-36 lead at the half and held it throughout the second period.

The Aztecs, 5-16 on the season, travel to Hawaii this Saturday. The loss to Nevada-Las Vegas is the ninth straight loss for the Aztecs and the 12th straight win for the Rebels.

Point guard Tony Gwynn also had an excellent night for the Aztecs as he tied a single game record with 18 assists while also scoring 12 points.

Intramural entires due

The 1980 men's and women's intramural basketball season is on the starting blocks with entries due this Friday.

Leagues are still open in both men's and women's divisions. Five-man leagues of "A", "B", "C" and dorm divisions are available almost every day of the week, with five-women teams playing Tuesday and Thursday evenings.

Team entries cost \$22, and payable at the Intramural Sports office. Individuals who want to play but find themselves without a team may enter alone for \$2 and be placed with an appropriate team.

Also nearing sign-up deadline is intramural coed softball, which is a popular intramural sport. Entries for this event are due Feb. 22 with play beginning Feb. 24. Teams are composed of five men and five women who must alternate by sex in the playing field and in batting order. Team entries cost \$25 and individual costs are only \$2.

Due Feb. 15 are racquetball entries. There will be both singles and doubles competition. The cost to enter is \$2 per person.

Entries can be obtained and fees can be paid at the Intramural Sports Office. Call 265-6424 for further information.



Staff photo by Joel Zwick.
EDDY GORDON of the Aztec basketball team releases his frustrations against Dan Vranes of Utah State in the Aztec's 103-81 loss in WAC play.

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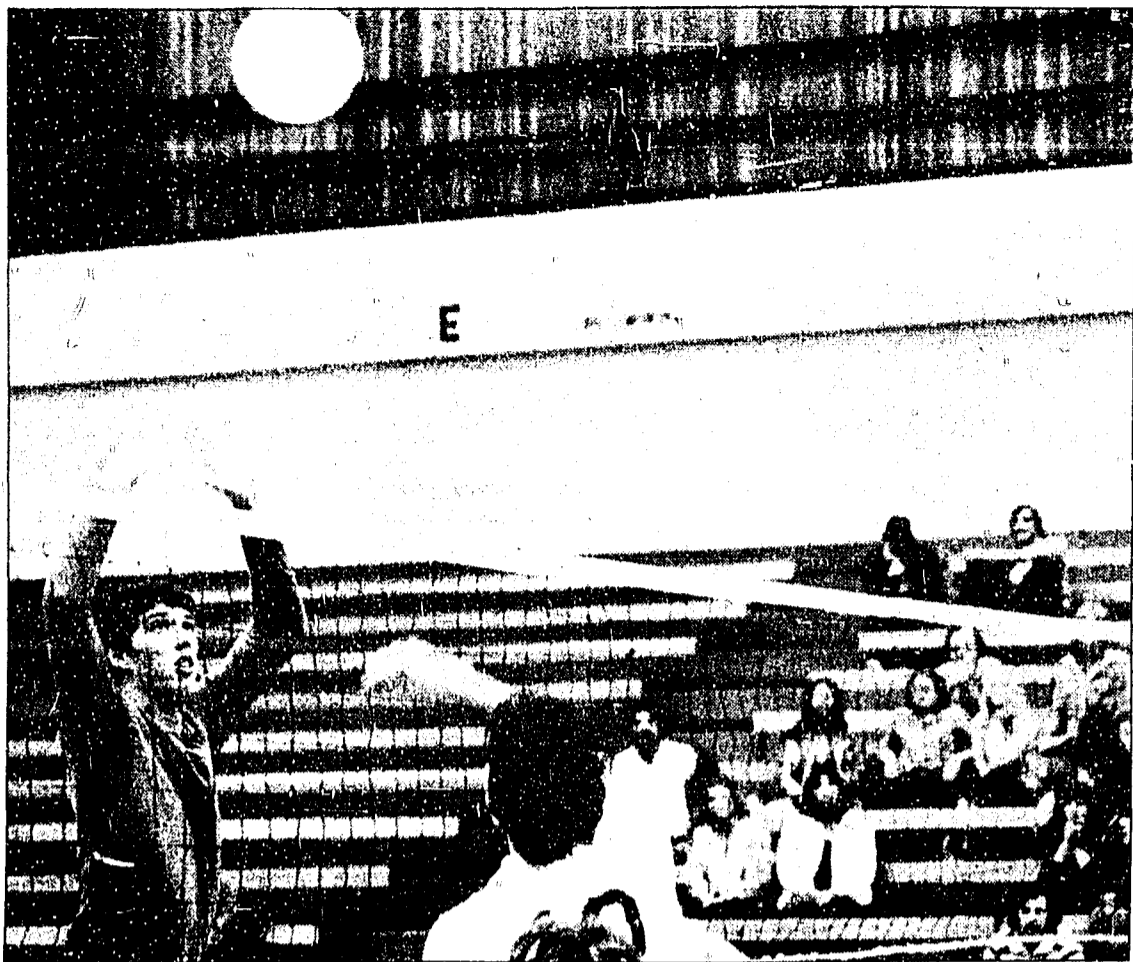
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Staff photo by Robert Field Bremner.

MIKE DODD goes up to block a shot in a recent game. The Aztecs will host Pepperdine tonight at 7:30 in Peterson Gym.

Lacrosse team set for opener

The SDSU lacrosse team is preparing for its season opener against Arizona State at Tempe, Arizona which takes place on Feb. 16.

The Aztecs, in their fourth year of competition, will take on the University of Arizona Feb. 17 in Tuscon. Their first home game of the year will be on March 19 against Oregon State University.

Attackman Mitch Fenton led the Aztecs in scoring last season with 30 goals and 15 assists. He was named to the Southern California All-Star team along with defensemen Larry Caterino and Cliff Prausa.

Newcomers Pete Pagoulatos, Phil Neal and Carl Johnson are expected to add more balance to the offensive attack.

Returning from last year's defense will be Levon Akashain and John Robertson, along with transfers Lee Benelli and Tom Beltran. Doug Blaul will handle the goalie position.

Prausa, the only returning All-Star, will be moved from defense

to midfield to hopefully add strength to a weak part of the team.

He will be joined by Marty Donegan, Dave Platt, Tim Abel, Chuck Schiele, Dean Shabsin, Paul Kineke and Marc Cortess.

The Aztecs will be without last season's top scorer, Mitch Finton, who graduated last year. Fenton led the team with 30 goals and 15 assists.

In the 1979 season, the Aztecs finished at 2-11. They hope to improve on that mark this year.

The home schedule this year will feature the third annual Spring Lacrosse Classic with contests against such schools as Colorado State and Arizona State.

Correction

An ad in Monday's sports section incorrectly stated the date of the Aztec-Pepperdine volleyball game.

The game is scheduled for tonight at 7:30 at Peterson Gym. It is also poster night.

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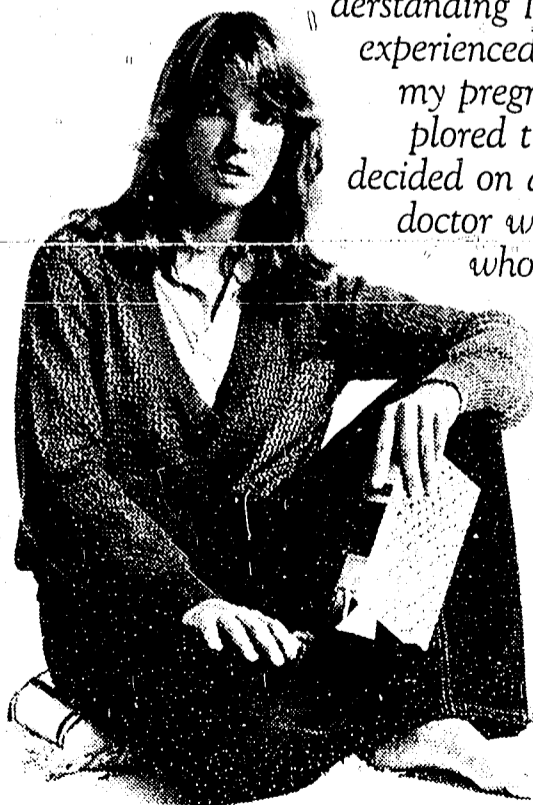
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Redondo pleased despite loss

by Robert Krier
Sports editor

Men's tennis coach Skip Redondo didn't think his team had any chance against Pepperdine. He was right. His team was crushed 8-1.

However, the coach was still pleased with his team's performance.

"I'm happy because all of the individual scorers were very

close," Redondo said. "We didn't expect to be close at all."

"Pepperdine has three of the top 20 players in the nation. Eddie Edwards, their No. 1 seed, is ranked No. 2 in the nation. Their bottom three players were also nationally ranked as junior players.

Edwards had no trouble disposing of SDSU's Vali Moezzi,

winning 6-1, 6-0. Kenny Goldman came up with the only win over Redondo's squad, a 6-4, 6-4 victory over Shot Shurreh.

In the other competition, Dave LaFranchi lost 6-3, 6-4 to Rocky Vasquez. Brian Sours was defeated by Jerome Jones, 6-4, 6-4; Graham Robertson was edged by John Van Norstram, 7-5, 7-5; and Don Gilbert lost a heartbreaker to

Greg Jones, 7-6, 7-5.

Moezzi and LaFranchi lost a close doubles match, 7-5, 7-5 to Vasquez and Mike White. Also in doubles play, Sours and Robertson lost to Shurreh and Jerome Jones, 6-4, 6-4, and Gilbert and Goldman were beaten by Garth Haynes and Hector Ortiz, also 6-4, 6-4.

Redondo doesn't see any

changes in the Aztec's seeding in the near future.

"LaFranchi and Goldman are playing our best singles tennis right now," Redondo said. "LaFranchi has also teamed up well with Moezzi in doubles play. I think we're gradually improving."

Thursday, the team will travel to the University of Irvine for a 1:30 p.m. match with the Anteaters. The Aztec's are still looking for their first win of the year.

Cal State Dominguez will be SDSU's first home opponent on Friday at 2:45 p.m. Redondo's squad will then face Bakersfield College Saturday at 10 a.m. at home.

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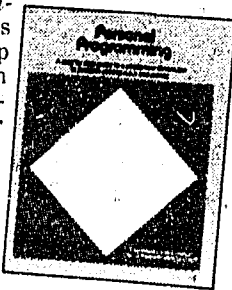
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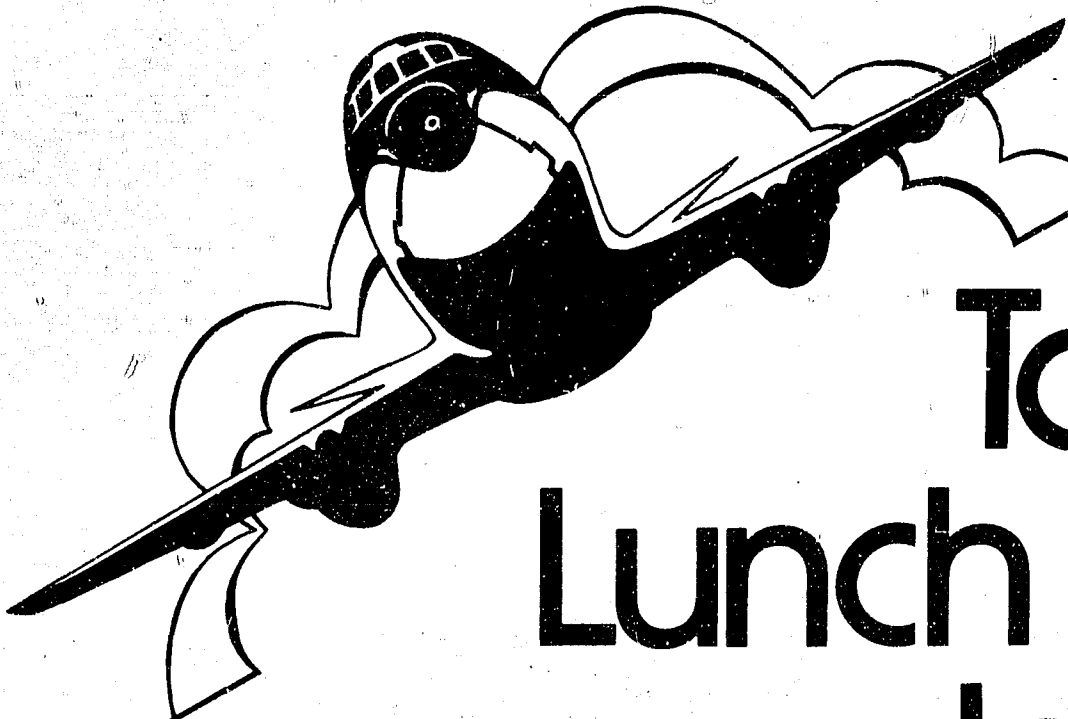
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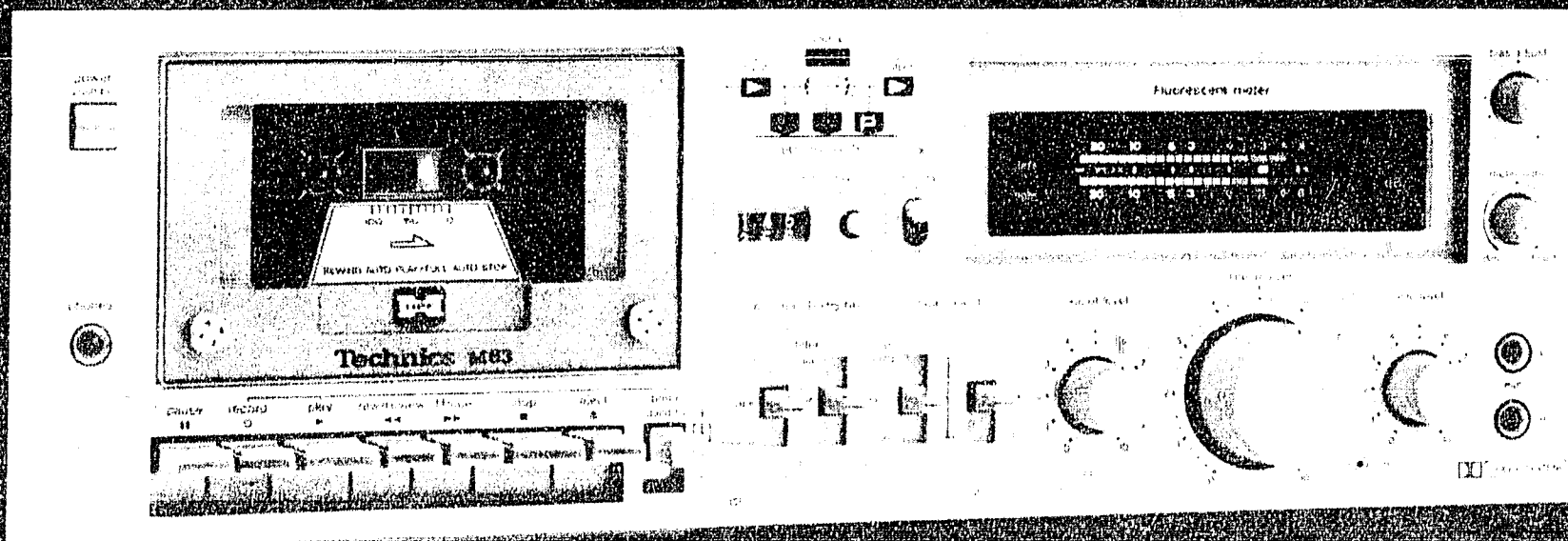
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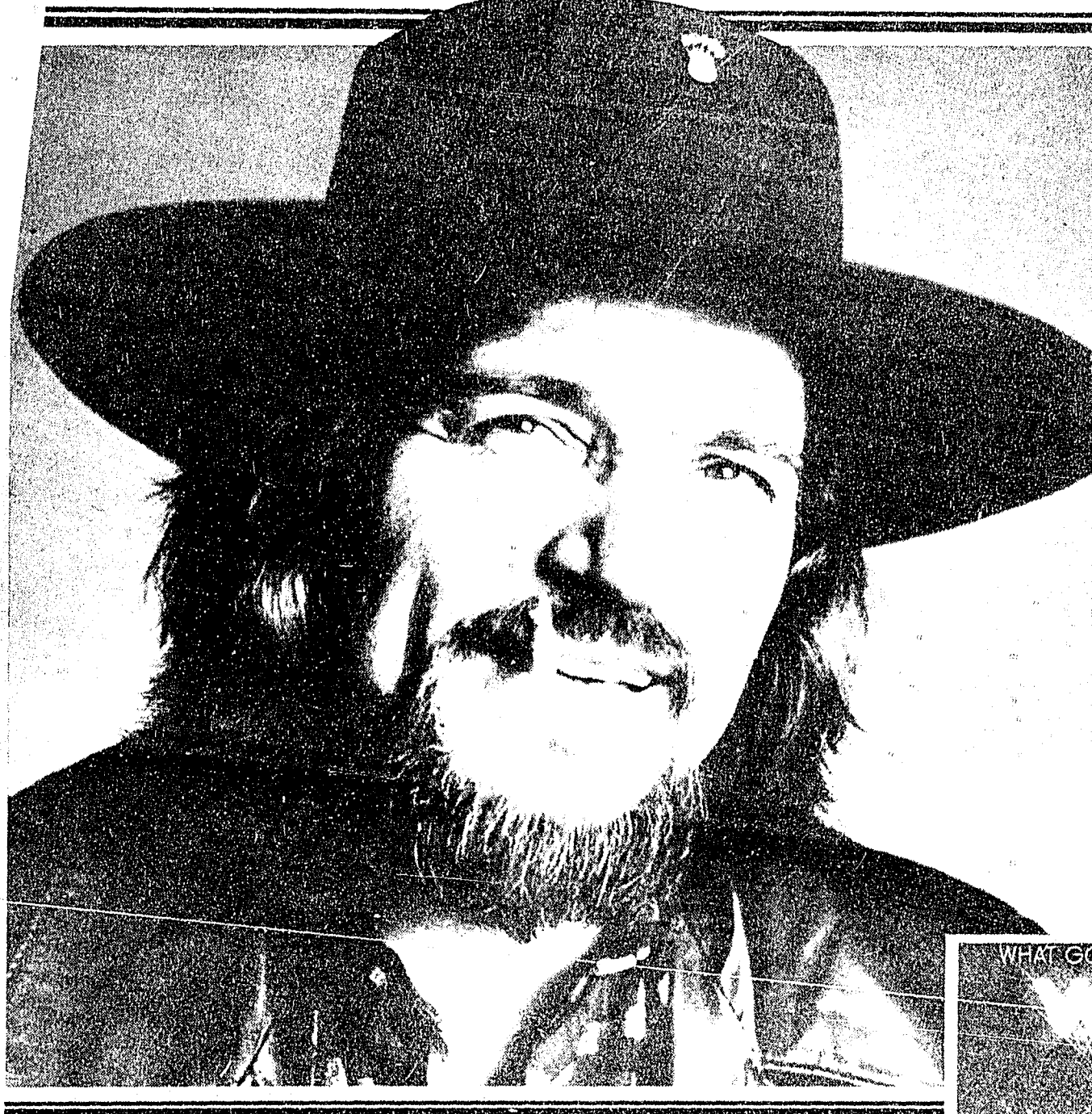
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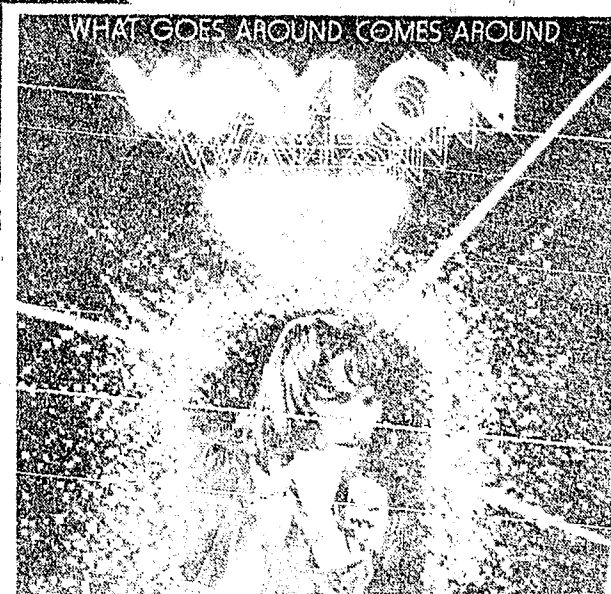


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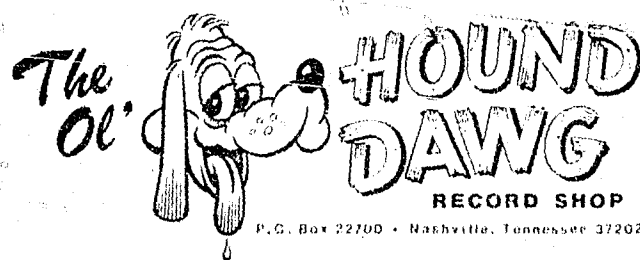


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New Contributors

CRAIG MINDRUM, an unknown Bloomington, Indiana resident, scholar, writer, and poet of some talent but little ambition, is most famous for his delusion that he may someday make a mark in the world.

