

# KENTUCKY Kernel

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The Police Joan Jett The Po  
Rocking and Rolling  
See page 4 for the run-in between The Police and Joan Jett at Rupp Arena last Sunday. In their first area appearance here, the two groups gave an awesome performance.



WILLIAM SAFIRE JAMES DUBBIN/Kernal Staff

## Columnist Safire defends recession

By JAMES EDWIN HARRIS Assistant Managing Editor

Although Reaganomics has created a deep recession, William Safire, political columnist for *The New York Times*, said the recession "has been a blessing," and credited President Ronald Reagan with following an unpopular path to solving America's economic ills. "The recession has been a blessing," Safire said at the Center for the Arts last night. "What this country needed was a good year-and-a-half recession." Safire told the crowd of 400 gathered for the fifth annual Joe Creason lecture that Reagan's efforts in bringing inflation from an annual rate of 12 percent down to around three percent at the expense of high unemployment have been necessary. "It's the pain of success," Safire said. "When you take those hurt by inflation over those out of work and those affected by Reaganomics, you follow the greatest good for the greatest number. . . . The

only thing that's worked is putting the country through a wringer." The lecture, which annually brings to UK an outstanding journalist to meet and talk with students and to speak to the general public, was also an opportunity for the quick-witted Safire to entertain his audience with a "tour d'horizon," an overview of the world's events during which he issued predictions about the coming months' news. He commented extensively on the American political scene and the 1984 Presidential race, citing possible candidates and humorously noting their strengths and weaknesses. The Republican party, Safire said, will "take a bath" this fall, losing 30 to 35 seats in the House and perhaps control of the Senate. Reagan, despite his budget and economic woes and falling popularity, has governed the country well, Safire said, but he warned the president may be limited to a single term in office because of his unpopular stands. Tennessee Senator Howard

Baker, a "three-handed man" who is known in Washington as "a born and skillful compromiser," is one of three Republicans who may replace Reagan, Safire said. Many are concerned, however, about Baker's ability to withstand a long campaign, with its life of "Ramada Inns, rubber chickens and handshakes." George Bush, who is "assiduously being a good vice president," may become the candidate, although Safire said "he doesn't come across as conservative enough," and he is a "Rockefeller Republican — a dirty word at a Republican convention." New York Congressman Jack Kemp also waits in the Republican wings, although his major problem will be trying to run for the presidency from the House of Representatives. "You ask him who his favorite president is, and he'll tell you James K. Polk," Safire said, referring to Polk's status as the only president elected directly from the House. Safire's wit became more point-

ed, however, with his discussion of the possible Democrat nominees. Former Vice President Walter Mondale is the front-runner, Safire said, simply because he wants to return to Washington. Mondale is being pushed toward the political center by Sen. Edward Kennedy of Massachusetts. Kennedy, Safire said, "kept the faith when the liberals were against the wall." Chief among Safire's dark horses for the Democratic nomination is Ohio Sen. John Glenn, "a man famous for going around the world in a crocheted position," according to Safire. He said Glenn would be the Democrats' standard-bearer despite his glaring lack of charisma. "Some say when Glenn gives a fireside chat, the fire goes out," Safire said. He picked Kemp for the Republican nomination, but covered his mouth and mumbled his choice for the next president. "I may be in error," Safire said in defending his choices, "but I am never in doubt."

## Potential of education legislation unclear

By JAMES EDWIN HARRIS Assistant Managing Editor

Editor's note: The following is an analysis of legislation by this year's General Assembly that will affect higher education.

With the close of the 1982 regular session of the General Assembly, Gov. John Y. Brown called education the "number one winner" in terms of influential legislation passed.

Education may have been a winner, but time will tell if higher education can be included in that analysis.

The most influential piece of legislation passed doesn't directly deal with higher education. The governor's controversial truck tax, apparently dead some weeks ago, surfaced at the end of the session and was approved. The measure, which would bring the state some \$45 million in new money for road repairs each year, ensures the freeing of funds to enable other programs to begin.

One of those programs is the construction of a building to house the University's mining engineering program. School officials were elated by the governor's decision to finance the \$8 million in debt service the new school will accrue.

Brown's action may ensure the school is accredited sometime in the future by the only group which can do so nationwide. Currently, graduates of UK's mining engineering school cannot be licensed as mining engineers because the school lacks certification by

the national Engineers' Council for Professional Development.

House Speaker Bobby Richardson had previously called that situation "disgraceful" in light of mining's place in the state's economy, and said the House would remedy it in this session. With passage of the truck tax, a remedy appears closer if not certain.

The truck tax package also made possible the reallocation of an extra \$1.86 million in new money for seven of the eight state-supported universities. Early in the session, Brown told the Council on Higher Education its plan for spending new money in the 1982-84 was unacceptable and demanded it come up with a new proposal.

A revised proposal met with resistance from the regional universities' presidents and their legislators, however, and spurred an extensive lobbying effort by all the presidents and their representatives. Brown ended the lobbying Feb. 5 with a final compromise plan for the universities.

It used the Council's basic compromise, but added \$400,000 to four of the five regional universities' budgets in 1982-83. It also fully funded UK and the University of Louisville in 1982-83, and set aside another \$1.2 million in 1983-84 for the two schools.

The compromise, averting a showdown in the Legislature, passed both houses without a hitch, and ensured the eventual use of the Council's mission model formula for financing higher education starting in 1984-85.

The Council itself was altered by two measures, one a sweeping change of its membership that,

among other things, seats a student representative on it.

Senate Bill 168 adds two members to the 15-member Council, and requires the Council include a representative from each Kentucky congressional district and an alumnus from each of the eight state-supported universities.

SB 168 also requires the governor to nominate to the Council a Kentucky citizen attending on a full-time basis one of the state-supported universities to a one-year term each July 1.

The student representative bill, killed in 1978 and 1980, met the same fate when originally introduced in the Senate this year. Sen. Ed Ford, D-Cynthiana, also attempted to make it a floor amendment, but it was the initiative of Rep. Joe Barrows, D-Versailles, that was finally successful, tacking it onto a House bill.

It requires each of the eight universities' student body presidents deliver a nomination to Brown, who will choose one to fill the position.

Harry Snyder, CHE executive director, said Council member Evan Perkins' performance in his two years on the panel facilitated the amendment's success. Perkins, a Morehead State University graduate, is currently a UK law student.

Perkins joined the Council in July, 1980. The clause of the bill dealing with university graduates was added as a House amendment by Rep. Jody Richards, D-Bowling Green, the chairman of the House Education Committee. Richards was one of a group of legislators which opposed the Council's proposals for funding the regional universities.

"I think the council works only when it's fair to all the institutions," Richards told *The Courier-Journal*. "This (amendment) will give each institution better representation."

Currently, the Council's membership includes five graduates from UK, two from Murray State and one from Morehead State.

The amendment mandates the nomination of at least one graduate from Eastern Kentucky, Western Kentucky, Kentucky State and Northern Kentucky Universities and UL.

The Council's makeup will not be affected by the congressional district residency clause. Three Council members are from the 4th and 6th districts, two are from the 1st, 3rd, 5th and 7th districts, and one is from the 2nd district.

The governor said he believes he can keep the Council basically intact with the use of dual appointments by having certain members represent both a congressional district and a university.

The bill also contained a clause mandating the Speaker of the House and the President Pro Tem of the Senate each nominate one person to sit on the panel.

Two financial aid bills were passed to the governor's desk. Senate Bill 119, which would favor those students enrolling in the health professions, authorizes the Kentucky Higher Education Student Loan Corporation to make loans to parents whose children are enrolled in health professions.

## SA senate meeting adjourned abruptly in "political move"

By NANCY E. DAVIS Assistant Managing Editor

In what some Student Association senators viewed as a political move, last night's regular senate meeting was adjourned after only 45 minutes and the passage of two bills.

The motion for adjournment, made by Arts & Sciences Senator Rodney Flynn, came immediately after the introduction of two bills for consideration by the senate.

"Recognition of the motion by (Vice President Bobby Clark) was (politically motivated)," said A&S Senator Madeleine Yeh. "A proper chair does not pay any attention to

motions that disrupt the business of the meeting."

When asked why he moved to adjourn the meeting, Flynn said, "I had things to do. . . . It seemed like the thing to do. . . . As an afterthought, he said "It was politically motivated, you know that."

The meeting was adjourned the remaining bills on the agenda, two of which were sponsored by President-elect Jim Dinkle, could be discussed. Immediately following the senate meeting, however, Vincent Yeh called a Senate Review Committee meeting to discuss the bills ignored by the senate.

SA's constitution states, "A Senate Review Committee . . . shall hold the authority to exercise the authority of the . . . Senate, when

the immediate nature of the issue precludes Senate consideration."

