By Megan Guider

ASUI Senate selects two vacancies, names Lindberg pres. pro tem

The ASUI Senate added two new members to its ranks Wednesday night, as Holly Rickett and David Dose were sworn in as senators at a special session senate meeting.

Rickett and Dose take over the senate positions left vacant when Sens. Jane Freund and Mike Trail were elected president and vice president, respectively.

"I think I can add a lot of honesty," Rickett said. "I like to see things get done and I'm willing to put out the very best I can."

Rickett echoed similar comments. "Senators should represent the entire UI, but I think I could do a good enough job on my own."

Before being appointed as a senator, Rickett covered the ASUI Senate as a reporter for The Argonaut.

"I'm not going back to the Arg. I'm not into journalism," she said.

Both senators indicated they would run for re-election in the fall of 1985.

In addition to the appointment of two senators, the 19-member senate selected Gary Lindberg as the new ASUI Senate president pro tempore.

Sens. Jana Habiger and Lindberg were nominated. Habiger stressed the experience she had as a senior senator and described herself as enthusiastic, dedicated, outgoing and a listener. Lindberg commented he is active in Idaho State In-collegiate Legislature and described himself as honest, dedicated, competent and just.

Lindberg was elected pro tem by secret ballot. As pro tem, he will take over the senate's vice president position and must run for president in January, according to Mike Trail. He is also responsible for seeing that senators follow through with legislation.

Following the pro tem election, the senate decided to adopt the report by the judicial Ad- viser in which it was stated that The Argonaut editors Frank Hall, Gary Lundgren and Kathy Amidei were innocent of any wrongdoing related to payroll matters at the Argonaut. That report was issued following an audit of the Argonaut payroll this semester.

The senate included the name of Laura Hubbard in their resolution. Hubbard was editorial page editor on the Argonaut last semester and was suspended with Hill, Lundgren and Amidei during the audit, but she was not investigated by the Judicial Adviser Board.

In other business, senators were appointed to the living groups they will represent next semester.

The senators and the groups they will represent are: Jana Habiger—Zeta Tau House, Psi Kappa Epithon, Moscow Fire Department and Kappa Sigma; Chris Berg—Willis Sweet, Lambda Chi Alpha and Chi Rho; Gary Lindberg—Carter Hall, Psi Kappa Phi, Gamma Delta and McCoy Hall; John Vanderpool—Beta Theta Pi, Kappa Alpha Theta, Delta Delta and Kappa Gamma; Joe Darrow—Phi Delta Theta, Gamma Delta and Zeta Tau; D. Sweat—Theta Tau, Gamma Delta and Phi Eta Sigma; Mike Trail—Delta Sigma Phi, Delta Chi, Gamma Xi, Delta Delta, Gamma Xi, Phi Eta Sigma and Hall; Matt Brown—Beta Theta Pi, Omicron Delta Kappa and Pi Kappa Phi; John Dose—Beta Theta Pi, Omicron Delta Kappa and Delta Chi; Eric Neely—Kappa Alpha Theta, Delta Devil and Phi Eta Sigma; John Bohn—Kappa Alpha Theta, Delta Delta and Omicron Delta Kappa; and Mike Trail—Psi Kappa Epithon, Moscow Fire Department and Kappa Sigma.

As winter break approaches, ASUI is: describing the 1985-86 work of the Senate; reflecting on the past year; and planning for the future.

Five UI faculty members aim for assistant VP spot

Five UI faculty members have been named finalists in the search for an assistant academic vice president.

The five finalists are Roy P. Hill, chairman of the theatre arts department; Richard Heimisch, professor of bacteriology; William McLaughlin, department head for wildland recreation management; George Simons, chairman of the chemical engineering department; and Dorothy Tark, director of the division of health, physical education, recreation and dance.

The candidates are currently involved in the interview process, which is expected to culminate in a final selection at the first of March.

The candidates include:

1. Roy P. Hill, chairman of the theatre arts department
2. Richard Heimisch, professor of bacteriology
3. William McLaughlin, department head for wildland recreation management
4. George Simons, chairman of the chemical engineering department
5. Dorothy Tark, director of the division of health, physical education, recreation and dance

Each was selected for their dedication to the university and their experience in higher education and administration.

The candidates will be interviewed and evaluated by a search committee, which will make a recommendation to the president of the university.

The search for an assistant academic vice president is part of a broader plan to upgrade the administrative structure of the university.

The candidates will be evaluated based on their ability to contribute to the university's mission, their experience in administration and their potential to lead the university in the future.

The search is expected to be completed by early March, and the new assistant academic vice president is expected to begin work in the fall.
Conservative group comes to the UI

By Mike Long

Students for America, a nationwide conservative group, has a new chapter on the UI campus.

A group of UI students decided to form the new chapter after attending a SFA meeting at Washington State University.

After that Dec. 10 meeting, the UI students chose senior political science major Bruce Skaug as the first president of the newly formed Moscow branch, along with junior Greg Koler, a major in music education.

"I'm excited to be a part of such a professional organization," Skaug said. "I am not president because of any great skill on my part, but because I have the soul and desire to stand up against immorality.

According to Skaug, the purpose of the new group nationally and on campus "will be to oppose the ever-present moral decay we see in our country, our state and our university."

Skaug first heard of the group following its participation in an anti-abortion march earlier this year. "I never thought I would hear of them again," he said.

This was not the case as the UI students again hit the news pages when it marched against an anti-Republican rally up in Spokane. Wash., in October. He then accepted the group's invitation to sit in on its elections for ideas.

According to WSU chapter President Robert Cushing, SFA is relatively new to the area. The WSU chapter was founded this fall.

"The way that I see it is that people either make a stand or they're afraid to make a stand or afraid of those who make a stand. I'm one of those who have made a stand as well as this group," Cushing said.

The group has brought opposition in different forms. There have been many complaints from campus columns and letters to the editor in the WSU Evergreen, while some of the group's letters have been refused for publication.

"We make a photocopy of all the letters that are written by people in Students for America," Judi Beman said. "We have a real Democrat paper here at WSU, and sometimes they don't like to print things that are too radical."

"We keep a record of all the letters that they don't run and we can go in front of the board of the newspaper if they continuously don't print our letters," she said. Beman is in charge of the information file that the group sets up once a month in a Pullman mail.

Though the SFA marched in support of Reagan with the Young Republicans, it is not a Republican association. "I really don't like to put down the Democrats or speak against them, but I think a lot of...

See AMERICANS, page 9

Time to study: Final examinations 'are just another set of tests'

By Marcey Baker

With finals just around the corner, Judy Wallins from the Learning Resource Center offers some helpful tips to UI students for those last minute studying attempts.

"Final tests are just another set of tests which students must face, except these usually require more writing," Wallins said. If you have put off studying for finals until the last minute, there are still effective ways to learn the material.

The key is to concentrate on what you are learning. Study with a pencil and paper close at hand and write down important information. "It's easier to keep awake if you're either reciting the material out loud or writing it down," Wallins said.

Put yourself in the testing situation and try to anticipate which questions will be on the test. Deliberately plan how you will be able to answer test questions.

Spend at least 10 minutes on each chapter going over main points. Spend your energy on these main points. According to Wallins, "It's best to learn the main points rather than spending all your time only learning the smaller details."

You will need to cram right before the test, but do so selectively. It is best to cram only the main points.

If you are anxious or nervous before the test is handed out, the best thing to do is to talk to other students around you. "Someone is bound to mention something you haven't studied. In five minutes a student can get himself really worked up because of others' comments," she said. If you have to talk to other students before the test, discuss pleasant things.

When you receive the test, scan all of it. Try to determine how much time will be needed for each section or question of the test.

After scanning the test, go through and answer those questions which you feel confident about. Then go back and answer the remaining questions you're a little unsure of. Chances are that another question later in the test will trigger your memory.

Use the entire test time. Use any leftover time to check the accuracy of your answers. According to Wallins, "Research shows those students with the higher grades are the ones who utilize the entire testing period."

Concentrate on your own test and try to ignore students who leave earlier. Chances are these students either rushed through the test or didn't know the answers.

Multiple Choice

Don't lose your dinner to geography. Study the facts.

A Taco

Protein 12 g
Carbohydrates 39 g
Fat 31 g
Vitamin A 8210
Vitamin B 9 18 mg
Niacin 4.0 mg
Calories 244

A Cheese-burger

Protein 15.1 g
Carbohydrates 50 g
Fat 14 g
Vitamin A 3014
Vitamin B 9 16 mg
Niacin 4.0 mg
Calories 1159

Calories 207

Domino's Pizza

Calories 207

Name

Phone

Expires: 12/31/84

Domino's Pizza is the best check. Just add the regular price of a large or X-large pizza and you have a large or X-large cheeseburger. Sign up for a call and pull pizza."
Opinion

You would've loved it

This column was going to be a grand finale, end of semester Christmas spectacular.

It was going to be topped with bows, draped with tinsel, decked with holly and have a slight aroma of a freshly-assembled aluminum Christmas tree.

It was also going to point out the advantages of peace on Earth, good will toward men and conveniently hung mantels.

After that it was going to stir up the collective conscience of everyone with the recent news of famines, tornadoes and fire Cobble Patch Dolls.

It probably would have included a few quotes from the Bible (last because everyone seems to be doing it these days), and it might have left you walking away whistling a few bars of Jingle Bells.

It might’ve mentioned the Grinch, Frosty the Snowman, Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer or Miracle on 34th Street.

The column may have strived for the greatness of the New York Sun's Franz C. P. Church who in 1867 answered in an editorial “Yes, Virginia, there is a Santa Claus.”

Thereafter probably would have been something about how Christmas is for kids, and it might have described the look of wonder on the faces of the kids who watched the ballet characters float across the stage. I had a look of wonder, too, but only because I couldn’t figure out how normal human beings could stand on their toes that long.

As you read that column you might have had memories of sitting around mom’s fireplace sipping your first Tom and Jerry, wondering why Uncle Henry always got cut out after his fourth one.

You may also have heard faint strains of carols singing Silent Night while dreaming of all the new socks and underwear that awaited you on Christmas morning.

Your mouth may have watered a little bit as thoughts of turkey, dressing and pumpkin pie danced through your head.

You may even have gotten a little homesick while thinking about being with friends and family whom you haven’t seen in a long time and with whom you have shared so many Christmas pasts.

So by now you may be wondering what happened to this piece that may have been destined to survive in Christmas lore right along with Bob Cratchit, Tiny Tim and Ebenezer Scrooge.

I swear it would have been strong together as tightly as the strings of popcorn and cranberries on grandma’s tree, and it would have sparkled like a string of tiny, blinking Christmas tree lights.

It might have had Christmas belting out O Come All Ye Faithful, and the more frivolous of us might have wanted to start Rockin’ Around the Christmas Tree.

But if the truth be known, the reason you aren’t reading a Christmas classic right now can be summed up in eight simple words — National Buy a Friend a Beer Day’s Eve.

When I proposed a National Buy a Friend a Beer Day (and today’s the day) I never considered the repercussions, but some of my good friends took it pretty seriously.

So I’m forced to blame it on them and just hope that I can pay them back today, and request that we all do the same to those people who are responsible for corruperating us all semester.

So have a good holiday season, and I hope you give everything you want and get everything you deserve. A tip of the hot totty to everyone.

Paul Baier
Columnist

By “Order of the Golden Fleece”

The newsmen is empty now. The clattering sound of busy little reporters running up and down the back Forty is only an echo.

Except for the tenor-like hum of the fluorescent lights buzzing overhead, all is quiet. Snow is slowly falling outside.

Another semester is at an end.

And what a semester it was. Thirty issues, four suspensions and three editors later the peace and serenity of the office is like only a dream.

Why it seems just like yesterday that the sun was shining, students were wearing shorts to class and we of Argonaut were hurriedly working on the 56-page registration issue.

Underline we.

Because like any newspaper editor, the product cranked out week after week was only as good as the staff under me. And to say the least, this semester’s staff was quite the crew.

Underline quite.

Take this semester’s co-managing editors — please. Issue after issue Gary Lundgren and Kathy Amidai somehow managed to override all my editorial decisions and yet keep their jobs.

Without these two giants among smurfs, my worst fear would have probably come true this semester — I’d have had to work.

To them I award the “Order of the Golden Fleece” with quiche clusters.

Next in line is the Argus’ features editor Chris Baker. Befitting the “Baby Boat” came into the job as Front Row Center editor and did something no other editor could claim — she managed to keep her sanity while holding the same position for all 30 issues.

For this Herculean effort, I award her the “Order of the Golden Fleece” 30 times over. Good job.

Now stepping up to the microphone is my sports editor, JC (sometimes called Jeffy). A sound editor, a room mate, a friend and now an editor to me. An obvious one for punisher, Jeffy graduated to the real world of Rupert, Idaho, this winter where he will take up his chore of life — being will be a gold pro.

To the “little man” I award the “Order of the Golden Fleece” earned over the course of the last four-and-one-half years. Goodbye, Jeff.

And will you see behind the veil? Why it is none other than copy editors Laurel Swanson and Rhonda McHugh. For these two, I award the “Order of the Golden Fleece” with paper, scissors and glue.

Let’s not forget this bunch of newshawks, all everyone would see in print would be photographs and this column. That’s it. No features, no sports, no news, no nothing.

Underline no.

Thus to this brave bunch of instrepid reporters, stalwart defenders of truth, honor and white bread, I award the “Order of the Golden Fleece Most Thankful.”

And with the award, I bring to a close this column.

It was a ball of a semester, but I hope you loyalists had as much fun reading the good of Arg as I had bringing it to you.

To all the readers, I award you the “Order of the Golden Fleece” with eye strain clusters.

Thanks for tuning in twice a week.

Goodbye.

Underline good.

Jason

End of Opinion
**Letters**

**Letter supports Bruce Skaug**

**Editor:**
Bruce Skaug, I stand and applaud your excellent column "On the Stairway to Heaven." This is truly an inspiring column. I hope the words and the compassion that I feel in the article will reach some of the readers of the Argonaut to really examine their relationship with Jesus Christ, the only door out of that tobeggon slide to hell. I am impressed with your quotes from the Scripture in your column. That means you believe that the Holy Bible is the truth and its contents are factual.

**BRAVO! Bruce, that's encouraging to see you, as a Christian (your definition) believer in God, submit your thoughts with backing from the Truth, the Bible. I'm also glad to see you take refuge in the Scriptures, because in Psalms 46:1 it says, "God is our refuge and strength." I wonder where you got the strength to write some of those great columns, the ones with the strong opinions. I'll tell you one thing I won't argue with a few words from the Good Book because I happen to believe, as a Christian believer in God, that it's 100 percent right. Bruce you have enriched my sermon through your columns, and I pray God blesses you for your diligence and soft, yet convicting heart to see others turn (revert) in the right direction and follow Jesus Christ without a doubt. He's the only Way. Amen.

