Students told they jump to conclusions on issues

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Library finals week schedule set

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

May 8 9 a.m. - 11 p.m. (Closed 10:00 p.m.)
May 9 9 a.m. - 1 p.m.
May 10 9 a.m. - 11 p.m. (Closed 10:00 p.m.)
May 11 9 a.m. - 11 p.m. (Closed 10:00 p.m.)
May 12 9 a.m. - 9 p.m. (Closed 7:30 p.m.)
May 13 9 a.m. - 9 p.m. (Closed 7:30 p.m.)
May 14 9 a.m. - 9 p.m. (Closed 7:30 p.m.)
May 15 9 a.m. - 9 p.m. (Closed 7:30 p.m.)

Finals schedule

Regular classrooms will be used for the examinations unless instructors make special arrangements through the Registrar's Office. In order to avoid conflicts, rooms should be reserved in the Registrar's Office for "closed final" examinations. Instructors will announce to their class rooms to be used for all assigned classes.

Examinations cannot be given in lecture-recitation periods during the week before the final examination week. Announcements of time and room should be made in sufficient advance so that students will be informed before the final examination week. Examinations shall be given in lecture-recitation periods during the week before the final examination week. Announcements of time and room should be made in sufficient advance so that students will be informed before the final examination week. Examinations shall be given in lecture-recitation periods during the week before the final examination week.

The University recommends that examinations be given in the last class period prior to the final examination period. This recommendation is intended to help instructors with the inconvenience of the exams. Help classes during the examination period may be scheduled only on the advice of the appropriate college dean and with the approval of the vice president for academic affairs and research.

Examinations may be held for classes meeting:

- During the regularly scheduled time for the class
- Within one hour before or after the regularly scheduled time for the class
- If the examination is less than 1 hour in length, it may be given any time during the day

Students with more than two finals in one day are permitted, at their option, to have the exams assigned to them from the college to which the exams are assigned.

Printing delay slows Gem arrival

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

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

"It's extremely disappointing for the Gem staff not to be able to personally distribute the final product to the students," said Gary Lundgren, yearbook editor.

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

"The printing is really only a few days behind schedule, but if we continue with our original plans to have the books delivered to campus, the possibility exists the books will not arrive immediately after the students leave, if they are mailed, we can be sure the students will receive them this month," Lundgren said.

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

Regents okay PBS central manager proposal at meet

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

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

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

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

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

The clause requires the Board to "move toward an educational broadcasting system to include central management of three stations directly responsible to the state board of education, each with facilities for program production." The Board must now decide how it wants to interpret the clause and in doing so, will ask the managers what they think the job of the central manager should entail.

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

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

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

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

continued on page 14
Political

Council elects Haggart, '83 budget report heard

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

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

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

Furgason broke his discussion of the budget into two areas: the distribution of new funds coming to the university and the reallocation of existing funds. The new funds were distributed to a five percent increase in salaries, a $135,000 allotment to faculty salary equity, and a $179,000 allotment for the cost equity study completed by the State Board of Education/Board of Regents at its April meeting.

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

The $179,000 received from the equity study will be allocated on the basis of 60 percent to academic functions and 40 percent to support functions. Reallocated funds will go to many areas, according to Furgason, including promotions, graduate stipend, position upgrades, applied statistics, the College of Business and Economics, and a microcomputer lab.

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

INEL exemption petitions circulate

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

The initiative, sponsored by the INEL Fair Tax Committee, would remove the tax exemption clause in the Idaho Sales Tax Code for private corporations like Exxon, EG&G, and Westinghouse, which operate at INEL, according to information from the committee.

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

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Cocaine use and abuse, the rest of the story

After the cocaine is in the country, it's distributed throughout the nation in all ways imaginable, passing through countless hands and finally making its way to small towns like Moscow. Although there is no figure of the amount of cocaine in the area, estimates run from ounces to multiple pounds. There is no set price for coke, but in Moscow $120 is about average. A gram of cocaine would almost fill a sewing thimble. The price for coke varies as much as the kinds of people that use the drug. Jake, a cocaine user in the Moscow area, had this to say about coke users. "There's no set stereotype, some people may have a stereotype but I think it, (cocaine) encompasses all social backgrounds...all income groups. I'm sure a lot of people that do drugs, do cocaine. Then I'm sure there's a lot of people that do cocaine and have a bad attitude against other types of drugs."

The DEA has arrested professional people, doctors and lawyers, as well as non-professionals, in connection with coke sales and transportation.

Like many coke users, Jake said he was first introduced to cocaine from the person who supplied him with marijuana. "I took a little bit but I never really got off. Then another time I was offered some more, that time I got off because I did more. I liked the high I got, so I started using it...occasionally." Bob is also a coke user in Moscow. He's been attending the University of Idaho since the late 1970's. While other drugs in the Moscow area are on the decline, Bob says he thinks cocaine use is on the rise. "It's just recently I've seen coke around, within the last year or so."

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

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

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

John hung up the phone and made a few calls, an hour or so later he called the man back. "I couldn't find three, John said, "but I found one and a quarter."

"Well I'll do," the voice said, "some friends and me are going to Lewiston to party a bit."

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

"Here's the stuff," John said as he passed the tiny package through his window to the other car. The man looked at the package, then reaching in his pocket he pulled out a wad of money. "I think you charged me a little too much last time," the man said, "I think you should knock off five bucks this time."

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

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

"He's stalling," John thought to himself, "what the hell is he stalling for? Is it going to be a bust, is it going to be."

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

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

Three hours later John's roommate was also in jail. He'd been at home when the police came with a search warrant. He was arrested for possession of marijuana and paraphernalia. The man in the car making the coke buy was Officer Dale Mickelson. Mickelson has been on the force for six months and is credited with two of the three cocaine arrests this year. "The cocaine use in Moscow is mainly recreational," Mickelson said, "there are no real hard-core here. There may be some heavy users, but they're not directly related to other crimes in the area. Crimes related to drinking are the biggest problem in Moscow. Look at it like this, the average amount involved in a burglary is $200 in this area. Now take a two-car crash caused by a drunk driver, without any deaths you have a crime involving $6,000 to $10,000. Now that's a problem. As far as drugs go... we're usually not messing with amounts of pot under a pound. But we're going after people dealing coke for selling a gram because of the drug, the things they cut it with, and the money involved. With all the negative aspects connected with cocaine, people continue to use it. Users and dealers alike are aware of the pitfalls."

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

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

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Opinion

The last editorial

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

The people who represent the Idaho Argonaut are, surprisingly enough, normal students. We go to class, maintain our social lives, sometimes hold another job to make ends meet, and once in a while (as our instructors will attest) we study. But out of this time we're worrying about deadlines, copy, inch pay, story ideas and hate-mail.

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

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

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

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

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

The much you pick up a paper, figure it costs you about one cent, but will bring in an additional $40,000 or so.

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

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

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

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

Good-bye.

Suzanne Carr

One more time

Lewis Day

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

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

I had hoped to spark some controversy, and I think I was successful. I now know several individuals on this campus I would never have had the chance to come to the office here in the SUB to tell me what an ass I was for saying such nasty things in print. That’s what I wanted.

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

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

Goodbye, I’m going to say this is all about. It has been a good semester, a good year in fact. The people here at the Idaho Argonaut have made it all special. They don’t all always get the thanks or appreciation they deserve, and most of you probably don’t even think about the papers that are put into putting one of these papers together.

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

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

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

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

Lewis Day is ending his tenure as Editorial Editor for the Idaho Argonaut. Come August, he will be switching hats, and will appear in this newspaper as Entertainment Editor.
We hope that by reading this letter you will think twice before condemning an entire living group for an opinion derived from an informal vote.

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

Concerned

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

Maryanne Tagliari 
Eileen Clinr
Ann Rice
Stacy Morgan
Michael Carnell
Richard Devoe
Lou Piotrowski
George Berry
Bonita Roach
Karen Potter
Frank Seaman
Kyle Johnson
Major Knott
Sharon Pettichord
Donna Parks
June Berry
Kathy Graham
Cheryl Wheaton
Dode Bell
Jim Barnes
Roy Fisher
Mary Kay McFadden

)IMPLENOWOIJLPW@E

The administration rally Tuesday was a joke! We had a turnout of 20-30. About eight were from the media, another five or so were the Thom Marit "organizers" from the A.S.U. Student appeared to have come to laugh at Eric the Rocker. This was set up to voice our discontent with the Administration's decision-making policies, but it turned out to be a farce. At the beginning of the rally, interested students who wanted to say something to bystanders were told they couldn't use the megaphone to voice opinions. The organizers didn't want the students to say something controversial or to sprinkle their speech with the colorful adjectives that expressed their feelings. How can a person have a rally and not expect anyone to speak except the organizers? The students who said anything usually were egging Eric on.