SRC members present at the meeting — Dinkle, Senator-at-Large Scott Hisle, former Home Economics Senator Edie Rowe, and Madeleine and Vincent Yeh — passed bills that allocated \$126 for *Kernel* ads and handbills to solicit students interested in working with SA.

"The ads needed to be put in before the next senate meeting (April 19) to be effective," said Vincent Yeh.

In other business, the senate passed a bill allocating \$233 for a "year-end conference." A&S Senator Dean Garrison, sponsor of the bill, said many new senators find "breaking the old-boy network

that used to surround the Student Association has really been difficult," adding that the "conference" will help the new senators acquaint themselves with other members.

Expenses for the "conference" will cover a 60 pound side of pork, a chain drive rotisserie pit, beverages and the usual picnic supplies.

The senate also passed a bill to sponsor an instructional course in

cardio-pulmonary resuscitation to be taught by CPR instructor John Woodall. The course, open to all students, faculty and staff, will be offered Saturday, April 24 and Sunday, April 25 in the Student Center.

## 1982-83 Kentuckian editors chosen

By ANDREW OPPMANN Senior Staff Writer

The University Student Publications Board selected Lisa LaFalce and Dewayne Bevil as co-editors of



DEWAYNE BEVIL AND LISA LAFALCE

the 1982 *Kentuckian*, UK's official yearbook.

LaFalce, 20, is managing editor of the 1981 *Kentuckian* and Bevil, 20, is campus section editor.

The board's decision, announced last night, is believed to be the first time co-editors have been ap-

pointed to head the yearbook on the publication's history, said Nancy Green, student publications adviser.

"As far as I know, this the first time co-editors have been appointed," Green said.

"I think it's a good idea," said LaFalce, a journalism junior from Lexington. "I have no qualms about working with someone else — it's a fine idea."

"I had good competition," she said. "I sure it was a difficult decision for them (the board) to make."

"I don't think just anyone (could work together as co-editors)," said Bevil, a journalism junior from Owensboro.

"We are going to get together soon and divide our empire," he said.

The board also announced the appointment of Andy Salsbury, a journalism junior, as the yearbook's managing editor. Salsbury, 20, served as people section editor for the 1981 *Kentuckian*.



Mimicry

Mimes Jean St. John and Steve Roenker perform "My Nose Turns Red" in a mine presentation at Student Center Theatre last Saturday. The performance was part of "Humor '82," the 15th annual young adult and children's librarian workshop sponsored by the College of Library Science.

# Persuasion

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## Mandatory military service is not a bad idea

Let's not take a half-hearted attitude toward our selective services system. If we need a military, guarantee it; if we don't, forget registration.

Recently, President Reagan decided to go through with the prosecution of all eligible young people who have failed to register for the draft.

Reagan came out against draft registration during the campaign and during the early part of his term but later changed his mind, claiming he did not realize the severe trouble the armed forces are in. Also, with the crisis in Poland going on he claimed that dropping registration would send a bad signal to the Soviets and to our allies.

Since former President Carter reinstated registration in 1979, hundreds of thousands of people have refused to sign up. Only 79 percent of those eligible did sign up.

Reagan gave these people a grace period, claiming that many were uninformed that they had to sign up or face the consequences. Apparently this worked since there is now a 93 percent rate of sign-ups.

The grace period is now up and the State Department is trying to track down those who still have not signed up. If caught, a person can be fined \$10,000 and/or jailed for a maximum of five years.

The idea of the government chasing 18-year-olds because they refused to let them know who and where they are is ludicrous.

Putting 18-year-olds in jail for not signing up does not make much sense. Presently, we do not have enough jail space to house murderers, rapists or robbers. But our illustrious government wants to throw in these teenage threats to the country into the clinker.

Admittedly, there is a problem with manpower in our armed forces. But draft registration is not an answer to solving it. As it is now, it is only showing the Soviet Union that nobody will show up for the next war.

Some people propose raising the salaries of people in the armed forces.

This is not a bad idea, but it leaves open the possibility of having a professional army, such as those in El Salvador, Guatemala and many Third World countries. This has not worked very well and has caused problems in many areas.

A better idea would be for everybody to serve a mandatory two years in the service of their choice after they finish their education. This would solve the problem of an untrained armed forces and the lack in manpower.

The person would either go directly from high school, or if they decide to go to college, they would be exempt for that time but would still have to serve two years once they are out.

The main problem behind the past draft is the vast majority were too poor to avoid being sent to fight. The rich would enter college and avoid having to do their duty to the country.

The United States should not be fussing with the difficult process of registration. Instead, it should take the initiative and implement a program designed to include everyone in the military. Such a step should not discriminate against the poor — include women and eliminate any possibility of "buying your way" out of the services. Mandatory service would be a good step in the right direction.



'But that's democracy'

## Review of Legislative session is in - with mixed results

With the legislative session over, except for its three-day veto session in mid-April, journalists and politicians are busy passing judgment on the results. (The three-day session, to permit overriding of vetoes, might possibly take last minute action on other bills, but major changes are unlikely.)



Malcolm Jewell

Evaluating the legislature is a subjective process, based on whether you like or dislike the bills that were passed and defeated, and for most persons the evaluation must be a mixed one, pending on which issues are considered most important.

A more useful enterprise perhaps is to evaluate this legislative session in terms of the legislative process itself: to what extent did the legislature demonstrate that it is becoming a more independent, capable and responsible branch of government?

The governor presented the legislature with a budget that did not require new taxes but that left serious gaps in a number of areas — notably education and highways. The legislative appropriations and revenue committees held hearings that demonstrated how serious these gaps were, and the leaders of these committees advocated tax increases.

Late in the session, the governor recognized the need and proposed new taxes and increased fees. The legislative leaders, with considerable difficulty, hammered out a tax pack-

age that was somewhat different from the governor's budget which included only items acceptable to him. Neither the governor nor the legislature were prepared to increase taxes on the coal industry.

In the field of higher education, the legislative leadership and the governor negotiated a compromise on distributing funds among the universities that left the long term formula for distribution undecided. The budget did include funds for a pharmacy building and a mining engineering program at UK.

The legislature enacted some reforms that appeared long overdue: the nursing home reform and an automobile title law (such as 49 state have) for example. It failed to pass a tough, anti-drunk driving bill. The nursing home reform illustrated the ability of legislators to resist extensive and one-sided lobbying efforts, as well as how much influence one dedicated and skillful legislator can have — in this case Gerta Bend.

The legislature seemed to spend an inordinate amount of its time on issues of limited concern to the public that were essentially battles between major interests: the multi-bank bill that divided the banking industry and the mutual funds bill that arrayed banks and savings and loan companies against the mutual funds for example. The multi-bank bill took a lot of time because there were repeated efforts to resurrect it and because the governor tried to win support for it.

The multi-bank bill illustrated the weakness of the governor as a lobbyist. He did not have an extensive program, other than his budget and tax plan, he took stands on fewer issues

than most of his predecessors did. His batting average was not impressive, perhaps because he never seemed to learn the technique of effective negotiations with legislators.

At the end of the session, the governor's evaluation included this remark: "I wouldn't call it a waste of time, but three months is such a long period of time to go through this process. But that's democracy." Although others may share this view of the length of the session, it is a short-sighted one. A more valid examination, and probably the most valid criticism of the legislature only "muddled through" and left unresolved some of the major issues facing the commonwealth.

Most observers recognize that there is a need for a fundamental

overhaul of the tax structure, which is very regressive and does not produce enough revenue. The governor, who has talked about major reforms of the income tax and a possible new tax on business activities, has never produced specific proposals for tax reforms.

The legislature needs to study the whole question of tax reform. The legislature in this session ducked the questions of a higher severance tax or a tax on unmined mineral wealth; the latter could be a major source of new revenue for the state and the coal-mining counties, and it is a tax used by many coal-producing states.

The legislature needs to study these issues in depth. If the Reagan administration succeeds in turning back to the states a number of federal pro-

grams, Kentucky must grapple with the question of priorities; it cannot fund all of these programs, and hard choices lie ahead.

The legislature has not settled the difficult question of retaining resources for higher education to the missions of the universities; these decisions cannot be postponed indefinitely. Moreover the legislature has not coped with the question of adequate funding levels, as symbolized by its rejection of a million dollar appropriation for a Fund for Excellence in higher education.

A three month limit to the legislative session almost inevitably leads to temporizing, hasty compromises and the postponement of tough issues. This legislature is unique in that it can work for the next two years, with-

out the distractions of an election (except for half the senators), and it can use the interim committees and its growing independence and staff resources to study these issues in depth and to involve the public in hearings on the issues.

A full assessment of this legislature must be postponed until we know how well it has used the time available to prepare for the next session, or for any special sessions that may be necessitated by events.

Malcolm Jewell, a Political Science professor, has been at UK since August 1988. He is considered a leading authority on state legislatures, has done considerable work on Southern politics, is considered an authority on Kentucky politics and has authored several undergraduate text books.