Dan Nordquist

**Column displays poor editing**

**Editor:**
There are many different religious faiths, though at this time of the year and in this case of the country, it may seem that most of us believe in the same comfortable one. Because there are many different faiths, and because the American family is funded by students and others of many different faiths, a regular column which simply proposes one faith seems inappropriate.

News about religious activities has a definite place in a newspaper like the Argonaut. Columns such as Bruce Skaug's, which seem just to preach one narrow doctrine week after week, don't. Please note that rather than criticizing Bruce Skaug as a writer, I am criticizing whichever editor is responsible for not doing a very thoughtful job of editing.

Don Coombs

**School of Communication**

**Christians must stop quarrelling**

**Editor:**
A letter to all Christians: Hey! What's going on here? If there is anything that frustrates you, it is a Christian who is upset at some other Christian for standing up for Christian ideals! Let us understand, the nature of our warfare is not Pentecostal against Baptists, nor Catholic against Protestants. "For we wrestle not with flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places." (Ephesians 6:12).

Let us recognize that we are brothers and sisters in the Lord. When we fight amongst ourselves, we are no different than the world. Christ called us to be lights shining in the darkness, because where there is light, darkness cannot exist. If we are constantly trying to put out each other's light, we only help the darkness.

Christianity is more than just a philosophy or a religion. It is even more than just a lifestyle. It is a relationship. It is a relationship between Jesus and a person.

I am in love with my Savior, and I want my Lord Jesus Christ to be the one that directs my life. It is His words that I want on my lips.

I've heard many descriptions of G. Frederick and I've given some of my own, but the one I liked best was spoken by Keith Green. He said, "If Christ is someone who is bananas for Jesus!"

Jim Elliott said, "If something isn't worth dying for, it isn't worth living for!" Jesus died for you and for me. He declared us to be that important! He wants changed lives and He's willing to help.

Rather than being worried about what others will think, let us be concerned how Jesus thinks of us, because He is coming back soon!

Aaron Atkinson

**Help Reagan to provide aid**

**Editor:**
The desperate plight of Africa continues into our Christmas season. As we make plans to gather with family and friends, the holiday time to share our abundance and comfort, let us also remember our family throughout the world.

A letter or phone call to President Reagan (The White House, Washington, D.C., 20501, 202-456-7639) encouraging him to order immediate airlifting of food, trucks and supplies to Africa, is a Christmas present worth a million times more.

Lauree Fox

Lutheran Campus Ministry

**Corey column cheap**

**Editor:**
This is in reference to a sports column written by Sports Editor Jeff Corey entitled, "Sports announcers turn me off," which appeared in the Argonaut on Friday, Dec. 7, 1984. Part, Corey referred to Ken Skaug's lack of announcing ability. Corey must not have been listening very attentively or he would have noticed that Ken was doing an excellent job at color commentary. He made it sound as if Ken was all by himself, doing both play-by-play and color. However, Ken was doing color along with a very accomplished play-by-play announcer, Dave Tester.

Corey said in his column that, "...to be a good announcer or sports writer, you must know that sport better than the coaches do." How much closer can you get than Ken Hobart himself? Hobart was describing plays beautifully and was even doing something most professional announcers do: perfectly antiminating a play before it happens. All in all, Hobart and Tester worked well together and certainly added to the overall quality of the coverage.

In his column, Corey also fails to recognize that almost everyone involved in the coverage of the woman's basketball games is relatively new to the field and is trying to gain some valuable "hands on" experience which KUID-TV can provide. Some may find they don't want to pursue this line of work, while others will excel, gaining even more experience, and eventually succeeding as professionals.

Instead of commenting KUID-TV and the students for taking on the coverage of the women's games, Corey emphasizes the negative.

It is true that the announcers of the women's games on Tuesday, Dec. 4, 1984, were first-time and made a few mistakes. It is not absolutely true, however, that they were involved in a totally "professional" atmosphere. It was, instead, a professional-learning atmosphere.

I don't think it is fair to judge these announcers using the highest professional standards. They are learning to be professional. One must remember that this was their first attempt at announcing sports for television.

Please, Mr. Corey, give these announcers, as well as the other members involved in the woman's coverage, a chance to learn the ropes before criticizing them further. Everybody has to start somewhere.

Cal Humphreys

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Good with Marlene, Maria, Kathy, Christy, Debbie or Lou.
Argonaut columnist
Skaug not always a Christian

By Megan Guido

Bruce Skaug was not always a Christian.

He spent his youth interested in cars and girls and all that "exciting stuff." But all that changed for him. "God's shown me Christianity is more exciting," said the 22-year-old political science major.

Skaug, an Argonaut columnist this semester, moved to Moscow to attend UI last year after attending the College of Southern Idaho for two years. "I came up here calling myself a Christian, but I wasn't one at all."

What changed his mind? "I started reading the Bible and meeting Christians who were leading Christian lives."


Skaug grew up in Jerome, Idaho, the son of "moderately liberal" parents. "Southern Idaho is conservative," he said. "I was just reacting to people around there."

He reacted by racing cars and subscribing to "radical" magazines like Village Voice.

He said he worked for the Democrats in every election since 1976. "I love politics," Skaug said. "Through this column God has drawn me back into politics."

Skaug's political views have changed, however, from the days when he worked for Democratic candidates.

He adds, "Conservatism is looking to man to solve all the world's problems, but Christianity looks to individual men. His heart must be changed to solve problems in the world."

Skaug believes wars that would outlaw nuclear war are "meaningless."

He said, "War is a part of man in his rejection to God."

He said if everybody were Christian there would be no war. "But I don't foresee the entire world becoming Christian because man's nature is basically evil."

Skaug said however that his cause is not to convert people politically but to "convert them to Christ and the politics that fall under Christ."

His "cause" expressed in his weekly column writes four to five letters to the editor a week. How does Skaug feel about this notoriety?

"I get a kick out of it," he said. "The more radical letters against me, the more it reinforces what I'm saying about liberal elements."

Many of the writers of those letters to the editor are "professional students," according to Skaug. "They're the 80's throw-backs, the same people who caused our country moral decay."

Skaug has also received anonymous letters and phone calls. "I got a call from a homosexual once," he said. "I just told him he was a sick guy and I would pray for him. Of course, I did."

According to Skaug, the strong reaction to his columns is "because when you point something out that goes against the grain of someone's life, they'll react."

Skaug said people who take exception to his definition of Christianity don't disagree with him — they disagree with the Bible. "The Bible is the word of God, to follow in everyday life."

"I'm a long ways from being perfect," he said. "I'd rather see someone smarter, more eloquent than me speak out, but no one else is."
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Sentinel

Time-worn statue, receives new life

After nearly 700 hours of restoration work by a Lewiston artisan, an old soldier statue from the UI has received a facelift.

The artisan, Bud Washburn, announced Saturday that the soldier statue he has restored for the university will be unveiled in front of the Administration Building in late January as part of a combined celebration of Founder’s Day and Veteran’s Day.

"It's going to be a great big ceremony," Washburn said. "It should be an elegant event with veterans from Vietnam, World War I and World War II attending."

The statue, a commemoration of the Spanish-American War, had literally been defaced by groups of vandals throughout the past 50 years. Washburn began restoring it this summer after he was contacted by the UI at the end of July.

Washburn’s first step in restoring the statue began July 31 when he made the first mold of the soldier’s gun, based upon a 1920 picture of the statue.

"We found pieces of the broken gun scattered all over one room in the Physical Science Building," he said. "When added with some materials of my own, the gun was better than new."

The next and most difficult task Washburn said he encountered during the restoration process was stripping the paint from the soldier so that he could work on its bare surface.

"The hardest part of my job was clearing off everything that had built up on the old soldier over the past century. There was over 25 gallons of paint — roughly 80 coats — that had to be burned or somehow chipped off of it," he said.

Other difficult tasks performed by Washburn included making molds for the rest of the soldier’s body, formulating his own cement-like stone mixture and cleaning off everything that had been added to the statue over the past century.

Photos by Tim Frates

See SOLDIER, page 18
**Americans**  
*(From page 3)*

Democrats are being deceived on some issues,” Beman said. “I don’t think they’re seeing what’s really happening. They’re just missing what they want to see,” she said.

Cushing agreed with his chairman. “I’m not going around trying to cut down the liberals. I don’t need to. I think that’s self-apparent, but what I’d like to do is build up conservatives.”

“I’d like to do is build a conservative principle so that people will see what it really stands for, and look at the two and make a reasonable decision. I think that people will make a reasonable decision,” he said.

Public needs to see the chart, according to —-ations chairman Karen McCafferty, who feels that the public has been deceived into believing that the liberal view is the majority view of this country.

“Strong commitment to traditional American values has been demeaned by a small percentage of the American population,” McCafferty said. “Because this small percentage has been so vocal, they have perpetrated their views through the press and political activists in all areas.”

“I don’t think they’re seeing what’s really happening.”

**Search**  
*(From page 2)*

support from a state legislature. He understands the problems the UI has faced in that regard, he said. “We’ve been through hard times. The state of Michigan wasn’t exactly flush in the last four or five years, either.”

Earlier this week, Thomas Bell, Dean of the College of Education at the UI, was also interviewed for the position. Bell has been acting vice president since May, when Vice President Robert Furgason left the UI to take a similar position at the University of Nebraska.

“It’s been an exciting seven months,” Bell said. “It’s given me a greeter pride in this institution.”

In addition, he said, “People have had an opportunity to observe my operation, how I administer, what kind of a person I am. They at least know what they’re in for to some extent.”

Bell said his major goal for the UI is to attract and retain highly qualified faculty and top students. He said that the UI has a high faculty turnover rate and “We’re losing far too many students.”

Another major concern of Bell’s is research. “I think we need to develop an atmosphere for research,” he said.

Most obstacles in the way of developing research are related to finances, he said. One problem is that faculty members have heavy teaching loads that don’t leave enough time for research. The university needs additional faculty to promote research. Another problem is the lack of equipment needed for some types of research. An additional obstacle, but one that can be overcome without spending too much money, is a lack of assistants for teaching and research, Bell said.

“The most pressing need is to reorganize the administrative structure to elevate the role of research at the institution,” he said.

He supported establishing a new position, vice president for research. He said that the UI probably does not have the resources to do that but that a similar position should be established, perhaps entitled academic vice president for research.

Bell said his leadership style is based on trust. “I trust people and I think you need to create an atmosphere of trust between administrators and faculty.”

The third candidate for academic vice president will be interviewed today. His name was not released.
Culture shock
UI prof/French teacher swap more than jobs

By Paul Allee

UI News Bureau
Imagine exchanging everything you own — your home, your car and your job — with a person from another country whom you have never met.

That’s what teachers Colette Laugt of Trevignon, France, and UI French Professor Alan Rose have done this school year.

“We exchanged everything. Our houses, cars, jobs and even our billing numbers,” said Laugt, who is living at the Rose home on Highland Drive in Moscow.

Laugt, who taught English at a French high school in the village of Chamery, is now teaching Rose’s French classes at the UI. Rose, on the other hand, has taken over Laugt’s English classes.

The exchange became possible through a series of coincidences after both Laugt and Rose applied to the Franco-American Commission for Educational Exchanges (FACE) in January 1983. There were 60 other U.S. teachers also applying for one of the 17 exchange spots to France.

While most of the French exchange teachers had visions of going to California, Laugt’s dislocation with that state may have helped her obtain one of the exchange spots.

“We had just finished discussing a Time magazine article about Idaho in class when a cousin of Alan Rose’s — who if any of us were interested in going to Idaho in an exchange,” Laugt said.

Laugt talked over the possible exchange with the French cousin and then wrote to Rose to see if he was still interested. When Rose responded positively, the two filed for the exchange.

“There were so many people applying for exchanges, especially to California, that when the commission saw they had one teacher from Moscow wanting to go to Trevignon, and one teacher from Trevignon wanting to go to Moscow, it was a natural match,” Rose said.

Laugt found out in May that the commission had approved the exchange. He and his family left Moscow in mid-June to visit Laugt at her home.

“It was really nice to meet them. I think it helped to ease some of the apprehension I had about letting total strangers move into my home,” Laugt said.

The Roses, who have two children, visited with Laugt and her two children for four days.

“We had a really nice time together. They are super people; plus the kids got along great,” said the 14-year-old daughter.

On Aug. 10, Laugt, her 14-year-old daughter and 12-year-old son arrived in their new home in Moscow. At first the Laugt family found their new American lifestyle very different, but interesting, compared to their old lifestyle in France.

“Since we’re in France, we drive much faster. We can go 55 miles per hour in town, so I had to be careful not to speed when we got here,” she said.

One of the major differences in the two countries, Laugt has found, is the closeness of the people.

“Our society in France is much closer. Our boys and girls kiss each other every morning before class. Also, our kids won’t go out with just one person more than a couple of times. Instead they go out in big groups together. In America, a person will go out with just one person.”

Laugt noted that with this change in the dating patterns, the marriage rate in France is much lower than in America.

Options open to combat blues
It is said that one is the least said number. And if one is the most harm/en number, then December is the least said month.

Because it is during this time of year that stress, final exam pressures and holiday blues often combine to force an increase in the number of attempted suicides on this and many other college campuses.

And according to Joe Collins, a UI grad student and a member of the UI’s clinical psychology program/There are a lot of viable alternatives to suicide.

There are a number of outlets that UI students are encouraged to contact in the event the pressures of life become too great, she said.

One such outlet is the 24-hour phone service, Nightline. Nightline is operated by students and community volunteers and can reached by calling 882-0320.

Other places that can be utilized when one feels the effects of stress include:

UI Student Counseling Center — UCC 302, 885-6716.

UI Psychology Department — Psychology Building, 885-6324.

UI Women’s Center — 210 Worthen Hall.

Idaho Health and Welfare Region — 200 S. Almon, 882-0562 (emergency number).

Crittman Memorial Hospital — 710 S. Main, 882-4511.

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Perennial performing at the SUB Saturday

A band who has opened for Heart, Missing Persons, Night Ranger and Reel will be giving their first concert in the SUB on Dec. 3. Perennial is a rock band that has been performing for over 10 years. The members of the band are: lead singer and bass player Randy Nelson, singer/guitarist Tim Judson, bass player Jeff Judge, drummer John Judson, lead guitarist Tim Moule, and keyboardist Mark Jonas.

The band has been performing at various locations around the Seattle area, including venues like the Collette Theatre and the Rock & Roll City. The band has also gained a following through their Facebook page, where they share their music and updates.

The concert will feature a setlist that includes popular rock songs and covers of classic rock hits, providing a fun and engaging experience for all attendees.

More music
New UI professor Mohr than just a teacher

By Paul Allen

While the UI music department was searching for a temporary replacement for a music professor last semester, it wanted more than a run-of-the-mill instructor to fill the position. So the university "bought Mohr," for money.