HENRY KIMMEL (On Screen), a self-proclaimed multimedia freak, with an academic and professional background in film, radio and television, describes himself as "the Harold Stassen of the entertainment world."

JOHN LIEBRAND (On Disc) is a reporter for the O.U. *Oklahoma Daily*, where he broke the news that members of Kiss buy Stridex pads and tweed suits, Chinese food and pre-sweetened cherry Kool-Aid.

JOHN MENDELSSOHN (On Screen), an acerbic Los Angeles free lancer, was once near-famous as a rock drummer (Christopher Milk), but we like him anyway.

ANN SUMMA (On Tour) is by day an employee of the Los Angeles Times; nightfall transforms Ms. Summa into Crystal Vomit, which Summa/Vomit describes as "Blondie with their credit cards confiscated."

CRAIG ZEROUNI (On Tour) majors in computer science at the Santa Barbara campus of the University of California. He's also Arts Editor of the *Daily Nexus*, UCSB's newspaper.

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IN ONE EAR...

Have you had any news on the excitable boy of late (Zevon, I mean)? I'd like to hear more from, about, whatever. Anyway, thanks. I'm going to sleep.

ANNIE GERARD
COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY
P.S.: I looked *all over* for your crude contraception ads — where *are* they?

Zevon's Bad Luck Streak in Dancing School will emerge about the time you read this; as for those ads, one ran in the October, another in the November issue.

As a Plasmatics fan, I thank you for the brief mention in the December *Ampersand*. However, it's rather f---d up of you to write that their music is "uniformly awful." Punk music may not be what your reviewer regularly listens to, but it's certainly my favorite noise, and I can tell you that the Plasmatics play *excellent* punk rock.

W.O.W.'s overt sexuality may offend the ignorant masses, but I find the covert sexuality that infuses American culture (e.g., T.V. shows with jiggle factor appeal, suggestive disco album covers, and advertising as a whole) much more offensive.

M. CLARKE
SAN FRANCISCO, CA

Martin Clifford's stereo article in your November issue would have been more aptly titled "Shovelling It in Both Ears." Is he really suggesting that a side-by-side comparison of speakers in a dealer's demo room is a useless test? If so, he must have chosen some interesting gear for himself (if he does indeed have his own stereo) by relying on "manufacturer's promises."

MATTHEW CUSTER
CHAMPAIGN, IL

If Bonnie Raitt would work as hard at finding a "cause" to believe in as she does at making good music she wouldn't have had to wait so long after Vietnam. After reading your December story on her I am surprised that she had enough energy to organize the MUSE concerts. She obviously hasn't had the strength to turn past the front page of her newspaper in several years; it took a headline like Three Mile Island to get her attention.

What's going on? Has everyone forgotten the refineries that "belch smoke into the sky," the coal mines that "doom our miners to an early grave," and all the other phrases of not long ago? You Coast people (East and West) make me sick. You drove the energy companies crazy with your protests and petitions back when environmentalism was the fad, and now you've moved on to protest nuclear energy. Well, we still have those coal mines. Men still die in them. We still have those refineries. I choke on their fumes!

I was raised in Texas and now I'm in school in Oklahoma. I'm the one that has to smell the smoke of the refineries. In September a young child was killed when a petroleum storage tank blew up near her house in Wynnewood, OK, just 50 miles south of here. She *DIED*! Who's next, me?

My parents? My little sister? Yes, we will need more dams if we stop building nuclear stations. Yes, solar energy *does* work, but can we run our industries on it? As a mechanical engineering major and a member of the Oklahoma Solar Energy Association, I can answer that one: NO WAY. Advanced solar engineering techniques for huge factories are still in the future; it'll be my job to develop them.

I suggest Bonnie and her friends take energy conservation and home solar practices as their cause and stop trying to tear down the systems that generate the electricity for thousands of American stereos that play her albums.

ANDY TAYLOR
UNIVERSITY OF OKLAHOMA

I just finished reading the December 1979 issue of your fabulous magazine and found it to be interesting, provocative and full of information (as usual). But in this issue, I was very disappointed in your biased treatment of nuclear energy.

On the cover was the statement, "No Nukes Is Good News" and just two pages into the magazine there was a full page ad for the new album, *No Nukes*. Then, in the Bonnie Raitt interview, twenty-five percent of the article was devoted to her opposition to nuclear energy. Why wasn't an authority on nuclear power consulted to give an opposing viewpoint in another article? Why ruin all of the fine news on music with your slanted views?

I am currently enrolled at Purdue University in a double major, Biochemistry and Pre-med. This would seem to suggest that I'm concerned with the health and well-being of people. But I am an ardent supporter of nuclear energy, which I feel is less of a safety hazard than autos, drugs or alcohol. Please, desist in your unfair treatment of "Nukes" for the benefit of us all.

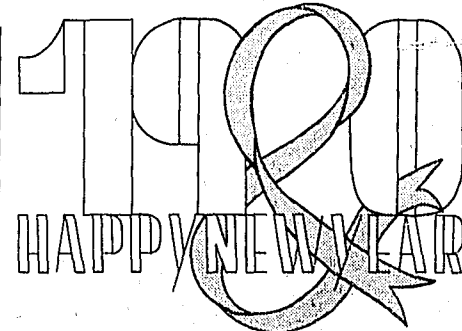
JONATHAN T. AGEE
WEST LAFAYETTE, IN

Ever since the release of the movie *Breaking Away*, I have been cursing movie reviewers for their ignorant references to a fictitious institution called "the University of Indiana." I was chagrined to see the same "oversight" in an unobtrusive list of new contributors on page four of the December *Ampersand*. So Terry Gioe is a med student at the aforementioned University of Indiana, is he? In so claiming, the *Ampersand* copy desk has relegated Mister Gioe to the Twilight Zone. I strongly suspect he's actually alive and well and attending Indiana University. (We're the ones with the basketball team, remember?).

SANDY CLEM
INDIANA UNIVERSITY

Yes, we know that now; Gioe has already complained. God, we're sorry; we're so sorry, you can't imagine how sorry we are. Real sorry.

Come on, *Ampersand*! Where is your class? Your cheap shot at Norman, OK, is uncalled for and unappreciated.



One of the many Happy New Year Ampersands of the Month, this is by Rebecca McLaughlin of Greenbelt, Maryland, a graduate student in film at the U. of Md. She earns \$25, as can any clever, artistic genius who devises a unique Ampersand, neatly, using black ink (no ballpoint) on stiff white paper.

Attention Michael Upham and Mark J. Wagner: send us your current addresses so that we may pay you.

I can't help but worry about the future of your magazine (which, I might add, up until now I had looked forward to each month with great anticipation) when I begin to find such blights on your pages.

MARGARET FRENCH
UNIVERSITY OF OKLAHOMA

Whaddaya mean, blights? We said 4-H badges seemed more suited to Norman, Oklahoma than pasties, glitter and other Kiss accoutrements. 4-H badges are wholesome and good; why, Ampersand's editor-in-chief owns several from her misspent youth. Where do you come off knocking 4-H? Are you an American?

You too can curse us, praise us, and squeeze us, but do it in letter form, please. Send complaints, opinions, questions to In One Ear, 1680 N. Vine Street #201, Hollywood, CA 90028.

IN HERE

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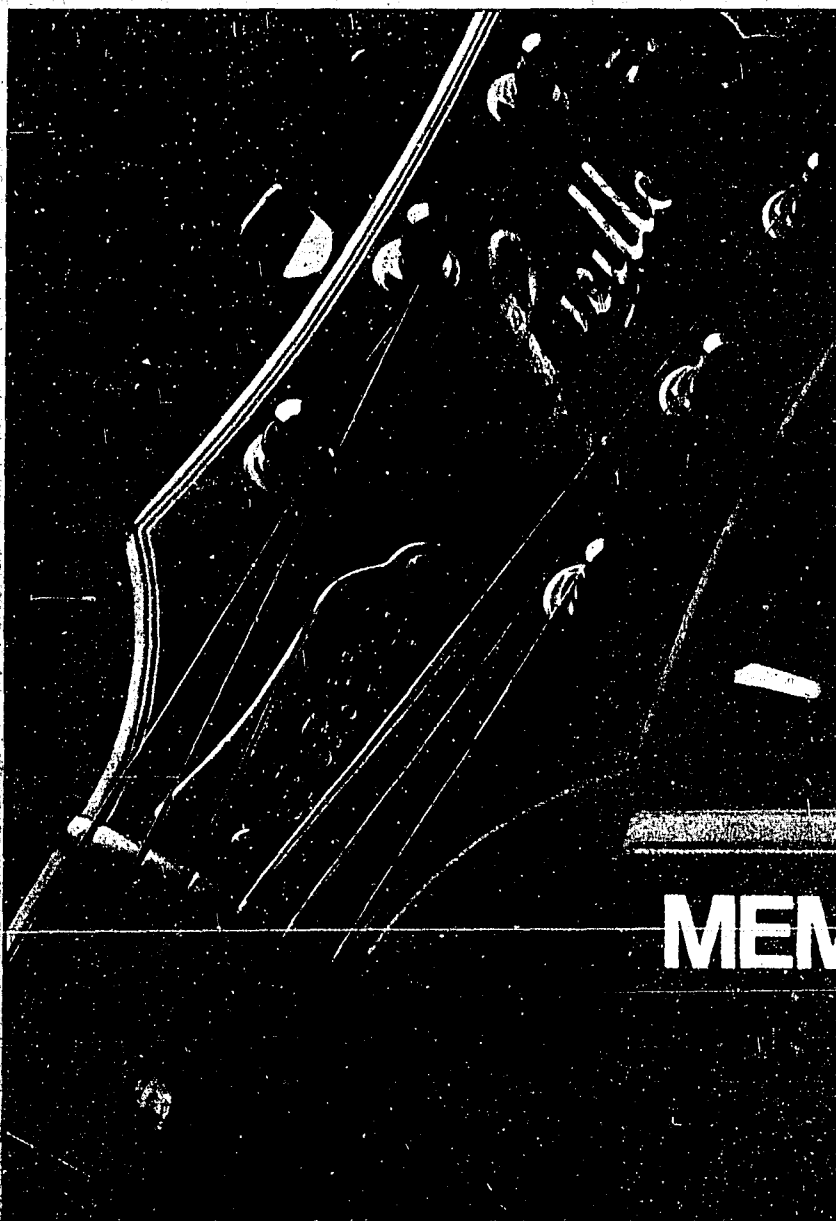
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OUR COVER

The glorious Wilson sisters of Heart, captured on film in Seattle by Clyde Keller.

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& OUT THE OTHER

Future Terror

GOOD NEWS, horror freaks, we won't have to wait another ten years for George Romero's next film. It won't be his promised third in the trilogy of Living Dead zombies (after *Night of the Living Dead* and *Dawn of the Dead*), but don't despair, he'll still be terrifying and revolting. Romero will direct films based on horror fantasy novelist Stephen King's books *The Stand* and *Creepshow*. King also wrote *Carrie*, *Salem's Lot* and *The Shining* (latter due from Stanley Kubrick this year); *Dead Zone*, his latest, has taken up residence on several national best seller charts. About this collaboration King has supposedly said, "George and I want to see if it's possible to just scare people. Big time fear!"

Fox Woman

SHERRY LANSING is the first woman ever to hold the position of President of a major film company—20th Century Fox, where she is now in charge of film production operations. Lansing, 35, a former actress and math teacher, was senior vice president at Columbia Pictures until last November; while there, Lansing supervised production of *The China Syndrome* and *Kramer vs. Kramer*. At Fox she replaces Sandy Lieberman, who was hired only last August to replace Alan Ladd, Jr. who, with several other execs, bolted Fox to form his own company. For awhile it seemed the only people left at the studio were the switchboard operators.

Rock On

BECAUSE THEY LIKED his version of the classic Barrett Strong rocker "Money," New Year's Eve fans at the Starwood in Los Angeles showered Tulsa rock near-star Dwight Twilley with handfuls of the real stuff. Added up to \$30.00 at daybreak. Which is probably more than he got from the Starwood.

THIN LIZZIE gets a little fatter: after Gary Moore was kicked out of the group last year, Midge Ure filled in for the duration of the tour, altho his heart—and his contract—committed him to Ultravox! Lizzie now has a relatively permanent replacement in Snowy White, familiar to some from Pink Floyd. Ure, meanwhile, is moonlighting from Ultravox as sometime keyboarder with Thin Lizzie, and Phil Lynott, who never left Lizzie, will make a solo album.

America the Beaut

FUNNYMAN STAN FREBERG (perpetrator of hit novelty records in the Fifties like "Day-O" and "Payola Roll Blues") is supposedly set to make a film of his album, *The United States of America*, a late-Fifties bit of genius called a "satirical revue especially created for records," words and music by Freberg; the album contains unforgettable ditties like "Take an Indian to Lunch This Week," "Top Hat, White Feather and Tail" and many more. It even had tap dancing. Although Freberg intended a three-part

history of America he made no subsequent installments.

Detecting

FREDERICK FORREST, the handsome hulk in Bette Midler's bed in *The Rose*, will star as Hammett, after the book of the same name that has mystery writer Dashiell Hammett solving an off-page mystery... Audrey Hepburn, Ben Gazzara and John Ritter (now there's a trio) will star in *They All Laughed*, about three private detectives in New York "on an unusual assignment." Written, produced, and directed by Peter Bogdanovich, who hasn't had a hit since *Paper Moon* in 1973... Jeff Goldblum, who made a big impression in *Invasion of the Body Snatchers*, will star with Ben Vereen in an ABC-TV series called *Tenspeed and Brownshoe*, about two unlikely partners in a detective agency (and it's reportedly good. On ABC?)

Casting Pearls

BO DEREK (ha! knew that would get your attention) will next appear in *Change of Seasons*, a college-oriented drama starring Anthony Hopkins and Shirley MacLaine as a professor and wife who swap partners with student Bo and her boyfriend. And hey, college kids, here's yet another movie about college kids: *Train to Terror*, starring Hart Bochner (from *Breaking Away*), Jamie Lee Curtis (from *Halloween*) and Ben Johnson, is about a group of college students who board a New Year's Eve excursion train bound for an unscheduled destination... death (drum roll, please).

Spring Schedules

MAYBE TV will get it right: *Guyana: Mystery of the Century*, a film based on the Jonestown massacre, was made last year but never released (questions of taste, we're told). Now CBS has announced a mini-series about the same subject, titled *The Mad Messiah*, starring Powers Booth as Jones; due in the spring.

LOUISE LASSER, of whom not much has been heard since the demise of *Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman*, will appear on several college campuses this spring. In "An Evening with Louise Lasser," she'll talk about herself, show some film clips, answer questions, etc.

No, God

WE PRAY this isn't a trend: Marty Feldman's new movie, *In God We Trust*, "wildly irreverent" (if we're lucky), is finished, but it's not the only religious demi-epic comedy on the horizon. John Denver will do a sequel to *Oh, God*, titled *Oh God, Oh God; Wholly Moses* will take on the Old Testament, and *K-God*, a wretched low-budget quickie, deals with a religious television station. Two serious religious movies also loom: *Resurrection*, starring Ellen Burstyn and Sam Shepard, and *Revelations*, with Sally Field. For us, we'll find a rerun of *Life of Brian*, thanks all the same.

Never, Never Land

THAT'S NO ROBOT, that's my wife: Barry Ira Geller, who's written the screenplay for the film version (he'll also produce) of Roger Zelazny's *Lord of Light*, isn't content merely to make a science fiction film; his is gonna be huge! So huge the sets will end up as a theme park near Denver, Colorado, called Science Fiction Land, and the whole schmeer, movie and park, will supposedly cost more than \$450 million—\$400 million for the park and \$50 million for the flick. The park, three times the size of Disneyland, will feature rides, holographic structures, a bullet train and assorted dinner theaters. Beam us down and out.

Our Town

SIGHTED ON Santa Monica Boulevard, somewhere between the Tropicana Motel and Flipper's Roller Boogie Palace: a gay roller skater, FM radio headset clamped to his carbones, stylish saddlebags slung over his shoulders, being pulled through a busy intersection by a tan, enormous, galloping Great Dane. You wouldn't see that in Norman, Oklahoma, would you now?

Our Culpa (Again)

IN OUR LAST ISSUE we accused Katherine Orloff, who wrote the Willie Nelson article, of also writing a book called *Women in Rock*. She didn't write that book; she wrote *Rock 'n' Roll Woman*, in which she interviewed Ronstadt, Simon, etc. This dreadful error was obviously a pre-holiday prank by one of those elves that's always coming in here and twisting our words.

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Glenn Silber

Barry Brown

The War in Madison

BY DOUG MOE

In 1948, when *Life* magazine chose Madison, Wisconsin as America's "best place to live," no one had heard of Viet Nam except missionaries and geography majors. When Viet Nam exploded into prominence, Madison — America's best place to live — soon became a war zone in its own right.

The war in Viet Nam has been the subject of many major motion pictures; now a pair of independent producers have turned the "war" in Madison into a film: a feature-length documentary entitled *The War at Home*.

Through the use of taped interviews and actual television news films, *The War at Home* recreates Madison as it was in the Sixties: first tranquil, then torn apart by violence as peaceful anti-war demonstrations erupted into full-scale riots.

The film was co-produced by Glenn Silber and Barry Brown, whose company, Catalyst Films, also produced *An American Ism: Joe McCarthy*, which was televised by the Public Broadcasting Service (PBS) last April. *The War at Home* will also air on PBS sometime this spring, but it is now being shown in selected theaters nationwide.

The idea for *The War at Home* came from Silber, a former University of Wisconsin-Madison film student. Inspiration came in 1973, when Karl Armstrong, an FBI "Ten Most Wanted" alumnus, was coming to trial for the bombing of the Army Math Research Center on the UW-Madison campus.

"I felt there was a media blackout of the Armstrong trial," Silber says. "Not so much in Madison, but nationwide. So I shot a lot of videotape to record it."

Silber then set the project aside for a time, but came back to it in 1975, after seeking advice from other documentary filmmakers. Barry Brown, a young actor-director (he appeared in *Joe and Flesh*) with roots in the theater, was enlisted, and the two began the long, exhaustive and expensive process of putting together a movie.

"You've got to be willing to gamble," Silber says. "We were poor when we started and got poorer as we went along. I ended up selling my car and even my projector." Another time, Silber was forced to store film in his mother's refrigerator because he lacked the money to process it.