### Billets

### Doux

### LDC students

In the March 11 issue of the Kernell, Mr. Zama Ndefru III, president of the African Student Association, wrote a letter to the editor in which he criticized the tentative program for International Week, 1982, (April 5-9) as being "discriminatory" to the "LDC" students of this University and called on "all LDC students and their sympathizers . . . to boycott the event."

It is regrettable that Mr. Ndefru chose to use this public forum to voice his complaints without first discussing and consulting with the other

foreign student organizations on this campus to see what their feelings were and whether they would be participating in the International Week events this year.

A number of us "LDC students" (to use Mr. Ndefru's vernacular) have worked extremely hard, even with heavy academic commitments, to put this year's program together, and Mr. Ndefru was aware of at least some of these efforts.

All of the foreign student organizations were contacted with regard to participating in this year's event, including Mr. Ndefru's organization. The hope is each year that everyone will participate, and all ideas and suggestions are welcome; there is no obligation on the part of any group to participate.

All of the foreign student organizations will be taking part in this year's event, with the exception of the African Student Association. These were commitments that had been made by all these groups before Mr. Ndefru's letter appeared in the Kernell.

For the past 10 years, the first week in April has been designated "International Week" here at the University — a time for the entire University and Lexington community to focus on international relations and to feature some aspects of foreign cultures, customs, travel and study abroad.

International Week is a joint effort involving many different groups in the community and the foreign students represent just part of this community effort, albeit a major part. This year other participants include the Kentucky Theater, representatives from the local business community, Delta Airlines, London Luggage, Northwest Orient Airlines, the U.K. Women's Club, among others. It is truly a community effort.

As in the past we have always tried

to include the Third World countries, and in particular have focused on the African continent on a number of occasions. But we try to have some variety in each year's program and attempt to focus at least some attention on topical international problems of the present moment.

This year we decided to feature Eastern Europe and Islam. In the past we have focused on Africa, Asia, South America and the Pacific areas.

Mr. Ndefru was clearly upset at what he saw as an attempt to focus exclusively on Europe. His major complaint was with the Street Cafe, which will be held each day and feature European desserts. We only think it fair to explain the background of the Cafe idea so that there will be no further misconceptions.

Since the inception of International Week, the Street Cafe has been an integral part of the week's events. The Cafe is operated by the Cosmopolitan Club — an organization of international and American students — with the assistance of the UK Women's Club and has been the most popular feature of the week.

It was originally organized by the Cosmopolitan Club to provide the community with a sample of deserts, music and also a certain "atmosphere" that was not readily available here in Lexington. It has been so popular that we have continued it, even though it involves traveling to Cincinnati in the early hours of the morning to get fresh pastries for the Cafe.

The Cosmopolitan Club has considered making various changes in the menu, and in fact this year did an extensive study and search for other alternative ideas. But time and costs limited us to having special features each day. This year in addition to the regular desserts we will feature "spe-

cial" from the Middle East, Jamaica, France and all over the world.

This is not a profit making venture, with massive funds from the University. The Cosmopolitan Club pays for the items, with help from the International Student Office, as a service to the community. The hope each year is that we will break even, and any profits that are made are used by the Cosmopolitan Club for other activities during the year.

As stated earlier, we have worked extremely hard to put together an attractive program this year. All the organizations contacted have showed an interest in our efforts, and the international student community has rallied to provide one of the most talented and interesting programs that has ever been presented.

We consider Mr. Ndefru's letter an unfortunate slap in the face. He may boycott if he so chooses; we would rather that he join the rest of the 567 foreign students and the University community in celebrating International Week with us. We think that Mr. Ndefru will be pleasantly surprised with the International Week program this year; we invite him to participate more closely in the planning of International Week for 1983.

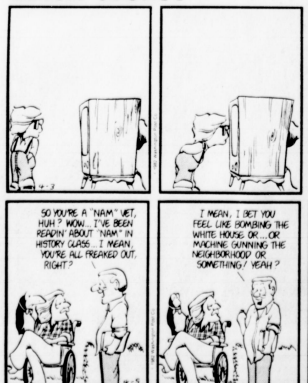
Dhanesh Ruparel  
Co-President  
Cosmopolitan Club

Anne Shirley  
Coordinating Committee  
International Week

### KYIAN

Congratulations to Kentuckian co-editors Dwayne Bevil and Lisa LaFale.

### BLOOM COUNTY



### by Berke Breathed





News

Roundup

Local

**LEXINGTON** — One-fourth of the blacks seeking apartments in Lexington last year encountered some form of discrimination, which was half the rate of 1977, the Kentucky Commission on Human Rights said in a report released yesterday.

The report was based on 93 audits of the local rental market by teams of black and white staff members. Commissioner Galen Martin said at a news conference.

In each case, black and white staffers made separate inquiries about the same vacancies. The responses they received were compared by a third auditor, Martin said.

Most incidents of discrimination involved rental agents who "steered" blacks to predominantly black areas of the city or who gave conflicting information to blacks and whites about apartment availability.

In 1977, Martin said, more than half the incidents of discrimination involved availability.

"Basically, there is a tendency to say to the black person, 'We don't have anything available now.' But for the whites, they will say, 'We will have something available tomorrow or next week,'" Martin said.

Discrimination was often "fairly subtle," Martin said. "Many times, the black auditors were not aware they were being discriminated against."

World

**LONDON** — A British fleet primed for war sailed for the Falkland Islands yesterday and Britain's foreign secretary resigned, bowing to national outrage and humiliation over Argentina's seizure of the islands.

After Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher said, "We have to regain the islands," the

aircraft carriers Invincible and Hermes put to sea with a send-off from tens of thousands of cheering, flag-waving Britons — some of them in tears.

The carriers will lead an armada of 40 warships in a bid to reclaim the remote colonial outpost inhabited by 1,800 British shepherders. The South Atlantic islands were seized Friday by an Argentine military force.

Mrs. Thatcher, facing the worst crisis in her three years in office, rejected the resignation of Defense Secretary John Nott, saying he is needed "as our forces prepare for the possibility of armed action" to wrest back the islands Britain has held for 149 years. She accepted the resignations of two of Carrington's top aides, deputy Humphrey Atkins and junior foreign minister Richard Lucas, who had been in charge of negotiations with Argentina before the invasion.

Warsaw Pact's fate discussed

By ANDREW OPPMANN  
Senior Staff Writer

Three representatives of UK's Political Science Department — all from Eastern European countries — discussed the status of the national unions comprising the Warsaw Pact at a lecture yesterday.

Mihai Timofte, a visiting Fulbright scholar from Romania, Janus Makewiecki, a graduate student from Poland and Andrea Imredy, a political science senior from Hungary participated in the discussion.

"Commonly felt opinions believe that the Warsaw Pact is a relatively unified pact and all the allies were supposed to fulfill the roles assigned to them by the Soviet Union," Makewiecki said.

But the 1968 invasion of Czechoslovakia by Soviet troops challenged the unity of the pact, he said.

Makewiecki said the members of the Warsaw Pact appear to lack "coherence" and are experiencing a "growing influence of the military." Also, their future may hinge upon the succession of leadership within the Soviet Union.

Imredy described Hungary national condition after the Soviet Union intervened to protect the country's system of socialism.

The leadership following the entrance of troops was not accepted by the people and the county lapsed into a period of economic stagnation, she said.

Timofte, noting the title of the lecture, "Eastern Europe: Soviet Empire or Soviet Quagmire," said the countries within the Warsaw Pact do not fit either description.

"Warsaw Pact is not a Soviet empire nor Soviet quagmire," he said. The Warsaw Pact nations are "countries in a zone of security by the Soviet Union," Timofte said, to the U.S. protection of El Salvador.

Feminist writers see brighter future for minorities in letters

By KATHIE MILLION  
Staff Writer

*Remember women's silence of centuries: The silences of most of the rest of humanity. Not until several centuries ago do women writers appear . . . Last of all, women writers, including women of color, of working class origin . . . Taken from Tillie Olsen's book, Silences.*

The major aim of the fourth annual Women Writers Conference is to let the public hear the "voices of first generation women writers" that might otherwise go unheard, according to conference director Linda Pannill.

"The aim of an event like the UK's Women Writers Conference is to try to alter these silences," said Pannill.

The highlights of Friday's conference were a lecture by Annette Kolodny and a reading by Alice Walker.

Kolodny's lecture, entitled "Captive in Paradise: Women's voices from the American Frontiers," was attended by approximately 125 people, most of whom were women writers from the local community.

"Kolodny demonstrated in her lecture how to reinterpret the evidence of women's lives in the past from a women's studies perspective and to so hear new things revealed," said Pannill.

"Kolodny demonstrated in her lecture how to reinterpret the evidence of women's lives in the past from a women's studies perspective and to so hear new things revealed," said Pannill.