Elizabeth Mohr, a graduate of the State University of New York, Stonybrook, N.Y., was chosen by UI officials as the first-semester replacement for William C. Wrenston, a music professor who is on sabbatical until January.

As an instructor here this semester, Mohr has been teaching music survey courses, cello lessons and bass lessons.

"When you have only one semester to teach at a university, it's sort of a one-shot deal," she said. "But I consider myself to have been very lucky for being accepted for this position."

Mohr, who has spent much of her life in the eastern United States, said that she was pleasedly surprised with the UI and its music program.

"New York isn't exactly the warmest atmosphere to meet people in," she said. "The people here in Idaho have been much more open and friendly which has been a big help to me as a new instructor."

The music program here is also very good, considering the geographical location of the school, the fact that the state of Idaho has, added Mohr, the hardest aspects of her job has been the very limiting time to practice her cello.

"I wish I could sit down and practice four hours every day without interruption. However, as a busy teacher that is often impossible," she said.

In addition to teaching, Mohr has been involved in several UI music recitals since she came here in August. Although the assistance of other performers at her recitals, Mohr said that she would have had a more difficult time preparing for them.

"I did a lot of half-a-dozen recitals that Michael's had," she said. "Working with others, it takes a little bit of pressure off me."

Mohr's most recent recital, held last Sunday, featured her and accompanying Richard Nair on piano and Stephen Folk playing the violin.

In the future, Mohr plans to complete her doctorate in New York by giving a final solo recital May 15, 1986. Other plans include playing with a contemporary chamber music group next semester in the Boston area.

Mohr began taking violin lessons early in grade school but stopped when she lost interest in the activity. "It was not until I was 16 years old that I look up the violin again," she said. "The simple main influence that caused me to regain my interest for the violin was my brother, Tom Mohr, who was a genius at playing the instrument."

Although Mohr's brother has since died, she says that her love for music is still growing.

"The music I play is depending in a way that gets me to think on a deep level and pushes me to do a lot of soul searching," she said. "Sometimes facing the issues on a very deep and personal level can be difficult, or even excruciating; but the rewards of my music far outweigh my sufferings."
Ballet brings realism

By Dewanye King

The American Festival Ballet returned to the Palace Tuesday night with a great holiday tradition, The Nutcracker.

The ballet was performed in the WSU Coliseum Theatre before a near capacity crowd, which included a large number of children.

The American Festival Ballet, based in Boise, maintains two dance schools with more than 300 students. Throughout the year the company brings several productions to cities throughout Idaho.

In the effort to produce The Nutcracker, the AFB combined its talent with that of many local dance companies to bring the number of dancers in the cast to 60.

The ballet begins as Dr. Drosselmeyer, a mysterious puppet maker (Marius Zarra), and his two young assistants (Sandra Connolly and Abby Said Drinkard) create two beautiful puppets, a bellringer doll and a handsome soldier. As Drosselmeyer tests his creations, the ballerina (Maria Hansen) and soldier (Duncan Verre Schute) combine in perfect mime as puppets.

The production was enhanced by the spectacular set design of Tom Costey. The opening scene virtually draws the audience into the Christmas atmosphere. As the lights come up the attention catchers on the ongoing Christmas party, where young and old alike are exchanging gifts. The star of the ballet, Clara, played by Monica Mudgett, is easily recognizable as she is teased and taunted by the other children while receiving Christmas presents.

While everyone enjoys the party, Drosselmeyer rudely interrupts to bring Clara a simple gift, or so one thinks. Once again the puppets come out to delight the children, displaying their antics for everyone to enjoy.

Returning the puppets to their cast, Drosselmeyer produces a toy Nutcracker as his gift to Clara. Jeannette Allyn is to be complimented for her choreography of the first act. Successfully working with many children, Allyn was able to produce both a humorous and well performed dance.

As all parties should come to an end, so must this one. The children are sent off to bed to have visions of sugarplums dancing in their heads. However, Clara remains awake, or so we think. As Clara falls off into the Kingdom of Snow, the audience is treated to a well choreographed dance of the Snow Court, complete with snow that added chilling realism. The snow was so real to the children in the audience that one child asked his sister if he could eat the snow.

Although Zarra (the new artistic director for the American Festival Ballet) did not dance much during his brief appearance, his impact on the production was to come during the second act.

Both Theodore Coffman and Zarra choreographed the movements for act two, in which The Nutcracker received a new life. Although the wooden soldiers and dastardly villains were missing, the original music by Tschaikovsky remained.

Through the aid of local girls, sweats were brought on as Clara and a puppet prince in the American Festival Ballet's The Nutcracker.

---

Shepard deals with love

This play is to be performed relentlessly... opens Sam Shepard's Fool For Love, and it holds true for the remainder of the pieces in Fool For Love and Other Plays. They are written relentlessly, sets are stark and characterizations are gritty. These are not meant for Sunday matinee shows.

The TACO SALAD (IT NEVER GOES TO WAIST)

I like my wife Maria to stay slim ... that's why she likes the Taco Salad from Taco Time. It's a bed of crisp lettuce layered with tender seasoned ground beef, fancy tomato, aged cheddar cheese and topped with crispy corn tortilla chips. Then she adds her favorite salad dressing and low calorie hot sauce from Taco Time's dressing bar ... oh ... The Taco Salad!

Melodrama Play continues on in this theme. A rock star named Duke has made it big on the strength of a single song, stolen from his brother. Though he is being hailed as a successor to Bob Dylan, his face is relatively unknown and when he is exposed as a fraud his brother is recruited by the strong arm promoter to fill his shoes.

The distance between the dreamer, literally, and those who would make money from his efforts is further examined in Geography of a Horse Dreamer. Cody is the horse dreamer, a man who foresees the winners of horse races in his dreams. As in Angel City and Melodrama Play the dreamer is threatened by<a href="http://argonaut.com">See SHEPARD. page 20</a>
Entertainment spotlight

Flicks

Audian (Pullman) — City Heat (PG), 7 and 9:15 p.m.
Cordon (Pullman) — Starman (PG), 7 and 9:30 p.m.
CUB (Pullman) — Liquid Sky (PG), Friday and Saturday at 7 and 9:30 p.m. — Mickey’s Christmas Carol and Babes in Toyland, (G) Sunday at 1 and 3:30 p.m. — Wild Dances (PG), Saturday at 6 p.m. and Shoot the Moon (PG) at 9:30 p.m. all Sunday. Kenworthy. — 2010 (PG), 7 and 9:30 p.m.

Micro Movie House — All of Me (PG), 7 and 9:15 p.m. through Saturday. — Flash Gordon (R), Thursday, Friday and Saturday, midnight. — Fanny and Alexander (R), 7:30 p.m. Sunday through Wednesday.

Nurt — Cotton Club (R), 7 and 9:15 p.m.

Old Post Office Theater — A Christmas Story (PG), 7 and 9 p.m.

SUB Films — Hot Dog (R), Friday in the Bashr Theater at 6:30, 8:30 and 10:30 p.m.

University 4 — Amadeus (PG), 7:30 p.m. only — Falling In Love (R), 5, 7 and 9 p.m. — Terminator (R), 5:30, 7:30 p.m.

Campus calendar

Campus Calendar provides information on the whereabouts and times of UI student and faculty organization meetings occurring between one issue and the next. Submissions will be accepted only in person (no call-ins) and before the specified deadlines, which are Monday at noon for Tuesday’s issue and Wednesday at noon for Friday’s issue.

Friday, Dec. 14, 1984

UI Juggling Club — The club meets Mondays and Saturdays on the Kibbie Dome track.

UI Theater — A Midsummer Night’s Dream will be performed at the Hartung Theatre at 8 p.m. Tickets are available at the door.

UI Art Gallery — A closing reception in Ridinbaugh Hall at 8 p.m. This is free and open to the public.

Saturday, Dec. 15, 1984

UI Theater — A Midsummer Night’s Dream will be performed at the Hartung Theatre at 8 p.m. Tickets are available at the door.

Sunday, Dec. 16, 1984

Concert — Christmas Choral concert is scheduled at 8 p.m. in the Administration Building Auditorium.

Theatre — Performance of A Midsummer Night’s Dream beginning at 8 p.m. in the Hartung Theatre. Tickets are available at the door.

Monday, Dec. 17, 1984

Fun time!! — Finals week is over so bring on the good times today.

All students are welcome to participate. Good luck and have a good Winter break.

Tuesday, Jan. 8, 1985

Ugh — The first issue of the Argonaut for the new year will be available at the ASU-Kibbie Building during registration day. Be sure to pick one up.

NUTCRACKER

(From page 16)

with the dances of the candy canes. Although the girls were not quite developed enough to hold the stances, every one of the girls should be encouraged to pursue ballet. Unfortunately, harsh lighting distracted from the girl’s performance; instead of roaming around in a land of pure fantasy, Monica Mudgett and Duncan Schutte (a great husband-and-wife team) as the Sugarplum Fairy and the Prince travel around the world watching dancers from all countries. The ballet company may have had good intentions in bringing a new version with an international flair to the stage, but the change may have removed the element of fantasy for many of the children in the audience. The talent of the dancers was excellent, but it seemed as if the younger members of the audience had been forgotten during this act. The fantasy returned with the Merlots (Jean West and Sandra Connelly) dance of the little lambs. This drew laughs and squeals from the children in the audience.

After traveling to Russia, Mother Ginger, Theodore Cuffman, from The Nutcracker, missing her bon bons.

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DJ's in ecstasy over XTC

XTC, The Big Express, Gelfen Records

Peter P (Thursday mornings from 5 to noon) — "The latest effort by XTC is without a doubt one of the best albums to be released recently. Interesting songs with bouncy rhythm and lyrics that run the gamut from poignant to nearly silly highlight this album. These three men from the U.K. have brought together an amazingly pleasing collection of tunes. It is one of the few records I have ever heard that has this level of consistency, quality and imagination. I recommend it wholeheartedly, unequivocally — and with probably the ultimate compliment I can give any album — I own a copy. You should too."

Victor E (Wednesday mornings from 3 to noon) — "Here is great new reggae- and ska-influenced rock and roll that's guaranteed to satisfy. The tracks are carefully crafted, energetic and, well ... punchy (the lack of a better word). The musical arrangements make XTC sometimes sound like the Police, but the music is indeed distinctive enough to stand tall on its own. In short The Big Express is excellent and well worth the purchase price. Best cuts: Wake Up and the lunky Train Running Low on Soul Coal."

Big Country, Steeltown, Mercury Records

Peter P — "Although I was not totally enthralled with Big Country's last album, it was listenable, and obviously other people liked it, judging from its considerable success. Their latest effort, Steeltown, is a good follow-up album. Quite similar in many ways, the band has become more diversified and mature on this effort. Tight rhythms drive the songs, while the use of combinations of guitars and E-bows provide an ever so pleasing backdrop. Overall, Big Country has another successful effort, though it still doesn't make my 'must buy' list."

Victor E — "This is supposedly B.C.'s long-awaited album, but I found it to be, on the whole, unexciting. It lacks the energy of the first LP but should continue to help this Scottish quartet gain even increasing popularity. It is disappointing compared to past efforts."

DJ Picks
Rez Band, Hostage, Sparrow Records

"All you Satanic rockers better watch out. They've got a new weapon to use against you. The Rez Band. Brought to you by the Jesu People USA, the same wonderful folks who bring us the phenomenal bird-cage liner. The Cornerstone magazine, Hostage is about as exciting as the material presented in that reg. But a lot less useful. Now don't get me wrong. I'm not against religion, but this is getting ridiculous. Heavy metal gospel? Headbangers for Jesus? What sort of trip are we to be subjected to next? Punks for God? Holy chasenar music? I certainly hope not. Unless your taste runs to messages with music added to break up the monotony (and there's a lot to be broken up), religiously avoid this album." — Peter P

Nutcracker
(From page 19)

I would be happy to meet other Xanadu dancers. Although not as lovely as most of the Xanadu dancers, the final four came in second only to the staff in attendance. The audience may believe that the American Festival Ballerina's version of the Nutcracker did not live up to the traditional ballet as expected. However, overall it has shown that there are more elements to fantasy than realism, and that was brought out by the art of ballet.

Shepard
(From page 18)

those who will profit from his vision.

Music is a major element in the plays. It ranges from a Merle-Haggard tune opening Fool For Love to a saxophonist improvising on jazz themes throughout Angel City with freedom to emphasize the sound where it is felt the performance needs it. The musicians are separate from the action yet present on stage. A pilot can play on a backboard of Suicide in B Flat, playing unspecified pieces behind the dialogue.

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Sports

SMU bound

Vandals travels to Dallas to play seventh ranked SMU

By Jeff Corey

The UI men’s basketball team left the frozen tundra of Idaho Wednesday to bask in the warmth of the big city of Dallas, Texas, in the Dallas Morning News/Southern Methodist University Invitational Tournament.

The two-day tourney will consist of two rounds, with round one on Friday and round two on Saturday. The second round will feature the winners of first round for the championship, and the losers will play for the consolation bracket.

Friday’s first-round matchups will feature the SMU Mustangs vs. the Vandals at 6 p.m., and Oklahoma State University will play San Diego State University at 8 p.m.

The Mustangs are currently 4-0 on the season and are ranked number seven in the Associated Press poll. The Vandals, on the other hand, are 4-3 coming off a win over Carroll College.

“The Vandals need to come off of their last game and play extremely well,” Trumbo said.

Caught in the hack

Carroll College guard Andy Steele fails in his attempt to “steal” the ball from UI guard Matt Haskins (34). Steele not only failed to grab the ball, but was whistled for a foul. (Photo by Scott Spiker)
On the road

Women hoopsters saddle up and head for Texas, Calif.

The UI women's basketball team embarks on its longest road trip of the season this weekend as the lady hoopsters travel to Dallas, Texas, to take part in the Southern Methodist University tournament.

The Lady Vandals will fly to the Lone Star state in conjunction with their male teammates — as both the UI men's and women's teams will compete in the basketball tournament.

The first game for the 8-0 female Vandals is today at "high noon" against the University of Texas-San Antonio Roadrunners. Following today's contest, the UI shooters will duel with the host SMU Lady Mustangs at noon Saturday.

The Lady Roadrunners won the Oll County Conference last season, acquiring a 21-6 overall record. This season the San Antonio-based team is 5-3.

The Roadrunners' top scorer this season is 5-foot-10 forward Starlette Williams. The sophomore shooter is averaging 16.8 points and eight rebounds per contest. The other top Roadrunner shooter is 6-1 center Margaret Martinovich, who is averaging 15.8 points and 6.4 rebounds.

But as good as the Roadrunners' statistics are, the Vandals' shooting percentages are even better.

The Vandals' top shooter entering the opening round contest is junior center Mary Raree. The 6-4 Raree is averaging 16 points a game and is leading the team in rebounds with 96 (or a 12 board per game average).