Their early research yielded an important discovery: a former Madison newsman, Blake Kellogg, had donated a large amount of television news film to the Wisconsin State Historical Society. Most of this film was not relevant



The National Guard facing the enemy in Madison in 1967.

to the project, but there was some stunning footage of the anti-war riots of 1967-68. This footage — a grim circus of tear gas, Mace and beatings — emerges as the most gripping aspect of *The War at Home*.

Almost as important as the research was the need to raise money. In this era of \$40,000,000 motion picture extravaganzas, the young filmmakers' needs were small, yet Silber says they were forced to spend "an exasperating amount of time raising money." Finally a grant was obtained from the Wisconsin Educational Television Network, and that sparked further donations.

"It seemed like it took forever," Brown says, "but we knew we were onto something good."

Whether the mass audience will agree with Brown is another question. The film was a big hit in Madison, playing to enthusiastic sell-out crowds, but then some in the audience could probably see themselves on the screen. Away from Madison, the "hero" status accorded the anti-war demonstrators — who did their share of trashing and looting — might not be so well received. Silber, though, denies this suggestion.

"We think the film has a balance," he says. "We think it is

an honest film. Of course, all films are biased to a certain extent — everyone has their own point-of-view."

The list of those interviewed for *The War at Home* reads like a Who's Who of the Midwest anti-war movement. Former Madison mayor Paul Soglin and his aide Jim Rowen each tell a large part of the tale. Nationally, among those featured in film clips are Ted Kennedy (heckled relentlessly in a speech in Madison), Hubert Humphrey and Robert McNamara.

The most controversial figure interviewed is Karl Armstrong, still in prison for the 1970 bombing of the Army Math Research Center — an ill-fated protest which resulted in the death of a young researcher (whose name is never mentioned in the film).

Brown explains, "I think Karl is a heroic figure. He's a symbol to many people. He was striking back — what he did was what a lot of people felt."

With six years invested in their film, Silber and Brown obviously have high hopes for it on a national level. The film has shown or will be playing in Madison, Milwaukee, Minneapolis, San Francisco, Boston, Chicago (at the Chicago International Film Festival), and Washington, D.C., where it will play at the American Film Institute to commemorate the tenth anniversary of the national moratorium against the war. In addition, *60 Minutes* recently approached Silber about a possible segment showcasing the film (for which Catalyst would receive a cool \$50,000).

Already, the two mainsprings of Catalyst Films are casting an eye to the future. Brown is leaning toward filming a comedy, while Silber speaks of attempting a "docudrama" based on the *Progressive* magazine case. (Perhaps they could float a comedy about the First Amendment?)

For now, of course, their main concern is *The War at Home*. Making a film is one thing, selling it to the public another. Especially a film concerned with one of the blackest periods of our recent history.

William F. Buckley once remarked that the Sixties, as a decade, ran from 1965-1974. Not coincidentally, those are the years at the heart of *The War at Home*, a worthy attempt to catch an unforgettable decade on film.

Doug Moe is a freelance writer based in Madison, Wisconsin. A failed bartender and beach bum, he turned to writing when it became evident he would never master the Windsor knot or any other common business practice.

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Heart Breaks, Heart Aches

BY MARK CHRISTENSEN

"Uhm... what you hear is not clean. No. But very dirty. Just an illusion of cleanliness." Kelly Curtis, the diminutive and articulate lieutenant manager of the redoubtable Heart, looks past the bullet hole in his office window and out to the sidewalk where two kids on ponyback are delivering a copy of the *Seattle Times*. Curtis is bent over a portable tape machine the size of a shoebox, playing some pretty nervy rock and roll, early recordings from Heart's new album. It is winter outside and when one of the stocky brown newsponies turns its long head to look in at Kelly Curtis, its breath jets from a nostril and steams the window.

Kelly looks up. He's got about a million things going at once. His phone rings and rings. He punches the recorder off and picks up the receiver. Seconds pass. "Yeah... yeah... no... maybe... look, man, really, I'd like to help you but right now things are too far behind. Ann and Nancy have been havin' terrible problems with their boyfriends, we're gettin' pressure from the execs, from the producer, from the money guys, from their parents, from everybody. We got an album to get out and we're way behind. Too much stuff is happening too fast... yeah... 'kay... bye." He drops the receiver back on its cradle and says, "Now where was I?"

I say, "The new tape."

"Yeah." He nods and punches the machine back on. We hear "Break."

"...there's a crack in the plan, after a while

there just ain't no more Magic Man, I

gotta need I gotta know, tell me the truth who

is

running this show?"

That's the dark and impetuous Ann Wilson singing, fans. Now that Grace Slick has been dry gulched by either booze or boredom, Ms. Wilson can lay honest claim to being the greatest WASP woman belter alive. Too, her ensemble Heart is nothing if not the greatest bar band under the NATO umbrella and, if judgment is possible on basis of four tapes culled from their recording sessions this fall, their latest album may eclipse even their epochal debut effort, *Dreamboat Annie*.

But about those lyrics. "That's kind of a touchy subject," Kelly concedes. "When you talk to Ann I'd handle it with care." You see, the problem is, there is a *Magic Man*. The creature exists. In the form of either Michael or Roger Fisher, Michael having formerly served as Annie's beau and his brother Roger having left Nancy Wilson's side

months ago and the band itself only a few weeks ago.

To complicate matters, Ann's slender, extra-comely younger sister Nancy—a woman who looks like all of Charlie's Angels put together—just broke up with her current boyfriend also. He's Mike Derosier, Heart's drummer. Nancy is the band's mainstay on rhythm guitar and, the Mary Hartman aspects of the Wilson's dilemmas notwithstanding, my next question is inevitable.

Hearing it, Curtis shakes his head. "No. No way. All this emotional stuff will not affect the health of the band. The band's changing, but it's as healthy as ever. Mike's here and Roger's gone, but his leaving will have no effect on the band or the new album. Listen." He turns up the volume on the tape. "This doesn't sound clean, like I said, because it's a dirty unfinished recording. What it really sounds is live and energetic, not clean at all." We sit and listen to "Bebé Le Strange," the album's title cut. It's a rocker, the guitar work steely, dynamic and unadorned. True, there is evidence of Heart's repetitive signature; the band tends to cannibalize its past now and then, but by and large this tape is a killer.

The cop told the guy: Okay, so religion didn't work, rock and roll didn't work, so try a beer." Ann Wilson, rock torch, is seated in the lobby of Kaye Smith Studios in downtown Seattle. Elbows on knees, chin on palms, she's telling a story of suspense: how a couple of years ago when the band was on tour and staying in a hotel room in "Somewhere, USA," she got a call from the police in New York City. A "white



Heart leader Ann Wilson (above and top right) and her sister Nancy (left) work on their next album in Seattle with band members Fossen, Leese and Derosier (right).



CLYDE KELLER

male Caucasian" was holding his mom at knifepoint and was threatening to slit her throat unless he got to talk to Ann in person. Or at least over the phone. It seems he had plans for her. Big plans. He's divined that she was to be his White Witch. And Nancy was the Black Witch. Or something like that. "Anyway," Ann explains, "the police had a priest there, but the priest couldn't reason with the guy. So one of the cops offered him a beer and that calmed him down. Cop talk is funny, though. The way they described him to me. Not as a guy. Not as a nut. But," she leans forward, "as a white, male, Caucasian."

In the studio's lobby we are surrounded by totems of Heart's past success. Gold records galore. Their first album, *Dreamboat Annie*, went—in the argot of the trade—"triple platinum." Their next, *Little Queen*, sold two million copies, and their third effort, *Magazine*, an album that was released against their wishes, sold over a million copies within three weeks of its release in April 1978. *Dog and Butterfly* followed, shipping, as they say, solid gold. With more than fifty people in their direct employ and with more than ten million records sold, Heart has it made.

Earlier Curtis had showed me slides of the band members *Mission Impossible* style. They appeared individually on a screen in a conference room above the recording studio. First, drummer Mike Derosier: tall, woolly headed, handsome, he has the build of a small forward in the NBA. He's a nice guy, a collector of cars. He nearly got killed a couple of months ago when the band was touring in Japan. Part of Heart's

stage roofing fell on his head during a concert. He's been with the band since 1975.

Next, bass player Steve Fossen. Fossen has the kind of hipless pencil-slender physique that seems common only to rock and roll musicians. A founder of the original band, he's taken Heart's success in stride. "It's made me even with the world; I've been able to pay my debts and enjoy myself."

Then Howard Leese. For this photo session Howard wears a tight shiny jump suit that reveals a large part of his somewhat chubby chest and stomach. Howard's got long, lank blond hair and is a little slack jawed, so he looks like a Batman's jaded, faded cousin from Miami Beach. Within the group, however, Leese draws tremendous respect. The master of Heart's now extremely complicated keyboard setup, Leese is largely responsible for taking lyrics and melodies provided by Ann and Nancy and translating them instrumentally. Musically, he is the band's prime organizer.

Now for the sisters themselves. Stand back. Ann appears on the screen, twice life size, dolled up like a three-hundred-dollar hooker. She mugs. Her lips are crimson. A steep V of cleavage is revealed. Something else, too: real gravity. This woman looks strong like boof! And Heart is, as the rock press tells us, Annie's band.

Nancy's last on the screen. Whether in person or on camera, she's a knockout; she has the angelic, almost deadpan features of a younger Jean Shrimpton. Even without a hundredweight of cosmetics troweled on their mugs, these

women look like a Hollywood glamour rock wet dream come true. They're stunners.

Heart is a white, middle-class American music phenomenon of the first water. The Wilson sisters, both healthy, *Vogue* magazine-good looking, polite and probably sane, are, in fact, a weird affirmation of life in suburbia, just as Ricky and David Nelson were a half generation ago. All of Heart's current members grew up in the bucks-up bedroom communities surrounding Seattle.

Asked how she defined her initial success, Ann rejoins, "Being able to pay cash for a Porsche." She adds that one of her future plans is to "write a rock and roll novel that portrays people in the business honestly. Not all as a bunch of degenerate, decadent pill-popping jerks." Then it's safe to say that she spends little time putting money up her nose or, God forbid! in her arm.

She laughs and her eyes go extravagantly round. "Money up my nose? In my arm? Wouldn't that hurt? No, that's not for me. I've got too many other things to do. It took us a long time to get where we are and none of us want to blow it."

The band began as the Army in 1963 and consisted of bassist Steve Fossen and the Fisher Bros. They were high school dance specialists who ascended to the saloons as soon as most of the members were old enough to drink. The Army became White Heart and finally, circa 1967, Heart. They drew on Led Zeppelin, the Stones, the Yardbirds, the Kinks, et al. The Fords and General Motors of British rock. The Wilson sisters

(Continued on page 19)

Look Back in Angst

GOODBYE SEVENTIES

Now that everyone else has retraced, retrod and reconsidered the Seventies, it's our turn. Herewith, our observations and remembrances of that decade of yore, those ten years that seemed like twenty, so dull while they were happening and so fascinating now that they're gone. Well, some of it was fascinating: it was an eventful decade for politics, a snore for entertainment; our cars got smaller, our movies bigger, the dollar got very small, and music became an anaesthetic. So, in no particular order, we bid a relieved farewell. The Eighties will have to be better, right? Right?

MOVIES

Not such a hot decade for black films, what with Blaxploitation flicks like *Shaft*, *Superfly*, and *Blackula*; *Mahogany*, *The Wiz* and *Lady Sings the Blues* gave Diana Ross something to do; and *Claudine*, *Souther* and *The Great White Hope* were exceptional exceptions.

Special effects in films became ever bigger, more dazzling, gorier. The "What's left?" salute to *Star Wars*, *Carrie*, *Alien*, *Jaws*, *Apocalypse Now*, *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*, *Star Trek*, *The Black Hole*, *The Exorcist*, *The Omen*, ad nauseum.

The Seventies also marked the first time pornography became chic, evolving a whole new subculture of suckers and -uckers like Linda Lovelace of *Deep Throat* and Marilyn Chambers of *Behind the Green Door*, not to mention gaping-pink photographs in *Hustler*, *Chic*, *Penthouse*, *Gallery*, *Viva*, *Oui*, *Club*, and even venerable *Playboy*. For them all, a large, curly, perma-placqued public hair.

And, dare we forget, the Seventies gave us a new cinematic genre, the Disaster Movie, starting with *Airport '70* and continuing with *Airport '75*, *Airport '77* and *Airport '79*—*Concorde*, plus *The Poseidon Adventure*, *Beyond the Poseidon Adventure*, *The Towering Inferno*, *Swarm*, *Earthquake*, *Hurricane*... but we survived them all.

PINTO EXPLODING GAS TANK AWARD

To Three Mile Island, the Mexican oil spill, Japanese and Russian whalers, the Big Four auto companies for failing to meet air pollution standards, and the Canadian government for refusing to curb slaughter of baby seals.

BOOKS

We wanted to improve ourselves and we bought the books to prove it: *Any Woman Can*, *Joy of Sex*, *Total Fitness in 30 Minutes a Week*, *Winning Through Intimidation*; I'm OK, You're OK; *TM*; *The Total Woman*; *How to Be Your Own Best Friend*; *Open Marriage*; *Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex (But Were Afraid to Ask)*. And

more, but we're afraid to remember. For the first time, we read something called the fictionalized novel (also known as *Twisting the Truth for One's Own Ends*), in which real people were casually mixed in with made-up people; *Ragtime* did it first, followed by a glut including *The 7 Per Cent Solution*, *Hammett*, *Beecher*, *The Public Burning*, *The Executioner's Song* and most recently, *The Brethren*. Plus a few others we don't or won't remember.

Novels earned millions for paperback rights, starting with E.L. Doctorow's *Ragtime* (purchased for \$1.5 million, it then had the bad taste to bomb in softcover); at decade's end, the record paperback sale was held by *Princess Daisy*, \$3.4 million, which has yet to be written by Judith (Scruples) Krantz. Seventies hardcover biggies: *Jonathan Livingston Seagull*, *Love Story*, *Bermuda Triangle*, *Looking for Mr. Goodbar*, *Passages*, *Jaws*... no wonder the illiteracy rate is climbing.

Record of the Decade: *Sticky Fingers* by the Rolling Stones.

Runners up: *Hotel California* by the Eagles, *Layla* by Derek & the Dominoes.

Movies of the decade: *Godfather I & II*.

Song: "Night Moves" by Bob Seger.

Books: *The Women's Room*, *All the President's Men*.

Remember: Rolling Stone endorsed Jimmy Carter in 1976.

Outstanding terrorist groups (four-way tie): the IRA, the Red Brigade, Baader-Meinhof, the P.L.O. Runners-up: Symbionese Liberation Army, Ku Klux Klan.

Most boring fugitive of 1974: Patty Hearst.

Worst new cocktail: Jonestown Punch.

Best Compromise solution: send them half the Shah.

Worst diseases: Swine flu, Spiro Agnew.

Most mileage from one comedy routine: Steve Martin.

Most mileage from one tomb: King Tut.

Most mileage from one word: Robin "Nanoo" Williams

LET THEM EAT CAKE

The major American oil companies logged an 89 per cent overall profit increase over the decade; the American and Canadian paper industries had a 60 per cent profit increase; the late Emperor Bokassa of the Central African Empire, bankrupted his country for his extravagant coronation; and good old OPEC keeps barreling along.

TV OR NOT TV

Television gave us a few firsts these past ten years: the mini-series, which began with Leon Uris' *QB VII*, went on to *Roots* and *Roots, the Next Generation*; *The Scarlet Letter* on PBS; *Rich Man, Poor Man*; *Backstairs at the White*

House and seemingly dozens more (with dozens more to come). We were also served the docu-drama as a new TV form, as in *The Search for Patty Hearst*, *The Scottsboro Boys*, *Dummy*, *The Raid on Entebbe*, *The Missiles of October*, *Tail Gunner Joe*, *The Pueblo Incident*, et al. But best of all, the British came through with Masterpiece Theatre (*Upstairs, Downstairs*; *Poldark*; *The Forsythe Saga*; *I, Claudius*; etc.) and the Shakespeare plays. The flowering of PBS, in fact, is probably the single cheeriest note in TV's past ten years; it more than makes up for ABC's dominance of the ratings with *Laverne & Shirley*, *Three's Company*, *Charlie's Angels* and similar trash.

MUSIC

There was no Next Big Thing in music. No new Elvis, no new Beatles. No one artist or group to characterize the decade.

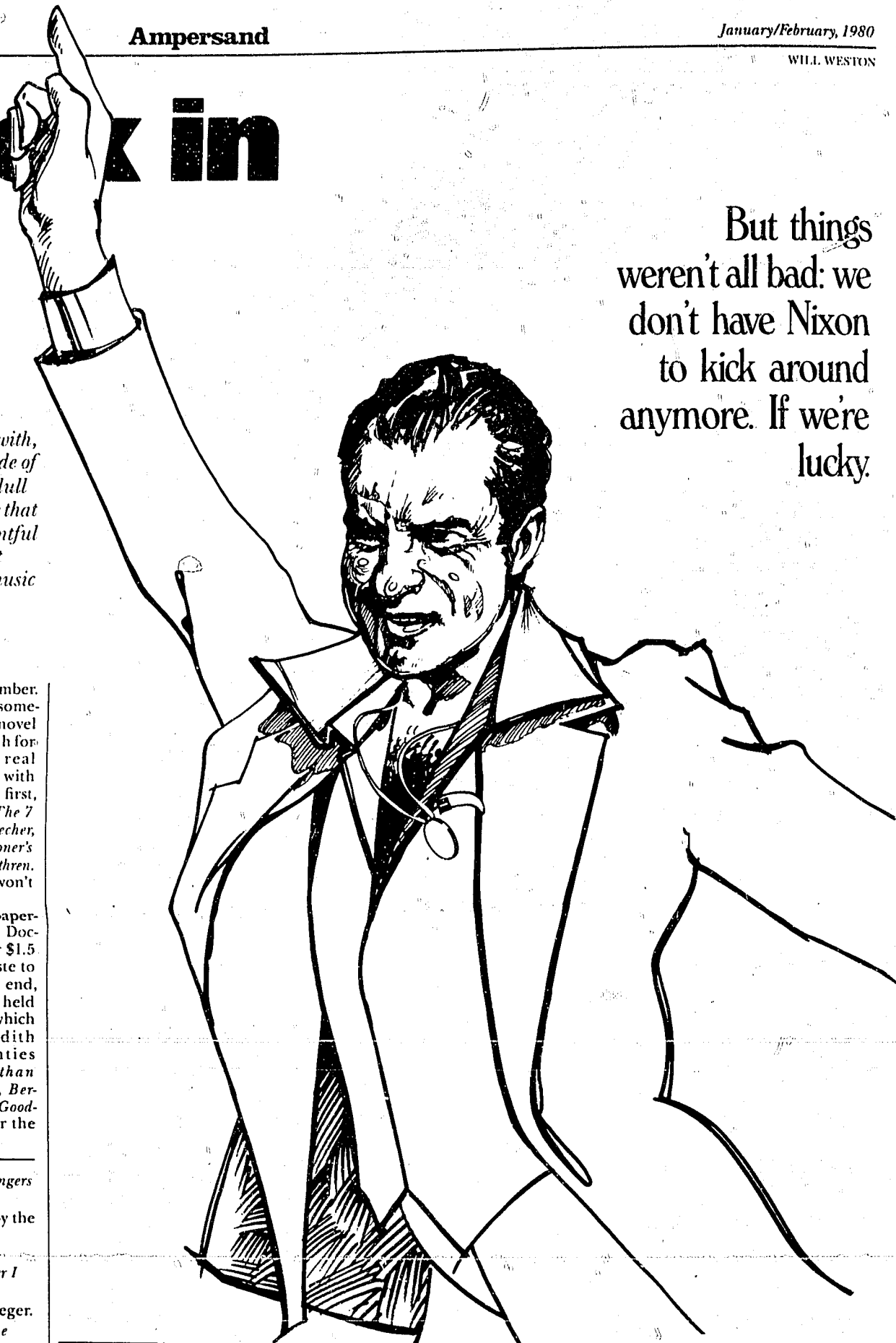
But things weren't all bad: we don't have Nixon to kick around anymore. If we're lucky.