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

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

As long as the student body is not unified on decisions affecting us, we will never get anything accomplished. So if you want something, get involved, behind your gripes around here, the least you can do is help support other students who can get control of the billion of dollars of our sweat-soaked tax money. It is the politicians who get us into war, not the military. It is, therefore, our responsibility to put people in office in Washington who have our best interests in mind and get involved in politics, and face our problems head on.

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

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

Jane Ballargeon

Idaho Argonaut, Friday, May 7, 1982
Consider It

Editor,

I read with concern an article April 23 in the Idahoonian which said Sundstrand Data Control, Inc. has chosen Moscow as one of four finalists in its search for a new site for an electronics plant. From reading this article I got the impression that the Moscow Chamber of Commerce Economic Development Committee has taken it upon itself to encourage the electronics company to locate a plant here. Another Idahoonian article, on April 37, said that representatives of the company would be in Moscow May 12 to meet with unspecified “community leaders.” I still wonder how much input the citizens of Moscow and their elected representatives are going to have in the decision whether the Sundstrand company should put a factory in Moscow.

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

According to the April 23 article, the Sundstrand company might have a new name—“black boxes”—and sound systems for aircraft. A firm which makes electronic components for aircraft is quite likely to depend on U.S. defense contracts for a major source of its income. It can be argued that a large part of the defense budget is spent on projects that are morally indefensible or a waste of resources. What sort of aircraft might the Sundstrand company make black boxes for? B-1 bombers, or helicopters used to gun down civilians in El Salvador. Before the Sundstrand company is encouraged to build a factory in Moscow, this question should be thoroughly investigated and discussed. How much energy would the plant use, and how reliable would the demand for its products be? Would an energy shortage, a cut in defense spending, or a continuing slump in the airline industry force the plant to shut down, creating a catastrophe for the local economy?

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

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

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

Betsy Brown

No more “Jake”

Editor,

Names are very important and that becomes all the more obvious when it’s time to check off the list of ASUI Senate candidates. However, it seems names just aren’t enough for some of the candidates—some have to have their nicknames on the ballot as well. Not just nicknames like “Doc” or “Jimmy.” Names more along the lines of “Gumbo,” “Mr. Bill,” and “the Beaver.” This kind of thing may be cute, but it makes a joke out of the election process. Nicknames are of no help whatsoever when it comes to choosing the best candidates. The only reason they appear is that the candidates like the idea of gimmicks on the ballot. Making use of nicknames isn’t necessarily wrong, it’s just smart. What’s wrong is that the ASUI allows them to do it.

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

W. Jacob Perry

High on Jesus

Editor,

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

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

Susie Nelson

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Sports Friday

Idaho women favored in NCWSA Div. II Regionals here today

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

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

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

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

The Vandals will send an impressive lineup to the tournament this year. Leading it off at no. 1 singles is Leslie Ports, who has been hampered with a bad wrist but has been rested for this weekend. At no. 2 singles is in Sarina Sobotta. Sobotta has an 11-3 record since starting last because of the women's basketball season. The no. 3 singles player is Trish Smith. She is the Vandal's winningest player with a 22-5 record.

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

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

Rounding out the singles players is Sue Chaney with an impressive 17-3 record. She also has won her last five matches.

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

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

Golfers take on Big Sky field

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

Weber State, led by veteran coach Mac Madsen, is favored to win, as they have won it for the past 10 years. They will lead the rest of the Big Sky teams on the 54-hole, 6,322 yard, par 71 course.

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

Each team is allowed to bring six players to compete, with the top five scores counting on the final score.

The total scores will be added and the winning school, along with a medalist (person with the lowest score) will be named.

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

Intramural Corner

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

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

Congratulations to the following people for swimming 50 miles in the swim for fun and fitness - Dave DeRueve, Kathleen Meadows, Claude Meloncon, Brian Marron, Steve Laursen.

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

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

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

TMA is the independent intramural champion for 1981-82.

PKA is the university champion for 1981-82.

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

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

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

Here are a few helpful hints for better performance on final tests:

- Think positively about test performance.
- Get a good night of sleep the night before the exam.
- Get up early to avoid a need to rush.
- Arrive on time to get a good seat and hear all exam directions, but don't arrive so early you become nervous and anxious.

Preview the test and understand the directions.

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

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

Answer all the questions; leave nothing blank.

Check answers carefully.

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

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Places for serious studying

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

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

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

For nature lovers who enjoy the great outdoors, perhaps under a tree would be best. For those who want an inside, quiet place to study, empty classrooms in places such as the Jansen Engineering Building may be perfect.

Let's not forget the most interesting place to study; the restroom. The Administration Building, SUB and Wallace Complex have women's lounges to study in, on the second floor of each building. Some people cannot stand the thought of silence, yet the old room is getting a bit stuffy. They should pick up their books and go to a place like the SUB cafeteria, McDonald's or Zip's. The stereo lounge in the SUB doesn't have much traffic during the day and might be a good place.

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Joint union maybe

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

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

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FULLMAN
You’re going to love these plays!

See story, page 10

Photos by Deborah Gilberston
The Braun Brothers have Idaho in their music and in their blood

When the Braun Brothers sing, one can almost see the raging Salmon River, the white Sawtooth Mountains around the Stanley Basin, and cowboys rounding up cows. One can feel the sadness of mining companies moving into Idaho, and the joy of spring in the White Clouds.

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

---

Student plays stress reality; emotions

Nancy Metcalf
Staff Writer

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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**Student plays stress reality; emotions**

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**LATE NIGHT STUDY BREAK SPECIAL**

Order a large, one item pizza from Domino's after 9:00 p.m. and get 2 FREE Pepsi's and a delicious, mouth watering pizza for the small price of $6.50.
In Depression era, $30/month was big pay for CCC'ers

They built dams, blazed trails, constructed roads, fought raging forest fires and planted millions of trees—all for a mere $30 per month.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Look forward to new cinema

Christine Williams
Staff Writer

A four-theater complex opening soon in Moscow will make the "ish-movie-to-see" decision harder to make. The Moscow Empire Mall is in the process of constructing the quadplex directly east of K-Mart. It is owned by the Theater Development Company of Sparks, Nevada. According to Tony Viola, manager of the mall, the complex should be ready for use near the end of July or early August and will seat 250 people in each theater.

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

The land on which the mall and theater complex is located is owned by the University of Idaho. The owners have a long-term lease with the university that will last 45 years.

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

CCC — continued from page 11

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

What was public opinion about the Civilian Conservation Corps? Other than the cultural differences, Bea noted most people were in favor of the CCC. At a time of economic depression, towns located near the camps welcomed the extra income coming into local businesses from boys who thought they were rich with their $5 spending money, and had little else to spend it on. Other than whatever entertainment the local community had to offer. On the other hand, the amount of CCC money government put into the program, Bea conceded, was a huge amount of the time. Apparently, the benefits of the CCC outweighed the costs. Numerous CCC projects benefited the country as a whole, as well as individual communities. In the Moscow area, for example, the CCC can be thanked for building the Robinson Lake dam, planting many of the stands of trees along the highway between Lewiston and Moscow, and for extending terracing of the Lewiston hillside that helped prevent massive topsoil erosion.

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

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

The men looked at their wives and agreed silently, then began telling another story of the CCC days, the good and bad times. Earl recalled his company fighting a forest fire for more than 40 days. At one point, they had to choose between jumping into a river filled with an assortment of animals like bears and snakes, or feel the lick of hot flames nipping at their heels. The boys didn’t take too long to decide. "We started tickling our backbones, we didn’t hesitate—we joined them," and then watched the fire roar over their heads.

Then the subject twiched to food. It was bad, they recalled with a grin, especially the Friday night special. The trainees “always swept up the floor and cleaned the kitchen if they called it hash," Nelson joked. But it was food, they hastened to add, and a lot of the new CCCers “had it like they’d never had a square meal in their lives.”