Kolodny said the aim of the Women's studies programs is to answer questions such as why men's narratives become adoptive, unlike women's.

Currently, Kolodny is working on a project that will alter college American Literature courses and textbooks to include works by minorities.

"We hope to see students of American Literature courses made aware of the fact that blacks or ethnic minorities, women and working class writers contributed in significant ways to our literature," said Kolodny in an interview after her lecture.

The program is being sponsored by the Feminist Press and funded with the help of Funds for the Improvement for Post Secondary Education.

Recently, Kolodny won a large settlement out of court when the University of New Hampshire fired her from an assistant professorship without giving any reasons for doing so.

"I won and I didn't win," said Kolodny. "The only thing I feel is that the University wasted five years of my life and career."

Kolodny said women will always be discriminated against at universities and other bastions of traditional male careerism until they gain more power and support.

"Until feminists become university administrators and presidents in larger numbers, there will be discrimination."

There are two major categories of women, according to Kolodny — the "token woman" and the feminist.

"The difference between the feminist

and the token woman," said Kolodny, "is the feminist understands the need for women to organize and the token woman is only concerned with personal advancement and doesn't care if she leaves a legacy of other successful women behind her."

Kolodny taught a Women's Studies course at the University of New Hampshire, and she said such courses offer insight into male and female relationships.

"Women's Studies give insights into relationships between men and women and reveals new ways of understanding the individual, society and political structure."

Kolodny said that she is never inspired to write and writing is not a natural talent for her.

"I'm not a good writer," she said. "In my current book, the challenge is murder because I have to write in a way that the characters can be heard."

Having a liberated image does not interfere with or alter Kolodny's personal life. "The women's liberation movement has been the most wonderful thing in my life," she said.

"I have a liberated husband, which makes my personal life much richer," said Kolodny. "My personal relationships with my husband and friends are much richer and exciting because they aren't governed by outdated and inappropriate stereotypes."

Kolodny said she advises future women writers to keep on writing and try to get their works published.

"Everything about women needs yet to

be said," she said. "There have been no subjects about women completely covered yet."

Also featured at Friday's events was well-known poet and novelist Alice Walker.

Walker is not a stranger to UK's Women Writers Conference, according to Dr. Sandra Govan of the English Department, who delivered the introduction for Walker's reading. She was one of the guest speakers at the first annual conference.

"She writes the kind of stories that hits you where you live, said Dr. Govan.

Walker, reading from her newest novel, *The Color Purple*, to be published in June 1982, dedicated her reading to all the people who are involved in the anti-nuclear groups and encouraged all others to join in the fight.

The story is about two sisters, one a married lesbian and the other a missionary in Africa, who write to each other but never receive responses.

Walker said she enjoyed reading from *The Color Purple* because it gave her the opportunity to speak in Afro-American dialect, which she says was her "own first voice."

In a question-and-answer session following her reading, Walker said she finds it difficult to work for long periods of time on any specific work.

"One day I work on poems, the next day I work on short stories."

She said there is no general trend that characterizes black women writers of today.

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Tuesday, April 6th  
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"BACCHUS Rush Party at the Newman Center, 320 Rose Lane, Room 2; program at 8:00 P.M., party afterwards for further info call 258-2751, ext. 5. Co-sponsored by Miller Beer.  
\*Alcohol Information Table in Student Center 11:00-1:30, 1st Floor; Bacchus 1-shirts for sale \$5.00.

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ACROSS: 49 Four-Pret, 1 Aspect, 6 Greek letter, 10 Biblical man, 14 Burning county, 15 USSR river, 16 Daze, 17 Supply food, 18 GSA member, 20 Pitching stat, 21 Chest sound, 23 Blaspheme, 24 Heckle, 26 Routes, 28 Grapple, 30 Ambitions, 31 Unfastened, 32 Well-bred one, 36 Alder-Scot, 37 Scottish hills, 38 Generation, 39 Perceivers, 42 Coincide, 44 Long walks, 45 Put on, 46 Premier's aides, 49 Four-Pret, 50 Forward, 51 Flying toy, 52 Burnish, 55 Emphasizing, 58 English county, 60 Letters, 61 Redolence, 62 Coloring, 63 Gaelic, 64 Importance, 65 Meat source, 1 Contort, 2 Away, 3 Summresses, 4 Sooner than, 5 Pato's kin, 6 Instrument, 7 Historic canal, 8 Bitumen, 9 Entrity, 10 Damm, 11 Barriers, 12 Entertain, 13 Spouses, 19 Racing boat, 22 Tree, 25 USNA grads, 26 Fountain, 27 Animal food, 28 Attired, 29 Mythology, 30 Auto parts, 32 Salute, 33 Spread, 34 Askew, 35 Poverty, 37 Cycle, 40 Asians, 41 Ornaments, 42 Vouches, 45 Needlefish, 46 Lineage, 47 Adjust, 48 Dull ones, 49 Big cat, Fr, 51 Burl, 53 Persuade, 54 Beverage, 56 Relative, 57 Wedding words, 59 Smitte

UNITED Feature Syndicate Monday's Puzzle Solved

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# Entertainment

## The Police, Joan Jett meet

"Solid" is the only word to describe the Police/Joan Jett and the Blackhearts concert Sunday night.

To begin with, Jett and the Blackhearts played a brand of music that could best be described as no frills, straight-on rock 'n' roll. Jett, the opening act for the Police, began her 45 minute set with "Bad Reputation," which is also the title of her album released before her current album *I Love Rock 'n Roll*.

The Blackhearts provided a loud

wall of sound for Jett's husky, screech of a voice. For the first five or so songs Jett seemed P.O.'d at something, but by the time she launched into "I Love Rock 'n Roll," she started enjoying herself as much as the audience did.

Jett made the Tommy James' song "Crimson and Clover" sound infinitely better than the original version. On the song "Shout," originally recorded by the Isley Brothers, the gum chomping Jett got the

audience on their feet singing and dancing.

I figured the Police would have to put on one hell of a concert just to compare to their opening act.

No one was disappointed. The police were excellent. The three man band, with an added horn section of three men, began the concert with "Message in a Bottle." Sting's voice cut through the arena with a sound that was, at once, pure, delicate and unbeliev-

ly strong. It had an eerie spaciness to it which fit the music quite well.

Andy Summers, playing guitar, seemed to enjoy himself immensely. Without changing his expression, he often took the spotlight with his excellent use of sound such as in the song "Secret Journey."

The stage was simple, as opposed to the Rolling Stones' stage. The special effects of blinking lights and smoke were used rarely, but with

See The Police, page 5



JAMIE DUBBIN Kernel Staff



JAMIE DUBBIN Kernel Staff

right: Joan Jett and her backup. left: The Police's backup guitarist

## Prine in prime form

John Prine brought a legal smile to about 350 faces at Breedings last night.

The audience responded warmly to his musical stories told in a homey style. Everyone tapped their feet, clapped their hands or softly sang along with their personal favorites like "Paradise," "Saddle in the Rain" and "Hello in There."

Accompanied by Phillip Donnelly on electric guitar, Prine presented other famous songs like "Chinatown," "Don't Bury Me" and "Sam Stone" which were greeted with loud cheers and whistles.

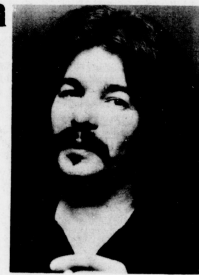
Prine played "Fish and Whistle"

which was "written on a Monday afternoon because I had nothing better to do." He explained that the song tells about a car wash down the street that forgot to rinse the sticky layer of soap off his car one day.

This song, like all the rest, is a song poem written with real feeling and sensitivity. Prine is a master of observation and explanation; he does to music what George Carlin used to do to comedy.

Prine's concert was wonderful and the crowd was very appreciative. Approximately 3000 tickets are already gone for his sold-out performances on April 5-8.

LESLIE MICHELSON



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# Sports

## Homers lift Cubs past Reds in NL opener; Orioles win

CINCINNATI (AP) — Keith Moreland drove in two runs with a home run and a single, and Bump Wills added a solo homer yesterday to power the visiting Chicago Cubs to a 3-2 eight-inning victory over the Cin-

cinnati Reds in a rain-shortened National League opener. Wills, who joined the Cubs in spring training from the Texas Rangers, lined the second pitch of the ballgame from Mario Soto over

the right field wall for a 1-0 lead. Moreland, traded last December by the Philadelphia Phillies, added a lead-off homer in the second inning. The ball landed on top of the left field wall and bounced over.

Moreland also singled to score Larry Bowa in the eighth inning, following a 46-minute rain delay, the first of two rain-forced halts. The game was delayed by rain for 51 minutes after eight innings before the game was called.