Music had its share of spectaculars, too, when flashing lights, fogbanks and sheer tonnage of equipment pounded us into submission (oh, there was music too?). To Kiss; Emerson, Lake and Palmer; Earth, Wind and Fire; ELO; Alice Cooper and others, the "Enough Already" award.

70'S STATUS SYMBOLS

Mercedes 450 SL (chocolate brown), cocaine, designer jeans, gold chains, \$50 haircuts, Gucci, digital watches that require two hands to find the time, Perrier, Betamax.

Event most likely to characterize the decade in the history books: Nixon's Resignation. Event most likely to live in infamy: Gerald Ford's pardon of Richard Nixon.



Hey we're not selfish; we're sharing this end-of-the-decade silliness with our contributors and assorted college newspaper entertainment editors. We asked the former to give us the Decade's Ten-or-so Best in six different categories; from the editors we requested 25-words-or-less essays on what the Seventies meant to them. Sixteen contributors from both coasts and in between found their mailboxes in time; of the paltry six essays that arrived, four were from Oklahoma. Must have something to do with the absence of 4-H activities in that state.

Contributors' Picks

Albums

This category elicited no less than 125 album titles, proving -- as do the subsequent categories -- that our contributors are an independent lot with diverse (one might even say scattered) tastes. The most-listed album: *Born to Run* by Bruce Springsteen (six people agreed on it). Runners up: *Blood on the Tracks* by Dylan, *Dark Side of the Moon* by Pink Floyd and *Never Mind the Bollocks, Here's the Sex Pistols* (four each). Only one vote for *Rumours* and two for the *Saturday Night Fever* soundtrack (so who's buying all those records?).

Recording Artists

Ninety-one artists were listed, and it's a three-way tie: Bruce Springsteen, Rolling Stones and the Who, 7 votes each. Elvis Costello and Brian Eno earned five each; Bowie, Dylan, Iggy Pop and the Sex Pistols chalked up four each.

Personalities

not actors or recording artists

Pretty dismal, folks. Of the 93 people listed, Muhammad Ali wins with 6 votes, followed by a second place tie between Howard Cosell and Richard Nixon.

One contributor nominated his father in this category (aw); still another mentioned his Pet Rock, another the Pillsbury Doughboy... it was a lousy decade.

Actors

Only 64 nominations here, Jane Fonda the clear winner with 10, followed by Jack Nicholson, 9, and Dustin Hoffman and Al Pacino and Robert De Niro, 7 each. Nixon received one vote in this category, as did Morris the cat.

Films

No surprises here, either. *Annie Hall* took top honors with 9 votes, followed by *Manhattan*, 6; and *Godfather I*, 5. *Godfather II*, *Star Wars* and *Clockwork Orange* earned four each out of the 79 films listed.

Events

The current event always looms larger than the old, so the Iran crisis wins here, with ten votes (only 55 events were tendered, making this the least inspiring category). Watergate and Three Mile Island came in second with 9, and the U.S. withdrawal from Viet Nam received 8. One contributor thought Woody Hayes belting one of his players was significant, and another mourned the defeat of the Cubs.

*I spent the decade
sliding down the sharp
edge of reality's blade.
Then I fell into the
chopped onions.*

JOAN CUCCIO
NORMAN, OK

*Leaving the seventies
I'm an individual. I
make commitments
and avoid trends.*

DEBRA ROTH
AMHERST, MA

*The seventies made me
aware of my own mor-
tality. One moment,
Elvis Presley was fat,
happy, and full of dope.
Then he's dead.*

JOHN LIEBRAND
UNIV. of OKLAHOMA

*The seventies -- all
dressed up and
nowhere to go.*

TODD WEBB
UNIV. of OKLAHOMA

Plan for 80s World Peace

Gather together the Ayatollah Khomeini, the Shah, Somoza, Idi Amin, Anita Bryant, Kadhafi, Nixon, Charles Deiderich, Phyllis Schlafly, Yassir Arafat and Henry Kissinger and launch them into orbit, aimed at the nearest black hole.

GOOD OLD MISCELLANEOUS

Fads to Remember, but not for long: roller skating, glitter rock, est, RV's and dirt bikes, disco, roller disco, Farrah's haircut, Dorothy Hamill's haircut, toga parties, Pong and its relatives, streaking, skyjacking, bisexuality and (a fad for all time) mooning.

Have an extra helping of banana cream pie and consider these blasts from the past: the Scarsdale diet, the liquid protein diet, the

Stillman diet, the longevity, Atkins, Save Your Life, grapefruit, Vitamin B-6 and vinegar & kelp diets, And we're still overweight!

Twits of the Decade (in no particular order): Jann Wenner, Tracy Austin, Billy Carter, John Belushi, all Elvis impersonators, Michelle Triola Marvin, Lee Marvin, Maharaj Ji, Elizabeth Ray, Marabel Morgan, Megan Marshak, Mason Reese, CBS (for cancelling *The Paper Chase*), David Rockefeller, Fred Silverman, the Knack, Shelley Hack, John Travolta, Fonda/Hayden... gee, we'll run out of space.

It was also the decade of the worst real-life air disasters ever, including that of a Turkish DC-10; PSA's flaming descent into San Diego; American Airlines' DC-10 crash in Chicago; and, still the world's worst, the collision in Tenerife, Canary Islands, of a KLM and a Pan Am 747, which killed 570 people.

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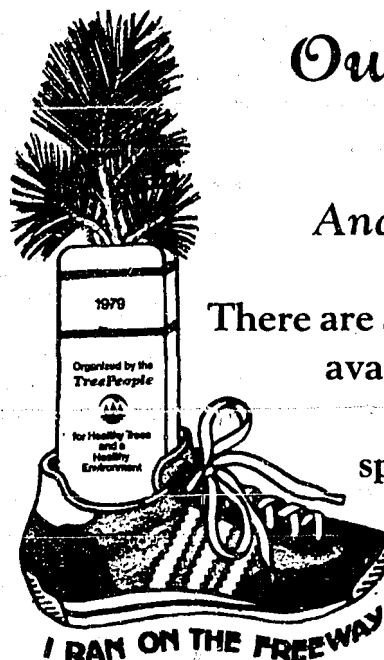
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Sound System Perfection:

Parties, Consoles & Future Fidelity

Remember consoles? They are the dinosaurs of audio — those great hunks of cherry or mahogany furniture that your parents had in the living room years ago — maybe they still do. It played music which sounded okay then, until years later when a friend picked up a component system and we discovered hot sound came from separate little packages.

Component high fidelity was born because a few clever technicians and music lovers realized that the best way to reproduce music was by making a separate, specialized component for each link in the audio chain. Consoles just didn't cut it because the specs weren't up to par and stereo separation was dismal with the speakers built into one huge cabinet. So if we wanted a good turntable, we bought one from a manufacturer who specialized in turntables. Likewise, a receiver or amplifier was purchased from a specialist in these areas, while speakers came from a company that devoted all its time and resources to designing and building speakers, and a cartridge came from a cartridge specialist. Put them all together and we had a wonderful system that reproduced music with a clarity and forcefulness that no console or compact could ever aspire to.

A great deal of audio advertising today pushes complete component systems where each unit is manufactured by the same company. They're housed in a rather nice wood and glass cabinet, or rack, the amplifier and tuner inside, the turntable on top and the speakers separated. Such systems are essentially consoles updated.

An important difference is that they are still separate components, merely sharing a common home — the rack — and the speakers are not buried within some monolithic piece of furniture. But all the same, doesn't it go against the premise of component hi-fi — to buy a component from the specialist in that area? Yes, it does. But is that bad? No, it's not!

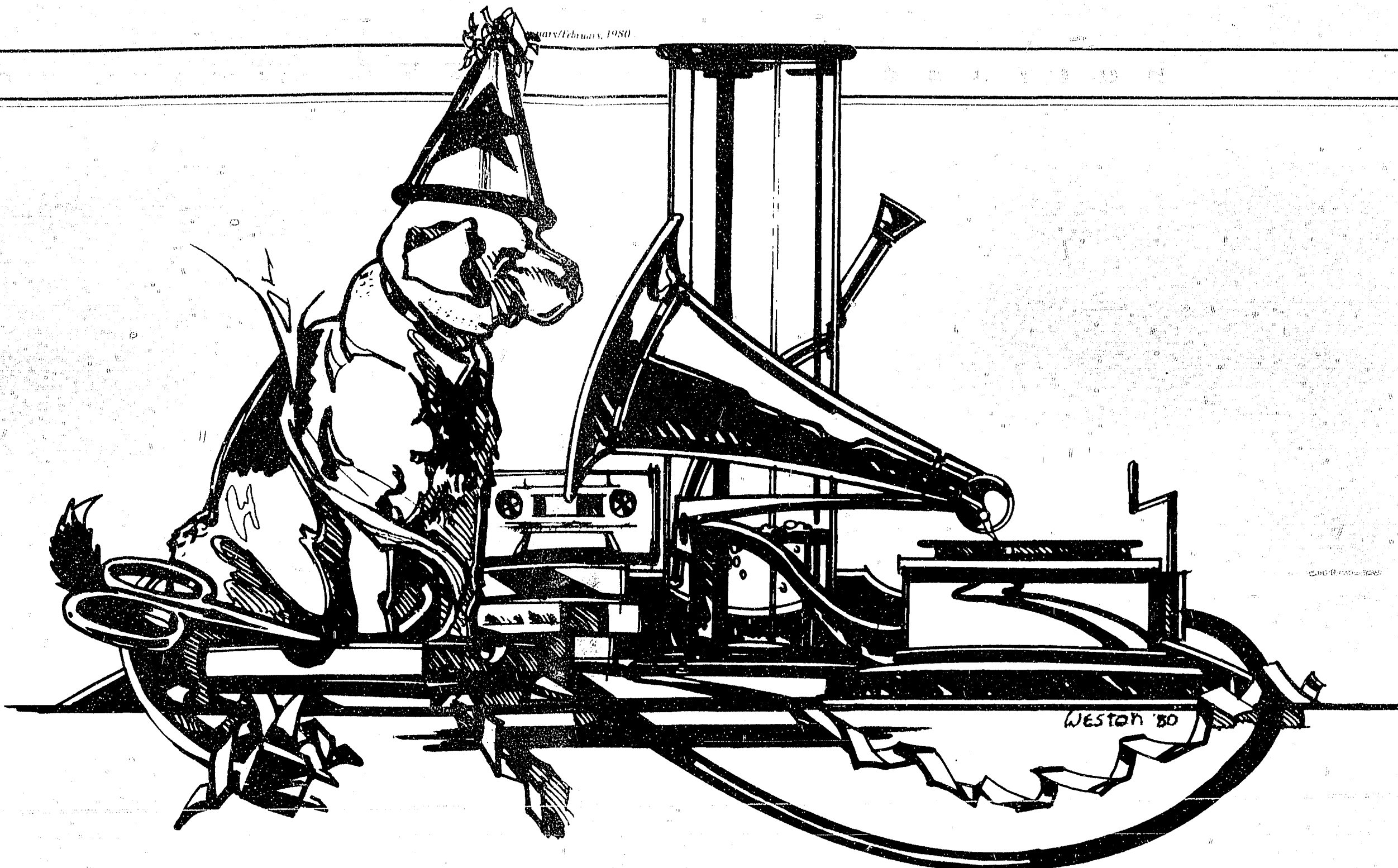
Pre-packaged systems from one manufacturer — some call them ensembles — have been available for nearly two years. Most come from the large Japanese companies who are now able to offer products in every component category because of advances in audio technology in the past few years and the vast resources these firms

can commit to producing audio components.

They cover a wide range of prices, usually starting around \$550 and reaching beyond \$1000, sometimes up to \$1500. Practically all include separates — integrated amplifier and tuner — rather than receivers. A base unit also includes a turntable, two speakers and a rack. As prices rise so do power rating and features, and about mid-way through most suppliers' lines a cassette deck is added. Most of the racks include record storage space.

So why buy a pre-packaged system? Because it's easy, no other reason. It involves a minimum of decision making, no anxieties. Name your price, and give a listen. You like it, you buy it. That's all. In terms of performance or quality, there is absolutely no reason for not buying one of these systems. As is always the case with audio gear, the best way to judge is with your ears. Pour over the spec sheets for any of the packaged components; they compare favorably with any bought separately. Let's face it, the state of audio technology has advanced to the point where unless you're a golden-eared audiophile nearly every component auditioned will provide good, clean sound.

Such systems exist simply for marketing reasons. Manufacturers of components are in business to make money — nothing wrong with that. Assembling systems themselves is just one way of marketing their products, a method designed to reach a segment of the market they might otherwise miss. You may be willing to spend time at the local stereo shop fussing with the components, trying this and tinkering with that, but not everybody is. Many people prefer shopping in a department store, or through a mail order house. By assembling component systems for these customers, companies stand a better chance of increasing their business, reaching out beyond their traditional customers.



There are still features or types of components which just are not available in any of the packaged systems. For instance, few full-line Japanese companies make record changers these days. So if we want to stack our records, we assemble the system ourselves, or opt for one of the mixed systems put together by many retailers. Similarly, there will be other features or special requirements, speaker size for another, which just can't be met with any of the manufacturer-assembled systems.

Minor objections? Right. That's the point. Pre-packaged systems will satisfy the vast majority of hi-fi shoppers in terms of performance. The console has come of age.

Paul Terry Shea

Expanding the Sound

The concept of a hi-fi system has been with us for a long time. The general idea is that it should consist of a receiver or its equivalent in the form of a tuner-amplifier combination, and, in either case, followed by a pair of speakers. To this basic system we add other components such as a record player, cassette deck and earphones.

The problem with this concept is that it's wrong. Any system built along these lines is incomplete and so is the music it produces.

There are two fallacies here and they are serious ones indeed if we are to have true replicas of live music transported electronically to our listening rooms.

The first of these involves dynamic range. Dynamic range is the sonic distance between the softest sound we can hear to the loudest our ears can tolerate, possibly extending from the gentlest tone of a single flute to the total sound of a rock group going full tilt. We can hear it live, but reproducing it electronically in our homes is another matter.

To make a phono record, music is first put on tape, which is used as a master. The sound is then transferred to discs. To avoid distortion the taped sound must be restricted, its dynamic range reduced, often by as much as 33%. This is known as sound compression, the recording engineer's acknowledgment of the limited capabilities of magnetic tape.

As a further aural offense, the sound may be compressed still more when transferred to phono records. Here the movement of the cutting stylus used in making the record must also be restricted. The louder the sound the wider the groove, but in turn, this means fewer grooves in a limited space. So loud musical passages are necessarily con-

fined and, as in the case of tape, dynamic range is limited. So whether we buy records and tapes, or whether we listen to them via broadcasts, what we get is a weakened rendition of what we would hear when music is played live.

The same sad dynamic range restriction also applies to so-called live broadcasting. In either AM or FM, the strength of the audio signal used to modulate the carrier wave that brings the music to our receiver must be compressed to prevent overmodulation and resulting distortion.

The solution is to add a dynamic range expander to the incomplete hi-fi system. Dbx makes several which expand all frequencies and all levels over the entire range, reversing the effects of the compression process and doing so linearly. We can be sure of one thing. We'll hear more music the way it is played, plus an unexpected benefit. Less noise.

That's only part of the story. In the listening room we are low men on the totem pole. What we hear is what is left over after the room gets through with the music. Everything absorbs sound to a greater or lesser degree, depending on the materials. Walls, rugs, drapes, cushions, floors, human beings — all soak up sound. Unfortunately, this sound absorption is frequency selective, so everything in the listening room is like a

large collection of tone controls gone mad. The hi-fi system may have a uniform frequency response but what we hear after the listening room gets through with the sound is acoustic chaos.

Oddly, open windows contribute nothing to our enjoyment of electronically reproduced sound. With one or more open windows, the sound goes sailing through without benefit to us. Some of the audio energy we've spent money to produce is literally out of the window. Part of the enjoyment of music is reverberation from walls, floor and ceiling. That's why open air concerts aren't as enjoyable as those in enclosed auditoriums. Same idea as an open window listening room, except that an open air concert is all windows, with little chance for reverberation.

To get back some measure of control, add a graphic equalizer to the hi-fi setup. An equalizer is similar to the tone controls we use, but divides the audio spectrum into much finer sections, with a controllable amount of amplification for each. A five band equalizer divides the audio spectrum into bands that are two octaves; a ten band divides the audio into one octave sections, but costs more. We can use the equalizer to compensate for the various sound absorptions taking place, giving our ears a chance to hear the music as it should be heard.

What all this means, then, is that we should expand our concept of a hi-fi system. To be complete it needs a dynamic range expander and an equalizer. At least this gives us a fighting chance to hear music closer to 'live.'

Martin Clifford

Make the Party Jump, Not the Needle

When it's time to party down, will your stereo stand up? A few set-up techniques can make your sound system the equal of almost any party environment.

First, try hooking up two record players so the music can continue uninterrupted from one record right into the next. A mixer-fader is fine for this, but if you don't have one, a facile-fingered record player operator can do the trick. You can use records right out of your collection, but disco records are better. These are workhorses and can take punishment. Consult disco charts in disco or music magazines or your local record shop can advise you or may have listings from which you can make selections.

Since you will be working with higher than normal gain plus possible floor vibration because of dancing, you may get audio feedback resulting in howling and groove skipping by the stylus. To prevent these, put some soft padding under the turntables. A rubber mat would be fine. And also, because of vibration, set your stylus tracking force higher than you normally would. Three grams wouldn't be excessive.

The music will be in direct competition with usual party sound levels so you will need a power amp capable of delivering audio without straining or excessive distortion. The more speakers used, the higher the power output capability of the amp must be. Use an amp capable of handling several speaker systems simultaneously. The power amp should be able to operate for hours without rest and without blowing its fuses, generally a characteristic of higher power amps that are quality rated. A small fan, blowing directly on the amp, will help keep its operating temperature down.

The speakers should be high efficiency types since these demand less audio power from the amp. They should be small, mounted above head level and pointed downward. Floor speakers take up valuable floor space and get in the way; these, plus the wiring, can trip people. If you must use floor speakers, tack the connecting wires against the baseboard. If the speakers are to be much more than their usual distance from the amp, the connecting wires should be at least one gauge number (preferably two) lower than normal. The lower the gauge number, the thicker the wire.

Put one person in charge of the audio equipment, with a hands-off rule for everyone else. There's always some character at a party who likes to show off his audio knowledge or who thinks it's cute to tamper with the sound controls.

Make a selection of records in advance and arrange them in sequence. Have some more backups in case the party lasts longer than expected. Have a good, safe table or wide shelf set aside just for records. Nobody wants to lose their prized James Brown and the Famous Flames LP to a careless boot heel. You might even make a list of the records, number them, and put this information on a 5x7 card, using both sides. In this way you should be able to find any record in a matter of moments, in case there's a demand for a repeat. Always stay at least one record ahead of the one being played, cueing up on the spare turntable.

If you want the records announced, disc-jockey style, you'll need at least one mike, preferably a cardioid type to keep background noise pickup at a minimum. The operator of the sound system should know how to handle the mike, should be able to project his (or her) personality, and should know how to work the sound level controls so as to have her (or his) voice override the music.