The Civilian Conservation Corps days were a time to remember, and according to the members of the NACCCA, "It's time to look back. A bill currently under consideration in Congress, S-2061, is intended to bring a memorial to the CCC, but the former members are not happy with the way the bill is being handled in Washington, D.C. "It's worded alright," said Bea, but the legislation itself is being interpreted as a plan to consolidate several of the existing youth job programs. The CCC is, in the same type of program they had, complete with the disciplines. It’s the major problem with today's youth job programs it discipline, that the lack of it. Bea put it simply, "In the CCC days, when the top kid said ‘Jump!,’ the kid did, ‘Do your self. Be pushed for CCC legislation, and the opportunity to get together and exchange stories, the NACCCA’s chapters are always searching for new members. With most of the former members reaching their '70s, they want to get children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren of CCCers interested in a time when life was hard and a boy had to work hard to support himself and his family, and in so doing, better himself and his country. "It’s a decliningental," said Earl. "We’re all old. We have to get those grandchildren in, or it will die.

In an effort to reunite all Idaho and surrounding area CCCers, as well as spouses and children, the Lewiston NACCCA chapter sponsored a commemation June 26-27 in Lewiston at the 49ers Club.

If anyone is interested in joining the NACCCA, they can contact Douglas S. Eier, at 401 Sixth Ave in Lewiston, (208) 742-6972.

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

Friday, May 7
...A free discussion and demonstration of Reiki, a form of touch therapy from Japan, will be given at 7:30 p.m. at the SUB Baked-Lin Room.

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

Snapdragons literary and art magazine is offering a $10 prize for the best cover design submitted by May 15. For more information, contact the Humanities office in the UI Library.

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

Celebration Night will be sponsored by the WSU Psi Kappa Alpha fraternity from 3 p.m. - 2 a.m. at the Station Restaurant in Pullman. Those over 18 can gamble. Admission is free.

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

Sunday, May 9
...The Religious Society of Friends (Quakers) will meet for worship at 11 a.m. at the Campus Christian Center.

May 10
...A basic self-defense class for women will begin today at the Youth Center. The class will meet for three weeks on Monday and Wednesday nights from 6-7 p.m. The fee for the class will be $10 for Moscow residents and $12 for non-residents. For more information, call the Center at 1-9 p.m. Saturday sessions are from 8:30 a.m. - noon and 1 - 4:30 p.m. The fee is $85. For more information, call 882-6540.

Monday, May 10
...A special graduation mass will be held at 10:30 a.m. for all graduates at St. Augustine's Center. A reception will follow the mass. Graduates wishing to participate in the mass liturgy should contact Father Jim, 882-4613.

Your Own Private Idaho

movies

SUB - Bedtime for Bonzo (PG) - 7 and 9 p.m. (Friday)

Miaou - Return of the Secaucus 7 (PG) - 7 and 9-15 p.m. through Saturday. Film Gordon (R) - weekend midnight movie. Reds (PG) - 7 and 9-10 p.m. starts Thursday.

Kainworth - Victor, Victoria (PG) - 7 and 9-15 p.m. through Tuesday. A Little Sex (R) - 7 and 9 p.m. Wednesday through May 18. Nuart - I Ought To Be In Pictures (PG) - 7 and 9 p.m. through Saturday. Missing (PG) - 7 and 9 p.m. Sunday through May 15.

Old Post Office Theatre - My Dinner With Andre (PG) - 7 and 9 p.m. Baby Loves and Bar (R) - weekend midnight movie. Cordones are - Change of Five (PG) - 7 and 9 p.m. through Saturday. Soothe Kind of Homo (R) - 7 and 9 p.m. Sunday through May 15.

Audien - Richard Pryor Live On Sunset Strip (R) - 7 and 9 p.m. through Saturday. Dead Wishes, Two (PG) - 7 and 9 p.m. Sunday through May 15.

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

music

ASU Coffeehouse - open mic ... 8-9 p.m. Dane Miller - 9-11 p.m. Saturday, Sushi Sub Cafe Libre - Ken Wriggle guitar (Friday). Paul Sehons and Friends are a part of the "60's" (Saturday).


workshops

Understanding and managing stress is the topic of a two-day workshop to take place today and tomorrow at the Good Samaritan Village, 840 N. Eisenhower in Moscow. Session times are Friday, 8:30 a.m. - noon, 1 - 4:30 p.m., and 7 - 9 p.m. Saturday sessions are from 8:30 a.m. - noon and 1 - 4:30 p.m. The fee is $85. For more information, call 882-6540.

Paramedics and anyone interested. The workshop will be held Saturday from 8:30 a.m. - 9 p.m. at the SUB. Registration will begin at 8:30 a.m. with a fee of $15, or $10 for members of the North Idaho Consortium for Health Education. For more information, or to pre-register, call 885-9666.

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Braun

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

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

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

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

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

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**Regents**

Continued from page 1

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

A fee increase of $7.50 for full-time University of Idaho students was approved, with $7 going to lessen financial difficulties in Student Union operations and $5 for the Alumni Association.

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

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THE CHAIR

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6. bedroom in Moscow, w/d, fireplace, dishwasher. Great location. No pets. $300/mo. (509) 332-1754.
7. 1-bedroom apartment available June 1st, one block from SUB. Sublet available; assume lease. Call Bill, 882-6170 days.
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Furnished house for lease, large three-bedroom, near town and university. $395/mo. 882-3903.

3. TRAILERS FOR RENT
Like new 2-bedroom trailer available June 1st. $150/mo. Negotiable. Call 882-6398.

5. TRAILERS FOR SALE
10x20 w/8x24 addition, 2-3 bedrooms, wood or oil heat, pets allowed. $7,000. 882-3467 after 5:00.
10x47 w/10x20 extension, 2-bedroom, wood stove. Setup, furnished, pets OK. 882-5843.

6. ROOMMATES
Female roommates wanted. One permanent opening; one summer sublet. Pets okay. Call anytime, 882- 1633.
2 roommates, large 3-bedroom duplex. Monthly rent: $100/person. Roger, 882-0133 or 882-2352.

7. JOBS
FORESTERS. Graduates in forestry, environmental science, biology or related fields in Africa, Asia, Latin America, and the Caribbean. PEACE CORPS in Moscow. UCC 241 or 882-6757.
Ag or other student wanted to do the work on 160 acre irrigated ranch for board, room and share of grain. Mechanic ability needed. Non-smoker preferred. Call 1-208-227-3111 or write: Box 100, Ano, ID, 83213 and include your phone number.
Item $200.00 weekly working at home. Part/full-time. No experience necessary. Details and application sent on request. Send self-addressed stamped envelope: FSP GROUP, Box 9431, Moscow.
You do have some spare time this summer? Make a lot of kids happy by being a youth baseball & softball volunteer coach & paid umpire. If you are interested, contact Moscow Parks and Recreation at 882-0240. WE NEED YOU!

8. FOR SALE
Large white water rafts for Salmon River, Hells Canyon, etc. Or "monster" size (28) for lake "house boat" camping. Heavy duty, limited supply. $360, 882-6897.
Moving, must sell Professional realt to real tape deck and lots of furniture. Ask for Steve at 885-7403.
FOR SALE: Two 6-drawer stand-up dressers. $100 each: candleblocks 75 cents each. 885-1200.
MUST SELL: Hatchi AM/FM stereo cassette recorder. $150; save $50 off retail price. FREE Blank tape with purchase. Information, 652-8328.
Land for sale: 4 acres in Daicy area. Log cabin under construction. Garden area, out buildings, beautiful view. $25,000. Call after 7 p.m. (801) 393-9507.

9. AUTOS
Does your car or truck need repairs? Domestic and foreign. Call or see George's Auto Repair, Troy Hwy, & Vegard. 882-2876.
1980 Camaro 305 V8, 11,000 miles, loaded with extras. $7200. 882-3086 or 882-6246, ask for Joanna.
1977 Datsun 2810 $2,000 or best offer. 865-6772 days 882-2263 evenings. Ask for Carmen.