Trailing Raree in scoring average is 6-1 forward Kris Edmunds. The UI "small forward" is averaging 17.9 points a game and is third on the team in rebounding, netting 4.3 caroms per contest.

The Vandals' third leading scorer and number two rebounder is "power forward" Mary Wasterwillo. The 6-4 junior is averaging 15.1 points and 3.5 rebounds a game.

The only other Vandals' scoring in double figures is 5-foot-9 guard-forward Paula Getty. This sophomore shooter leads the team in shooting percentage (.519) and is scoring at a 10.8 per game clip.

Following today's UI-UTSA game, the Vandals take on the SMU Lady Mustangs. SMU, a member of the Southwest Conference, is off to a 3-3 start this season. Last year SMU finished with an 11-15 overall mark.

The SMU tournament marks the half way point in a seven-game road trip that carries the Vandals to three states. Having already collected a pair of wins against the University of Portland (76-65) and the University of Oregon (81-79) and after the Texas tussle, the Vandals travel to California for three games in early 1985.

The Vandals will celebrate this new year by playing the Pepperdine Waves in Malibu, Calif., on Jan. 2. The game begins at 7 p.m.

On Jan. 4, the Vandals travel to Irvine, Calif., to challenge the Cal-State University Irvine Anteaters, starting at 7:30 p.m.

And finally the UI lady hoopsters wind up their inaugural road swing with a 7:30 p.m. battle against the Lady Gauchos of the University of California at Santa Barbara on Jan. 5.

Mary the menace

The Vandals' Mary Raree (23) raises up to flick away a rebound from a pair of Whitworth College players at a recent home basketball game. The junior Vandals center leads the team in scoring and rebounding this season. (Photo by Penny Jerome)
Hoop

(From page 21)
or half a game, or portion of a
game well enough to beat SMU,"
Trumbo said. "They are just too
good for us physically and in
playing experience."

"What we can hope for is that
we play to the best of our ability
and maybe provoke a little of what
other teams have done in us.
Take advantage of mistakes and
be careful not to give away an edge a
little," Trumbo said.

Idaho enters tonight's contest
considering its straight win in a
row. Last Tuesday evening the
Vandals pulled out a 74-65
win over the Carroll College
Fighting Saints.

Idaho poured the steam on
early in the game to lead by as
much as 29 points but let the
Saints climb the margin to 20
points at halftime.

"I think we were intimidated
in first half by the Divisions 1
and by the big arena," Saints
head coach John Driccol
remarked of SMU guys were
real tentatives.

Although they may have been
intimidated, they put it aside in
the second half as the Vandals
stormed sour on offense and
defense.

"It's a little symptomatic con-
tagious thing that starts happen-
ing," Trumbo said of his team's
interest in the second half. "It's
hard to maintain the type of man-
total togetherness that's necessary.
It just seems to start spreading
around."

Larson drops
Trumbo's team

UI basketball player Allen
Larson has left the team, accor-
ding to Bill Trumbo, UI men's
head basketball coach. Larson has
apparently left because he feels he
is not playing enough
at the UI.

"Larson, a 6-foot-6 freshman
from Pleasanton, Calif., told
Trumbo and assistant coach
Stuart S cott he was considering trans-
ferring to another college.

"I think I might go to a JC or
four-year," Larson said.

Trumbo thought that he still
has areas to progress in, but Lar-
son feels that he could be play-
ing more.

Trumbo also announced that
freshman guard Frank Hodge, a
Moscow native, will travel to the
Southern Methodist University
journey with the team.

Parcs and Rec
need players

An organizational meeting
for all people interested in par-
ticipating in men's or women's
basketball or volleyball was held
last week. Larson meeting who
will wish to play may pick up league
information from the Moscow Parks
and Recreation office, 1515 East
D Street, from 8 a.m. to 5 p.m.,
Monday through Friday.

Registration for these leagues
will be taken on Jan. 2, by team
only. For more information
about either league, call
822-0240.

JV's drop game
to LCSC team

The Idaho men's JV basketball
team dropped its record to 2-3
this past week by losing a
shootout to the Lewis and Clark
JVs' 100-92.

Leading the Vandals team
was guard Frank Hodge and forward
Kip Moyer. Both players scored
26 points each, while Larry
Latham poured in 22 points.

"We were out-maned," Hoke
added. "But our fast breaks and
penetration did help.

The JVs have finished their
play for this year but will resume
action on Jan. 11.

Classifieds

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The Argonaut,
ASU Communications, SUB Third Floor, 865-6371.
ssssshhhhhhhhhh!  
don't tell a soul!

yearbook pictures of freshmen,  
sophomores and juniors will be shot at  
spring semester registration, January 8  
in the dome.

appointments for senior portraits can  
be made at spring semester  
registration, just ask at the GEM table.

a quiet reminder to those who bought  
1984 yearbooks but haven't picked  
them up yet: we're waiting for you  
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us home for Christmas. Share your  
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Let’s get it together... buckle up.
This is the first special issue of Newsweek On Campus, a year-end and year-ahead preview of arts and entertainment. We know that the sheer volume of things to do at this time of year can be daunting. Which movies to see? Books to read? Music to listen for? TV shows to watch? That's why we've expanded our regular coverage of popular culture to take in a wide array of coming attractions—beginning now and continuing into the new year. We'll tell you which live up to their hype—and which don't. We'll also introduce you to some new people and products you'll hear about in 1985.

This special project was organized by Bill Barol. Barol and Ron Givens were the principal writers. Robert J. George designed the magazine, and Kyle McLellan edited the photographs; Willardson & Associates produced the cover.

Enjoy the issue...then go out and have a good time.

**Movies**
Michael Keaton—he's funny, he's appealing and he's going to be a big star; Hollywood is betting on it. Plus: Eddie Murphy, "Dune," the sequel to "2001," Harrison Ford, and more. Page 7

**Music**
Frankie Goes to Hollywood invades America, singing about sex and violence, and leaving outrage in its wake. Plus: Van Morrison, the Blasters, Pieces of a Dream, and more. Page 13

**Television**
Martin Short helps resuscitate "Saturday Night Live." Plus: "Masterpiece Theatre" goes Indian; Shmenges John Candy and Eugene Levy; "The Sun Also Rises," and more. Page 19

**Books**
After hitchhiking across the galaxy for three books, Douglas Adams comes back to earth. Plus: Sam Shepard's collection of plays, a "Godfather" sort-of-sequel, and more. Page 25

**Up & Coming**
**LETTERS**

**Business School**

I was dismayed to see the first issue of this year’s NEWSWEEK ON CAMPUS. Last year you featured an article on the difficulties blacks face in assimilating in universities. A story on gay rights on campus and another on Asian-American students. October’s cover story, by contrast, deals with “Getting Into Business School.” Does this mean social consciousness is now out of style? Please return to responsible reporting and leave such insipid emptiness to Seventeen.

**ERIK SIEBASS**
University of California Berkeley, Calif.

“Sending In the Clowns” was right on target in discussing the consuming and de-humanizing life of medical school.

**DENA R. HALL**
Little Rock, Ark.

**Women and W&L**

To help him find out how serious a matter the education of women is, I extend an invitation to that veteran professor at Washington and Lee who said “The education of women is a trivial matter” (EDUCATION): visit Wellesley or any of the Seven Sisters and broaden your narrow mind.

**CATHERINE DORAN**
Wellesley College Wellesley, Mass.

The professor’s comment is not just a slur against women, it is a slur against Washington and Lee University.

**AMY BEITZ**
Columbus, Ohio

Thank you for the article on Washington and Lee University. I had considered applying to their law school but have decided against it—I could never attend a school where even one professor believes that the education of women is a “frivolous matter.”

**GERALDINE BLAZIJEWSKI**
College of Notre Dame of Maryland Baltimore, Md.

**Careers and Families**

I appreciate and respect Lisa Brown’s desire to combine “solid career plans” with eventual motherhood (MY TURN); but even as she asks career-oriented women not to judge those who desire a family, she assumes that women who choose not to marry or bear children have omitted an in-depth analysis of their “true needs and desires.” As a “fiercely independent” woman, I ask that she accord my intelligence and awareness the same respect and acceptance that she asks of me.

**DAWN ROHLEBSON**
Wichita, Kans.

As the husband of a woman who shares an exciting career in a coronary-care unit with the ecstasies of motherhood, I found Lisa Brown’s prophetic words encouraging and enlightening.

**STEPHEN J. SANDOR JR.**
Fairmont, W. Va.

I really enjoyed “Why I Want to Have a Family.” The time has now come for the Renaissance woman: we have come to accept ourselves as women, we value our femininity and view motherhood not as a burden but as an addition to our rich lives.

**CHRISTINA J. LEE**
George Washington University Washington, D.C.

To assume that all feminists look down on motherhood would be a grave error. As an active feminist, I feel that children are the future and that our progress would be short-lived if we couldn’t pass our values on to succeeding generations. But this requires a real commitment—to take parenthood seriously and to practice what we preach.

**WENDY S. TAJIMA**
Graduate School of Management, UCLA Los Angeles, Calif.

**The PCC Pill**

“Second Chance at Birth Control” (MULTIPLE CHOICE) should have been titled “The First Chance to Abort.”

**HELEN C. LOUGHRÉ**
University of Maryland College Park, Md.

The JUD and “postcoital contraceptives” are not contraceptives but abortifacients. They do not prevent conception, rather, they destroy the life conceived. To lump these pills and devices with contraceptives obliterates the very real difference between contraception and abortion.

**JOHN M. GRONSHIELSKY**
Fordham University Bronx, N.Y.

**College Rodeo**

I was disappointed to read your coverage of intercollegiate rodeo because, unlike other college sports, rodeo involves blatant cruelty to animals (SPORTS). Horses and bulls “buck” because of the irritating bucking strap cinched tightly around their groins. Steer wrestling and calf roping often result in the bruising of cartilages in the larynx and trachea as well as torn ligaments and broken bones. What kind of leaders of tomorrow will such insensitivities shape?

**GREGORY GORNEY**
Bowling Green State University Bowling Green, Ohio

**Classical Music**

Cheers to Charles Passy for “Getting Hooked on Classics” (MUSIC). Let’s hope the article can help put to rest the myth that classical music is only of interest to music students or that there’s some reason why a
person can’t listen to, and love, both classical and popular music.

DOUGLAS E. EWEII
California State, Fullerton
Fullerton, Calif.

There’s more to rock than meets the ear. But this doesn’t mean I don’t like classical music: I dearly love the works of Beethoven and Bach, but would you play Vivaldi at a dance?

RUSSELL LAUGHLIN
Vancouver, Wash.

Gay Rights

The whole issue of gay rights is ridiculous. So what if two girls are lesbians—do they have to tell the world about it? And if they do, why should we have to accept it? Form a club if you feel the need to—so what if your university doesn’t recognize you? Texas A&M refuses to recognize Greeks but we exist and prosper nonetheless. Don’t expect a Nobel Peace Prize or a gold medal for admitting you’re gay.

KARI GRÖMELSKI
Texas A&M University
Bryan, Texas

I am a militant heterosexual who feels that homosexuality is a deviation that must be eliminated. Homosexuals who want to give up their deviant lifestyle can do so.

DAVID BROCk
Portland State University
Portland, Ore.

Gays are unique among the oppressed: we are able to “hide” our minority status by appearing heterosexual. This doesn’t improve our social status. Before we can be accepted by the majority, we must accept ourselves.

JERRY RICHARDS
Tucson, Ariz.

If some people do not like gays flaunting their sexuality, that is only one side of the story. What about me, the gay man, who has to hear about heterosexual boyfriends and girlfriends from my friends, who hears about heterosexual marriages, who sees heterosexual men and women being physically intimate in public? And I’m not expected to be repulsed or angered by this, even though I have to deal with heterosexuality not just being flaunted, but propagated on television and radio, in art, advertising and movies. I will gladly shut up about my sexuality when heterosexuals shut up about theirs.

RICHARD ANTON
Chicago, Ill.

Letters to the Editor, with the writer’s name and address and daytime telephone number, should be sent to Letters Editor, Newsweek On Campus, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Letters may be edited for reasons of space and clarity.
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The more you hear the better we sound.™
Michael Keaton vaults to the A list, Mel Gibson and Sissy Spacek on the farm; Bowman and HAL in space; Harrison Ford goes Amish; Eddie Murphy tracks a killer to Beverly Hills; science-fiction classic 'Dune' on screen at last; Tom Selleck versus rampaging robots; the strange twilight world of 'Brazil.'

Keaton Scores

Michael Keaton desperately wanted the part. After reading the script for "Night Shift," Keaton knew he was Billy (Blaze) Blazejowski, Henry Winkler's manic partner in a prostitution ring headquartered at a morgue. The odds were not on his side: 400 actors—from Randy Quaid to Tubes singer Fee Waybill—sensed the same destiny, and none had landed the role. Just before the audition, director Ron Howard offered Keaton some advice. "So far, people are either going for it or playing it cool, like Cary Grant," Howard said. "I would strongly suggest the former." With that, Keaton cramped on his Walkman, cranked up Bruce Springsteen's "Tenth Avenue Freeze-Out" and exploded into the room. Jumping on producer Brian Grazer's desk, Keaton provided both the play-by-play and the action of an imaginary basketball game in the hyperdrive style of Billy Blaze. "The guy was like a live nerve ending," recalls Grazer. "Ron and I just looked at each other, and we knew this was it."

As Blaze came roaring to life, so, too, did the career of Keaton. Though "Night Shift" barely saw daylight at the box office, Keaton's critically acclaimed performance vaulted the former stand-up comic and one-time valet parker into a hot property. "With one role Michael was bankable," says Keaton's manager and partner, Harry Colombo. Not quite. It was Keaton's next role, in the surprise smash "Mr. Mom"—$70 million at the box office—that sold Hollywood's star makers; soon after "Mr. Mom" opened, Twentieth Century-Fox signed Keaton to a four-picture deal designed to keep the young actor on the lot and away from the competition. In his debut role, Keaton stars in "Johnny Dangerously," a gangster spoof due this month. As head of the Moronie mob, a crime family with its own dental plan, he plays a tough guy with a heart of gold, a naive sophisticate who sports a designer uniform in prison and sets sushi in the jukehouse cafeteria.

Keaton's studio deals, normally reserved for such proven talents as Richard Pryor and Eddie Murphy, elevates him to the A list of comic actors. Like Pryor and Murphy, the 30-year-old Keaton does not have to rely on one-liners to be funny. He possesses two invaluable comic assets: a face that makes you laugh and perfect timing. "There are certain lines and rhythms that have been working in comedy for hundreds of years," says "Night Shift" director Howard. "Michael's real gift is to make an old joke sound hip." Beyond his talent for snarking laughs, Keaton is also one of the few funnymen who can successfully play the romantic. While researching "Mr. Mom," Fox executives discovered Keaton was rating high with female audiences. "He's pretty enough and rough enough to appeal to both sexes," says Tom Sherak, president of distribution and marketing at Fox. On the set of "Mr. Mom," costar Teri Garr was constantly fighting back the laughs. "I've always wanted to be as funny as he is," she says.