Position the audio equipment as close to an outlet as possible. The connecting line cord should be completely out of the way so no one trips over it and so it isn't accidentally pulled out of its socket. Try to find a corner spot, away from people traffic, for the record players, mixer-fader and mike.

Make a trial run to make sure everything is working, that the sound level is high enough, is well dispersed and can be heard throughout. This will give the sound operator some idea of expected control settings.

Martin Clifford

With all the receivers to choose from, how do you make the right choice? By comparing power, performance and price. It's the only meaningful way to tell how much receiver you're getting for your money. So compare.

| Specifications | SA-101 | SA-202 | SA-303 | SA-404 | SA-505 |
|---|----------------------------|----------------------------|----------------------------|----------------------------|----------------------------|
| Suggested Retail Price | \$180 | \$220 | \$280 | \$350 | \$420 |
| RMS Power Per Channel (rated bandwidth) | 18 watts (40 to 20,000 Hz) | 30 watts (40 to 20,000 Hz) | 40 watts (20 to 20,000 Hz) | 50 watts (20 to 20,000 Hz) | 63 watts (20 to 20,000 Hz) |
| Rated THD | 0.04% | 0.04% | 0.04% | 0.04% | 0.04% |
| FM Sensitivity (50 dB stereo) | 38.3 dBf | 38.3 dBf | 37.2 dBf | 37.2 dBf | 37.2 dBf |
| FM Selectivity | 65 dB | 68 dB | 70 dB | 70 dB | 70 dB |

* Technics recommended prices, but actual price will be set by dealers.

As you can see, Technics gives you a lot. A lot of power and a lot of performance at a very good price. That's because our receivers have the technology you need. Like hefty transformers and big power capacitors to punch out deep bass notes with authority. Like a dynamic headroom of 1.4 dB which means 38% extra power (above RMS) on sudden musical transients.

Our phono sections are just as impressive. All have a very high S/N ratio, which means that even quiet musical passages come through clearly. Yet each can handle the high voltages generated by today's best records.

And when it comes to FM, all Technics receivers include MOS FET's for high sensitivity and low noise. "Flat Group Delay" IF stages for clean signal processing. And phase-locked-loop circuitry for accurate stereo imaging.

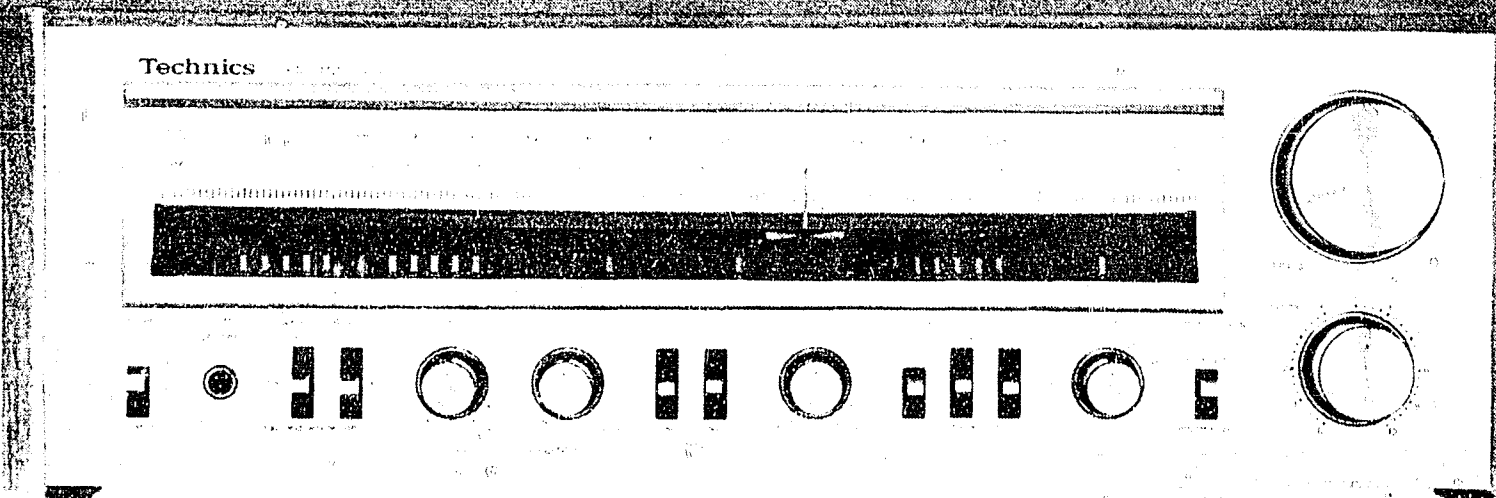
With the SA-404 and the SA-505 (shown below), you also get 10 LED peak-power indicators. And Acoustic Control that gives you more control over both the bass and treble frequencies than is possible with conventional tone controls.

How do you make the right choice? It's simple. Just compare.

Cabinetry is simulated woodgrain.

Technics

Don't buy any receiver until you compare its power, performance and price to Technics.





Stereo in the 80s

The decade that just ended signalled the maturation of the high fidelity industry and its acceptance by the music lover. The coming decade promises even more profound changes in home entertainment. Herewith, an educated guess of what the music system of the Eighties will look (and sound) like.

Video & Audio

Clearly, the romance between video and audio, begun in the Seventies, will flourish in the coming decade. Technological advances at the TV broadcast end have now made it possible to transmit a more faithful higher fidelity sound signal along with the TV picture. The rest is now up to the makers of TV receivers, some of whom are already boasting about improved audio sections in their products. Owners of both stereo components and TV sets need not wait for better sound or replace their TV sets to achieve such improvements. There are now so-called TV audio-tuners, such as one made by Pioneer, which can be hooked into unused inputs on a hi-fi system and tuned to TV channel frequencies in much the same way as an FM station. By turning down the TV set's own volume control and flanking the TV screen with stereo speakers, a vast improvement in sound quality is immediately apparent.

That's only the beginning. In Japan, for more than a year now, TV networks have been broadcasting the sound portion of concerts and other events in full stereo. Despite the anomaly of a small screen and a big sound, public enthusiasm there has been great. Stereo TV is still some time away in the United States, where the FCC has to rule regarding which of several techniques should be employed, but it will surely be here before the decade is half over. Incidentally, stereo capability on TV also means bilingual capability, so that we may well see TV programs "dubbed" into other languages for local predominant ethnic groups. A simple front panel switch will select English or the alternate language.

Digital Audio

The most important revolution in audio, however, is already well under way and its benefits will be completely felt in the coming decade. Already available, "digitally mastered" recordings are discs pressed from master tapes using a complex numerical code to represent each instant of music. The character of the musical waveform might have been examined more than 50,000 times per second and its representation on the tape itself was in the form of a number-

code similar to that used in computer data storage. Several advantages result from this approach. First, dynamic range—the difference between the softest and loudest musical passages—is no longer limited by the tape's magnetic characteristics. Increasing the numerical detail of the digital code increases dynamic range capability of the system. And since, at best, tape used in the old fashioned way was limited to perhaps 60 or 65 decibels of dynamic range while live music may have a dynamic range of between 85 and 100 dB, the tape medium can for the first time capture the full dynamic range of music without requiring arbitrary compression of the loudest sounds and softest softs.

Sometime in the 1980's, the conventional tape recorder or tape deck as we know it may give way to a new type of tape recorder which is based upon digital rather than analog techniques.

The next step in the digital audio revolution will be a totally digital disc. Several companies have already exhibited and demonstrated such discs. Some of them are spin-offs of the video disc already being marketed in a limited way in certain cities of the country; others are strictly audio discs. Some of the proposed discs are tracked by optical means, such as a laser beam, while others resort to conventional, physical tracking of grooves. Over the next few years, all of these systems will probably be market-tested in one form or another and it will more than likely be the public that decides which way the digital audio disc is to go. It should be noted that all of the proposed digital disc systems, just as in the case of digital audio tape recording, would have absolutely flat frequency response to at least 20,000 Hz, harmonic distortion levels bordering on the immeasurable and no wow-and-flutter.

Obsolescence & Non-Obsolescence

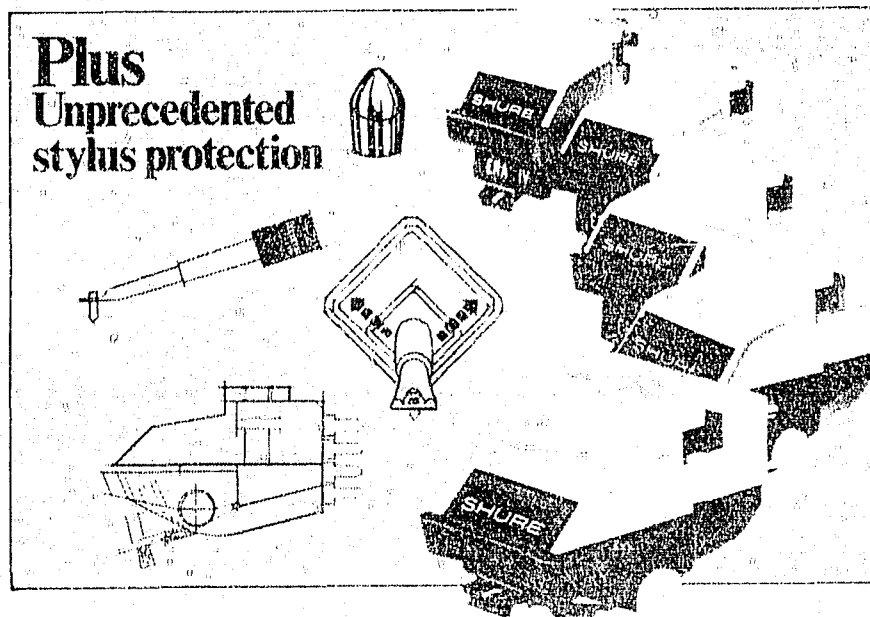
Certainly, some of the components we now use to reproduce music will eventually become obsolete, others will remain useful and essential. Regardless of program source changes (such as digital tape or digital discs) we will still need audio amplifiers and loudspeaker systems, though both of these items may have to handle higher levels of power than they are called upon to do today. If we want radio as a program source, either stereo FM or stereo AM (which will have become standard before the mid-Eighties) we'll still need a radio tuner or receiver much like the hi-fi components used today, but perhaps with the stereo AM circuitry of the future built-in.

The turntable system as we know it may be one of those items slated for eventual obsolescence by the end of the decade (though some point to ownership of old 78-rpm records as proof of the fact that older music sources never die). With the turntable's demise will come the death of the phono cartridge, since other types of pickups will be needed for those digital discs. Cassette tape decks are likely to take second place to digital taping systems, and with them will go such noise reduction systems as Dolby and dbx. Microphones, on the other hand, will still be as important as loudspeakers, since each is responsible for the conversion of sound energy to electrical energy or vice versa. In the words of the old vaudevillian, when it comes to audio "you ain't seen nothin' yet!"

Leonard Feldman

fact: five new Shure Cartridges feature the technological breakthroughs of the V15 Type IV

Plus Unprecedented stylus protection



the M97 Era IV Series phono cartridges

Shure has written a new chapter in the history of affordable hi-fi by introducing space-age technological breakthroughs of the incomparable V15 Type IV into a complete line of high performance, moderately priced cartridges—the M97 Era IV Series Phono Cartridges, available with five different interchangeable stylus configurations to fit every system and every budget.

The critically acclaimed V15 Type IV is the cartridge that astonished audiophiles with such vanguard features as the Dynamic Stabilizer—which simultaneously overcomes record warp caused problems, provides electrostatic neutralization of the record surface, and effectively removes dust and lint from the record—and the unique telescoped stylus assembly which results in lower effective stylus mass and dramatically improved trackability.

Each of these features—and more—has been incorporated in the five cartridges in the M97 Series—there is even an M97 cartridge that offers the ultra-low distortion Hyperelliptical stylus! What's more, every M97 cartridge features a unique lateral deflection assembly, called the SIDE-GUARD which responds to side thrusts on the stylus by withdrawing the entire stylus shank and tip safely into the stylus housing before it can bend.

NEW! M97 Series Era IV Phono Cartridges—Five new invitations to the new era in hi-fi.

| Model | Stylus Configuration | Tip Tracking Force | Applications |
|-----------------------------|-----------------------------|--------------------|--|
| M97HF | Nude Hyperelliptical | ¾ to 1½ grams | Highest fidelity where light tracking forces are essential |
| M97ED | Nude Bi-radial (Elliptical) | ¾ to 1½ grams | |
| M97GD | Nude Spherical | ¾ to 1½ grams | |
| M97EJ | Bi-radial (Elliptical) | 1½ to 3 grams | Where slightly heavier tracking forces are required |
| M97B | Spherical | 1½ to 3 grams | |
| 78 rpm Stylus for all M97's | Bi-radial (Elliptical) | 1½ to 3 grams | For 78 rpm records |

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Manufacturers of high fidelity components, microphones, and sound reinforcement equipment.

On Screen

KRAMER VS. KRAMER, starring Dustin Hoffman, Meryl Streep and Jane Alexander; written and directed by Robert Benton.

Men leave this film literally crowing, walking with a spring in their step and heads held high. *Kramer vs. Kramer* makes them feel good, as well it should; I can't remember a more insidiously sexist, pro-male, anti-female film. *Kramer vs. Kramer* is not just about a divorce and the subsequent custody battle for the child, it is a paean to the wonderfulness of men, here personified by Hoffman, who is such an understanding, sensitive, caring daddy he makes mothers — any mother — look like callous haridians.

And speaking of callous, Streep abandons her son and husband (ah, but tearfully) and then returns 15 months later after "finding herself in California" (was ever a deck so stacked?) to claim custody of her son. How unfair of her, when Hoffman has been fighting so hard to be a good daddy and keep his tough job while she was off finding herself. Yes, it is possible for a father to be as good or better

a parent than a mother, but why must writer/director Benton sacrifice a woman to make this point? And what of joint custody, where both parents share equally in raising the child? Benton wants no such logic cluttering his bias; one parent must win and another must lose in order to twist our hearts and squeeze out a few more tears.

The courtroom fight loads the scales even more: when Streep, through her attorney, hits Hoffman below the emotional belt, the sophisticated Hollywood preview audience actually *hissed* her; and when Hoffman's attorney attempts to browbeat Streep into admitting she'd failed at her marriage, Streep looks at Hoffman, weeping, and he shakes his head, no, Babe, you didn't fail. The man is a saint! He's not real. Jane Alexander, who plays Streep's friend and confidante, turns on her former friend in court and claims Hoffman is the more deserving parent. Not only does this betrayal embody Benton's male ego and his ignorance of female relationships, it is a sure indicator of what Benton thinks women should be: dedicated mothers and wives with no life of

their own. Alexander tells Hoffman at one point that she will never remarry, even though she is divorced and her ex-husband is running around with other women, because she feels marriage is forever; she's content to raise her two children, alone.

It's more difficult than it should be to see through Benton's prejudices because the film is so technically perfect; the performances are, unfortunately, convincing; the script is intelligent; and all the emotional buttons are pushed, but none too hard. Our sentiments are manipulated by experts. I was furious while watching *Kramer vs. Kramer*, but when I left the theater and saw all those men practically dancing away into the night, and heard them cheering and whooping over this, I lost much of my anger. It turned to pity.

Judith Sims

THE JERK, starring Steve Martin, Bernadette Peters, Catlin Adams, Mabel King; screenplay by Steve Martin, Carl Gottlieb, Michael Elias; directed by Carl Reiner.

Steve Martin is truly a phenomenon of the Seventies, almost single-handedly establishing a new school of comedy rooted in the subtle and obvious incongruities of life. When he's "on," Martin deftly dances that razor-sharp tightrope between helpless humor and outright silliness, between unrestrained hilarity and sheer banality. Unfortunately, in Martin's movie debut, *The Jerk*, this self-proclaimed wild and crazy funnyman has overstepped his delicate boundary; instead of tickling our funnybones, he insults our intelligence.

Martin plays Navin Johnson, the adopted son of a family of black sharecroppers who finds that he marches to a different beat — or rhythm, as the filmmakers would stereotypically have it — so he leaves home to find fame and fortune.

Eventually, Navin meets an innocent cosmetologist named Marie (Bernadette Peters) and they fall — or in *The Jerk*'s case, stumble — in love. Miss Peters is Martin's off-screen flame, and her appearance in this film is a testament to what people will do for love.

In any event, soon Navin is informed that an eye-glass invention he devised to help a misguided entrepreneur (Bill Macy) has been marketed into a million-dollar commodity.

However, the title of this film, it must be remembered, is *The Jerk* and not *The Genius*, so Navin's wealth is short-lived. He's hit with a class action lawsuit filed by a group claiming that Navin's eye-piece invention has damaged their eyesight. The spokesman for the group is Carl Reiner, *The Jerk*'s director, who in this cameo claims the invention harmed his vision to the point where he became a poor director. Reiner must have worn the device while directing *The Jerk*.

Even for the staunchest Steve Martin fans (I'm one of them), *The Jerk* is so stupid it would leave an audience of morons clamoring for William F. Buckley... or at the very least Jerry Lewis.

Henry Kimmel

Hollywood 3, Women 0

Kramer vs. Kramer has won the New York and Los Angeles Film Critics awards and is predicted for an Oscar sweep. But if Dustin Hoffman's role had been written for a woman, the movie would be dismissed critically as a feminine soap opera, but since it's Hoffman's movie, about men functioning without women, it is not called a soap opera, it's elevated to the loftier region of "slice of life realism, a modern treatise on changing sexual roles."

Last year, as the decade that nurtured women's liberation drew to a close, independent, questioning women took a beating in movies, from Woody Allen's thoughtful *Manhattan* to Alan Pakula's condescending *Starting Over* and Robert Benton's artful *Kramer vs. Kramer*. These films all reflect a distressing trend: a backlash against women.

In each film, women who seek independence are held up to ridicule. In *Manhattan*, Diane Keaton is a neurotic, self-absorbed woman who is unable to accept love. In fact, the only "perfect" woman in *Manhattan* is not a woman at all, but a 17-year-old girl played by Mariel Hemingway. The others are neurotic (Keaton), castrating and lesbian (Meryl Streep) or self-defeating (Anne Bryne).

Starting Over also rakes modern women over the coals. In that comedy Burt Reynolds' wife, played by Candice Bergen, kicks him out in favor of a career. But Bergen's ambitions and accomplishments are treated as jokes. We are made to laugh at her, not with her. Our sympathy is with battered Burt, who quickly finds another woman, Jill Clayburgh, the perfect male conception of what a woman should be: bright, but not too smart, her job as a nursery school teacher is not a threatening career. Clayburgh longs for security and marriage; she is nonaggressive and accommodating.

Jacoba Atlas

What each of these movies yearns for is a supposedly simpler time when women knew their place. At least Woody Allen has the grace to be baffled by today's changing world; Pakula and Benton are more arrogant, they have the answers. Pakula's movie says the right "girl" (just like the one who married dear old dad) is still out there, keep looking; Benton says okay, she's not out there, but don't worry fellas, you don't need her anyway.

It's important to realize that the people who call the shots in Hollywood are male. Very little headway has been made by women. Each of these films was made by men in their 40's and 50's — the same age bracket of the executives in charge of the studios. These are the men who grew up with one set of expectations, then had to readjust their lives to a revolution that made sense intellectually, but not emotionally. These men often feel battered by the accusations of feminists; they do not like being cast as exploiters and since they're in charge of the factory, they're able to dictate the propaganda. In upcoming months, these three films will be joined by Robert Redford's *Ordinary People*, in which dear old mom (Mary Tyler Moore) is the cause of one son's breakdown and another's suicide.

What is disturbing is not that men want to make fantasy films in which they are heroic (Hoffman's more-sensitive-than-thou character is only a variation on John Wayne's more-masculine-than-thou characters), but that women are embracing the dream instead of waking up to the nightmare. *Kramer* and *Starting Over* are enormous successes, which makes one wonder about the so-called strides of women's liberation.