Starter Doug Bird, 1-0, limited the Reds to five hits in seven innings, and got relief help from Lee Smith and Willie Hernandez, who got the save. Soto struck out 10 batters in seven innings, yielding six hits.

The Reds scored in the seventh inning when German Barranca doubled with two out and Ron Oester singled to left field.

Pinch-hitter Mike Vail doubled home a run in the eighth inning as Cincinnati loaded the bases, but Hernandez retired Rafael Landestoy on a fly ball to end the threat.

In the American League opener yesterday in Baltimore...

Four home runs, including a grand slam by Eddie Murray, powered the Baltimore Orioles to a 13-5 victory over the Kansas City Royals. Sammy Stewart, the winner in relief, choked off a bases-loaded threat in the fifth inning. He preserved the triumph after the Royals had battled back from a 7-1 deficit and pulled to

within 7-5 on George Brett's solo homer in the seventh.

A three-run homer by Orioles new-comer Dan Ford capped a six-run rally in the bottom of the seventh off relievers Paul Splittorff and Grant Jackson and helped up Baltimore's hit total to 16.

The game, played in 46-degree weather, drew a record Baltimore regular-season crowd of 52,034,

which included baseball Commissioner Bowie Kuhn.

Murray, the American League leader with 78 runs batted in during the strike-shortened 1981 season, hit his fifth career slam in the third inning off loser Dennis Leonard.

Frank White drove in the first four Kansas City runs with an RBI single in the second and a three-run homer in the fourth.

### Keeneland Korner

#### Gus goes 2-for-2



Gus, the Kernel's handicapper specializing in "locks," hit both of his picks on the first weekend of the Keeneland spring meet.

In Friday's sixth race, Hi Ho Black gained the lead in midstretch and hung on for a head victory, paying a cool \$19.60 for a \$2 win ticket.

In Saturday's eighth race, Deep Freeze finished second but was declared the winner after the stewards found that the rider of Noted, who crossed the wire first, had struck

Deep Freeze across the face with his whip during the stretch run. Deep Freeze paid \$6.60 for a \$2 win ticket.

#### Today — 2nd Race Naskra Magic

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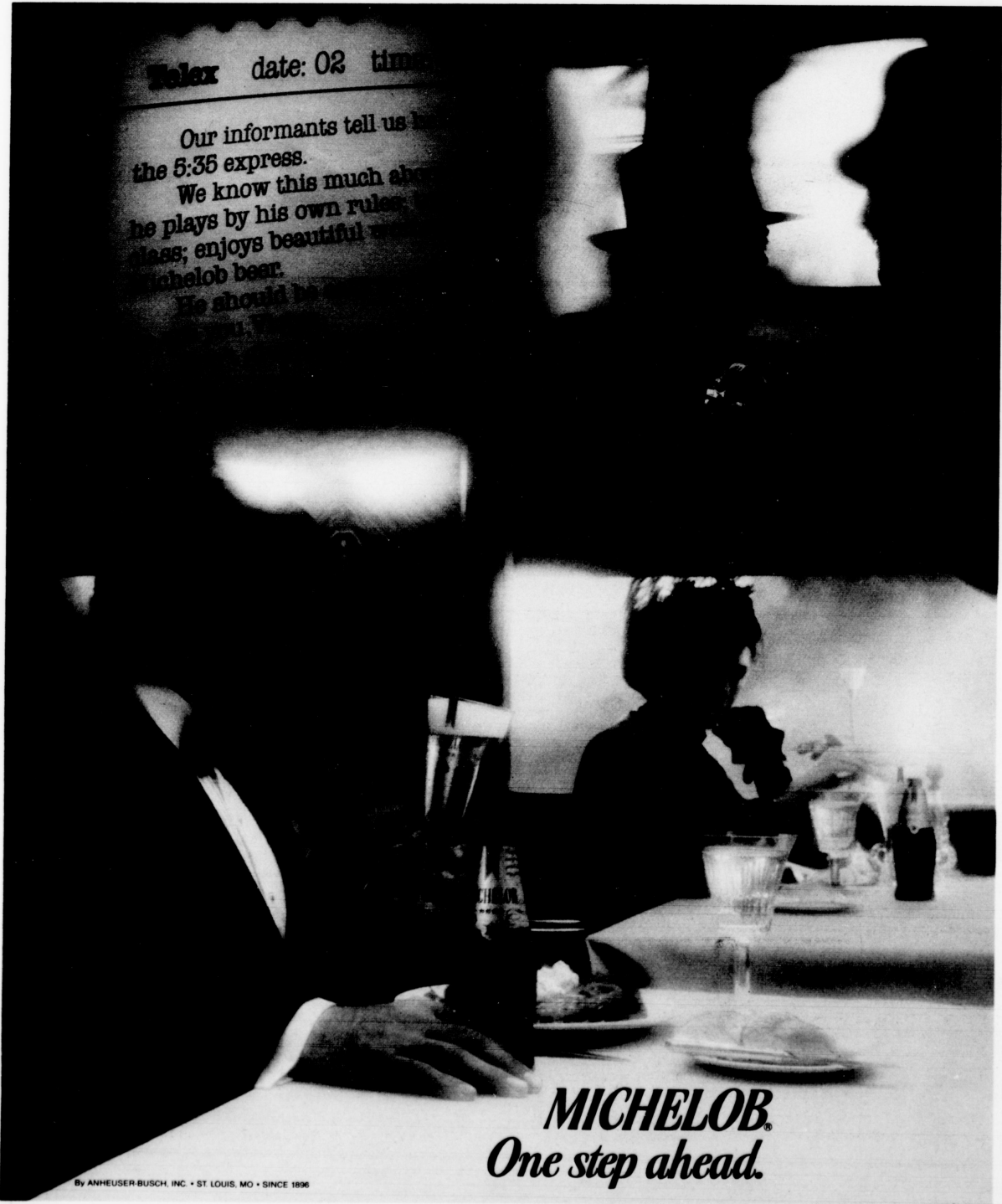
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## IN ONE EAR

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

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

Randy Agnew  
Austin, TX

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

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

Naomi Wender  
University of Maryland

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

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

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

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

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

An Avid Reader  
Mark

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

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### OUR COVER

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

### New Contributors

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

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

### Travel Section

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

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

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

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

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



# & OUT THE OTHER

## News from Lucasville

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

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

## Deals, Schmeals

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

## Knacksters on Track

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

## Brassy Women Sought

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

## Need Wheels?

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

## Three Down, Five to Go

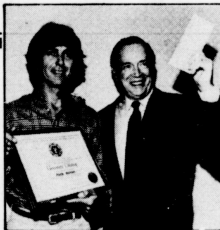
**R**OLLING STONE EDITOR/PUBLISHER Jann Wenner's deal with Paramount, made in the aftermath of *Animal House*'s success — possibly Paramount thought Wenner had his pinkie on the pulse of youthful America — died quietly, with no films ever produced. At least one was written, by former *Rolling Stone*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

stead wrote a book and teleplay without Wenner: *Fast Times at Ridgemont High*.) According to a report in *New York* magazine, Wenner received \$1000 a week during the 2-1/2-year deal. Paramount sez they may still someday make a Wenner film, but it will have to be developed with someone else's money.

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

## & Twelve More...

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



Ten Years Late, but Who's Counting?

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

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

## Josie, Are You Obscene?

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

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

## Personals

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

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

## Tuneful News & Looney Tunes

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

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

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

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# OUT THE OTHER

**T**OM PETTY latest album is still in the studio, with an interim bass player, Howe Epstein (who usually backs Neil Shannon, whom Petty recently produced, hence the logical connection) Ron Blair, Petty's former bassist, left around Christmas last year and is, as they say, "pursuing different musical directions."

**J**ON WETZEL has reportedly scribbled out all the songs for her new album and is in New York writing new ones.

**R**ON LANE (HONEYBEE RECORDS) Brian Auger & The Trinity Horn for Warner Bros. Records, who now recording in MA Music Studios, L.A., with Stan Lynch (Tom Petty drummer) Ed Buller (Laini guitarist) and Lenny Raskin (ex-Charltoners).

### Playing Games

**T**HE SONGS BY A TOM SAWYER, a California philosopher, is a discursive, discursive, digressive as a word game. It consists of two decks of tape cards, a spin dial and a voice pad, and the words are not simple Sawyer talk-over water. I'm not going

to lower the difficulty of the words just to hit the masses. If they don't hit it I don't give a damn. It's going to stay highbrow. "Sensationalism among us may order TAP by sending \$10 to Logophila (Inland), Inc., 2255 Park Blvd., Palo Alto, CA 94303.

**P**ETTY PROMISED ME AN EPIC 1970s-80s 2000 World Open Petre Championship in Dallas, with the prize of \$1000 and a week far into England and a Coventry arm (so what?) based on the Japanese game Go. Petre is four years old and determined to be fine.