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

12. WANTED
Will buy clean twin mattress, boxsprings, rollers, Vanity exyclic. Want cross country skis-'85's. 882- 4161.

13. PERSONALS
Attention attractive single ladies. WR & JM would like to invite you to see the Wealthow's in north eastern Idaho. Send photo & Write to WR, P.O. Box 447, Walden Lake, Joseph, OR, 97846.
Thanks Barbara and Terry for the great time last weekend! Good luck on finals. Love, Mark.

14. ANNOUNCEMENTS
Students who have lockers or baskets in the Physical Education Building or Memorial Gym are asked to turn in their locks and towels by May 7. If you plan to attend summer school, arrangements can be made. Learn To Fly $20.00 intro lesson. Call Inter-State Air, 885-6644 or 335- 3725.
Uncle Rorie has your name if you want to say off his books. go see "Bedtime for Bonzo" tonight at 7 & 9 o'clock, Brian Theatre, 218. Admission only $1.50.
FREE PUBLICATIONS on chemical, nuclear war, research, posters, brochures. Conservative view. Quantities available. 413 East Capitol, Washington, 20033.

16. LOST AND FOUND
$35 REWARD for return of 10 foot by 10 foot blue & gold UH banner taken from SUB. Bathroom. No questions asked. Call Dean Vetus, 885-6448.
17. MISCELLANEOUS
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The #1 album that puts the Party back into Rock & Roll.

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Dennis Wilson — his brother's dealer!

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

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

On the Road Again?
T APEARS to be semi-definite. The Rolling Stones will tour Europe this summer, somewhere between May and July. According to the Stones' Los Angeles publicist, the group was recently discussing the possibility of this tour while working on a film of last year's American tour and a live album of same (with any luck, both should be out this fall).

Beatty Sued Again
W HEN BEATTY was slapped with his second screenwriting lawsuit (the first, for Shampoo, which he co-wrote with Buckley and Shandling) was ultimately reversed in the appellate court, to the delight of Beatty's relief. This time William M. Greene and Helen Smith have filed a $20 million suit claiming Beatty reneged on their contract and paid only $250 for rights to their unpublished book About a Young Man: a Biography of a Savant (Brag was played by Diane Keaton in the film Reds). Greene also claims Beatty took advantage of his naive and his research.

Between the Lines
T HE LATE ROCK STAR JIM MORRISON will be back in bookstores soon. Frank Lisciandro, photographer, filmmaker (he edited the Doors film, a Farewell to Morrison), has published An Hour for Angels (Dell, $9.95). Lisciandro told Ampersand that the book contains 130 photos of Morrison taken by "ninety-nine nine percent of them never published before." The text, 30,000 words of it, was written by Lisciandro (who now lives in Santa Barbara), except for ten Morrison poems which the singer's estate allowed Lisciandro to publish. Lisciandro, who worked with Morrison on film projects when he wasn't taking pictures, claims his book was written partly as an effort to dispel the nasty image Morrison suffered in the book No One Here Gets Out Alive (by Jerry Hopkins and David S cartridge). "It's mainly my personal kind of experiences with Jim," Lisciandro said. "I tried to show Jim leaning toward poetry and philosophy and filmmaking... everything I wrote was something I experienced first hand.

From Herbert, author of the assorted Dunn books, just signed a contract with Pan Am for Dunn 5 (title to be changed) for the tidy sum of $15,000. Not such a bad deal for Pan Am! considering that the five Dunn books (most recent, God Emperor of Dunn, a best seller) have sold 7.5 million copies in the U.S. alone. As for the alleged film version of Dunn...it still amazes me. As of February, screenwriters on the case were David Lynch, Christopher Devere and Eric Aguero, with Doreen Halperman (Elephant Man, Eater of End) to direct. Producer will be Dino de Laurentiis.

NINE TIMES THREE CHEERS There's full exposure on the printed page. Richard Harris is titled Those Who Did and Those Who Didn't. His biographer Roger Vaughan is writing a novel, a memoir, titled The Hungry Angel, in which two female characters are said to resemble his ex-wives Joan Fontaine and Begane Bury. And Tino Tonny, once Bob Stewarts manager (billed by Rod 8 years ago) promises well to reveal more of the chronicles of his new autobiography, The Making.

Say Goodbye
M AEL will return for one more year, and then fi;l. The producers announced that the last show will be a two-hour special in which the show ends and all the characters prepare to go home.

REYNOLDS Miller will not even return for one more year. The final episode is April 24, with the producers yet closed down.

Lotta Movie Stuff
A PARENTLY UNAWARE of the sagging economy, Hollywood plans to make dozens of movies in the next few months—after a half year of cutbacks, showdowns and reductions which left most of the studio industries reeling and hungry. Supposedly we have the following to anticipate (in no particular order):

Brooke Shields will not frolic in a lagoon, but she will dispute herself in the sand—when she stars in Sahara, based on a 1928 auto race across the title desert...Mike's Murder will star Debra Winger (late of Gunsmoke Boys), to be directed by Mike Nichols, who discovered Winger for Urban Cowboy...Susan Sarandon and Richard Dreyfuss will star in Studly Sweeney, in which they portray a court jester and a security guard brought together by her 11-year-old son...Chuck Berry plays himself in the class reunion National Lampoons Class Reunion...Faye Dunaway, Man Bates and John Gielgud star in The Wicked Lady, to be directed by Mike Nichols...Burt Reynolds will first star in Best Friends with Goldie Hawn...Faye Dunaway, John Gielgud and John Huston will also appear in one of their sequels to The Wacky Lady, to be directed by Mike Nichols...Beatty Sued Again: The Wacky Lady, to be directed by Mike Nichols...Beatty Sued Again: The Wacky Lady, to be directed by Mike Nichols...Beatty Sued Again: The Wacky Lady, to be directed by Mike Nichols.

T-Bone on a Platter
T HERE'S a really neat case of T-Bone Burnett. Though the Wyatt Texas' 1960s Chieftains album, Prash Decay, had a critical response from the press, and a few years back, the album was released on Warner Bros. The title track, Diamonds Are A Girl's Best Friend, a Cole Porter gem associated with the Filthy Marilyn Monroe/Jane Russell film Gentlemen Prefer Blondes, gets a folksy-country treatment which produces an unexpected sex-change. Instead of a wispy, unbeat bill of drollet, the song becomes a sort of parable of temptation that's oddly funny. At a recent Hop Singh show, Warren Zevon climbed on top of his fans. "Well I've never been to art school," went one lyric, "But I kinds like Picassos! And I've won an Egyptian but then what the hell do I know?"

Woosme Twosome
H AS TOP STAR Tim Hunton been greening rev- Another with insipid songs Nicolle Larson? They've been spotted keeping cuddly company. Larson embattled Neil Young a couple of years back when, after the conclusion of their affair, she ran a lightweight rendition of his tune, "It's Just Like Pavarotti/All his women went Egyptian/But then what the hell do I know?"

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

Psssst!!! Want to Buy a Filthy
Disc?
W HO DISC MACHINES aren't doing nearly as well as video tapes in the marketplace, one disc for the lag behind video tape is Japan's board.
of censors. Most video disc pressing is done in Japan (Japanese pressing plants are like hospitals. Their American equivalents are generally more like slaughterhouses). Officials in the Land of the Rising Sun have refused to allow even such non-sexy fare as 

**First Monday in October**, *Seapolis* and *Escape from Alcatraz* to be made. No such problem for tapes, which can be more crudely manufactured — it's estimated that half of all pre-recorded video tapes sold are pornographic. Or, as Zippy the Pinhead likes to say, pornographic. Pioneer is about to start pressing videodiscs at a plant in Carson, California, so America can soon choose whether to catch Debbie Does Dallas on platter or cassette.

**The Tube**

The paper crane, which re-arranged nicely on PBS last year, will reappear — on Showtime. Once again, we're being promised new episodes. We won't hold our breath, but we'll be eternally grateful.

Four-hour mini series of *Little Gloria, Happy at Last* will appear on NBC starring Bette Davis as Alice Gwynne Vanderbilt and Angela Lansbury as Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney, grandmother and aunt of Gloria (now the Jason queen), who fought for custody of the little girl back in the Thirties.