Movies speak to our fantasies, and these movies say that women's fantasies are still dictated by men, are still defined by what men want. This does not bode well for the Eighties.

STAR TREK, THE MOTION PICTURE, with William Shatner and Leonard Nimoy; written by Harold Livingston; directed by Robert Wise.

I admit to being a Trekkie-in-training: I usually catch whatever episode of *Star Trek* is on TV, but I don't plan my life around the adventures of the *Enterprise*, nor do I consider the exploits of Captain Kirk and company sacrosanct. However, after hearing nothing but disastrous reports about *Star Trek, the Motion Picture*, I was surprisingly pleased with the outcome, and I think most people who enjoyed the TV series will be as well. Like the series, *Star Trek* is long on rationality, short on action, heavy on pacifism, light on warfare. It preaches understanding, curiosity and tolerance. Like *Close Encounters*, *Star Trek* is eager to have us love the unknown.

This costly epic is quite leisurely and almost uneventful; some might consider it boring. But like a visit home to relatives, *Star Trek* treats us to the familiar while embracing changes. It is to some degree frozen in the late Sixties mentality: this movie is about a machine that has evolved into near-humanness. Its conclusion says that trust, love and faith count for more than logic, science and fact.

This almost religious fervor is dressed up with impressive special effects; we know where the money went. The same cannot be said for Disney's space patrol, *The Black Hole*, a dismal science fiction movie which takes one of the most intriguing discoveries of space (black holes) and impoverishes it into banality. *The Black Hole* is 3½ minutes of special effects in search of a movie. The entire film could be an "E" coupon ride in Tomorrowland.

Jacoba Atlas



The eternal triangle: a man, a woman, a horse.

ELECTRIC HORSEMAN, starring Jane Fonda, Robert Redford, Willie Nelson; written by Robert Garland; directed by Sydney Pollack.

If it weren't for Cinemascope and Technicolor flash, this could be a romantic western of the Forties starring John Wayne of Gary Cooper, with Maureen O'Hara or Claudette Colbert. It's iconography at its best and worst, pretty pictures for their own sake. Beautiful Redford, lovely Fonda, a gorgeous racehorse, breathtaking Utah... who cares if the script is dreadful and the actors (except for a fine Willie Nelson debut) mediocre? We want fantasy, they give us fantasy: a once-champion rodeo star (Redford), reduced to a stoned-out life selling breakfast cereal, impulsively rescues (steals) the once-

(Continued on page 22)

WILLIAM E. MCELLEN PRESENTS

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A NEW
ALBUM & SINGLE BY
THE DIRT BAND





JOE JACKSON
I'm the Man (A&M)

With this, his second album, Joe Jackson consolidates his position as one of the major talents to emerge in the last couple of years. More by coincidence than by design, Jackson finds himself neatly sandwiched between the floss of Retro-Nouveau bands like the Knack and the more esoteric or adventurous New Wave artists, many of whom are still not considered safe enough for radio play. *I'm the Man* doesn't offer many obviously catchy cuts on a par with, say, "Sunday Papers" or "Is She Really Going out with Him?" but it delivers — in Jackson's disarmingly pleasant way — the angst and conviction that unite the work of today's best British artists, Graham Parker and Elvis Costello included.

One reason for Jackson's sudden popularity is that he comes off as a Real Person, with all the awkwardness and insecurity left in. Jackson also has a keen ear for musical coloration, such as the use of the Melodica, which echoes the work of reggae 'dub' masters like Augustus Pablo and King Tubby. This may be Jackson's greatest gift, to make reggae palatable to an audience reared almost solely on rock.

James Anger

STEVE FORBERT
Jackrabbit Slim (Nemperor)

A young, charismatic singer-songwriter wearing an aluminum harmonica rack and strumming an acoustic guitar, Steve Forbert's late 1978 debut album, *Alive on Arrival*, triggered an outbreak of delusional hysteria known as New Dylanitis. It's a disease similar to New Rolling Stonitis, but somehow more cruel. Forbert's album abounded with charm, but *Jackrabbit*

Slim is an inauspicious follow-up. The singer's voice, a broken, slightly sandpapered tenor, is about the only interesting element in an undistinguished package. The lyrics are sheer goo, the back-up is a muddle of styles ranging from Urban Folk Glossy to Pseudo-Jazz. John Simon's production credit comes as a shock; his solo albums and *Music from Big Pink* seem now like lucky shots in the dark. *Jackrabbit Slim* isn't bad enough to bury the hopes tagged to Steve Forbert, but it is an inconsistent and unfocused album.

Chris Morris

STEVIE WONDER
Stevie Wonder's Journey Through the Secret Life of Plants (Tamla)

From the heavily embossed, Brailled and flower-scented fold-out cover to the twenty meandering selections stretching out over 84-minutes plus, Wonder elevates what is essentially mood music to a soft-focus epiphany of good vibes. Far from being a mix of strong material and filler, this album is almost entirely filler: electronic noodlings, avant-classic Japanese choral pieces, sound-effect strolls through rain forests, languid harmonica playing and a sort of terminal reflectiveness. *Secret Life of Plants* is the logical extension of crashing surf and singing whale albums, Alpha wave music to put us in touch with our vegetable pals. Wonder pulls it off with aplomb and a complete lack of self-consciousness. He's the kind of musician, and doubtlessly the kind of person, one wouldn't mind spending 84 minutes in a steaming jungle with. In fact, this set sounds as if it might have been written for plants: hothouse Muzak to help your garden grow.

Davin Seay

TOM PETTY
Damn the Torpedoes (MCA)

They treat him like dirt. They drive him bankrupt and crazy, too. They probably tried to steal his flying V guitar. They ring his doorbell in the middle of the night and run behind the hedge. But Tom Petty survives.

Damn the Torpedoes is Tom Petty and the Heartbreakers' "Buckle Down Winssocki." Most of the songs are about alienation, rejection and mistreatment, tried and true rock themes. But the ring of twelve-string guitars and Petty's cocky tone announce that the problems won't crack him like an egg. *Damn the Torpedoes* is pure jumping up and down music, filled with precise guitar work and tight melodies, sung with rare passion. Ultimately it's an optimistic album as well. Petty and his band prove they're full of enough fire to overcome anything, even torpedoes.

John Liebrand

*Reggae is music
made by
Jamaicans with
strange hairstyles
who sit around
& smoke giant
spliffs
of potent ganja*

BOB MARLEY AND THE WAILERS
Survival (Island)

Some people think reggae is just this oddly seductive, rhythmically compelling music made by Jamaicans with strange hairstyles who sit

around and smoke giant spliffs of potent ganja all day in the warm tropical sun. These people are in for a surprise. *Survival's* cover is a montage-collage featuring flags of independent African nations interrupted by the stowage plan of a slave ship. Marley is talking directly about black survival, identity and unity, all intertwined with the African heritage of blacks.

Though the current Wailers are slick and deliberate compared to the fiery, rebellious earlier crew, they're every bit as effective in creating reggae's characteristic hypnotic sway. A horn section adds a welcome fullness and the Barrett Brothers re-assert their position as a premier rhythm section. Most important, Marley's singing is passionately committed and convincing.

Though "So Much Trouble in the World" and "One Drop" and the title track are stand-out songs, the album's most telling moment comes when Marley deals with the politically motivated attempt on his life in "Ambush in the Night." Over a chunky, clavinet-dominated chorus, he sings: "Ambush in the night/All guns aiming at me/Ambush in the night/They opened fire on me." I can't remember the last time I heard a lyric that makes its point with such chilling simplicity.

Don Snowden

JEFFERSON STARSHIP
Freedom at Point Zero (Grun)

If anything, the current Starship is more a new band than the Starship of 1974. Lead guitarist Craig Chaquico is more in control of his faculties than ever before, and his new-found writing talents are challenging Kantner as the band's dominant motifs. Bassist Pete Sears has also emerged to write and act an onstage presence. Aynsley Dunbar on drums is a magnificent improvement over the pissed-off pretensions of John Barbata. Mickey Thomas is in the strange position of replacing both Grace Slick (a victim of the bottle) and Marty Balin (a victim of the universe). On the surface he's a perfect choice, capable of imitating both Balin's high swirls and Slick's graceful arpeggios, but his voice soon sounds derivative, particularly of the vocals of that loathsome Melmac band, Toto. The best thing about the old Airplane was its blessedly anarchic sound. At moments they could be a real slob band. Thomas is too clean, too smooth. In a way, he takes a lot of fun out of the old Starship sound.

Merrill Shindler

AEROSMITH
Night in the Ruts (Columbia)

The American "equivalent" of Zep, Aerosmith, has been showing signs of age lately, with an overbearing studio effort, *Draw the Line*, and a purposely trashy live set, *Live Bootlegs*. Now comes *Night in the Ruts* wherein, except for a smattering of diversity, Aerosmith lives up to the dismal promise of the title.

To be sure, *Ruts* is a marked improvement over their two most recent efforts. Aerosmith sticks to their patented roar, crafted into neat four-minute slices. The guitars still punch out of the speakers, the beat is solid and Stephen Tyler's growling is as gritty as ever. But nothing sounds significantly different from past

works. "No Surprise" (another perfect title) is lifted from the debut Aero L.P. and Tyler's vocals on "Chiquita" echo "Sweet Inspiration." Horns are added for a Latino feel, but they're mere frills on a basic hard rock track.

Some Zeppelin licks are copped in "Three Mile Smile," there's a Yardbirds cover. "Reefer Headed Woman" is a lame essay at blues. (Sure they've paid dues... You know what the insurance premium is on their Lear jet?) Though *Ruts* isn't really a bad album, the creative stagnation it reveals may be why guitarist Joe Perry just exited from the group.

Jeff Silberman

*This trial symbolizes
a clash between old
and new values.*

THE ODYSSEY THEATRE
ENSEMBLE
The Chicago Conspiracy Trial (Capitol)

The Chicago Conspiracy Trial, "A theatrical arrangement of the original trial transcripts by Ron Sossi and Frank Condon," had been a runaway success at the Odyssey Theatre in Los Angeles for several months before record producer Nick Venet hit upon the idea of making a two-record set of the play.

The trial of the Chicago Eight (which began in September 1969) is still being studied and debated by historians, politicians and lawyers after a decade on the books. As effectively as the Sacco and Vanzetti or Rosenberg cases, the trial has come to symbolize the clash between old and new values, between revolution and repression. The defendants used the occasion of their trial to stage a kind of expanded public theatre, recognizing that their every speech and gesture was magnified and disseminated on the evening news, reaching more people than all their previous demonstrations combined. As defendant Jerry Rubin, about to be sentenced to five years' imprisonment, told Judge Julius Hoffman, "Julius, you radicalized more young people than we ever could. You are the country's top Yipie."

Mark Leviton

SHOES
Present Tense (Elektra)

Present Tense is Shoes' first full-fledged industry release, preceded by two home-made and thinly distributed albums, *One in Versailles* and *Black Vinyl Shoes*, the latter made from demo tapes at the insistence of early followers and strong enough to win the group a reported \$330,000 label deal.

Though better engineered, *Present tense* is a continuation of *Black Shoes'* gentle sound, characterized by an unusual contrast between buzzing guitars and smooth, breathy voices. Love-torn heroes, the Shoes are constantly mistreated by heartless girls throughout *Present Tense's* delicate songs. These bittersweet songs, despite their brush with wimpy romantic vulnerability, present a superior strain of pop-rock.

Vicki Arkoff



All This Jazz

JOHNNY GRIFFIN
Bush Dance (Galaxy)

After successful tours of duty with Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers and Thelonious Monk's quartet in the late Fifties, Johnny Griffin, a fast and furious tenor saxist, split for the Continent in 1961. Only last year did he return stateside to tour and record. *Bush*, his second date for Galaxy, is another superlative demonstration of Griffin's amazingly charismatic saxophonics. He uses the basic vehicles — blues, jazz classics, salty ballads — and makes them bristle with life and feeling. Dizzy Gillespie's "A Night in Tunisia" is reworked, opening with an Afro-Cuban point of view that abruptly shifts to a blazing double time. Griffin's technique here is astoundingly precise, unequivocally swinging, while guitarist George Freeman adds twangy, loose lines and pianist Cedar Walton, an unsung jazz giant, executes spectacular, intricate ideas as if there were absolutely nothing to it. The title track has a quasi-rock beat, but all-acoustic instrumentation retains the jazz ambience. Two blues are explored, one of them Griffin's melodic "The Jams Are Coming" and the emotional "Since I Fell for You." *Bush Dance* is music to engage the imagination and get the body moving.

Zan Stewart

DON CHERRY, DEWEY REDMAN,
CHARLIE HADEN, ED BLACKWELL
Old and New Dreams (ECM)

The "old dreams" here are formidable to contemplate. These four musicians have played in many contexts, each gaining well-deserved respect for mastery of his instrument (trumpet, tenor, bass and drums, respectively) and for importance to the avant-garde of the Sixties and Seventies. But it is their work, in various combinations, with one man — Ornette Coleman — that has most colored their own musical sensibilities.

Today, Coleman alternates between stripped-down modal R&B, personal seclusion and cosmic invisibility — one hesitates to imagine the nature of his dreams. But his spirit is very much in the foreground here. There are two of his songs, among them the famous "Lonely Woman," played brilliantly, softly, intensely, and with plenty of long, slow, incredibly rich bass lines. The rest of the tracks include a

sprightly, remarkably consonant Cherry original called "Guinea," a Redman exotic called "Orbit of La-Ba" and Haden's "Song for the Whales," which is appropriately hard-blowing after the composer finishes his bowed whale-song imitations. (Haden has always been the John Lennon of the group.) The precision and oneness with which the group plays is admirable, if not surprising. What is surprising is how warm and well-rounded Cherry and Redman sound, and how gentle and dream-like much of the music feels.

Morley Jones

AIR
Air Lore (Arista Novus)

In their sixth album, Air become folklorists for the black musical tradition while staying true to their instincts for improvising. Compositions by Scott Joplin and Jellyroll Morton are reconsidered, played not as museum relics, but in new ways that expand their melodic and rhythmic strengths.

Joplin's "The Ragtime Dance" glides from a reverent interpretation into a steeplechase tempo, then slows to a peristaltic strain. Henry Threadgill's alto sax tone is acerbic and Steve McCall's drum solo is a multi-leveled work of art. I suspect Joplin would have been awed.

Fred Hopkins' warm bass tones hold a blue, dirge-like tone throughout Morton's "Buddy Bolden Blues" (named for the early king of New Orleans trumpet players) while Threadgill's tenor sax takes some gnarly twists and turns as the group eases out of the theme and into the improv. A Threadgill original, "Paille Street," is the only non-

repertory selection. It's a haunting, evocative flute melody that is neither in the ragtime nor New Orleans idiom, yet shows the continuity in the successive evolution of jazz movements.

Kirk Sillsbee

CANNONBALL ADDERLY
What I Mean (Milestone)
WES MONTGOMERY
Groove Brothers (Milestone)
THELONIOUS MONK
The Riverside Trios (Milestone)

Bless Orrin Keepnews, head of A&R for Fantasy/Galaxy in Berkeley. A true jazz fan, he continually reissues gems from his Riverside (the great jazz label of the mid-Fifties to early Sixties) vaults on the Milestone Two-Fer series, and these value-priced sets are always good, often superb, generally the best music-dollar proposition on the market. Like Cannonball's *What*, a pair of 1961 dates. One half is in partnership with Bill Evans, and the pianist's light, gliding touch is an ideal foil for the robust, romantic altoist. Having worked together with Miles Davis in the late Fifties, the pair evoke a familiarity that constant musical companions achieve. Evans contributes some charming tunes, like the sailing "Waltz for Debby," and brings out a jaunty, pretty side that Cannon too rarely presented. The darker, more propulsive pianistics of Wynton Kelly turn the second set into a steamy, driving groove that is more typical of the late alto man. Here brother Nat Adderly on trumpet and vibist Victor Feldman add color to biting performances of Feldman's "New Delhi," a somber, misty piece; "Star Eyes," and Monk's two-chord opus, "Well, You Needn't."

Guitarist Wes Montgomery was, like Adderly, part of a musical family and *Groove* is Wes, brothers bassist Monk and pianist-vibist Buddy, plus drummers, joyfully at work. Here there is a happy, at-home presence, much like hearing a hot quartet at your local corner bar. The discs are a first-rate collection of tunes custom-made for blowing. Wes is in front where he belongs and we again delight in hearing his silky yet visceral sound, his calling-card parallel octaves (later copied by George Benson), his sublime melodic acuity. No slight to the brothers: Buddy is a very adept, moving pianist and Monk's bass is full and supportive. Among the selections are a finger-

...we again delight
in
hearing his
silky yet
visceral sound...

snapping reading of Duke Pearson's "Jeannine," a similarly spiffy take of Irving Berlin's "Remember" and Carl Perkins' "Grooveyard," a title which is an apt description for this volume.

The first major artist signed to Riverside in 1955 was Thelonious Monk, Keepnews having purchased his contract from Prestige for around \$186; *Trios*, cut in 1955 and '56, are his first two dates for the label. Keepnews thought it best to have Monk playing other people's material rather than his own obtuse, angular tunes, so one disc is all-Elington (the maestro's music a particular favorite of Monk's) and the

other is a gathering of standards. Monk revels in it all, displaying his peek-a-boo left hand, wily right-hand phrasings, extended harmonies and ever-present sense of humor. As Charlie Parker once commented, "The Monk runs deep." Oscar Pettiford, after Jimmy Blanton the father of modern bass playing, and Kenny Clarke and Art Blakey, equally fundamental to jazz drumming, are the superb rhythm cohorts. In two words, classic recordings.

Zan Stewart

CHARLES MINGUS
Mingus at Antibes (Atlantic)

Mingus, in his playing and his compositions, was alternately exuberant, rascally, ironic, pungent, mellifluous, magisterial. He sought out musicians who more than just played: they had to be storytellers, instrumentalists who spoke to each other and the audience musically. This 1960 "live" date is superior. It is loaded with spontaneous one-on-one situations, packed with moments of bust-out swing, church-like shouting, quiet introspection. Eric Dolphy, on alto and bass clarinet, proves again that he was a bluesplayer at heart, wrenching out soulful, screaming solos on "Weds. Night Prayer Meeting" and "Better Get Hit in Yo' Soul." Texas tenorman Booker Ervin, with only handclaps to support him, out-sermonizes any oratory from the pulpit. Statements of depth are delivered by trumpeter Ted Curson, especially during his duet with Mingus on "What Love?" and Bud Powell scatters a few shooting stars on "I'll Remember April." Full-hearted music.

Zan Stewart

Heart Breaks

(Continued from page 9)

joined in the early Seventies. Ann first, then Nancy. They achieved a near-cult following in Seattle largely, according to Curtis, "by doing Led Zeppelin covers better than Led Zeppelin."

But Annie Wilson had more ambition than playing the female Robert Plant for the next forty years. She'd been writing original material, for one thing. "We moved up to Vancouver where there was more of an open market," she says, cradling an untailor-trained toy poodle on her lap. "There we were able to get a recording contract with Mushroom Records. *Dreamboat Annie* was first released only in Canada. And it really didn't begin to sell in the United States for quite awhile." Much of the year was spent exiled in interior Canada, packed in a van and driving 400 miles a day from, according to Ann, "one hockey game-concert to another." Once, just outside of Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan, they struck a moose. Near his jaw. "The van won that one," she recalls. "And the moose. Well, he had to walk off and die." But within a year, *Dreamboat Annie* really started to move. First in Canada, then in border towns and Detroit; finally it caught fire in Oregon and Washington. Within months its singles, "Magic Man" and "Crazy on You," had become as ubiquitous on USA radio as McDonald's jingles.