**L**ike the Song Says.  
**D**on't Go...  
**R**EMEMBER THAT WE WERE MEANT TO BE TOGETHER. 1982 COULD BE THE YEAR FOR GLAUCO BEING BEING DEVELOPED INTO A FILM.  
**Y**ou Should Be Dancing.  
**T**argit!

**A**CCORDING TO A RECENT REPORT IN THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA IS



providing a new treatment for convicted sex offenders, sort of a time-out for their progress in therapy. Prisoners go to disco for an evening of thoroughly observed mingling. If they can shake a talker without resorting to stratagems, they improve merit is awarded. However, in the milieu of disco it's not easy to tell a mimic from a victim of Saturday Night Fever, at least two winners have not earned in the stratospheric confound.

**W**HETHER STATIONS will write and star in a film, a contemporary comedy. Later this year we'll see him one more time in Rocky in the third installment of that saga, and he just finished five films after many delays and several injuries.

**S**ORT GAINS, the coach in *Personal Best* (and the sexiest man in *From Justin to Kelly*) will play astronaut Alan Shepard in *The Right Stuff*, based on Tom Wolfe's book. Dennis Quaid and Sam Shepard also star.

**A**RE YOU LEFT THE BROADWAY cast of *Amadeus*, to travel to Europe, where she'll star in *Hotel*, directed by Barbra Streisand.

**M**OW IS BEING MARRIED. A *Chickadee* in *Orange* because it is deemed a "preference of punk" and as such may intrigue a whole new generation of teens.

# ON SCREEN

### One from the Heart

Starring: *Frankie Feroze, Tom Cruise, Julia Roberts, and Nastassia Kinski.* Screenplay by *Francis Coppola* and *James Horner*. Directed by *Francis Coppola*.

**F**RANCIS COPPOLA has taken a simple love story and produced one of the most successful movies in years. One from the Heart is about lovers, living out their second one here in Las Vegas, a town that only cares about its big names. Frankie and Hank (Cruze and Feroze) are celebrating their fifth anniversary of meeting and subsequently living together, but on this July 4th they argue and go out on the town separately.

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

one scene, with its hysterically comic number "rock music," is one of the film's highlights. Laine Kazan and Harry Dean Stanton are funny and watching as Frankie and Hank's friends who find one another through their friends' misfortune. Unfortunately, though, Nastassia Kinski's role (two-fault of her own) is easily the dull-lowest and least effective of all. From Kinski's dramatic debut, her beauty is never fully exploited. Like Julia, Kinski's Lella, a circus performer/escorte artist, is merely an exotic oddity, both interesting targets for our heroes' staring.

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

**ERIC FISHER**

### Personal Best

Starring: *Meredith Henson, Patrick Dempsey, Scott Glenn and Kenny Rogers*. Screenplay by *Robert Towne* and *Robert Towne*. Directed by *Robert Towne*.

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

For his directorial debut, Academy Award-winning screenwriter Robert Towne (*Chinatown*, *Smokey*, *The Last Dance*) has considerably touched on two themes of the year: track (cf. *Chariot of Fire*) and homosexuality (*Breaking In* and the upcoming *Purvers*). Nevertheless, the film breaks new ground for American movies, both in its celebration of strong, muscular women athletes, and in its unflinching portrait of a lesbian relationship.

**ERIC FISHER**

These handles that relationship—between penitentiaries Chris Cabili (Henson) and Tom Skinner (Dempsey)—with a sensitivity and psychological precision that avoid stereotypes. He's also on target with the athletes' complex emotional and motivating coach (Glenn), reminiscent of the new and dangerous Wes Hightower in *From Justin to Kelly*, and with Henson's heterosexual interest, played by Sports Illustrated writer Kenny Rogers. Henson is convincing and integrating, if a bit weird, but certainly a former hurdler who had never acted) and Glenn set off the most sparks with their intense, high performance. In *Personal Best*, Towne's telling dialogue and characterization, something's missing in *Personal Best*. Most of the problems probably involve first-coming over—backgrounded, long, explores with meaning, and especially a lack of background on the main characters. Unlike *Chariot of Fire*, which was concerned with motivation, *Personal Best* leaves us wondering why these. (Continued on page 15)



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## ON DISC

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

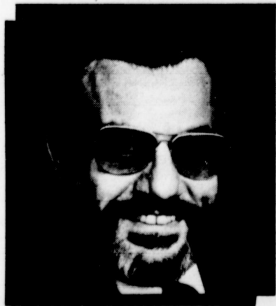
(SIRE) David Byrne's sometimes stark, sometimes somorous compositions for modern-dance maven Tawla Tharp's *Catherine Wheel* project represent a logical extension for the head Talking Head's recorded work to date. At various times on this ambitious effort, Byrne recalls the wired-tight anxiety of his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

Steven X. Rea

**JOHNNY OTIS**  
*The New Johnny Otis Show*

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

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



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

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

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

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

Byron Laursen

**Ocean Drive**  
Vols. 1-3

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

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

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

there's more, much more.

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

Gene Sculatti

**ABBA**  
*The Visitors*

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

of bubblegum here.

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

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

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

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

Barry Alfonso

**JOAN JETT**  
*I Love Rock 'n' Roll*

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

## ON TOUR

**Joan Armatrading**

WARFIELD THEATRE, SAN FRANCISCO

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Duncan Strauss

**Nathan Milstein**

ACADEMY OF MUSIC, PHILADELPHIA, PA

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

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

The highlight of his Academy recital

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

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

Sol Louis Stegel

**Jaco Pastorius**

DOROTHY CHANDLER PAVILION, LA

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



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

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

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

Donna Ross

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

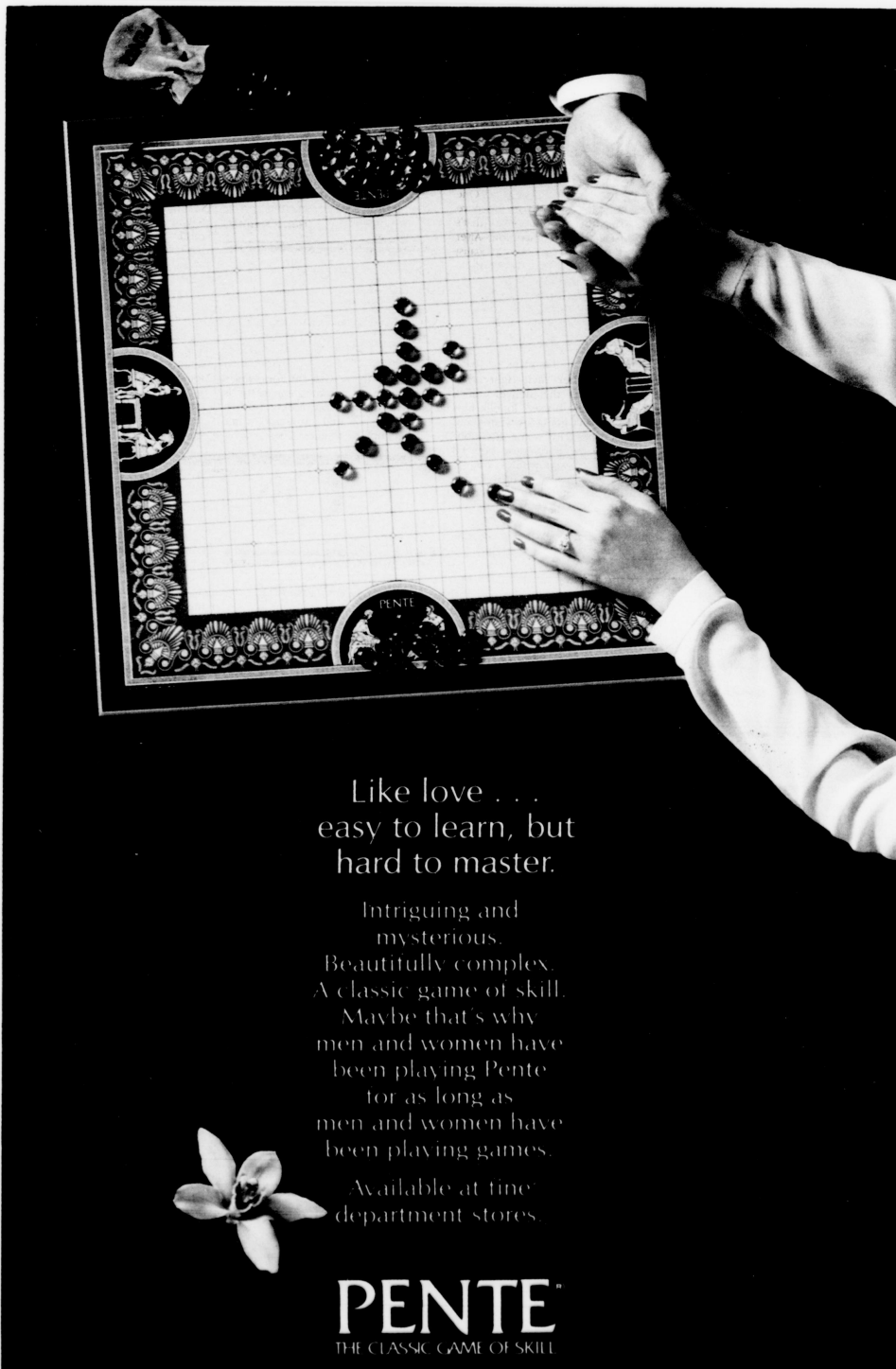
On Monday, "Invitation," the Bronoslav Kaper movie theme that has become a jazz standard, was given a brisk reading, and behind potent solos from Brecker and Mintzer, Pastorius took charge, playing swift, repeating phrases, walking those notes with a high-pitched tone, or playing chorded smears of the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

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

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

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

Zan Stewart



Like love . . .  
easy to learn, but  
hard to master.