Keaton's charisma may escape the public at first glance. His putty face—punctuated by circumspect eyebrows and a parakeet-like mouth—lacks the classic good looks that usually accompany stardom. His persona is more goofy boy next door, slowly charming his way into your heart, than a commanding screen presence. And if his name is not yet a household word, that may be partly intentional. Keaton rarely does publicity for his movies and is uncomfortable doing inter-
Detroit to Rodeo Drive

The early favorite to be this year's Christmas box-office smash is "Beverly Hills Cop," a slick urban adventure from director Martin Brest ("Going in Style"). The advance word has executives at Paramount Pictures practically chortling out loud with glee, but it wasn't always thus. The picture's beginnings were troubled; in development for several years, it was originally show signs of old age, downplayed his involvement in the ill-fated "Best Defense" film when that project began to spring leaks, formed his own production company at 22 and nailed down a five-picture deal with Paramount—and then renegotiated the deal late this year for even more money. Based on early speculation, it looks like Murphy has made yet another smart move. "Beverly Hills Cop" is an action picture like "48 Hrs.", like "Trading Places" it's a comedy of displacement, setting Murphy as a street-tough De-

'Beverly Hills Cop': This year's Christmas-season hit?

Detroit to Rodeo Drive

written as a vehicle for Sylvester Stallone. But Stallone and the production company split up when it became clear that the star intended to rewrite the script from the top down. That's when the producers decided to go for the gold, uttering the single magic phrase that just about guarantees them happiness, tranquility, long lives and expensive college educations for their children. "Get us Eddie Murphy," they said.

To put it mildly, Murphy has been hot in the last couple of years, starring in box-office giants like "48 Hrs." and "Trading Places." Just as important, he's been smart. He left "Saturday Night Live" when the long-running late-night comedy program began to

trout detective in the odd, beautiful world of Beverly Hills. "You know," he marvels to two Beverly Hills street cops as they drive him away in a black-and-white, "this is nice. This is the cleanest police car I ever saw."

Concept: In the end, of course, Murphy's detective, Axel Foley, will get his man, in this case the killer of his buddy Mikey. Along the way he'll ruffle feathers on Rodeo Drive and get thrown (literally thrown) out of an expensive hotel. For all its twists, the plot can be summed up in one phrase: Eddie Murphy goes to Beverly Hills. In Hollywood, a story that can be described this simply is known as "high concept," and "high concept" has come to mean big money.

Big Thud on Arrakis

OK, everybody come in and sit down at the table. The Christmas turkey is here, and it's a nice big one: "Dune," opening later this month, filmed by director David ("Era 

serhead") Lynch at a reported cost of $42 million.

The story of a mammoth battle for liberation on the dust-choked planet Arrakis, "Dune" has been a science-fiction cult favorite since its publication in 1965. Almost since then, filmmakers have been talking about a screen version, but two previous attempts—one by director Haskell Wexler in 1972 and another by moviemaker Alejandro Jodorowsky in 1975—never materialized. Now we know why. Based on the version that has finally come to the screen, it looks like "Dune" is simply too monstrous a story to tell on film. Author Frank Herbert spun layer on layer of information in the book and its four sequels, finally creating an outer-space world that was rich in detail and whole unto itself. He thinks the movie is a good re-creation. "It's very loyal to the book," he says. "David Lynch has created some marvelous visual metaphors."

But visual splendor—and there is some—iside, Lynch proves unwilling or unable to develop dramatically "Dune's" wealth of material and so simply dumps a load of text into the viewers' laps in the vain hope that they’ll be able to follow the plot. The results are disastrous. One character, the daughter of the Padishah emperor, appears in a prologue, explains a bit of background on the interplanetary conflict that's about to unfold and vanishes for the rest of the movie. Clumsier still are the interior monologues of hero Paul Atreides: "Someone is trying to kill me," we hear him thinking, his eyebrows knitted.

David Friendly

"When I played David Bowman in '2001,' I took the HAL computer apart. In '2010' he's been put back together and we're alone again on the space station Discovery. He says, 'I'm afraid. Boy, did I get a weird feeling then.'" —Keir Dullea


**Dune**: Nineteen years and $42 million in the making, a cult favorite lets the fans down

"But who? And why? Does it have something to do with the space?"

Lame plotting isn’t the only problem As Attends; newcomer Kyle MacLachlan is handsome, square-jawed and about as charismatic as a side of lox. A talented cast, including Kenneth McMillan and Brad Dourif, is wasted; only Sting, as a grimly psychopathic magical power. The special effects by Carlo ("E T") Rambaldi are surprisingly tame. Toto’s music is an ear-splitting nightmare, overloud and pretentious. There’s some fairly entertaining gore, but even the sight of McMillan’s postule-tidden face being drained with long needles can’t redeem this one. Followers of the "Dune" cult will be disappointed with the movie. Newcomers would be better off taking their $5 and buying the book.

**Giilliam’s Gray Void**

About "Brazil," opening in March, a few particulars are known. The film was directed by Terry Gilliam, late of the Monty Python troupe; playwright Tom Stoppard worked on the screenplay; Robert De Niro and Python’s Michael Palin are in the cast. The story, set in the present in an undisclosed location, depicts an anti-Utopian world where computers control everything and a bloated, incompetent bureaucracy holds all the power. Whoever wrote the publicity material seems to have taken a perverse delight in its obscurity: "[The movie] is not about Brazil, the country, except that it is inspired by the human condition; in that sense it has as much to do with Brazil as anywhere else." Thanks a lot.

Director Gilliam isn’t much more helpful. "‘Brazil’ sounds like it’s about a gray bureaucratic world, which it is," he says. "But it’s also about late-night shopping and romance and fantasy and people humming funny tunes.” This isn’t helping at all. Maybe we can glean a clue or two. Since Gilliam may be best known for his grotesque animations on the old "Monty Python" shows, is "Brazil" a horror film? Sort of. "It’s quite terrifying, although it begins quite funny,” Gilliam says. "In fact, it’s funny all the way through, but the funny becomes harder to laugh at.” The admixture of comedy and horror may unsettle some audiences, Gilliam warns, but that’s life: "People are quite happy to have their entertainment predigested for them and kept simple, like McDonald’s hamburgers. What intrigues me is trying to combine comedy and a nightmare and a love story—all the things that are inherent in life—and keep those things all juggling in the air and still keep the audience.”

**Real Life On the Farm**

To the list of this year’s "shorts the farm" movies—including "Places in the Heart" and "Country"—now add "The River," starring Mel Gibson and Sissy Spacek, which opens this month. Shot on location in Tennessee, the film details the heroic struggle of farmer Gibson to hold off a land developer on one flank and raging floods on the other. Moviegoers who weren’t quite convinced by Jessica Lange’s Saint Joan of the Prairie in "Country" or were put off by the near-mysticism of "Places" may find "The River" the most satisfying movie of the three.

The Garvey family is woven of Hollywood’s most familiar cloth. The father is steadfast, hardworking, devoted to his wife and kids; the mother is determined to stand by her man come what may. There’s a familiar antagonist, too—Scot Glenn as the unscrupulous developer Joe Wade, who is still carrying a torch for Mae Garvey. But none of these charac-
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Pals Again In Space

It's nine years later and the space station Discovery drifts lonely and abandoned somewhere near Jupiter. That's the point at which director Peter Hyams picks up the story in "2010," the sequel to Stanley Kubrick's sci-fi epic "2001." A joint U.S.-Soviet mission is sent up to reclaim the vessel and discover the fate of astronaut David Bowman. Got it? Now forget it. The real fun promises to come from one short scene: the reunion between one of the great screen teams of the past—Bowman and HAL.

When last seen, at the end of "2001," astronaut Bowman (played by Keir Dullea) was headed smack into the heart of space and time; HAL the killer computer, disassembled and apparently doomed, crooned a deathly version of "Bicycle Built For Two" as his circuits ran down. Both, it seemed, had breathed their last on the big screen. But that was in 1968, before the movie sequel became commonplace. Sixteen years later, Bowman and HAL are together again. Things have changed in deep space, Dullea reports. Bowman, for one; he's been altered forever by his close-up look at the cosmos. In Arthur C. Clarke's novel "2010," he appeared only as a disembodied entity; in the film, Dullea reports mysteriously, the character is "on a different plane."

Dullea calls his cameo appearance in "2010" a "lovely exhilaration," a "time warp to the past."

"It was remarkable to work with HAL's voice again," he says (the voice belongs to Canadian actor Douglas Rains). "It was all done off-camera. You just see the empty halls of Discovery with these two voices bouncing off the walls." The reunion sequence was also, he says, the strangest experience of his movie career: "I took HAL apart in the first film. In this one, he's been put back together and we're alone again on the ship. He says, 'I'm afraid.' Boy, did I get a weird feeling then."

On the Lam, On the Farm

Moviegoers are used to seeing exotic locales in the films of Australian director Peter Weir—and the losing struggles of people caught in the sweep of history. "The Year of Living Dangerously" took place in 1965 in Indonesia, a country riven by political unrest: "Gallipoli" painted a picture of the bloody Turkish campaign fought vainly by the British Empire in World War I. Weir's first American film breaks this mold: it is set against a homely background, among people who resist the changes that progress brings. "Witness," scheduled for February release, focuses on the Amish society of the Pennsylvania Dutch country. Harrison Ford stars as a Philadelphia police detective who stumbles onto corruption in the department, forced to flee the city, he takes refuge on an Amish farm.

Contrasts: "There is a group of people living here much as they lived 300 years ago," Weir says of the Amish, who follow strict religious teachings laid down in the 17th century and still limit their contact with the outside world. "The contrasts with the media age are a natural for drama." Maybe so, but the project presented at least one problem: how to make a movie among people who don't care for the modern world? It proved to be easier than anyone expected. One hurdle was cleared when a former member of the Amish sect signed on as technical adviser; another, when a good part of the community agreed to rent out buggies and farm equipment for use in the film. Of course, there were still a few purists. Several Amish men were observed lying in tall grass watching the production through binoculars.

Witness: Violence and intrigue against a homespun background

Killer Robots On the Loose

There's something poetic about the life-and-death struggle we'll see in "Runaway," coming this month—clean-cut, lovable Tom Selleck (the hero, of course) and recessed Gene Simmons of Kiss (the villain) duking it out on the big screen. In his third movie performance, Selleck plays a chaser of renegade robots who's not unlike TV's "Magnum P.I."—a well-meaning good guy who isn't quite perfect. "At times he messes up," says Selleck. "His single-mindedness clouds his judgment." Simmons is evil genius Charles Luther, who plans to screw up the world by turning peaceable household 'roids into murder machines. Says Simmons, "I don't really consider myself a bad guy. It's just that I take offense at Selleck's character for prying into my business."

The idea of robots gone wild is an intriguing one, but Selleck hopes the message doesn't get in the way of the story: "It's really an action picture," he says. Well, you bet. But killer robots roaming the streets of Vancouver, B.C.? Not so far-fetched, says director Michael Crichton. "The level of robotics in 'Runaway' is very primitive. We don't have anything that's superintelligent. They're machines and they're sort of stupid."
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Seagram's Seven gets the holidays stirring.
**Music**

British pop sensation Frankie Goes to Hollywood goes to America; seminal pop weirdos Vanda and Young return; new life for old R&B Van Morrison live in Belfast; Philadelphia jazzmen, wise beyond their years; the Blasters' American Music; Def Leppard and Jim Steinman team up; rock on the road.

**Just Five Little Boys**

Comparisons may be invidious, but they're easy. So as the British pop band called Frankie Goes to Hollywood mounted its first assault on the United States — via a 23-city concert tour this fall — the comparisons positively howled around them. Like the Beatles, they're a refreshingly cheeky and free-spirited bunch who hail from Liverpool on the banks of the Mersey. Their first two singles, "Relax" and "Two Tribes," spent a total of 14 weeks at the top of the English charts — making them the first group since Gerry and the Pacemakers (also a Mersey-side band) to snag back-to-back chart toppers on their first two releases. Frankie's debut album, "Welcome to the Pleasuredome," drew orders of 1.1 million copies, the largest advance sale in the history of the British record business. And just as the Beatles' influence jumped from the pop charts to the boutiques to the streets, so, too, does Frankie's.

Thousands of young pop-music fans all over the British Isles have donned oversize Frankie T-shirts bearing slogans like "Frankie Say Arm the Unemployed," and "Frankie Say War! Hide Yourself." There the comparisons end. Where the first wave of Mersey-side bands made music that was sweet, bouncy and cut to the then-conservative outline of teen culture, Frankie Goes to Hollywood has built its reputation via those two adult staples of cultural outrage: sex and violence. Singers Paul Rutherford and Holly Johnson are gay, and "Relax" — both song and video — made Frankie's gay sensibility plain to the world at large.

A throbbing, high-tech, hard-rock funk tune that oozes sensuality, "Relax"'s catchy chorus promotes the pleasures of guilt-free sex. "Relax ... when you want to come," implores lead singer (and lyricist) Johnson. Off the record, Johnson adds, "I like to think we're slightly subversive."

Several months after its release, the British Broadcasting Corp. agreed. It banned "Relax," conveniently adding fuel to Frankie's fire. (Even Culture Club's cross-dressing Boy George was offended by the song's explicitness.) "We never did anything," insists Rutherford. Frankie's image coordinator, backup singer and occasional spokesman. "That was the media. I mean, we're just simple little boys. We are! Really!" But later, Rutherford allows: "We only do what we want to do and do it, like, for the giggles. It felt exciting, and we didn't think anyone would freak out."

Two Tribes," an even more glossy, punchy, nasty and, yes, controversial tune, concerns the confrontational politics of the United States and the Soviet Union, strongly suggesting a world on the edge of blowing up. The song featured a repeated intonation by actor Patrick Allen: "Mine is the last voice that you will ever hear. Don't be alarmed." The accompanying video exacerbated the song's impact.

Ronald Reagan and Konstantin Chernenko look-aikes were shown in a boxing ring before a brawling, bloodthirsty crowd. Their fierce sparring is the closest rock video has ever come to "Raging Bull." The BBC restricted the video to nonprime-time. In the United States it became a dance-club hit, an MTV staple and spread the word about Frankie Goes to Hollywood.

"The song was saying, 'Hey, listen, we're the little guys down here and we don't even get a say and it's all about our lives, really, and we're the ones that are going to take it in the end,'" says Rutherford. "It's a little cliched, it's a little hippie."