Next, however, was the much-

ballyhooed falling out with Mushroom Records and the disastrous album *Magazine*, an abortive tossoff handed to Mushroom when the band determined to break their contract and seek other management. "It was a terrible album," Curtis remembers, "Mushroom didn't really have enough material to complete it, so they were hiring background singers right out of the local Aquarius Tavern or someplace."

But that's all water over the bridge.

Oh, you know, it's just like they all say," the lovely and demure Nancy waves a hand in the air. "I'm just a shy little wispy person. Just a tiny slip of a creature. No thoughts of my own, nothing to say." A writer of short stories in the Donald Barthelme-meets-Dr. Seuss vein, Nancy is the less dramatic of the two Wilson sisters. She was a mildly introverted and retiring high school student at a time when Ann, clothed in costumes of red and black, would return to the family home zonked out of her gourd on acid and speed, barely able to fake enough straightness to avoid a one-way ticket to the booby hatch.

Nancy scoops the black poodle up with one slender hand. The dog has just peed on the newspapers like a good little puppy — instead of on Kaye Smith Recording Studio's expensive rug. On a television screen behind us, Iranian thugs, hoodlums and patriots curse infidel Jimmy Carter. Leese, Fossen and Derosier pore over a Nike running shoe poster/catalog they've spread out on the floor. "Those were the days," Ann

remembers, referring to her acid queen phase. "But no more. Now I'm just a normal working stiff. No red-hot mama and no Helen Reddy." Down the hall, someone snaps on a tape from their album-to-be and I ask if she's worried about its being late.

"It's not late," Nancy says, "it's just...tardy."

"Yeah," Ann affirms, "we've got almost all the compositions complete and almost half the tracks down. I'm not too worried. We're disciplined. But," she makes a face, "if it's not out by Valentine's Day, we're late — for sure." What about the song "Break" is that a happy little message to Roger Fisher or what?

"No," Ann shakes her head. "I'm not that petty. It's more about a condition than it is about a single man. I went straight from my father's table to be with a man. I've always been with a man. And now it feels so good just to be by myself for awhile." The sound of this concept apparently delights her just to hear herself say it aloud, and she chats briefly about the future, cataloguing a veritable cornucopia of new boyfriend possibilities, hunks spied in grocery stores, banks, gas stations, crowds, department stores, passed on highways, you name it.

What about male groupies?

She laughs. "We've got good security, so it's no problem."

Heart is the first band from the Northwest United States to make it really big since the halcyon days of the Kingsmen, the Wailers, and Paul Revere and the Raiders, and the band has shown no interest in picking up stakes to move to L.A. or New

York. "This is home," Ann says. "All our friends and family are here, and besides, it's a great place to live." Their recording facilities in Seattle are likewise excellent. Kaye Smith Studios has also handled the likes of Steve Miller, Elton John, and Johnny Mathis.

"What, pray tell," I ask, "lies in the future?"

"The new album will be a lot more rock and roll," Ann says. "I think we're going to steer away from the ballads for awhile. People want to start dancing to good old loud rock and roll again, I think."

What happens after the next album?

"Well," Ann sighs, "we'll all continue to work, putting out an album every nine months to a year. Nancy and I are very lucky. We've got a lot of support from our families — without any God-talk or anything — and are in pretty good control of our lives. Enough to care, enough not to care; I can get things out of my mind when I have to. We've also got a great organization around us. People we can trust." Kelly Curtis, for one, has been with the band since he was a kid. Literally. He was an original Heart roadie and is now an important officer, so to speak, in the Heart corporate structure. "A lot of groups can't handle both their art and their business. They think business is beneath them, that it should be some manager's worry." She looks out the window. "A lot of them end up out on the street. We're gonna survive and grow. Heart is nowhere near as good or as big as I think we can be. You watch."

ON TOUR

Madness
Whiskey A Go Go, Los Angeles

A heavy, heavy monster method
A fine Madness

There's a surprising musical revival going on in England: a group of interrelated, integrated bands — the Specials, Madness, the Selector, Dexy's Midnight Runners — are resuscitating the sounds of ska, Jamaica's frenzied-up-tempo predecessor of reggae, a steamy Caribbean rereading of the classic New Orleans R&B of the Fifties.

America got its first look at the ska phenomenon with the arrival of Madness, whose quicky five-city American tour followed on the heels of their thirty-city adventure in England with the Specials and the Selector. From the first raucous exhortation of Madness' front man and master blaster Chas Smash — "HEY YOU! DON'T WATCH DOT! WATCH DIS!" — to the last churning chords of their instrumental "One Step Beyond," Madness conquered the ordinarily jaded Los Angeles audience with their refreshing, unrestrained sound.

Madness' material is admittedly slight, particularly compared to the sharp politi-

cal commentary of the Specials. The songs cover such frivolous subject matter as underwear thievery, but, as rock 'n' roll keeps proving, it ain't necessarily what you say, but how you say. Madness plays with a crude ferocity that compulsively entertains. The pulsating blasts of keyboard player Mike Barson, guitarist Chris Foreman and honking sax man Lee "Kix" Thompson could bring the paralyzed to their feet.

Madness is also one of the most kinetic stage acts in recent memory. The band's "nutty sound" is meant for dancing, and, as if to provide a suitable example, the seven band members (and their peripatetic roadie Chalky) flip, flop and fly around the stage in a whirlwind of perpetual motion. The visual focus of the group is Chas Smash, a lean, beshaded, porkpie-batted apparition who jerks and bops around the stage in a hipster's variation of the *petit mal seizure*. At one juncture, during the group's inspired instrumental take-off on "Swan Lake," Chas and Chalky engaged in a bizarre ska minuet and head-butting contest at center stage.

The February release by Sire of the band's Stiff album and a projected major U.S. tour in March should do much to spread the new gospel of ska on these shores.

Chris Morris

Tom Petty and the Heartbreakers
Masonic Temple, Detroit

Rock concert antics often seem to work in the live situation but seem hackneyed afterwards. Tom Petty's jivey Detroit appearance proved no exception. Nevertheless, the new-found maturity in his *Damn the Torpedoes* LP is also becoming apparent in Petty's live shows.

Despite the obvious Bruce Springsteen and former Byrd Roger McGuinn influences — over which too much ink has already been shed — Petty manages to be a fresh, if not exactly original, voice in rock. Although he is emphatically not a part of the new wave, Petty brings rock toward its basics, musically; lyrically, the Petty of *Damn the Torpedoes* is striking out into new areas. This is due no doubt to his recent legal hassles (again, a Springsteen parallel).

It is hard to believe that the Petty of old could write songs like "Even the Losers" and "Refugee" and sing them with such conviction. On these songs, clearly the high points, Petty managed to transcend the limitations of his voice to deliver a stronger statement than just the pain of adolescent love. His new songs strike a responsive chord with all those who feel embattled by fate.

Though marred by grandstanding, the live performance was a showcase for Tom Petty the singing songwriter. One concertgoer not terribly familiar with Petty remarked "I didn't know he had so many good songs."

Oddly enough, his older material also seemed to improve in the live setting. Perhaps Petty's voice can finally convey the emotions that were always within him.

Walt Turowski

Martin Mull/The Rick and Ruby Show
Santa Barbara

Martin Mull is a very funny man. Few, if any, performers will ask an audience if they like country music, and then respond to the scattered applause with, "You'll get

over it." Mull not only gets away with snotty, withering condescension; it is expected of him.

In fact, there was a point in the show where Mull simply discarded whatever structure he may have had and invited the crowd to shout at will. And shout the would-be comedians did — only to be summarily and sarcastically disposed of by the man in the easy chair. It was a very funny few minutes, demonstrating what a truly graceful creature a professional comedian can be.

But it also left a nagging doubt about Mull's humanity quotient. Isn't he having any fun at all behind that sardonic sneer? Why does he project the feeling that this is just another crowd, just another night? There was just this feeling — nothing more — that he couldn't wait to get back to Malibu and balance his checkbook.

Mull's show was preceded by a trio known as the Rick and Ruby Show; they concentrated on musical parodies of everyone from Johnny Cash to the Ohio Players and KC and the Sunshine Band. The accuracy of their sarcasm was awesome.

Craig Zerouni

Vladimir Horowitz
Academy of Music, Philadelphia

A circus atmosphere precedes any concert appearance by Vladimir Horowitz. The legend, the tales of his eccentricities, the long waiting lines for tickets (to say nothing about the fears of ticket-holders that the concert may be called off at the last moment, which happened here three times in two years), all threaten to overwhelm the very reason all that fuss is made over him in the first place: Vladimir

Horowitz gets sounds out of his wonderful, meticulously tuned Steinway that mere mortals can barely imagine.

His academy program was carefully chosen to show off the best aspects of his pianistic ability. The opening Clementi sonata, for example, was a slight piece of music made interesting by Horowitz' use of elegant coloristic effects and delicate fingerwork. That was followed by a Schumann group — the rare Opus 111 *Fantasiestücke* and a pair of *Nachtstücke*. Schumann was one of the most romantic of composers, and Horowitz has always identified closely with this passionate music with its many shifts of mood.

Chopin straddled the intermission. Before intermission came the only "basic repertoire" piece on the program, the G Minor Ballade. I think even Horowitz fans must be getting tired of it by now, but not in this unusually expressive rendition. After intermission came a Nocturne and a Mazurka, in which Horowitz made the piano sing as if he were a vocal master instead of a keyboard wizard.

Then, with barely a pause for breath, he launched into Rachmaninoff's Second Sonata. Hardly anyone plays this sonata, for a good, sound logical reason: hardly anyone can. Rachmaninoff wrote it for a pianist (namely himself) to whom technical difficulties were simply irrelevant, and it also helps if the performer has an understanding of Rachmaninoff's peculiar brand of Russian melancholy. Since Rachmaninoff's death, Horowitz has come closest; here he strained the Steinway to its limits in producing orchestral sonorities and thunderous climaxes, contrasted with lyrical passages of sad and majestic beauty. This was transcendental pianism and ecstatic music-making.

Sol Louis Siegel

Robert Bly
Ballantine Hall, Indiana
University, Bloomington, Indiana

During the late Sixties Robert Bly acquired a type of notoriety unlike that of most contemporary poets when he organized a series of readings against the Vietnam War and published a lot of angry poetry ("The Teeth Mother Naked at Last" being the most famous). I was curious; how would Bly sound as the Seventies come to a close — a poetic William Sloane Coffin, still? Would he debut a new poem, "The Nuclear Industry Naked at Last"? In fact, Bly is simply a better poet now than he was ten years ago. Heavily influenced by Oriental poetry, by his many translations of Asian poets, from which he read also, Bly speaks now of creating moments in his poetry when his inner, human consciousness merges with some other, outer consciousness. Confusing? Not after you've heard him read.

A friend who had seen Bly in Chicago told me he might do things like read each poem two or three times, or take his shoes off in the middle of the reading. Sure enough, Bly began by saying, "You really have to hear a poem twice to get all of it. The first time's like flying over in an airplane." Then he glanced around and had someone dim most of the lighting: "You can't read poetry with all the lights on." Five minutes later, off came the shoes: "You can't read poetry with your shoes on."

Accompanying himself at times on a dulcimer, one time donning a mask and reciting in the voice of an old hag, Bly varied the mood and tempo of the performance with such dexterity that he held his audience captive for over two hours. Still an outspoken social critic, Bly spoke between poems of various dangers to society ranging from war to television. Only once, though, did his anger surface, when he denounced President Carter's action freezing Iranian assets.

We didn't want to hear about Iran. We were seeking, and had for a time found, refuge from a frustrating world in the cadences of Bly's artistry.

Craig Mindrum

Shostakovich: Surviving Stalin

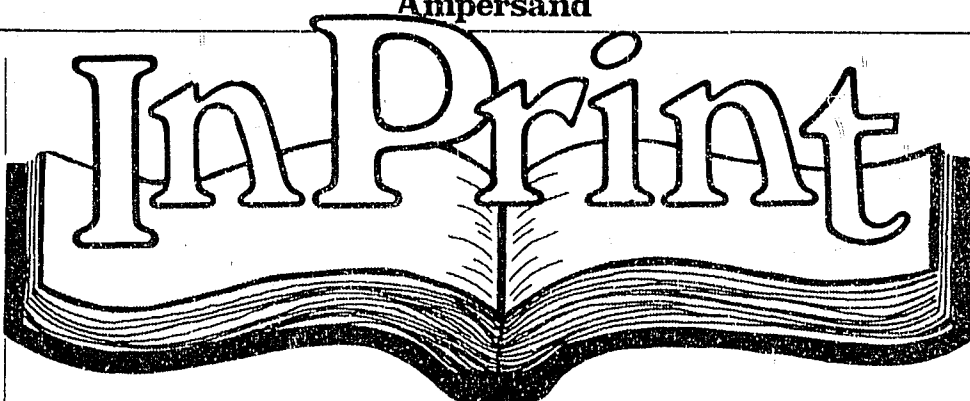
Dmitri Shostakovich was and remains the most important figure in the history of Soviet music. The last great composer in the traditional symphonic form, he compiled one of the major bodies of work in this century, including fifteen symphonies, an equal number of string quartets, a number of concertos, chamber works, vocal and choral pieces, operas and other compositions, many of which remain in the active performing repertory. A child of the revolution, educated under Bolshevik rule, Shostakovich became a world-famous composer while still in his early twenties, suffered through and survived the purges of the Stalin era, and continued to produce major works until his death in 1975.

Now we have a different, darker side to Shostakovich's story, from Shostakovich himself. In his last years he dictated his memories to the young musicologist Solomon Volkov, who arranged them into coherent chapters to which Shostakovich affixed his signature. These have been published as *Testimony: The Memoirs of Dmitri Shostakovich* (Harper & Row, \$15.00), a unique oral history of an era of which we still know too little.

Shostakovich gives us a picture of creative life in the Soviet Union that is truly frightening. He rose to prominence at the very time that Stalin ascended to supreme political power; Stalin knew little about music, or any other art form, but he did know that it could be a powerful tool in the control of popular feeling, and he did his best to keep it under his thumb. In the "Great Terror" of the Thirties, musicians, poets, painters, and artists of the stage and the cinema were among the many who simply disappeared into the Gulag. They were quickly supplanted by talentless hacks who were all too willing to hew to the party line and write simple, boring paeans to the glory of Lenin and Stalin. Shostakovich himself came under personal attack twice, in 1936 and 1948; these attacks did not come despite his world fame, as has been popularly thought, but because of it. Stalin was insanely jealous of any Soviet who gained prominence comparable to his own, and the hacks jumped at the opportunity to raise their own stock by bringing down someone who made them look bad. During the worst years, Shostakovich was able to live only because Stalin paradoxically decided that only Shostakovich was qualified to score the Stalin-glorifying film epics commissioned from the Soviet film industry.

But Shostakovich has more to tell us, much more. From him we learn of the terror of living in a nation in which one could disappear forever at any time. We learn of the folk cultures that Stalin destroyed and replaced with frauds that glorified the Revolution. We learn of the plagiarism that is a way of life in Soviet music. More important, we learn about the people Shostakovich knew — Meyerhold, Tukhachevsky, Glazunov, Khachaturian, Akhmatova and many others, many of them forgotten because they were destroyed by Stalin. It is here, in giving names and faces to some of these victims, that Shostakovich does perhaps his greatest service, for he helps to document an age when the keeping of books, diaries and photographs could be fatal, an age for which the only written history was that approved by the State.

The Soviet copyright agency, under-



standably enough, has condemned the publication of *Testimony*, claiming it to be a fraud, but there are too many good lines and anecdotes for that. More important, the voice of the narrator is too close to the musical voice of the composer of some of the greatest works of this century — works now revealed to be "tombstones" for the "mountains of corpses," the victims with no known burial place.

Sol Louis Siegel

Working Class Hero

Gunter Wallraff, author of *The Undesirable Journalist* (The Overlook Press, \$10.00), is a West German investigative journalist whose proddings of corporate and state fascism have made him a hero of that country's working class. While most of us see the violence done humans by military, economic and corporate systems and then do our personal best to get out of the bad weather, Wallraff infiltrates the systems — which are always hungry for more toadies and stoolies — then spies and lies his way through until he can record damning evidence. Abbie Hoffman, writing in *Mother Jones*, linked Wallraff to Hunter Thompson, but Thompson is a whack-off by comparison.

Chapter One, "The Coup Merchants," finds him posing as the rep of a powerful German who wishes to give arms and aid to right-wing terrorists in Portugal. After braving his way through contacts with local-level organizers and functionaries, Wallraff lures General Antonio Ribeiro de Spinola, former Portuguese President and current head of an armed and dangerous right wing organization, into a bogus meeting. In minutes, Spinola is telling the journalist, and a man posing as President of a secret German political faction, how they should smuggle in arms ("We are mainly interested in highly sophisticated automatic weapons") to help him "annihilate" members of the rival Communist Party. Everyone knows fascists play rough; Wallraff breaks into their games nonetheless, taunts them into revelations and then sneaks out with a report. In Chapter Two he successfully applies for work with the German government as a paid informer on left-wing students. How does he find the Political Commissariat and begin the

game? It's simple. There is the only office door in the Police Headquarters building with its nameplate removed.

Through ten chapters, *The Undesirable Journalist* mixes the grim with the ludicrous. Posing as a senior official in a totally fictitious government bureau ("Civil Defence Board of the Federal Ministry of the Interior"), he tricks industrial managers into spelling out their in-progress plans to drill illegally-armed troops for use against strikers. After that story broke, Wallraff was unsuccessfully brought to trial for "false impersonation and unauthorized use of title."

Wallraff's book, which no journalist, journalism student or student of social dynamics should miss, shows that the systems have structural cracks, and that controlled, methodical rage can drive wedges into them; Wallraff didn't stumble across these fascinating, angry stories. He made them happen.

Byron Laursen

Laughter Cures

For those with the remotest intention to read a book on holistic medicine, Norman Cousins' *Anatomy of an Illness* (Norton, \$9.95) is an odds-on bet. Former *Saturday Review* editor and presently senior lecturer in humanities at UCLA Medical School, Cousins is here concerned with demonstrating the truth of some vintage Milton: "The mind... in itself can make a heaven of hell, and a hell of heaven."

The book centers on Cousins' account of his recovery from ankylosis spondylitis, a rheumatic disease with no known cure resulting in characteristic immobility of the spinal column. If we are to believe Cousins (oh, let's), his recovery hinged on guffawing at old *Candid Camera* films, massive intravenous doses of Vitamin C, and a move to a hotel ("A hospital is no place for a person who is seriously ill"). The account overcomes a vaguely embarrassing testimonial tone to divulge the fascinating reasoning behind such self-prescription.

Cousins explores the placebo response, the doctor as placebo, and the ethical catch-22 involved in placebo testing: the doctor can tell the truth and ruin the placebo's effectiveness or lie and put a doctor-patient relationship based on trust

in jeopardy. Along the way there are documented cases of placebo success so...bizarre that Ripley might have goggled in disbelief. Cousins' point is that psychogenic medicine has come of age — "miracle cures" as legitimate subjects.

Granted that Cousins' illness lies in that ephemeral area where treatment is still more art than science, it might seem surprising to read him in defense of the scientific method. Squarely in Lewis (*Lives of a Cell*) Thomas' territory, Cousins maintains that the problem with medical "science" is that it isn't scientific enough. Still, he bemoans the traditional lack of comprehensive nutrition courses in medical schools and complains that today's M.D.s are "beautifully trained but poorly educated."

If all this sounds like something to be discussed at a low-proof cocktail party, it's not. It's an eloquent plea for holistic medicine (which treats the mind and body as a single entity) and medical science to get together, for a little compassion and warmth on the part of the M.D., for a little participation, laughter, and will on the part of the patient. Fair enough?