Intriguing and  
mysterious.  
Beautifully complex.  
A classic game of skill.  
Maybe that's why  
men and women have  
been playing Pente  
for as long as  
men and women have  
been playing games.

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**PENTE**  
THE CLASSIC GAME OF SKILL

# OFF THE WALL

BY DALE WHITE

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

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

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

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

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

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

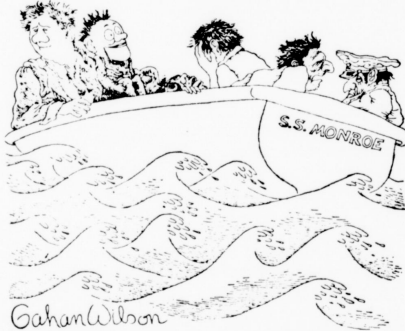
And that's exactly what Gahan Wilson does. His sense of humor is amazingly perverse, shiveringly morbid. He finds something to laugh about in all sorts of wicked and uncommon things: hospital patients connected to i.v.s, hanging judges, mad scientists, fallen angels, emotionless business executives,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

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

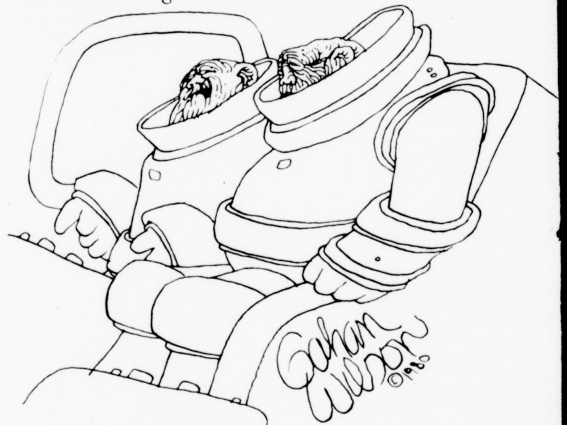
Although he is tall, sandy-haired and blue-eyed, Wilson suspects the public pictures him as "little, wrinkled and green . . . Or they think I'm English and evil, a Dr. Moriarty. That's okay with me. In time, I'll probably turn into that."

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

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



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



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

## Wierd & Wonderful

# Gahan Wilson



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

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

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

But why is he so — different? "I don't know what to say."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

# Good friends stand up for you when you need them.



Phone calls got you nowhere, but this should get her attention. A mission requiring split-second timing, perfect planning and most importantly, some surefooted, stand-up guys.

When you come down to earth, spring for something special.

Tonight, let it be Löwenbräu.



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# Summer Sneakers

## Hot Air Ballooning—The Last Travel Frontier

BY BUDDY BASCH

If our highly mobile society, most American readers have viewed the country and over 100,000 people, many of them from the original way—on foot. Very few, however, have had the fun and excitement of a hot air balloon ride, a sport that is becoming increasingly popular. During a balloon ride, you are not

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

Ballooning is different for several reasons. Speed or direction cannot be controlled; the wind direction determines landing sites, and there is obviously no steering apparatus or brake. There's also no rescue (except the gas burner's controlling winds) and, since balloons must be inflated at the wind speed, there is no breeze and very little feeling of motion.

Our initial experience was at the town of Cannonville, Utah, in the San Juan Mountains. We arrived at the field at 6 a.m. Balloons were being inflated on the ground, but the gas burners were broken and the balloons were not being inflated. The gas burners were broken and the balloons were not being inflated. The gas burners were broken and the balloons were not being inflated.

What I thought was our ascent, but the gondola tipped over, ping-ponging. My friend, an experienced pilot, told me that the balloon had tipped over and was not being inflated. The gas burners were broken and the balloons were not being inflated. The gas burners were broken and the balloons were not being inflated.

carrier flights (provided for this purpose) benefit greatly from the stability and avoidance of other balloons. It was all in all—what is precisely the way one could describe the entire exhilarating experience.

There are so many balloon rallies and clubs, in fact, that it is difficult to list them. For a complete list of balloon rallies and clubs, see the Yellow Pages under "Hot Air Ballooning." For a complete list of balloon rallies and clubs, see the Yellow Pages under "Hot Air Ballooning."

## North to Alaska

BY DON ROBERTS

The most primitive part of Alaska heads north. From the simple, scattered dots of the northern coast, the road turns right at the dark, rocky, and heavily forested mountains of the Yukon. The road turns right at the dark, rocky, and heavily forested mountains of the Yukon. The road turns right at the dark, rocky, and heavily forested mountains of the Yukon.

Alaska is more accessible than you think. However, getting there is more than half the problem and way more than half the expense. But if you are willing to pay the price, you can enjoy the most beautiful scenery in North America.

Not All Can Canyons  
The Alaska-Canadian highway is hard in more ways than one. North of the Canadian border, the road is a narrow, winding, gravel-surfaced road in some places barely surfaced at all.

Boating Around the Bush  
There is no such wilderness in Alaska, but designated and undesignated, open which to merely reflect, much less, an impression of the natural beauty of the state. Consequently, to become familiar with even a small percentage of the state's specific geographic diversity which leaves you in awe.

High Plains Driver  
Driving in a state as large as Western Alaska you can lose time in the morning and take a more direct route to the bush in the afternoon.



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

With stable transfer from the ice, Glacier Bay Monument is satisfactory for creeping plant life. The 15,579 square kilometer park, begun in 1925, is one of the most beautiful and diverse of our national parks. It is a natural laboratory for the study of natural history and the evolution of life.

Adventure and Ascent  
Before blithely treating unfamiliar mountain terrain one must acknowledge the implied dangers. The ascent and all prepared offers are then taken up for serious suffering. Carefully study your routes and destinations in Alaska and always have a copy of your itinerary with the nearest ranger station or county moose before proceeding into the depths of the bush. If anything should go awry they'll start looking long before your boots are unstrapped in an archeological dig.

## Mountain Matriculation

Noted ecologist Eugene Odum once stated that there is more information in a higher order of organization and complexity in a few square yards of forest than there is in all the libraries of mankind. The dedicated naturalist must have a keen eye for detail and a keen ear for the sounds of the forest.

## Making a Travel Guide

BY BARBARA J. ROCHE

When Harvard graduate student Linda Hamel, who traveled in Europe last summer, returned to her home in Boston, she had a stack of travel brochures and notes collected after a one-and-a-half-hour search when she entered La Bette. There were some items to a traveler's soul, but it was all in a summer's work for Linda, one of seven other researchers contributing to La Bette Europe '92.

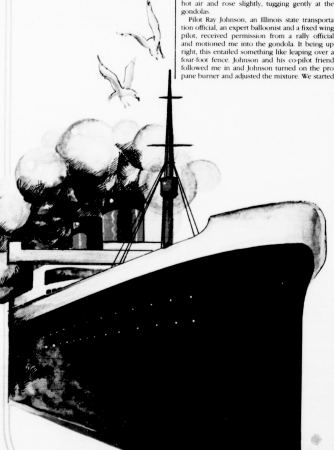
Over a half million student parkings are in need each year, and the odds are good that one day traveling to Europe will be parking an edition of La Bette Europe along with their respective student IDs. The La Bette series is the only collection of travel guides written for students by students and updated annually.



Students researchers spend the summer as assigned countries, checking accommodations, tourist sights, restaurants and cultural information. The research project is heading ways to make the trip affordable and interesting. However, in reporting a trip, and the result is a guide that tells a lot about a country, even when a lot of hot air is involved.

La Bette Europe '92 is a collection of travel guides, each written by a student who spent the summer in a different country. The guides are written for students by students and are updated annually. The guides are written for students by students and are updated annually.

Most guides are written more for the fun of reading than to actually be used. Most guides are written more for the fun of reading than to actually be used. Most guides are written more for the fun of reading than to actually be used.