Formed by Johnson in 1982, Frankie filled its odd moniker from an old New Yorker headline about Frank Sinatra's...
Music

initial venture to movieland. In the early days, the group—including bassist Mark O’Toole, guitarist Brian Nash and drummer Peter Gill—played club gigs and began to cultivate a kincy, risque image. At one point, Frankie employed the Leather Pets, two scantily clad females who were chained to Gill’s drum kit. But Frankie was going nowhere. Their fate took a radical upward turn in 1983, when they were spotted on an English TV show by ace record producer Trevor Horn, who signed them up.

In late October, Island Records released “Welcome to the Pleasur dome,” less controversial than the preceding singles and far broader in style. Lyrically, it moves from cynicism (“The World Is My Oyster”) to escapism (the song “Welcome to the Pleasur dome”) to romanticism (“The Power of Love”). It manages to be hard hitting, playful and just slightly campy. Musically, Frankie reveals a pastiche that borrows from Richard Wagner, Donna Summer and Pink Floyd. Horn balances Frankie’s orchestrations, hard-rock power chords and funk rhythms, maintaining an ever-shifting musical perspective. There are also surprising cover versions of Gerry and the Pacemakers’ “Ferry Cross the Mersey,” Bruce Springsteen’s “Born to Run” and Dionne Warwick’s “Do You Know the Way to San Jose?” (“I can’t hear that song,” complains Rutherford. “I think it was a bloody accident.”)

Frankie’s detractors consider the whole phenomenon just too much—too cabaret, too contrived, too close to the Village People. They figure Frankie is just a hype, a flash in the pop-music pan. They suspect that Frankie may be a puppet, with strings cleverly pulled by the elusive Horn. “We just say ‘piss’ to all of those people,” says Rutherford. “I say what they wanna say. We know what we do. We certainly are as good as the rest of them—if not better—because we’re more honest.”

JIM SULLIVAN

“...If the music you have to offer is somehow different or unusual, you also have to give the audience what they’re accustomed to. First you get their attention—and then you can make them listen to what you’re into.”
—Pianist James Lloyd, Pieces of a Dream

Homegrown Rock Style

When it comes to art, labels are silly at best. You want proof? Pianist Anthony Davis (page 30) describes his adventurous, eclectic, sometimes atonal, often polyrhythmic free jazz as “American Music.” The Blasters apply precisely the same label to their music, which is about as far from avant-garde jazz as you can get—a rich, savory stew of red-white-and-blue pop styles that range from Tex-Mex to the blues, from the hills of Appalachia down to New Orleans. Dave Alvin, who plays lead guitar and writes the band’s songs, even wrote a tune by that name a couple of years back, and his brother Phil sang it: “We got the Louisiana boogie and the Delta blues. We got country swing and rockabilly too. We got jazz, country-Western and Chicago blues. It’s the greatest music that you ever knew...”

“Rock and roll grew out of blues, out of hillbilly music, out of ethnic fiddle songs—out of all the folk music of the past,” Dave Alvin told the Chicago Tribune last year. “To a real rock-and-roll band, the sense of past is mandatory.” Before Dave and Phil were professional musicians, in fact, they were avid collectors of old records, mostly blues and country on 78s. But if this suggests that their commitment to music is a dry, dusty thing, forget it. The Blasters’ music is lively and unpretentious, and always danceable. Songs like “So Long Baby Goodbye” carom crazily on a rockabilly beat between joy and despair, and are finally so infectious that even stories of broken love affairs leave the listener feeling good.

Sweat: In concert, the L.A.-based quintet vivifies its love for American music with the sheir, sweaty joy of performing, the kind that makes rock critics weep for joy. Each of their two previous albums has been ecstatically reviewed. Unfortunately, as so often happens, neither record has been a smash hit. Maybe that’s why, on their upcoming “Hard Line” LP (Warner Brothers Records, to be released in late January), the Blasters join forces with zillion-selling son of the heartland John Cougar Mellencamp, who wrote and produced the single “Colored Lights.” Could be just the thing to help the Alvin brothers add a richly deserved gold record to their collection.

Weirdness Down Under

A long time ago, when bands with cereal-bowl haircuts and Britanic accents were all the rage—say, 1967—Australia’s Easybeats cracked the U.S. market with a song called “Friday on My Mind.” Although it was sweet and a little achy, in the style of the day, there was an oddly menacing edge to the song. Maybe that’s what kept it from being a smash. “Friday on My Mind” peaked at No. 16 on the U.S. charts. The brains behind the Easybeats, Harry Vanda and George Young, went on to enjoy some small success as songwriters and producers, then disappeared. Fast forward, 1978: a group called Flash and the Pan appeared out of nowhere, playing a spacey brand of surrealistic pop that was quite unlike anything else then available. Voices were filtered down to a metallic minimum. Instruments swirled eerily from place to place on the sonic canvas. Oddest of all were the lyrics. They were vaguely unsettling, as if humans had had little do with authoring them. Vanda and Young had struck again.

Flash and the Pan never did make much of a commercial
breakthrough in the United States, although their records sold reasonably well in Great Britain. Could it be that they were just ahead of their time? Their first album had an oddly prophetic liner note: "If you’re ready for the 1980s, Flash and the Pan are ready to take you there." Sure enough, by the early ’80s a sound similar to theirs would be introduced into the musical marketplace as "techno-pop." Now that sound is all the rage, and Flash and the Pan—veritable godfathers of the genre—are back with a new release, "Early Morning Wakeup Call" (Epic Records, to be released in February). Listen closely and you can hear where the Eurythmics and the Thompson Twins came from.

Out of the R&B Vaults

The next time you want to drive a pop-music aficionado nuts, drop a mention about "the vaults." The vaults, in this context, is understood to mean any record-company storehouse that holds great recordings unavailable to the public. The Motown vaults are probably the most infamous: there are rumored to be thousands upon thousands of records stashed there that have never seen the light of day. Of course, this is enough to send a Motown fan into apoplexy.

Another of the great R&B labels, Brunswick Records, has had its hits languishing in the vaults for a decade, and admirers of that label's smooth Chicago-soul sound have been forced to scrounge the used-record stores. Now they can stop their rounds. Epic Records has secured the rights to the catalogs of Brunswick and an associated label, Dakar, and in February will release "Chicago Soul: The Legendary Brunswick/Dakar Hits." Barbara Acklin's "Love Makes a Woman," most recently covered by Phebe Snow, is included; so are Gene Chandler's "Good Times" and the Lost Generation's "The Thrill, the Nick and the Wicket." The Chi-Lites weigh in with "I Like Your Lovin'" and "Let Me Be The Man My Daddy Was," and the Young-Holt Trio is represented with a bluesy instrumental, "Soulful Strut," a hit single. This is a fine primer on one of the ’60s’ and early ’70s’ most influential black record companies.

Vol. 2: The late Jackie Wilson, a major Brunswick star, will be honored on an Epic reissue of his own in February. "The Jackie Wilson Story, Vol. 2," is the follow-up to one of last year’s most warmly received greatest-hits packages. At his peak, in the late ’50s and early ’60s, Wilson was a commanding singer and an audacious performer—bold enough to cut a sappy ballad like "Danny Boy" and make it his own in a dramatic rendition that flattered his near-operatic range, sexy enough to drive female fans into frenzies of desire. Most of Wilson’s biggest hits—from 1957’s "Reet Petite" to "Higher and Higher" in 1966—were included on Vol. 1. This set concentrates on lesser-known nuggets such as "I Got the Sweetest Feeling" and "Tears Will Tell It All." It also includes a medley, recorded live at the Copa in 1962: "Danny Boy," "Doggin’ Around," "To Be Loved" and "Lonely Teardrops."

Like Your Lovin’ " and "Let Me Be The Man My Daddy Was," and the Young-Holt Trio is represented with a bluesy instrumental, "Soulful Strut," a hit single. This is a fine primer on one of the ’60s’ and early ’70s’ most influential black record companies. "The Jackie Wilson Story, Vol. 2," is the follow-up to one of last year’s most warmly received greatest-hits packages.

Return of a Rock Original

Vintage rock and rollers are like old friends—maybe they don’t come around much anymore, but it’s sure good to hear from them every once in a while. Better still to hear them undiminished by time, voices in full cry. That’s why Van Morrison’s new live LP ("Live at the Grand Opera House") is so satisfying. Onstage in Belfast, Morrison is in fine form—whispering, shouting, mattering his way through 10 tracks, weaving his old hypnotic web of sound. The production is full (Morrison’s 10-piece band includes four backup singers and two horns), and the live sound is lovingly reproduced. American fans almost missed their chance to hear this record: Morrison was purged by Warner Brothers Records last year in a major housecleaning and for a time was without an American record contract. During that period, "Live at the Grand Opera House" was available only as an import. When Morrison signed with Mercury/PolyGram Records, the company picked up the LP for American distribution and will release it here in February. Most of this record’s material is late-period Morrison. Wonderful odd chestnuts like "Moondance" and "Cajun" are missing; instead Morrison concentrates on songs such as "Beautiful Vision" and "Dweller on the Threshold." (The sole exception is a lovely, straightforward version of the bluesy old standard "It’s All in the Game."). Listeners who came to Morrison in the mid-’60s when he was a street-tough R&B better, or in the early ’70s when he was a gentle folk-rocker, may find thick going in the lyric obscurity of this stuff; "Rave On John Donne," declaimed in a throaty mumble, just plain borders on the silly. Otherwise, the album is challenging but worthwhile. The power and passion of the performances speak clearly. Van Morrison remains one of rock’s true originals, and his voice is still worth hearing.

Old Beyond Their Years

Pieces of a Dream has this image problem. These are accomplished musicians who have put out three fine albums, treating traditional jazz and steamy funk with equal ease; a fourth LP will be released in 1983. Seasoned performers, the Philadelphia-based trio has opened shows for acts as diverse as the Dazz Band and Count Basie. In concert, bassist Cedric Napoleon and drummer Curtis Harmond anchor a solid rhythm, and pianist James Taylor puts down a swinging blues-based piano sound
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that's reminiscent of Ramsey Lewis and Les McCann. Their friendship is obvious in the seemingly effortless way they play together, and their joy in making music is infectious. So what's the problem? Critics tend to tuck all this information away down in their reviews. What usually comes first is this: Pieces of a Dream is the youngest jazz group in the business. Napoleon and Harmon are 22, and Lloyd is 20.

**Hard Heads:** Friends since grade school, the three began performing professionally before they were in their teens; Harmon's father, a jazz musician, got them started in jazz by playing them records by Oscar Peterson and Milt Jackson. Later he took them to his own gigs to play between sets. Their big break came when saxophonist Grover Washington Jr. took the group under his wing. He has since become their producer and their mentor. Veterans now in their early 20s, the members of Pieces leave their love for the music with a hard-headed attitude about the realities of the music business. All the talk about their youth, for example, they accept gracefully, even gratefully. "The novelty is part of what's gotten us where we are," Harmon says. And although they love and respect jazz, they haven't shied away from more commercial sounds. "If what you have to offer is different or unusual," says Lloyd, "you also have to give the audience what they're accustomed to. You get their attention—and then you can make them listen to what you're into."

**High Gloss, Heavy Metal**

Run for your lives! Def Leppard, those only barely postpubescent heavy-metal kids, are back... and my God, they've got Jim Steinman with them! Maybe we should explain. Steinman made his bones as the producer of Meat Loaf's 1977 debut, "Bat Out of Hell." That album's rococo production sound—a bombastic melding of Phil Spector and Richard Wagner—seemed like a good idea at the time but wore thin in a hurry when Steinman repeated it on records for Bonnie Tyler, Air Supply and Barbara Streisand. Are you following this so far? Def Leppard made their mark on the American rock-and-roll market with last year's heavy-metal screamer "Pyromania." The LP sold 996,000 copies and was certified platinum, and the video for the song "Photograph" ran 17 times an hour on MTV.

**Fool:** The problem is, now they're together—Def Leppard, produced by Jim Steinman. Power-chording Brits meet overblown hook hit maker, coming in April, on a new LP from Mercury/PolyGram Records. Although the combination makes commercial sense, the creative chemistry is hard to figure. What can Steinman, the flossiest producer in the business, possibly do with these snarling, raging head bangers? One can only wonder. Whatever it sounds like, the record seems destined to be a smash. That's showbiz.

**Rock on The Road**


Bruce Springsteen and the E Street Band continue the "Born in the USA" tour in January. This time out, more than ever before, Springsteen has dealt with a hard question: what does it mean to be an American in 1984? His passionate portraits of life in the United States have drawn a host of rave reviews—including one Springsteen didn't want, from Ronald Reagan. "America's future rests in the message of hope in [Springsteen's] songs," Reagan said in September at a New Jersey campaign stop. Onstage the next night the rocker took pains to disassociate himself from the president, suggesting pointedly that he listen closely to the next song in the set—"Johnny 99," the stark story of a workingman driven to crime when he loses his job in an auto plant.

The Daryl Hall and John Oates tour, "Live Through '85," travels to the South in February. No messages here, just solid blue-eyed soul in a combination that's been both commercially successful and artistically admirable since the New York-based duo began producing their own records in 1980. In the last few months Hall and Oates have turned slightly away from the clean, concise pop tunes that are their trademark and ventured onto the dance floor. Their latest release, "Big Band Boom," shows that influence of the hugely successful dance-music market: echoy sound, big, thumping beat and longer mixes. It's not a radical change, just a little shifting with the times. Nice to see that two of pop's most consistent hit makers aren't afraid to shift.

**Springsteen: Live in '85**

Finally, His Royal Badness, Prince and the Revolution appear in St. Louis just before Christmas and in Texas just later. What can we say about Prince? Although relatively tiny in stature, when it comes to the business he's big. Check that. He's huge. Personal details: he's known to be fond of purple and of the purple tiny sequins. He has created an entire cottage industry around the Minneapolis pop-music scene. His "Purple Rain" movie and sound track were two of this year's biggest hits. The movie was no bargain except in the onstage sequences, which were genuinely spellbinding: the record was a triumph of raw, furious talent and quirky individual vision. Onstage he is a veritable whirling dervish, a firestorm of funk. Baby, he's a star. Catch him if you can.

**Def Leppard: Teamng up**

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Television

Martin Short's comic brilliance goes live on 'Saturday Night'; 'Jewel in the Crown' dramatizes the last years of British colonial rule in India; glorious Hollywood trash; the Shmenges polka down; a TV series that looks and sounds like a movie; 'Robert Kennedy and His Times'; Hemingway, TV style; Horne and Presley croon.

Coming Up Short

When Martin Short was 14, he used to go up into the attic of his parents' home in Hamilton, Ont., and produce "The Martin Short Show." These 60-minute taped programs featured the songs and patter of Martin Short, of course, but also, via recordings, guests such as Jonathan Winters and a great deal of applause. Short's fantasy was so detailed that he even knew where his variety show appeared in the prime-time schedule: Monday evenings at 8:30 on NBC, alternating weekly with "The Andy Williams Show." Yet Short maintains that he didn't have showbiz ambitions as a kid, even though he tentatively picked the stage name "Jackie Rogers" at the age of eight. "If you'd asked me what I was going to be up until I was 21 years of age," he recalls, "I would have said a doctor or a social worker. I started out in premad, but later I realized I didn't like science as much as I admired Richard Chamberlain's work in 'Dr. Kildare.'"