**Action Flicks**

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

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

**Conan the Barbarian**

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

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

Schwarzenegger looks perfect as the pulp heroic Sumerian hulk (he handles a sword with authority and his occasional sly smile betrays an intelligence behind the muscle), but there is no sense of the mythic about him, no suggestion of the fantastic. Even less about the others, Jones, as the evil Thulsa Doom, just stares into the camera intently, while Bergman (a nimble sword wielder herself) has a startling American accent and verve. Nothing seems real, but there is no sense of otherworldliness either. The elaborate temples look phony, the battles are unconvincing (swords make inches), and the millions of Doom's followers seem to pop out of the earth, existing on nothing in the middle of nowhere — just like the fancy defenses Conan constructs while waiting (a very long time) for Doom's army. Where did he get all those sticks, when there were no trees for miles? (I know it's a fantasy, but even Walt Disney would have given us a crumb to nibble, like "the wind brought us the sticks," or something equally silly but logical. I don't ask for much, but I do expect lip service to logic, however bizarre the logic.)

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

**Victor/Victoria**


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

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

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

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

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

If your idea of a good time is to listen to an endless succession of very polite but not terribly amusing jokes about homosexuals and to watch countless table-throwing, cake-in-the-face restaurant melees, then hurry off to see Victor/Victoria. 

**Cat People**

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

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

Director Paul Schrader (writer of *Taxi Driver* and *The Yakuza*) and director of *American Gigolo*) ought to have been perfectly suited to the material. By his own admission he's fairly obsessed by Big Themes: God, mortality, guilt, sex. *Cat People* is awash in notions of beast and gain, salvation and lust, sex and animalism, but the movie doesn't so much grapple with these themes as paw through them.

The setting is New Orleans, and Nastassia Kinski plays an exotic young woman who is reunited after many years with her preacher brother (McDowell). Things are pretty weird right off, but Kinski doesn't seem concerned, nor even after McDowell disappears for days on end without explanation. Kinski just zonks off on a tour of the city. Naturally she's drawn to the zoo, and naturally she's drawn to the zoologist played by John Heard.

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

*Cats People* has some startling images and an ending that's as haunting as any in a horror film; but Schrader subverts the power of his material with bad storytelling. Ultimately horror films have to play into our dreams, and although Schrader's comes up with three or four strong moments, he can't sustain the illusions.

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

**Jacoba Atlas**

I Oughta Be in Pictures

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

Neil Simon does it again. And again.

And again. And again. Dinah Manoff plays Libby Tucker, a bright and irresistible teenager who travels all the way from New York to Los Angeles to visit the man she hates most: Walter Matthau as gruff and stubborn Herbie Tucker who can't have relationships, and would rather gamble his money at the races than his ideas at the studio. And Anne-Margret has big breasts.

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

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

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

**Jody Eve Grant**

With Pioneer Personal Stereos you and your fingers don't have to stand there pushing button after button.

You can all go off and have fun.
Joe Ely: The New Pride of Lubbock

by Paul Cullum

“We like this kind of music. Jazz is strictly for the stay-at-homes.” —Buddy Holly

“Hot dog I like it a lot!” —Joe Ely

It’s a smoky yellow evening outside, still warm, and the Joe Ely band is onstage at Lone Star dancehall, turning up John Lennon’s just been shot a couple of nights ago, and the crowd’s milling around, not much spirit for the night ahead. Ely, a high school dropout from Lubbock with a passel of 5-star albums to his credit, hasn’t looked at the crowd yet. So the band seems ready, and Joe faces the mike now, serious. “I’ll hear the news? And the crowd — as one man — thinks, ‘Great. Whole world’s falling apart. What next?’”

When Joe slams rhapsodically into a Roy Orbison standard, “I heard the news? There’s good rockin’ tonight.” Which sets off not just the catharsis, but elation bordering on gratitude.

Or the time at Gone Hall (“Texas Oldest Dance Hall”) when the sheriff came out after 2 a.m. to shut them down and Jesse Taylor, the beer-and-guitar, poured a beer in his hat (forcing them to dive into the crowd to have an escape). Or London at the Venue, when Ely and Butch Hancock were out after the show howling at the moon, and the sheriff came in and chased them down and kill them (forcing them to hide in a Dempsey Dumpster until just a car could sound the alarm.

Joe Ely in concert is like no other — him charging and careening, flailing about, falling into the drums or chimbing up on the pean. He has more fun ostenta than a white person has a right to.

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

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

“Next up in mixed league competition, we got Hall’s Package Stores vs the Lane Tamers on Lane 23, and Edgedrock Texaco vs the Hair Flair on Lane 22. Parents, please keep those youngsters off the end lanes, we have a tournament going on downtown there.”

“Yeah, now he’s studying the orange beadon now on the lane just in front of us, there’s some real good sauce you can get at Tom Thumb grocery stores. It’s called Goo’s Texas Hot Sauce, and it comes in a mayonnaise jar, from Dangefield, Texas. You try it sometime — it’s delicious.”

Master of non sequitur, Joe is dressed in a vintage British tweed jacket, black corduroy shirt and pants, lipped ostrich or something, books, scar, and a black-red bolo tie with tiny little bit of a ring. That and his rockabilly chopped pompadour clump-swift coiffure (compliments of English Lawyer). For a Lubbock boy who used to play for nothing but Rebel Tractor drivers, he looks to be out of place in any culture he could claim.

Joe Ely was born in 1947 in Amarillo, Texas. His father worked for the railroad, as had his grandfather, so they shifted from Amarillo to Fort Worth, Houston, San Antonio and then Lubbock. He played honky tonk and country in his high school, tried out amps and guitars in his downtown stores, eventually starting to work in local clubs. Over the past ten years or so he’s gone from being just another Texas secret to opening for the Rolling Stones and touring with the diverse likes of Merle Haggard, Carl Perkins, Tom Petty and the Kinks, acting as Clash clown and Landa Ronstadt’s next trend to ride (“Hunky Tonk Maquerade” on her next LP), at long last playing on the biggest tour in the history of Texas. (Ches Murta Nesta Musta Lotta and Live Shot), and bringing country music to the masses in a recent run.

Peter Guralnick called Ely’s work “some of the hardest-hitting music of the decade” in Country Music magazine, adding, “It has all the intensity, the single-minded drive, conviction and explosive originality of first generation rock ‘n roll.” Rolling Stone found Ely’s albums “Full of poignancy, insight and affection for the Southwest and its people.” The LA Times has tagged him “...the most impressive male singer to enter country music in the ‘70s.”

Tenth Century Fox approached Ely to star in Not Fade Away, a planned film biography of Buddy Holly that never got made. (Ironically, Gary Burley — later the star of The Buddy Holly Story — was to have played the role of Holly’s drummer.) Chuck Berry caught a 1976 Ely set in St. Louis and, after midnight, jumped costedo to join the “Jambalaya” and “Mountain Dew.”

The corner in-between were packed up with a lot of his term, “colorful misery.” He slept on the beach in Venice, California with a Fender Super Reverb amplifier for a pillow, rode a lot of rails (“The Rock Island Express out of Amarillo, up cost to watch the trains”), played a lot of shows cut in NYC, and slept on the Staten Island Ferry. He zigzagged around in the essence of the canyon, working as a fruitleader, dishwasher, feeding the llamas and the world’s smallest horse for Ringling Bros, soping up the scenery in places like Louisiana, Arkansas, New Mexico, Old Colorado — all those Texas outlooks he’s been to.

“I helped build Angel Fire Ski Run up in Eagle’s Nest. Drove a concrete mixer one day down there, used to scare to death. I was unloading hunch-wooded sacks of concrete and they asked could anybody drive the truck, so I said ‘sure,’ anything to get out of loading concrete.” And could he drive a truck? “No, course not. But, you know, you learn real fast, a hurtling down the side of a mountain with about two tons of concrete right by you.”

Ely came into American radio through the backdoor of the English press. Much has been made of his adoption by the Clash, their English tour, the explosion of that alliance. Yet the new wave that went for anything, it was about structural integrity — purity of essence, reconnecting to roots of form. The first couple of Clash shows we saw in England were really hilarious, at one time we were convinced we’d have the entire show down. They didn’t know what would be a normal Clash crowd, y’know? Especially places they’ve grown up, like Camden Town. It was the rowdy crowds. They’d be throwing stuff, and we’d throw back buckets full of milk. And I’m used to a rush day in Austin.”