On the way back to the starting field, we were informed from the beautiful-equipped wagon refrigerator. There were also comments about our flight, seemingly exaggerated tales of

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

## Carnival in Trinidad

BY DEBORAH LEVIN

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

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

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

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

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

## The Plunt Festival of Sweinheim

BY KEITH WALLAN

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

## Summerfest

BY BONNY CHRISTINA CELINE

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Housing and camping information can be obtained by writing the Greater Milwaukee Visitors & Convention Center, 756 N. Milwaukee Street, Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53202 (414/273-7222).

ON SCREEN

(Continued from page 7)

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

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

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

Michele Kort

Death Valley

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

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

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

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

Jody Eve Grant

Urgh!

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

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

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

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

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

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

Judith Sims

Tag

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

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

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

Darlene Guldner

Missing

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

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

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

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

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

Judith Sims

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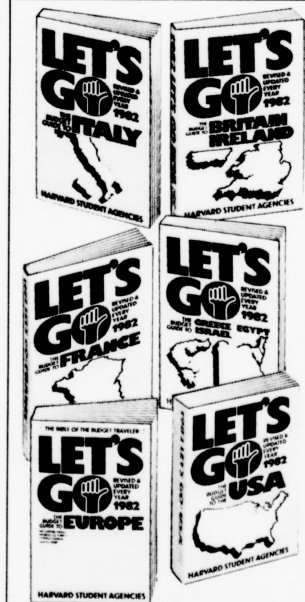
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BY STEVEN X. REA

**N**ASTASSIA KINSKI doesn't like what she's been reading about herself lately, particularly the business that began after *Tess* regarding her "uncanny," "eerie" and "remarkable" resemblance to the young Ingrid Bergman. "I really don't look like her at all," insists the 21-year-old Berlin-born actress about the sad-eyed screen star of *Ca sahlanca*, *Spellbound* and *Notorious*. Still, as she ambles idly through the cold, stoney, Gothic set of a 1901 New Orleans zoo on Stage 27 at Universal Studios, kicking the toe of one penny loafer against the heel of her other, dressed in a simple skirt-and-sweater combo, her hair cropped short and straight, the similarities are hard to ig-

## cat people *Fifties Horror Classic Mutates Anew*

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

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

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

Pretty silly stuff, all right, but the way

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



Art and

# Zydeco King & His Red Hat Louisiana Band

BY ART FEIN

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

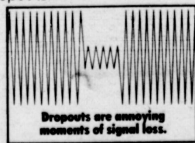




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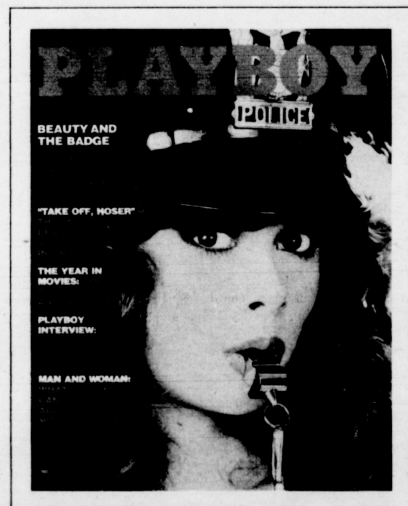


# PLAYBOY TALKS TO BILLY JOEL

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

hottest comedy cast.

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



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# The Low Budget Hustle

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

BY LORI HIGA

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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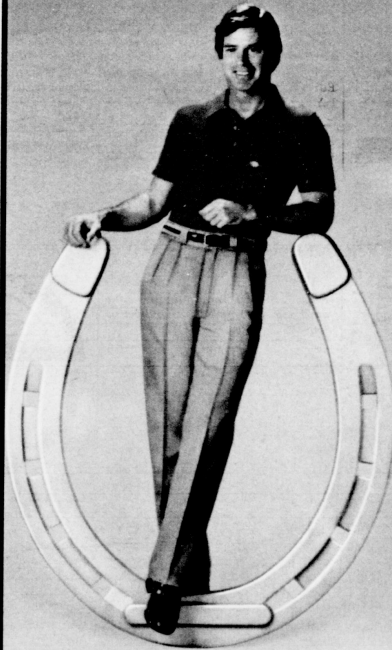
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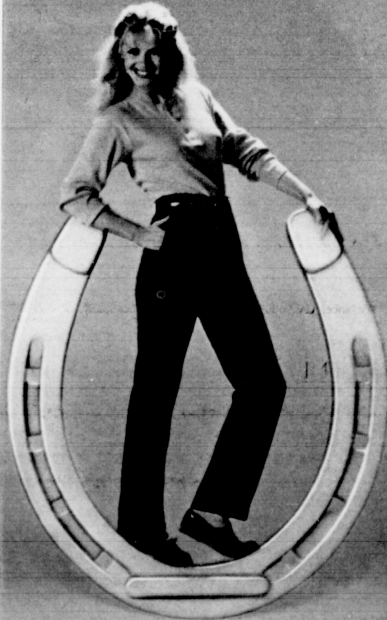
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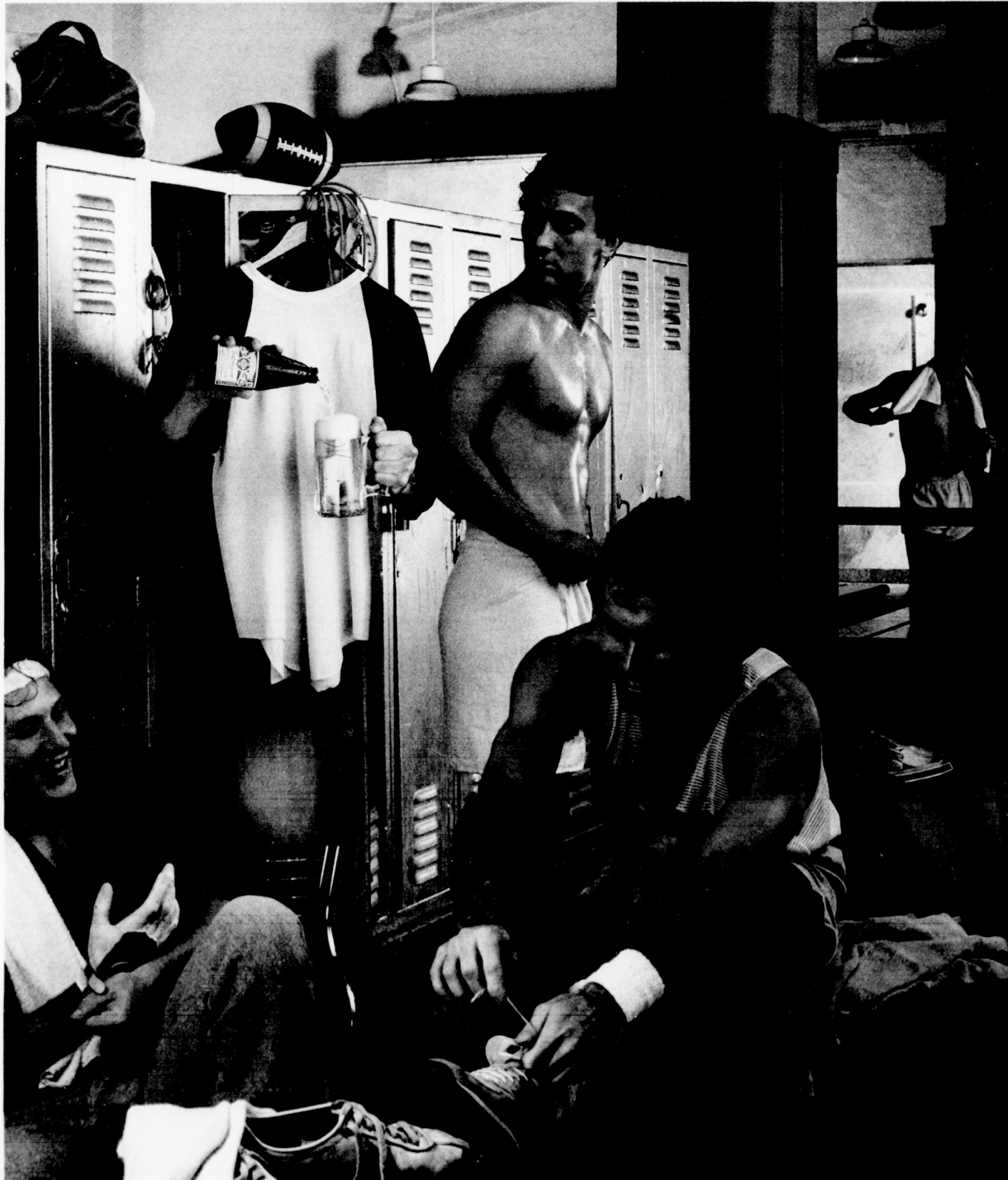
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