Medicine's loss is our gain. Martin Short has become one of the leading lights in the current generation of TV comic actors. After two years with the now defunct and sorely missed "SCTV" show, Short is one of the sextet of new faces brought in to beef up NBC's "Saturday Night Live." It's a new approach for SNL. Until now the show has always tapped unknowns for its cast, but few people have become stars since the departure of the Not Ready for Prime Time Players. (Remember Ann Risley? Charles Rocket?) For the 10th season, SNL's producers retained four performers from the old cast and added some established stars like Billy Crystal, a standup comic who was on the ABC sitcom "Soap." Now SNL is a gang of 10, and the population explosion has made it hard for cast members to squeeze onto the show unless they write something to do themselves. For Martin Short, who won an Emmy for his writing on SCTV, that has meant a lot of hard work. The bulletin board in his office is packed with note cards, each with a separate idea, like: "I One-Armed Pianists." "Japanese Maiko." 

"Though it's too early to know how well the new mix of talents will muddle, Short has already distinguished himself as one of the break-out stars. His talent for mimicry has been displayed in a dead-on imitation of Robin Williams and through a new invention, Nelson Hepburn, a hot-dog vendor with the quavering voice and the quivering head of his famous cousin Kate. Short's ability to lose himself in a character enriches his incredible creations, like Ed Grimley, a gentle nerd with a curious sneer and even curvaceous unicornlike pompadour. Another character, albinosinger Jackie Rogers Jr., made an appearance early in the season to plug his book, "Darn You, Daddy, Sir," a tell-all about his father, the legendary entertainer Jackie Rogers Sr. Asked if Daddy ever punished him—say with wire coat hangers—Jackie replied, "One time—it makes me shudder to think of it—he made me sit in front of a plate full of yams for a good 30-35 minutes."

Coming to SNL from SCTV has been a "bumpy" transition for Short. "It's been hard to write for live," he says. "For tape and film you have an endless amount of chances to make something funny. You're able to achieve greater textures of comedy." (John Candy says Short watched SCTV video playback endlessly until getting a scene right.) Short says his ultimate goal is to do a Broadway musical: "I love the stage—doing something every night and making it perfect. And the duplication of that perfection
Television

is even more exciting."

Theater gave Short his start in show business. SCTV colleague Eugene Levy, who acted with Short at Canada’s McMaster University, urged Short to join him in Toronto in 1972 for a stint at professional theater. It worked. They won parts in a production of “Godspell” that featured many actors, like Gilda Radner, who have since become famous.

When Short reminisces about the “good old days” in Canada, including a stint with the Toronto company of Second City, it sounds like a golden age, led by such performers as Dan Aykroyd. “There’s no star system in Canada,” says Short, “so you can do anything. It’s like the university of showbiz. You’re always working.”

And so he did, until coming to the United States to work in network television. During the 1979 and 1980 seasons, he was on ABC’s “The Associates,” which had more doting critics than regular viewers, and ABC’s “I’m a Big Girl Now,” which had few of ei-

A ‘Jewel’ For Public TV

When it’s very good, PBS’s “Masterpiece Theatre” can put a serious crimp in your social schedule—once hooked, you cannot bear to miss even one of the weekly episodes. And “The Jewel in the Crown” is “Masterpiece Theatre” at its literate and sophisticated best. Set in India during the last five years of British colonial rule, “Jewel” offers a tantalizing fusion of intimately drawn characters within a historic saga of undeniable emotional power. The 15-hour series starts in mid-December and runs for 14 weeks. Do not miss a single episode. Pray that your local PBS affiliate runs it on just the right day or you may have to make alternate arrangements to celebrate Chanukah, Christmas or New Year’s Eve.

“The Jewel” is based on Paul Scott’s “The Raj Quartet,” a sequence of four interrelated novels set in India. Scott, who died in 1978, served in the British Army between 1940 and 1946—roughly the time frame of the tetralogy—mostly in India and Malaya. The PBS series begins in 1942 with the ill-fated romance of Daphne Manners and Hari Kumar. Manners, a young Englishwoman who lost her family during the London blitz, has come to live in India, where she meets and falls in love with Kumar, an Indian brought up in England and forced by circumstances to return to his native, but unfamiliar, land. Their affair violates the delicate web of customs by which the Indians and the British—each with their own intricate class structure—have come to relate to one another. The struggles endured by Manners (played by Susan Wooldridge) and Kumar (Art Malik) illuminate the social, cultural and class conflicts beginning to fragment the relationship between India and England, the “jewel” in the crown of the British Empire.

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It shouldn’t be surprising that “Jewel” offers riveting performances and a sumptuous concern for production details. The series was produced by Britain’s Granada Television, the folks who gave us “Brideshead Revisited.” As with other “Masterpiece Theatre” productions, the dialogue for “Jewel” is as clear and bracing as good British gin. Early in the series, for example, Daphne Manners demonstrates her enthusiasm and naiveté in an exchange with a longtime Indian friend, Lady Chatterjee. “I like the smell of India,” says Manners. “Daddy used to talk a lot about it.” To which the Indian replies, “It’s the smell of dung—the smell of India. Your father didn’t tell you that. They burn it.” Then, in an afterthought that resonates with other meanings, Lady Chatterjee observes, “Your Mr. Kumar is a mystery—like the smell of India.”

TV Just Like Movies

“Miami Vice” doesn’t look like your ordinary TV series. Unlike most shows, where the gaps between action sequences are plugged by close-ups of talking heads, “Miami Vice” draws on imaginative cinematography to create a believable and intriguing environment. The episodes don’t look like they were shot on a studio lot for the simple reason that they weren’t. “Miami Vice” is filmed, appropriately enough, in and around Miami.

“Miami Vice” doesn’t sound like a TV series. When the characters enter a night-club or turn on their car radios, you don’t hear canned, pop-style music written by the show’s composer. You hear what real people actually do hear in those situations: songs like “In the Air Tonight” by Phil Collins and “I’m So Excited” by the Pointer Sisters.

Just as Hollywood has imitated MTV by infusing sound tracks with throbbing rock
music—to pump up the action and draw a younger audience—"Miami Vice" has brought Top 40 sounds to a television sound track, in an attempt to create what one NBC executive called "MTV TV."

*Pleasure:* In short, the production values of "Miami Vice" have more in common with movies than average episodic TV. That's why it's a pleasure to watch the NBC series—and that's exactly the way series creator Anthony Yerkovich wanted it to be. "From the outset," says Yerkovich, "our goal was to do a TV show that didn't look like a TV show."

The creative people behind "Miami Vice" reflect this approach. Executive producer Michael Mann, for instance, has worked extensively in feature films and directed the critically acclaimed "Thief," which starred James Caan. Yerkovich came to "Miami Vice" after winning three Emmy awards as a writer and producer for the literate and sophisticated "Hill Street Blues."

Working on the "Hill," says Yerkovich, "taught me a lot about character development and story structure, and I think that translates into 'Miami Vice.'" Yerkovich learned his lessons so well, and has succeeded so clearly at making TV that looks like movies, that now he's moved on to the real thing with Universal Pictures. But he promises that the creative people he has left behind on "Miami Vice" will continue to make television with a Hollywood touch.

"Sun's Unrequited Impatience"

**Hemingway's Dark 'Sun'**

There was much wine, an ignored tension, and a feeling of things coming that you could not prevent happening. Under the wine I lost the disgusted feeling and was happy. It seemed they were all such nice people.

Ernest Hemingway's novel "The Sun Also Rises" described the activities of a desperate group of people in Europe. The narrator, Jake Barns, is impatient as the result of a war wound. Nevertheless, he believes that he loves Lady Brett Ashley, and she believes that she loves him in return. He seeks his release in fishing, traveling and bullfighting. She seeks him in his friends, his traveling companions and bullfighters. The action shifts from malaise in France to bullfights in Spain. The story will be told in a four-hour mini-series on NBC Dec. 9 and 10.

She was looking into my eyes with that way she had of looking that made you wonder whether she really saw out of her own eyes. They would look on and on after every one else's eyes in the world would have stopped looking. She looked as though there were nothing on earth she would not look at like that, and really she was afraid of so many things.

Jane Seymour will portray Lady Brett Ashley in the NBC program. Seymour has become TV's favorite "literary" heroine. She played the female leads in John Steinbeck's "East of Eden" and in Barness Oreyzi's "The Scarlet Pimpernel." Hart Bochner, by contrast, will play against type. Known as a hunk, he will be Jake Barnes.

"What if Brett did sleep with you? She's slept with lots of better people than you."

**Music From Lena, Elvis**

So much music blares out of that tiny speaker on your television set these days that it's hard to separate the glorious from the grating. But coming up in the next few months are two programs that clearly hit the right note.

In early December, PBS's "Great Performances" will air "Lena Horne: The Lady and Her Music," a 90-minute show taped during the triumphant run of Horne's one-woman Broadway show. The bravura performance is more than just musical highlights from the entire spectrum of Horne's career, starting with the early days at the Cotton Club in Harlem and including her work in M-G-M musicals. As Horne organizes her repertoire like "The Lady Is a Tramp" to classics like "From This Moment On," she tells funny, sassy and often biting stories from her life in and out of showbiz. The high point of the concert comes when Horne reprises her trademark song, "Stormy Weather," with all the power and force of the natural wonder she continues to be.

Jan. 8 marks the 50th anniversary of the birth of Elvis Presley, whose following remains strong seven years after his death. In honor of the anniversary, the Presley industry will unveil a number of rare, barely-seen-and-heard bits and pieces of Elvis's career. HBO will cablecast one such item of arcana in January——"Elvis: One Night With You." This 53-minute special consists of a low-key informal concert in front of a small studio audience. Although it was taped in 1968 for use in Elvis's comeback TV special, most of this session has never been seen by the public before. Dressed in black leather from top to bot-
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Television

Shmenges: Born to Polka

Yosh and Stan Shmenges were born to polka. You of course know the Shmenges brothers as the hosts of "The Happy Wanderers Show," the SCTV program that showcased their many oom-pah-pah hits. Now Yosh and Stan have announced their retirement, and their farewell concert is the occasion for a sentimental backward look. "The Shmenges Brothers: The Last Polka," coming to HBO in early 1985, will offer foot-shuffling renditions of all the Shmenges hits, including "Cabbage Rolls and Coffee" and "Tuba Madness." The special will also tell the story of their exciting lives, going all the way back to their childhood days in Letonia, which—as Yosh carefully pinpoints it—is "on the dark side of the Balkans."

Nebbish: No one knows as much about the Shmenges as actor-comedian John Candy, who could be mistaken for Yosh, and actor-comedian Eugene Levy, who could easily pass for Stan. The name Shmenges, says Candy, "has a funny ring to it. There's no real meaning, except maybe nebbish, I guess." Adds Levy, "You know, you look at somebody and say, 'Well, he's a real shmenges, isn't he?'" Levy, who was at the farewell concert himself, claims that Yosh and Stan have taken polka music to new heights: "The performances are very exciting to watch. I'm not kidding.

Adding to the excitement is special guest Linsk Minyk, a former Happy Wanderer who is a dead ringer for actor-comedian Rick Moranis. And there is the vocal artistry of The Lemon Twins, who look a lot like actor-comedians Robin Duke, Catherine O'Hara and Mary Margaret O'Hara. In fact, you might be tempted to say that "The Last Polka" has an eerie resemblance to a movie about The Band called "The Last Waltz." But you would be wrong. "The Last Waltz" didn't have fog effects and candlelight. Or lederhosen.

RFK From A Distance

If the media are any guide, the Kennedys continue to be America's royal family. The details of the public and private lives of the famous and obscure members of the clan have been wallowed in so often that some people know more about the Kennedys than they do about their own families. But the appetites of Camelot watchers are enormous, so it's not surprising that CBS is offering another trip to the trough. "Robert Kennedy and His Times" takes a seven-hour journey down memory lane in January—from the first meeting between Bobby and his future wife, Ethel, to RFK's death in 1968. Unfortunately, it has all the depth and feeling of a whirlwind junket.

"Robert Kennedy and His Times" used the Arthur Schlesinger Jr. biography for its source, but you'd never guess that the mini-series came from an insider's account. The courtship of Bobby and Ethel, for instance, favors the athletic over the romantic—with more scenes of touch football and beach-side sprints than intimate conversations. In fact, most of the talk in "Robert Kennedy and His Times" is about events rather than about RFK or his family. And many of the scenes, in a misguided attempt at communicating historical but not personal details, show the Kennedys watching television, The cast, including Brad Davis as RFK, Veronica Cartwright as Ethel, Cliff De Young as JFK and Jack Warden as Joseph Kennedy Sr., is wasted on a story that cares less about Robert Kennedy than his times.

Hollywood's Class Trash

Nothing scintillates quite like a giddy, glorious, glamorous bit of television fluff. And "Hollywood Wives," tentatively scheduled for February on ABC, just might be the best trash in a good, long while. It's got good breeding. The story comes from the mega best seller by Jackie Collins, the queen of the bed-and-boardroom novel set (and sister of Joan Collins). Producing the mini-series is Aaron Spelling, the man who seems to midwife every prime-time soap on ABC, including the wicked, top-rated "Dynasty." Starring—you guessed it—Joan Collins. "Wives" also has almost everybody but Joanie in it. Featured are Candice Bergen, Joanna Cassidy, Mary Crosby, Angie Dickinson, Ruddy McDowall, Stefanie Powers, Suzanne Somers, Robert Stuck, Rod Steiger and Andrew Stevens. Then there's the story—a hopelessly intertwined romp through the ambitions, sex lives and hang-ups of the glittery Left Coast entertainment set. ABC may have one problem, though. If the TV version of "Hollywood Wives" matches the breakneck pace of Collins' prose, the five-hour mini-series may last only for three.

Ron Givens
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Douglas Adams hitchhikes across deep space for the fourth time in 'So Long, and Thanks for All the Fish', the collected plays of Sam Shepard; earth in the 35th century; Mario Puzo continues the 'Godfather' saga; cop stalks killer, and vice versa, in 'Blitz'; a grand inquisitor of the literat; big noise from a quiet author.

Galactic Gag Man

Douglas Adams travels the universe almost as much as the characters in his "Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy" books. Take, for example, his schedule for just two weeks last month. He leaves Los Angeles after working for a week on a film treatment of "Hitchhiker." For two days he's in Maryland, giving readings at Montgomery College in Rockville and the University of Maryland. On to New York for two days of brainstorming with Henson Associates (the Muppet people) for a hush-hush TV project. Then Oberlin College in Ohio for a reading. Two days later, it's a press conference in New York for the new "Hitchhiker" home-computer game, followed by a promotion the next day in Las Vegas and in San Francisco two days after that. Finally, back to his native England for three weeks of promoting his new book, "So Long, and Thanks for All the Fish." No wonder he can only squeeze in an interview while he's having breakfast at 8 a.m. When does he sleep? "That's the problem," says a barely awake Adams. "I don't have time to sleep."