That was the London Calling tour, and Joe’s Live Shots, most of whom named Lubbock Gating. Stateside, the Clash wanted Joe to open their Texas dates and he ended up signing on for the rest of the American tour. “It’s probably instructive to remember that the Alex Potsola that stirred a lot of the audience was the only one to respond with violence in kind. Two thousand people in a concrete stadium, me, the Clash and my crew with shaved heads and safety pins in their scalp, and this big cowboy saying, "If you just’d move a little closer, we could get some more people in here.”

The Clash were playing Houston, Austin and Dallas on their swing through Texas, and they had a couple of days before they had to go out west, so I talked ‘em into playing another night. They scared everybody there, it was great. Then they wanted to see the sights of Lubbock. Y’know, there just aren’t too many sights in Lubbock. So I showed ‘em Prairie Dog Town, the high school where Buddy Holly played, that’s just about it. We ended up getting some six-packs and spending the night out at Buddy Holly’s grave.”

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

“Boutlers, I’d like to remind you of the Diamond Jubilee next week, we’ll be having one shift and one shift only, that will be the 600 shift. And there will be a defel tournament here it’s gonna be real quiet.”

“He say ‘Death Tournament’?”

“Yeah, good, I’m sure we won’t have to hear all this racket.”


Gilmore & Hancock: The Minds Behind the Songs

A lot of the bands who come through Austin, from U2 to the Stray Cats, be here all those stories Joe Ely tells over in England — chicken wire across the stages to protect the hands, people shooting off guns inside of bars. So invari-ably, they get depressed by all the redevelopement — fern bars, gentrification, ossification, carthage to bone, the spread of mall over downtown Sixth Street like a pasted disease.

After that, they generally like what they find: The Birds/Cobras/Steve Ray Vaughan blues confucus. The Hums/Re/Corsetts new wave of enus. And the Emmajoe’s aggregation.

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

Hancock and Gilmore are always mentioned in tandem, probably, seriously, from both side to back to the Haints, the Lubbocks. But the way they’ve been known that formed with running buddy Joe Ely. The Flatlanders’ one album is finally Charley Patton Blues Import. Together they have written over a third of the songs on Ely’s album.

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

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

Dennis Carlisle Dating

Boxers,” “Fools Fall in Love,” Wishin’ for You.” “She Never Spoke Spanish to Me” (“All her favorite poets, of course, is L. Ron Hubbard’s The Love and things lost to progress, or the bal- lad “Maria y Maria” (subtitled “Cyn’s Staves and Spirits” Images which hark between an audience and through blue 5000 people.

Hancock has five albums — West Texas Walrus and Day-Blowin’ Tractor Tunes, The Wind’s Dominion (double), Diamond Hill, and two new live in England, 1981. A Space Odyssey and Firewee (Sees It’s Own Level), with Jimmie Gilmore. If he lived in Los Angeles he might have busted the clubs on the Strip for five years, he would be fam- ous in more places than just Texas and Italy (where they love him). But that would probably kill whatever it is that makes him Butch Hancock. Han- cock is also a practicing architect, makes video documentaries, once won an argument with the Soviet ambas- sador over Afghanistan, and is still as far out as Emmajoe’s. But those are other stories.

Hancock’s albums are available for $7.00 from Drawn 810, Clarendon TX 79226

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

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

**POLTERGEIST**, directed by Tobe Toppin and starring Johnny Carson and George Formby, produced by Steven Spielberg and starring Jollet Williams and Craig Nelson, is allegedly very scary. Poltergeists, as we all know, are spirits famous for their noisy table rappings and generally ghastly behavior.

**STRIKING BACK** stars Patti Duke, Bruce Dern and Michael Sarrazin in a tale of a young man’s crusade to restore his old neighborhood to its former dignity.

**FIREFOX**. The return of Clint Eastwood, with a fancy futuristic airplane and international intrigue. Actor Richard Benjamin turns director of *My Favorite Year*, starring Peter O’Toole as a fading and besotted Fifties star who must somehow be convincingly swashbuckling... on live television. Co-starring Jessica Harper (from *Pennies from Heaven and Stardust Memories*).

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

**SHOOT THE MOON**. Gives us a “very weird” rock & roll movie, starring Boomer Town Rat singer Bob Geldof as a rock star burning out in a hotel room, re-living his life. Includes about 15 minutes of Gerard Scharf’s animation.

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

**DEAD MEN DON’T WEAR PLAID** (our favorite title of the year) stars Steve Martin and The Walking Dead. It stars Saul Rubinek, Marcia Strassman and Gerrit Graham.

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

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

**E.T.—THE EXTRATERRESTRIAL & HIS ADVENTURE ON EARTH** is Spielberg’s second entry this summer (but his only directorial effort, unless you count the still-in-release *Raiders of the Lost Ark*). This one involves a young boy, Henry Thomas, and an alien (created by the man who made the rubber figures for *Close Encounters*). Also stars Dee Wallace from *The_Hunting* and Peter Coyote. Written by Melissa Mathison, whose name has appeared in gossip columns lately because she’s living with Harrison Ford.

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

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

**SOPHIE FOR ONE** is a contemporary comedy of a young man’s search for his parents. It stars John Cusack, Marcia Strassman and Gerrit Graham.

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

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

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

**RECKLESS** (which may have a title change) stars Kathleen Quinlan, Francis Sternhagen, David Keith and Cliff De Young in a contemporary love story about a photographer and a car-racing enthusiast. But what’s really important about this film is that Jennifer Owens, Amperpad’s West Coast Sales Director, is an extra in an art gallery scene. “Probably ended up on the cutting room floor,” she laments.

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

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

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

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

**A MIDSUMMER’S NIGHT SEX COMEDY** is the latest from Woody Allen, also starring Mary Steenbergen, Mia Farrow, John Cusack and Tony Roberts. Summer in the country with six characters in assorted romantic and sexual liaisons.
IT'S ALL IN THE GAME (formerly titled Irresistible) stars Bette Midler and Ken Wahl. This is the ill-fated Las Vegas gambling love story, plagued with on-set personality conflicts between Midler and director Don Siegel, among others.


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

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

MUSIC

Mellowed-out Mangione

CARAMEL APPICE

May 2  Providence, RI
May 3  New York, NY
May 4  Washington, DC

ASIA

May 1  Philadelphia, PA
May 2  New York, NY
May 3  Buffalo, NY
May 4  Rochester, NY
May 6  Lexington, KY
May 10  Akron, OH
May 12  Grand Rapids, MI
May 13  Detroit, MI

CROSBY, STILLS & NASH

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

JOURNEY

May 21-22  Chicago, IL

GREG KIHN BAND

May 21-22  Chicago, IL

B.B. KING

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

CHUCK MANGIONE

Aug. 20-22  Los Angeles, CA

GARY MORRIS

May 8  Cumming, GA
May 22  Laurel, MO

SMOKEY ROBINSON

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

SOMBER SEGER

Zealous Zvon

KENNY ROGERS

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

SON SEALS

May 1  Detroit, MI
May 27-29  Columbus, OH

T.G. SHEPPARD

May 8  Cumming, GA
May 16  Charles Town, WV
June 19  Newton, PA
June 26  Nashville, TN
July 20  Columbus, OH
July 25  Arlington, TX
July 30-31  Cheyenne, WY

SPLIT ENZ

May 8  Los Angeles, CA

KOKO TAYLOR

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

NEVER ENOUGH

Cool Carter

ALBERT COLLINS

May 1  Grinnell, IO
May 7  Chicago, IL
May 20  Toledo, OH
May 28  Wichita, KS

RITA COOLIDGE

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

BAND

RODY CROWELL

May 2  Sacramento, CA

CHARLIE DANIELS BAND

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

EMMYLOU HARRIS

May 1  LaGrange, OR
May 29  Seattle, WA

HOKED ON CLASSICS

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

LENA HORNE

July 19-22  Detroit, MI
July 20-Aug. 1  Washington, DC

AL JARREAU

May 11  Pullman, WA
May 16  Seattle, WA

SEVERAL DEFINITIVE MAYBES

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

LINDA RONDONSTADT is making a record, probably won't tour.

TOM PETTY is making a record, plans a summer tour.

RON CARTER plans an all-star jazz band tour.

J.G. REED will take whatever money is left in Europe after the tour.

THE ROLLING STONES launch a summer tour of the continent.

QUEEN will definitely tour, but...

JACKSON BROWNE hasn't decided yet.

JONI MITCHELL is pretty sure she'll make the rounds.