Terry Gioe

Hemingway, Ashberry & Lux

"All poetry is difficult to read," Robert Browning once said.

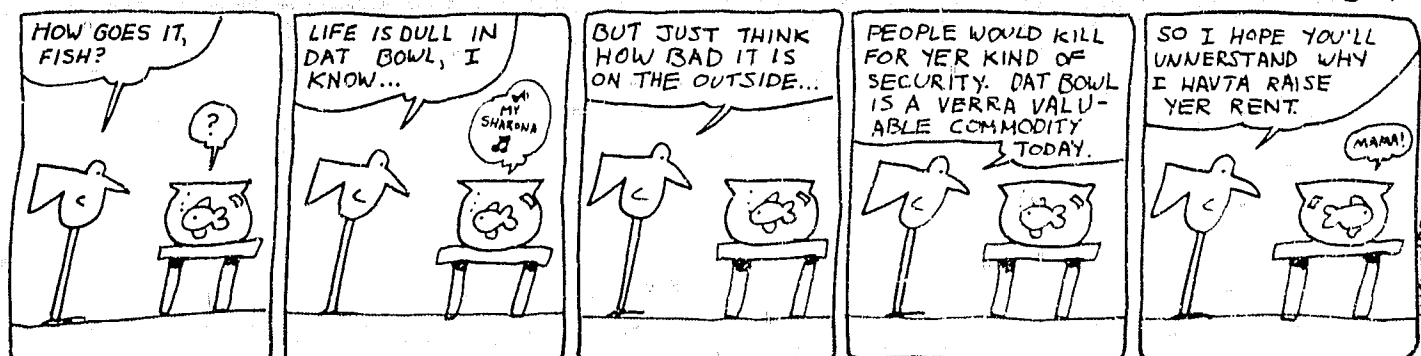
Indeed it is. But some for different reasons than others.

Three new volumes of verse — which have nothing else in common except that each was written by a 20th-century American male — are, each in its own way, pretty rough going.

Sunday by Thomas Lux (Houghton Mifflin, \$4.95) is a tough one simply because it doesn't give us very much to hold onto — no dissonant insights; none of the poet's thick, twisted thinking; not even much rich language. It's just too plain — and it is not the deviously plain language of, say, Mark Strand (the kind that turns the commonplace into upon itself), it is the plain language of a young man's ingenuousness — language like "When I was barely human nobody loved me./Ditto the other way around."

There are nice moments, such as the elegy for a dead friend which begins "A message from a secretary tells me first/the heavy clock you were/in your mother's lap/had stopped. Later I learn who/ stopped it: you..." But most of Lux's aperçues and thin musings offer little to slow us down as we walk through them, much less anything for us to dig for. All the secrets are too near the surface.

That could never be said of John Ashberry, whose volume *As We Know* (Pen-



In Print

(continued)

guin, \$7.95) consists largely of a complex, maddening, arcane work called "Litanies." It is difficult to read not only because of Ashberry's dense language and mysterious, tight-fisted transitions of mood and subject, but also — most of all — because it is written in two parallel columns and is, the poet tells us, "meant to be read as simultaneous but independent monologues." That's not easy for the lone reader to do.

The monologues might be independent, but the voices speaking them are not ("You have/no right to take something out of life," the right-hand column says at one point, "And then put it back, knowingly, beside/its double, from whom/The original tensions unwittingly came"). "Litanies" is certainly, at the least, about considering life through its smaller manifestations, and seems to be about moving through them toward some sense of (dare one say it?) purpose or broader meaning. It is a kind of verbal working out of big issues through a skein of smaller ones.

The hard thing about reading *88 Poems* by Ernest Hemingway, edited by Nicholas Gerogiannis (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich/Bruccoli Clark, \$8.95), which is the first authorized edition of that great, hard-bitten author's collected poems, is that almost all of what he has penned as poetry is so damned unpleasant.

Hemingway was basically an asshole — selfish, brutal, disloyal, and sanctimoni-

ously masculine — and he wrote a master's prose because of it. Vices of personality became great virtues of art: his selfishness and disloyalty made him write what he wanted to write, no matter whom it hurt; his brutality gave his prose a furious density; an almost unimaginable power (it is no accident that, in one of his poems, he calls his typewriter a *mitrailleuse* — a machine-gun); his sanctimonious masculinity gave his works a strange tenderness and a worldly sentimentality that more "sensitive" writers would never have dared.

Above all, his prose was strong enough, rich enough, *right* enough to accommodate almost anything he might apply to it. Verse is an incomparably more fragile form. There's no "story" as foundation, no room for *people* in the fictional sense. What we see in *88 Poems* is simply Hemingway the wise guy; Hemingway the snide, superior young literateur; Hemingway the gruff, death-obsessed tough guy. And we see him plain. There are no great, noble plays being acted in the foreground; there is no larger canvas of tragedy or cosmic comedy. It's just bitch, bitch, bitch — at English teachers, "lady poets," Edmond Wilson, the war, and death, death, death, death, death.

Morley Jones

Two Thrillers

The mystery-thriller is a genre for which Americans have an apparently insatiable appetite, as a perusal of drug store book racks makes eminently clear. The quality of these books ranges wildly from the exquisite artistry of Le Carré through the reliably interesting stories of John D.

MacDonald, to the violence-laden hack work of the pulpsters. Two examples falling somewhere in the middle were recently published by the Delacorte Press, *The CUPPI*, by Sandy Johnson (\$8.95) and *American Surrender*, by Michael Brady (\$9.95). The dollar difference is deceptive, as Ms. Johnson's novel is by far the better.

American Surrender is a highly improbable and jingoistically motivated spy thriller something like *The Manchurian Candidate* in which those astonishingly clever Russians dupe those equally astonishingly dim Americans into handing over the keys to the country. This is effected by introducing a temptress into the counsels of the President whose election was engineered in Moscow. The First Lady, incidentally, had been brainwashed during her formative years while attending a Russian-run finishing school. And so it goes. Forget it.

The CUPPI is a rather more satisfying product. The title is an acronym for "circumstances undetermined pending police investigation," and refers to the death of an adolescent girl who either fell, jumped or was pushed out of a sleazy New York hotel window. A photographer named Homer Wood gets involved in the investigation partly because he knows a lot of cops and partly because the dead girl resembles his own daughter. The reader travels with him through some of the seamier sides of American life — adolescent prostitution, rape, drug addiction, and thereby gets a feeling for what big city police face. In her acknowledgments, Ms. Johnson, an actress whose face on the dust jacket is unplaceably familiar, mentions a number of detectives and patrolmen, NYPD officials and members of the medical examiners staff. She appears to have done her homework and we profit from it in this well paced and sometimes moving first novel. Remember it.

J.C. Norton

Falling into the Hole

The answer to the question of the existence of black holes will be as profound as Darwin's discovery of the theory of evolution. Walter Sullivan, America's best-known science writer, explores the possibilities in *Black Holes: The Edge of Space, The End of Time* (Anchor, \$17.95), his astronomical follow-up to *We Are Not Alone*.

Simply, black holes are celestial masses of incredible density (imagine the earth compressed to the size of a ping-pong ball) and so possessing tremendous gravitational forces. The pull of a black hole's gravity is so strong that even light cannot escape it, time is stopped and space does not exist. It is not, however, as clear-cut as that, because there is no certainty that black holes are a reality. Conjecture, theory and circumstantial evidence are what the scientists are working with.

Yet the implications of a confirmed black hole can be staggering. It would unravel the mystery both of the universe's creation and its eventual destruction. The philosophical implications would make *Inherit the Wind* look like *Mary Poppins*.

While Sullivan's book does enter technical areas and tends to be a tad dry in places, it should be required reading for anyone interested in the grand concepts of space and time. As Einstein's *Relativity* should be understood by any student of the twentieth century, the idea of black holes is crucial to students of the future. *Black Holes* gives a nice introduction to and summary of this fascinating subject.

Sal Manna

On Screen

(Continued from page 16)

champion doped-up steroided racehorse owned and exploited by the same evil cereal conglomerate (embodied in soulless John Saxon, so villainous it's surprising he doesn't sport a handlebar mustache and stovepipe hat). In the bargain, the cowboy also rescues his self-esteem; joined by clever TV newswoman Fonda (in pursuit of a hot story), the four of them — two people, one horse, and all that self-esteem — trek through beautiful country and find the True Meaning of Life and Freedom, or something. Along the way we're treated to a dazzling chase sequence, with Redford and the horse outrunning three police cars and two motorcycle cops. It should be noted that, just like plucky dames in those Forties flicks, Fonda traipses across Utah in high-heeled boots carrying a large metal case of TV camera equipment.

The pacing is so slow, so choppy, that Fonda and Redford don't make sparks until the movie is almost over...but when they finally look into each other's eyes, out there in the mountain moonlight, with the horse looking beautiful in the background, the corniness of this classy trash fades away, leaving just images of perfection. Oh, if we were all so handsome, we wouldn't need dumb movies like this.

Judith Sims

SCAVENGER HUNT, starring Richard Benjamin, Cloris Leachman, Ruth Gordon, and Tony Randall; written by Steven A. Vail and Henry Harper; directed by Michael Schultz.

Scavenger Hunt, in which teams of characters played mostly by TV situation comedy and game-show regulars try to win a perverse board-game inventor's estate by collecting the likes of a toilet, an ostrich, and a fat person, is fun for the entire family, especially if cretinism runs therein. Thunderously childish — indeed, geared to the mentality of someone who's recently been lobotomized — it's a truly horrific piece of filmmaking in every way.

The script is such that those who appear most briefly come off best, as in, "First prize: a role in *Scavenger Hunt*; second prize: a larger role..." Meat Loaf, as the casually ruthless leader of a bikers' gang, and Ruth Gordon, as a sweet old woman with a houseful of munitions, have the film's best moments.

The bad guys' team comprises Richard Benjamin, Cloris Leachman and Richard Mazur, the scourge of many Norman Lear sit-coms, as Leachman's insufferably bratty and apparently retarded son. Benjamin here tightens his grip on the title of the most egregious screen personality of his generation, and Leachman plays her bitchy and avaricious character in such a way as to suggest that she has neither shame nor respect for the memory of her generally superb television work.

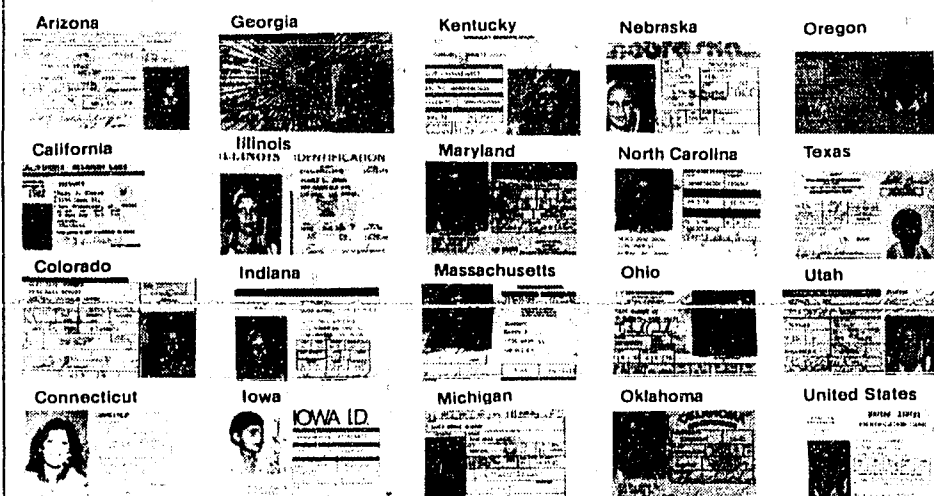
Michael Schultz's direction is largely inept — never more glaringly than when everyone sort of mills around and blows raspberries at one another for ten minutes before the inevitable happy ending finally shows up.

If you think Mel Brooks might be hilarious, except that most of his stuff goes over your head, this may be just the zany mad-cap laff-riot for you.

John Mendelssohn

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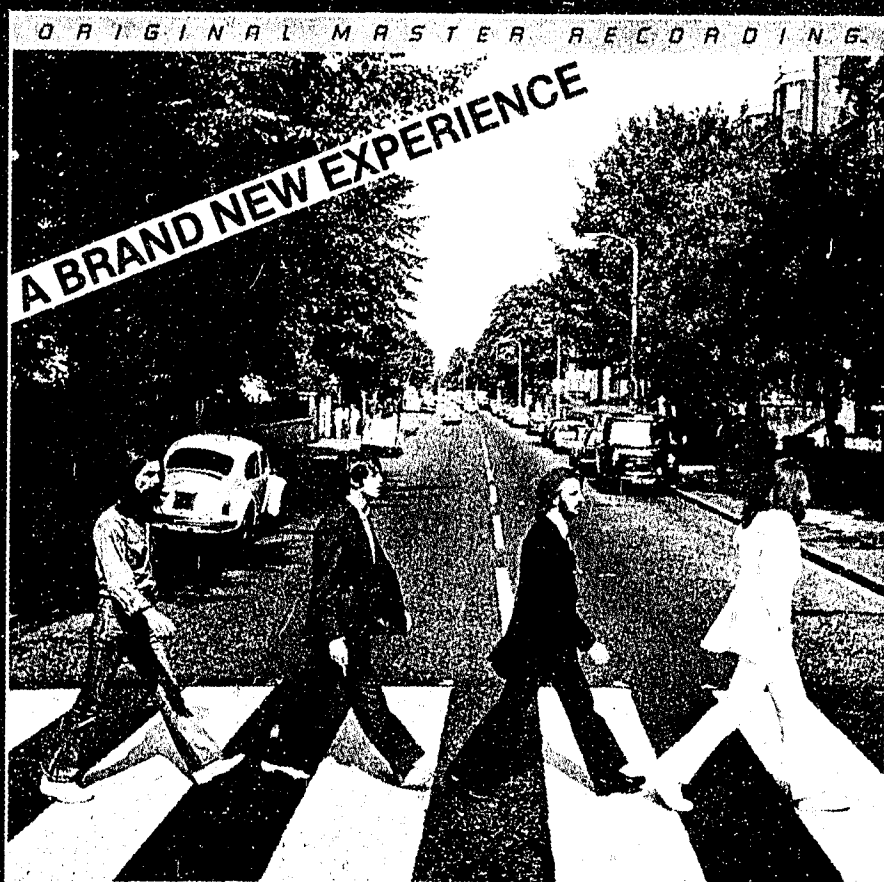
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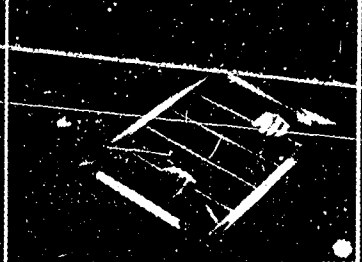
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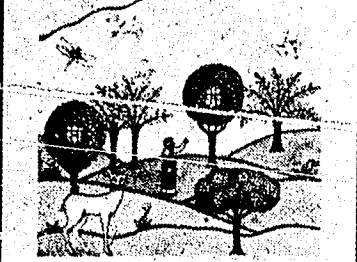
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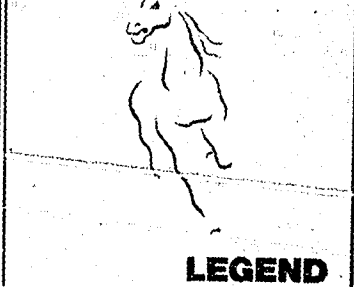
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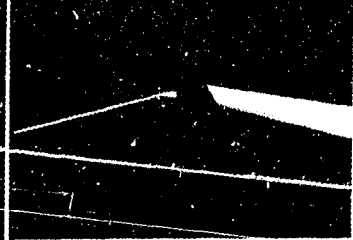
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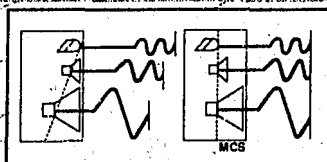


tech talk:

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in the way a conventional speaker is constructed. As you can see by the diagram, a conventional speaker is arranged with the woofer (bass), mid-range and tweeter (small high-range speaker) mounted so that their outer edges are on the front surface. As you can also see, these speaker elements differ in depth. That means the acoustical centers in the middle of each speaker which actually produce sound are also staggered. And so is the sound reaching your ear. MCS Linear Phase speakers start out with specially designed speaker elements

and crossover networks. Then the elements themselves are staggered (see diagram again) in such a way that their acoustical centers are precisely aligned. The result is sound to make you think you've never heard stereo before. But don't take our word for it, listen to your ears. After all, where MCS Series Linear Phase speakers are concerned, one sound is worth a thousand words. MCS Series Linear Phase speakers. Only at JCPenney.

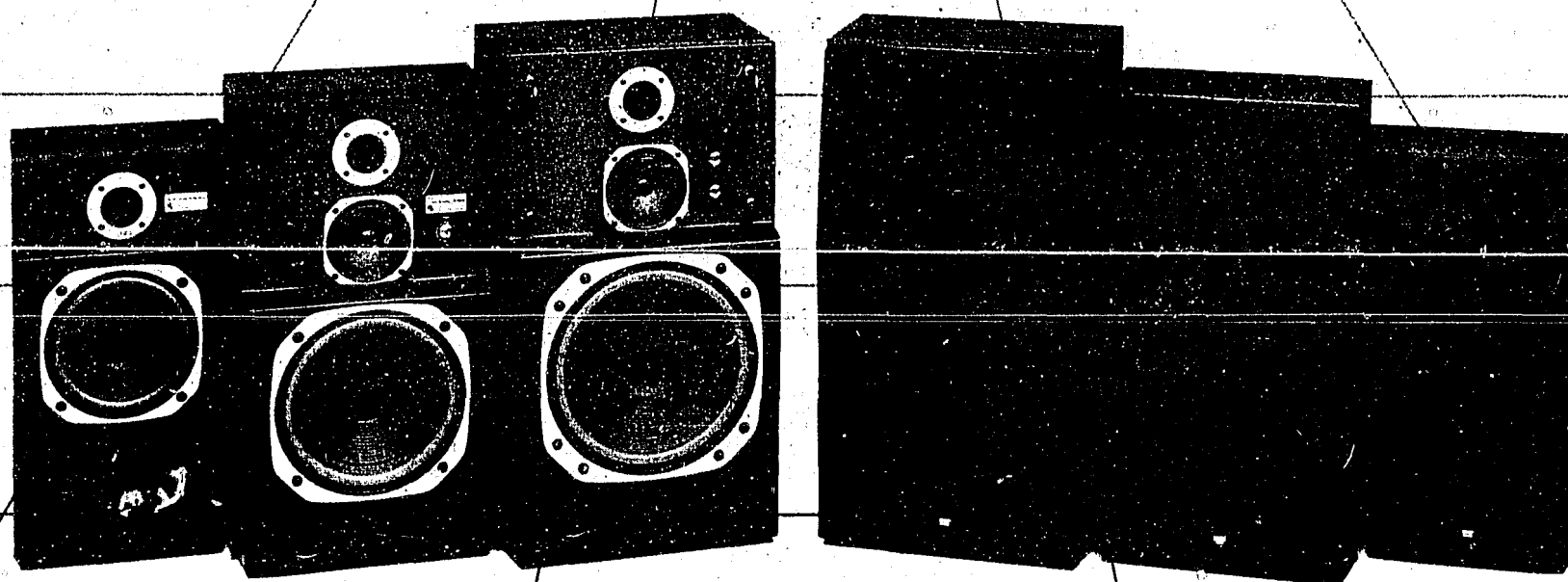
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Full 5-Year Warranty on MCS Series® speakers. Full 3-Year Warranty on MCS Series receivers, turntables, tapedecks, tuners and amplifiers. If any MCS Series component is defective in materials and workmanship during its warranty period, we will repair or replace it—just return it to JCPenney.

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