JOHNNY OTIS will mount an Oldies Revue for the resort trade.

WARREN ZEVON will probably tour when his album's done.

DAVID LINDLEY will tour, but without Ras Babbbo Pierre.

NEIL DIAMOND is bringing his mood music to a grateful nation.

X makes their first major-label LP and puts it on the road.

BOB SEGER finishes the Distance (new LP) soon, then goes on the road.

SPLIT ENZ plans an early summer tour.

FOREIGNER will be getting tan on the stadium circuit.

ASHFORD & SIMPSON have a new pop/jazz album and a tour.

SUPERTRAMP will publish Tightrope, but aren't yet sure about a tour.

BILLY SQUIER will try to extend his winning streak on the road.

THE MOTELS will check into a few cheap ones during their road spree.

SQUEEZE offers Soviets from a Stranger and several other dates.

BOZ SCAGGS has been recording for acorns, probably will tour.

GARY U.S. BONDS keeps his comeback rolling with a tour.

ROSEANNE BARR makes with a new disc and roadshow.

KENNY ROGERS goes on a new album and all over America, too.

LEWIS CLARKON Funkadelic/Parliament mastermind goes solo.

KIM CARNES risks jag with tour and new LP.

MARTY BALIN has a new album, tour not yet certain.

HUEY LEWIS & THE NEWS will be traveling fast all summer.

U.F.O. flies into selected stadiums.

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

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

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

Films that attract late-night clubs are as close to comic strips as live action can be, with something crazed and reverent about them. Take Martin, for instance. When Romero's slimy, spookily defecating Dracula legend surfaced at midnights in 1975, it was obvious that he had scored again. Martin is a shifty little bookworm who looks like the boy next door, but he has a freakish fixation: bloodsucking. Martin's ancestors emigrated to Pittsburgh from Transylvania, but since he is long

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

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

John Waters uses Romero's favorite device—shock—with glee in this 1972, Flamingos provoked howls of disgust, acquired a rowdy cult following, and made its leading actor, Divine—a 300-pound female impersoner billed as the greatest grotesque of all time—"the first superstar of the midnight circuit. Divine lives in a bucket-tail trailer with her son, a long-haired punk with a chicken feather, and her mother, who has a thing for eggs. They enter a contest sponsored by the National Inquirer to find "the filthiest people alive!" Tacky, sleazy, berserk, Flamingos rate X, but viewers who expect hard-core sex are disappointed; all they get to witness is incest, fellatio, castration and exhibitionism. "To me, bad taste is what entertainment is all about," Waters writes in Shock Value. "If someone comes walking in one of my films, it's like getting a standing ovation. Flamingos' climactic scene—Divine scoops up a fresh pile of French pooh, excretes it and eats it, lickety-split—is one of the most talked-about in the history of midnights. The strong of stomach are outraged and amused at the same time, while the squeamish look in vain on the back of the seat in front of them for an emergency bag.

David Lynch's Eraserhead rivals and surpasses Pink Flamingos in sheer grotesquery. It combines elements of science-fiction and history, but it's impressive to categorize, let alone explain. Eraserhead concerns Henry, a simpleton with a touch of madness, a boy that resembles a fright wog. Mary X, his moronic wife, and their offspring, a cross between a human and a dinosaur. Baby's crying sends Mary home to Mother. Henry fees a worm, and Baby grows...and grows...and grows...and grows...and grows! Poor, startled Henry retreats into a sordid dream world, torn between the Beautiful Girl and the. Halls, a hooker who poses prettily, and the Lady in the Radiator, who sings sweety while worms fall around her and aguish underfoot. In the end Henry loses his head, and it is turned into an eraser. Eraserhead fans, who roar with satisfaction during its groower scenes, believe that a true picture of the mind of the middle-class America would be hard to find, except maybe at a R-Mart Checkout Lane Lynch, of course, went on to fame directing Elephant Man.

Jim Sharman's Rocky Horror Picture Show—one of the most melan- cholic movies. It was bombl in 1975, but not long after that it resurfaced at midnight and mushroomed into a national phenomenon. Brad and Janet, two clean-cut kids, get mixed up in the weird antics at a castle where Frank N Furter, a transvestite scientist from outer space, is conducting sordid sexual experiments, creating drag revues and a blood study he plans to put to good use—his own. Audiences turn Rocky Horror into a midnight masquerade, dressing as members of the mad doctor's kinky household: Riff Raff, the hunchback hunchman; Magenta, his sister; the tap-dancing Little Nell; and Frank N Furter himself, in black corset and high heels. Audiences dance the Time Warp in the aisles, throw rice, spray water, flick cigarette lighters and sing along with the soundtrack: "Toucha, toucha, toucha, toucha, you wanna be drry/Thrrl ml, fill me, fulfill me/You hate me/You love me/You're a hoomanbaby/For a few good dollars/You're a hoomanbaby/For a few good dollars..."

midnight movie fans often dream up their own bizarre scenarios. Here's mine: a solitary figure tomes in high heels down Hollywood Blvd. Whatever it is, it looks like Joan Crawford in the last stages of leprous, with the blank stare of the "living dead." Rolling her eyes, warming her lips grotesquely, she cries: "Gr- in — in — aah!" Inside the theatre, a poster reads: "The Maddest Mother of All Time Is Back—And This Time She's Really A Monster!" With apologies to George quite bearable. Who, after all, has a manic streak? Crawford in her prime, and her Stampa Productions presents Divine in a film by John Wat- er, Afternoon of the Living Dead (NGC, Opera). The Abuse Continues..."

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

midnight movie madness
GEORGE CARLIN: STILL SANE AFTER ALL THE YEARS

By Richard Levinson

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


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

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

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


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

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

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

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

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

The mid-Seventies brought a lot of changes, none particularly for the better. Massive cocaine consumption, a heart attack, the pursuit of a movie that was never to be completed, and years of therapy kept Carlin out of the public eye. He survived: health, wit and, almost as importantly, career intact. That kind of silence might beget a fatal blow to the career of one or another entertainer, but in many ways, Carlin's comeback has been easier than his going away. He attributes this to the professional groundwork he has laid over two successful career phases so far.

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

Mind the fine points of coming back is the task of Carlin's professional advisors, headed by Hamza. Forget how Carlin might describe himself in conversation, his most recent image is that of a rubber-limbed, wild-eyed class clown who, as often as not, would get himself in trouble saying the right thing to the wrong people. Now, his presentation to the public is very neatly sculpted. The official photo on Carlin's press-kit shows a rather mature, intelligent face with a neatly clipped beard, a friendly, amused, almost reverent look. Like a cross between a happily tenured college professor and a liberal, socially aware (dare I say it?) priest. The new, grown-up George Carlin.

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

"I don't see much hope for this society, maybe even the human race. The thing that I do that are pointedly anti-institution are just my way of name calling, of standing across the street and shaking my fist. So, I do them, and try to make them as funny as possible, so they are entertaining to the segment that doesn't give a (insert one of the seven words you can never say on T.V., or print in this magazine). The trouble is profit. I think the only real hope is to kill about three or four hundred million people; maybe even a billion, and start all over again without cash..."
We'll Follow You Anywhere...
work with the Velvet Underground (his brilliant band in the Sixties), it
nevertheless shows that he retains the
grit and honesty that were his
trademarks. His latest LP doesn’t
find him denying the changes in his
life,
style, but it does show him capable of
more than mundane love songs.
The album’s real strength, however,
is its fierce musical approach. Sup-
pported by a new band, Reed plays
with a slashing edge that’s sadly
missing from his records for some
time. The atonal screeching bass
tracks and the Velvet Under-
ground days are heard once more in
"Waves of Fear" and "The Blue Mask." Complementing his renewed playing
abilities, Reed’s singing has regained
much of its old dramatic nuance.

**Dwight Twilley**

Scuba Divers

(EMU) "And now I'm back again, with
a hole in my shoe/Tin back now, ever=
ever new"

Dwight Twilley is unabashedly new.
Seven years after his "I'm On Fire"
touched the Top 20, three years since
his last album, theboyish Southwestern
popper returns. Twilley has a new
label and a new album, and it sounds
surprisingly like someone else’s
music.

It took me halfway through the first
side of Scuba Divers to realize I was
listening to the new Tom Petty album.
Even taking into account regional sim-
ilarities, Scuba Divers’ fondness for
buzzy Byrds-in-arrangements, "I’m Back
Again" and "Somebody to Love"
—may have yielded all its go to yield
in terms of riffs and rhyme. Whatever
the causes, Twilley’s return delivers
much less than fans who fell for "Fire."
"Twillies Don’t Mind" had a right to expect.

-Gene Scavitii

**O keh Reissues**

(FPG) Called from a half-century
of pictorial American music, brilliantly
and copiously annotated, handsigned
and (presently) or recorded via Epic
labels.

These in the title 1975 reissue of the
best from the gold mine vaults of the
venerable

Okeh label may be the most signifi-
cant reissue series of recent years.

Okeh Records (1918-1969) was
known primarily as a purveyor of
"race music," that euphemistic applica-
tion that encompassed jazz, R&B, soul
and the blues during each of those
genre’s halcyon days. This beautifi-
ully conceived and presented series
further documents the label’s forays into
Western Swing. With two album pack-
ages highlighting the company’s con-
tributions to each of the genres, the
listener is treated to the early
recorded work of such pianists as
Muddy Waters, Major Lazer, Bob
Wills, Little Richard and Ahmad
Jamal clock by jowl with such
forgotten greats as Johnny Shines, Bill
Butler and the Enchanters, the Light
Crust Doughboys and the ineffable
Sandemen. Screamin’ Jay Hawkins
shares the grooves with Don Bigby
on Okeh Rhythm & Blues; Sons of the
Pioneers segue to Emmett Miller & His
Georgia Crackers on Okeh Western
Swing; Victoria Spivey complements
The Yas Yas Girl on Okeh Chicago
Blues and on and on. As a rumorous
cornucopia, a musical motherlode that
delights, astounds and preserves.

Davey Sway

**Lou Reed**

The Blue Mask

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

Now there’s an update: Reed’s me-
lowing has (thankfully) not been
subtly transferred on his new-
found personal contentment, there
was evidence that his creative
powers were not at their
Grown Up in Public, for all its good in-
tentions, suffered from self-consciously
inauthentic music. Reed’s best
work had addressed themes of
guiltiness and despair with a heroic
righteousness — hearts-and-flowers
sentiments didn’t seem to suit him.
The Blue Mask is a distinct step in
the right direction. If not up to the
standards of his startlingly innovative

**Van Morrison**

Beautiful Vision

(Warner Bros.) Here’s a scenario: Wil-
liam Blake and W.B. Yeats are bumped
up into a cosmic time warp and trans-
ported to the Sixties where they’re
exposed to a relentless barrage of
soul and R&B records, after which
the poetic pair’s respective sensibili-
ties are fused together and transplanted into the pudge body of a
wacked-out Irishman who used to
front a rock group called Them.

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

Song titles like “Amy Wine” (“She
Gives Me Religion,” “Dweller on the
Threshold” and “Across the Bridge
Where Angels Dwell” tell part of
the story. With Morrison inside a
mystical hyperbole, quoting from
tones as diverse as the Bible, the
Bhagavad Gita, Alice Bailey’s
Glumcr — A World Problem and Jack Kerouac’s
On the Road. But then, on the
stunning "Cleaning Windows," Van
forgets all the portentous deity-
dropping to deliver a simple first-
person narrative from a "workman’s
man in my prime" who washes windows in
day and then goes "blowing sand down the ridge on the weekend in some
downtown joint."

Either way — adrift in metaphorical
hooey or whipping clean his squiggles —
Morrison gets away with it. Flanked by
a trio of cooling female backup singers.
Van grunts, growls, groans and sings as
a kind of possessed, while his hand
churns out rhythms and riffs that
combine the earliness of Tupelo Honey
and the auger, ethereal timbre of
Rolling Week with a funny verve (check
out Pee Wee Ellis’s sax on "Cleaning Windows," a heroing life before unmatched in
Morrison’s career.

**Sound Effects**

SIMON FRITH

Parashute, £8.95

Simon Frith leads an intriguing
double life: on the one hand he is
a professor of sociology at the University
of Warwick, England — a most respec-
table position — and on the other, a
— rock critic. The happy conver-
sion of these two seemingly
tradicory employments is a writing
style which, transmitted to us via col-
menus in Cream and (presently) New
York Rocker and now through this
book, is consistently informed and
truth-provoking.

In Sound Effects Frith sees rock’s
roll (which he uses to describe
chiefly the Fillies form) and rock as a
"scewball" phenomenon, to which his
young and leisurely activities of the past
(particularly the 1920s) but with a
value and meaning all its own. The
book is structured around a production/consumption theory of
rock culture — the chapters are thus
"Making Meaning" and so on — but the
value is important: Frith’s analyses of
the means of production and of
marketing are vital but not unprece-
dented. His real concern is, perhaps
unjustly, an area he feels has been
egregiously neglected. He explores with
great insight and clarity the use of
rock as background/music for teenage
activity, as the rallying point for youth

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

Some effects is clearly integrated as a
text and is, as Frith himself introduces
it, "a solid and generally sober work."
Thus, the going may be slow at times
—a comparison between the Frankfurt
School and Marxist theories of mass
culture doesn’t exactly make one
fun— but Frith has a way of mak-
ning sense out of even intellectually
abstract concepts.

Mikel Toombs

**Are the Kids All Right?**

JOHN G. FULLER

Times Books, $13.50

Rock and roll will never die, but
you just might. That seems to be
the message John G. Fuller is attempt-
ing to convey in this gripping rec-
ognition of the infamous Who count-
not only as stood among the huge

crowd waiting to enter the Coliseum
in Cincinnati on early December 3,
1979. Fuller’s unique and certain to be controversial—
tory endeavors to explain the forces
that contributed to the deaths of the
eleven fans who were asphyxiat-
ed or held among the music
hype that was the Coliseum at the
time. Fuller traces the history of hard
rock music from the mid-Sixties-
teen to recent disturbances at Van
Halen concerts and argues that these disturbances result in a
disturbance that wish on the part of the rock

generation. Fortunately, Fuller keeps his theorizing from becom-
ing too didactic, combining it with fascinating bi-
ographical information on Jim Hendrix, Jimi
Joplin, the Doors, the Rolling Stones, Led
Zepplins and other rock groups and superstars. The central story of the

events leading up to the disaster as well
who concert was suspended and told
which makes the book difficult to put down.

Richard Grubman
Futzie Nutzle: A Stickman for Our Times

BY BILL BRAINTSTEIN

Futzie Nutzle is not the latest flavor of the week at Basin Robbins. Futzie Nutzle is not the latest cartoon to be seen in your local newspaper. With a name like that, he says, when people meet me, they are disappointed. Expect some sort of clown that jumps out of a box.

What people do meet is a cartoonist whose best known work appeared on the cover of The New York Times. He has been drawing for that publication since 1961. He is best known for his stick figure cartoons, which are a staple of the newspaper. He is also known for his book, "The Stickman's Last Exit to India," which was published in 1976.

Nutzle's cartoons are often about the strange and absurd aspects of daily life. He is known for his use of humor and satire to comment on the absurdities of modern life. His cartoons often feature a stick figure character named "Futzie," who is a symbol of the absurd and the ridiculous.

Nutzle's cartoons are frequently used in other media, such as television and film. He has also had his work published in many other publications, including The Saturday Evening Post, The New Yorker, and The Los Angeles Times.

Nutzle is currently working on a new book, which is expected to be published in 2013. He is also planning to release a new series of stick figure cartoons, which will be available in 2014.

Nutzle is known for his unique style and his use of humor and satire to comment on the absurdities of modern life. He is a true stick figure cartoonist, and his work is a testament to the enduring appeal of this art form.

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May's Ampersand of the Month is from Barry Stark of Deafail, Illinois, who describes how he "created" his little beauty: "Found this natural Amper- sand in the form of a rubber band lying on the side next to the enlarger in the darkroom. I slit a piece of paper from under the rubber band, made the proper exposure... Amper- sand self-portrait." Mr. Stark earns $30 for his effort, as he does most other's in the past. You too may play the game. Send in your own copy of May's Amperands (in black ink on sturdy white paper, with your name and address on the artwork) to Amperands of the Month, 1600 North Vine, Suite 500, Hollywood, CA 90028.

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Löwenbräu. Here’s to good friends.