Adams's talent for warp-speed outer-space wit has spawned an enormously profitable "Hitchhiker" industry. First done as a BBC radio series in 1978, "Hitchhiker" has become a recording, a TV series, a number of theatrical productions and a movie to be directed by Ivan ("Ghostbusters") Reitman. The "Hitchhiker" game, just out, is a text-based adventure in which the object of the game, says Adams, 32, "is to find out the object of the game." The first three "Hitchhiker" books—"The Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy," "The Restaurant at the End of the Universe" and "Life, the Universe and Everything"—have all been best sellers, with a total of over 7 million copies in print. "So Long, and Thanks for All the Fish," which comes out next month, seems certain to do as well. In a typical bit of Adams tongue-in-cheek, the dust jacket for "Fish" describes it as the "fourth book in the Hitchhiker's Trilogy."

From the beginning, the "Hitchhiker" books have delivered headline action on a cosmic scale. In the first, the Earth gets blown up after less than 35 pages, and Arthur Dent, a real schlemiel of a hero, escapes the destruction and begins to eatom about the universe from one tight scrape to another.

Adams's relentless sense of humor often springs from setting earthly foibles in an extraterrestrial context. In "Restaurant," he describes the hangover Dent gets after traveling via a matter-transference beam: "Any form of transport which involved tearing you apart atom by atom, flinging those atoms through the subether, and then jamming them back together again just when they were getting their first taste of freedom for years had to be had news."

In the new book, Arthur Dent returns to an Earth that looks remarkably the same way it did before it was blown up, except for the mysterious absence of dolphins. (The title is a goodbye message from the long departed aquatic mammals.) Dent works diligently to find out what happened to his native planet, with the help of a like-minded Earthwoman. Only at the novel's end do they blast off together in search of "God's Final Message to His Creation." Like the previous three books, Adams saturates the story with bizarre characters and absurd situations. Rob Merrick, for example, is a lorry driver who becomes famous as the "Rain God" because it has rained every place he has been for the past 15 years. Unlike the previous "Hitch-
hiker' books, "Fish" concentrates on one planet—and a familiar one at that. And, for the first time, Adams makes Dent a well-rounded character rather than a galaxial Keystone Cop. The pace of "Fish" is less frenetic; at times, it's even lyrical. In comparing this novel with his earlier ones, Adams observes, "When I wrote about fantastical things going on in other worlds, I made them seem as real and concrete as I possibly could. Now that I've come back to Earth, everything has taken on a strange kind of dreamlike quality. And I'm at a loss to explain that."

Adams has always had trouble settling down to write. "I try and avoid it if at all possible," he says. "The business of buying new pencils assumes gigantic proportions. I have four word processors at home and I spend a lot of time trying to decide which one to work on." But when Adams finally decides to write, he decides to write. "Fish" was written essentially in three weeks this fall, after Adams's English publisher booked him into a hotel and baby-sat him. His favorite, "Restaurant," took a month. "Writing comes easy," he explains. "All you have to do is stare at a blank piece of paper until your forehead bleeds."

In the near future, Adams won't have to suffer this ordeal. Through early 1985 much of his time will be taken up with promoting "Fish," and finding a moment to get married. He doesn't yet have a firm concept for his next book, but he insists that it won't be sci-fi. "I've never been a science-fiction buff. I have a house full of the books, but only because people are always giving them to me," Adams confesses. "I consider myself largely a comedy writer. But even though I protest that I'm not a science-fiction writer, I find that science-fictional elements continue to creep in on the side." Adams also confesses that "Fish" is his last "Hitchhiker" book. But die-hard fans can take comfort in his recollection that "I never thought there would be a third or fourth book, either."

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"Michael Corleone stood on a long wooden dock in Palermo and watched the great ocean liner set sail for America. He was to have sailed on that ship, but new instructions had come from his father."

—From Mario Puzo's new "Godfather" book, "The Sicilian"

Shepard: Rough Read

Because of "The Right Stuff," in which he played pilot Chuck Yeager, and "Country," in which he played farmer Gil Iy, Sam Shepard is known by most as a movie star. But Shepard, 41, has been called the pre-eminent playwright of his generation—and even the best American dramatist now writing. Since his first play, "Cowboys," was produced when he was 19, he has won 10 Obies and a Pulitzer Prize. Michiko Kakutani of The New York Times says he has "put forth a vision of America that resonates with the power of legend." The Village Voice's Ross Wetzstein says he has "altered the conventions of theater as radically as Brecht or Beckett." And so on. When the flannel-shirted Shepard (né Samuel Shepard Rogers) fixes that intense stare on you from the cover of his new collection ("Fool for Love and Other Plays," published this month by Bantam), remember: he's not just another crappy face.

Fuss: Shepard's admirers—that is, almost everybody—testify to his power to move theater audiences. But readers may wonder what the fuss is about. "Fool for Love" is the pop profundities of horse opera and rock-and-roll saintliness that have already been plumbed by too many filmmakers and rock critics. When rodeo cowboy Ed-die in "Fool for Love" is reduced to lossing the bedposts in a seedy motel room, we're supposed to sense (according to the book's introduction) "the decline of the Old West." In "Cowboy Mouth," Cuave (first played by punk-rock poet Patti Smith) fantasizes that "the rock-'n'-roll star in his highest state of grace will be the new savior... rocking to Bethlehem to be born." But the Old West has been in decline since Buffalo Bill, and rock messtah's haven't been taken seriously (even by rock critics) since Elvis Costello. For someone at the cutting edge, Shepard (as the hackneyed reference to Yeats shows) can be a little quaint: these plays, with their enigmatic action and improbable characters, really aren't much different from the "absurdist" plays of the 1950s. For all his characters' trendy talk of Mick Jagger and Barbara Mandrell, Shepard may finally be remembered as the last of the beat generation. He even prefaces "Angel City" with a note advising actors to approach their parts "in terms of collage construction or jazz improvisation." Like, man.

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Earth: A.D. 3414

Philip José Farmer has never been as successful as Frank Herbert or J. R. R. Tolkien in reaching readers outside the science-fiction-and-fantasy subculture. But to insiders, Farmer is like Henry James—a writer too good for his polloi. Critics Leslie Fiedler—a dabbler in the genre himself—once called

Farmer: Son of 'Riverworld'
him “the greatest science-fiction writer ever.” Farmer is most admired for his “Riverworld” series, six volumes published between 1971 and 1983. “Riverworld” was a fourth-dimensional “Ragtime” whose characters included Tom Mix, Hermann Göring and Ulysses S. Grant; its locale was an Earth-size planet inhabited by everyone who has ever lived. If the notion of a climactic confrontation between King John of England and Samuel Clemens sounds silly—well, maybe you had to be there.

In February Putnam will publish “Dayworld,” the first volume of Farmer’s new series. Again, we have an overpopulated planet—this time Earth itself, in A.D. 3414—but not a crowded one. This is because on any given day of the week six out of seven of the inhabitants are in suspended animation and have stored themselves until their assigned day comes round again. Like yuppies with a time-shared vacation place, Farmers’ characters are prone to complain if “Tuesday” has neglected to leave the kitchen tidy. More serious, however, is a new form of antisocial behavior: daybreaking.

Immers: Jeff Caird, Farmer’s hero, is no common daybreaker but an “immer.” He possesses a substance enabling him to live seven times his normal life span, and thus to inhabit all the days of the week under different identities. (If this is Sunday, he must be Father Tom Zurvan.) The authorities, naturally, catch on to him. Worse yet, his fellow immers will kill him rather than risk his being captured and given truth serum. And worst of all, he’s having an identity crisis. Farmer’s imagination is manifestly daring, but its price seems to be a nasty case of arrested development—not an unusual condition among scifi writers. He’s gratuitously fixated on breasts, bowels and flatulence, and he has the fascinated misogyny of a 12-year-old boy: women “overlubricated” and beds “rock” of “sexual secrets.” Scifi subcultists are used to such embarrassments; outsiders can’t say they weren’t warned.

This tale opens as Michael is finishing up his three-year exile in Sicily after shooting a corrupt New York police captain. (It would fit in about the middle of the book “The Godfather” and well before the continuation of the family saga in the movie “Godfather II.”) Michael is given a last-minute rescue mission by dad: bring Salvatore Guiliano back to the States. Guiliano is a kind of Sicilian Robin Hood who, in the service of the peasants, stages mountain raids against the corrupt Roman government. Guiliano, however, has bigger problems than evading Italian cops. Don Croce, ruthless leader of the Sicilian Mafia, also wants the bandit. If you thought Don Corleone was tough, wait until you see how the “Friends of the Friends” society does things in the old country.

**`Godfather' Lives Again**

Eighteen years ago, highbrow novelist Mario Puzo decided he was tired of suffering for his art. He was $45,000 in debt and fed up with the door poundings of loan sharks unimpressed by the author’s good reviews. “It was really time to grow up and sell out,” Puzo later said. “So I told my editors, OK, I’ll write a book about the Mafia. Just give me some money to get started.” Puzo coaxed a $5,000 advance; three years later, the world got Don Vito Corleone, a horse head on the bed and Sonny against the door. Puzo said “I wrote below my talents with that book,” but 15 million copies later, “The Godfather” remains the greatest airport novel ever written. This month has appeared “The Sicilian,” Puzo’s long-awaited continuation of life with godfather. Will any bookstore browser be able to put down a chronicle that begins: “Michael Corleone stood on a long wooden dock in Palermo and watched the great ocean liner set sail for America. He was to have sailed on that ship, but new instructions had come from his father.”? Puzo’s publishers think not; they have ordered an advance printing of 400,000 copies, to sell at $17.95.

**Big-City Shoot-Out**

Reed-thin, tweedy, bespectacled, bearded and often photographed in a sporty cap, 59-year-old Elmore Leonard looks more like a professor of English than a writer of big-city shoot-'em-ups. He began literary life some 30 years ago, turning out pulp Westerns in the mornings before going to work at a Detroit advertising agency; in 1967 he was rescued when Hollywood bought his 1961 novel, “Hombre,” as a vehicle for Paul Newman. Since then he has written a score of suspense novels in which armed and alienated men on both sides of the law chase each other through modern urban landscapes, pausing only for sentimental liaisons with tough yet compliant women. This is familiar territory, of course; what sets Leonard apart from trigger-happy competition is his eye for detail, his ear for dialogue and the fat-free prose style he began developing back when he first read “For Whom the Bell Tolls.” Critics and fellow writers have long recognized Leonard as a master (last spring he was awarded an Edgar, the Mystery Writers of America’s version of the Oscar, for his novel “LaBrava”), and now the public has begun to catch on, too. His last few books have been best sellers, and the paperback rights for “LaBrava” went for a tidy $363,000.

Leonard’s latest, called "Glitz" (due in March from Arbor House), is a Book-of-the-Month Club Dual Main Selection; it will have a first printing of 75,000 and a $100,000 promotional budget, and it will be serialized in Playboy. “Glitz” is a less-than-probable yarn about one Vincent Mora, a Miami Beach detective who is
In the Air Force no idea is too far out.
shot by a mugger and goes to Puerto Rico to recuperate. There he takes a shine to a beautiful, brainless young prostitute and is stalked by a psychopath he once sent to prison. The local police help Mora send the weirdo packing, but a nightclub owner ships the prostitute to Atlantic City—which happens to be said weirdo's hometown—for a job as a "hostess." The creep gets our hero to Atlantic City by murdering the girl and tucking a piece of paper with Mora's name on it into her unmentionables; the stalkin now becomes mutual, and the diversions (provided by willing women and criminals both organized and unorganized) proliferate. While the plot meanders, DeLillo's characters' voices never falters. "Ask them, they lie to you from jump street, don't know how else to talk," says a black ex-con of the men with whom he did time. It may be impossible for a crime novelist to create a totally convincing world, but details like these make "Glibz" a lifelike diorama.

D. G.

Authors I Have Known

Ever since Samuel Johnson put up with Boswell's often impertinent questions, writers have become resigned not only to doing their work but to discussing it—and themselves—at great lengths with worshipful inquisitors. Nowadays only a few heroic recluses like Samuel Beckett and J. D. Salinger refuse to be interrogated for publication; so willingly do most authors submit that magazines from Publishers' Weekly to Paris Review can make such question-and-answer sessions a regular feature. Norman Mailer has even published interviews he has given in collections of his work, side by side with pieces he has written. But whose work, really, is an interview—the subject's or the interviewer's?

Charles Ruas has made a career of interviewing American writers since 1975, when he began conducting a popular radio show on New York City's WBAI. More than any of his talks with the likes of Mailer, Truman Capote, Eudora Welty and Gore Vidal have appeared in the Paris Review and The New York Times. "Conversations With American Writers" collects 14 of these interviews. In his introduction, Ruas billing himself as, at least, their co-creator. He's undoubtedly a hard worker ("I consult standard reference books... and then I read the body of the author's work, looking for certain constant elements or thematic developments"); but his other claims are harder to substantiate. "The art of the literary interview," he begins offputtingly, "is transforming a particular interrogation into a universal dialogue." Even Ruas is obliged to acknowledge that people who are frequently interviewed develop a "repertoire of set anecdotes and ideas" that can be "a barrier to genuine discourse." And he doesn't seem to know that readers will be more interested in what his famous subjects have to say than in how he gets them to say it.

Remarkable: In "Conversations With American Writers," Ruas seems to have elicited little that an interviewer with fewer pretensions couldn't have managed, but since he's dealing with remarkable people, he has recorded some remarkable performances. Susan Sontag is the most articulate of this artful crowd, Joseph Heller the most self-effacing, Marguerite Young the most eccentric. And despite the high-minded tone of the introduction, there's enough sleaze to sell the book: Tennessee Williams on drugs and homosexuality, Mailer on Jack Henry Abbott, a trade paperback of some of DeLillo's earlier work, and the man himself has even begun talking to a few outsiders.

DeLillo's special trait is his ability to grasp clichés of American culture and reweave them into stylish, witty, tormented fictions. Among the best of his pathetic Truman Capote talking trash ("I just had lunch with Oona; she's so changed since Charlie died") and urging Ruas to try cocaine. But these days who minds a little gossip? You want art, go read a book.

D. G.

A Quiet Man Gets Heard

For more than a decade Don DeLillo has sat in the pantheon of critically acclaimed American writers who refuse to shill their works on "Good Morning, Sidewash" or discuss their lives with celebrity-magazine chroniclers. This recalcitrance may have cost him. Unlike J. D. Salinger or Thomas Pynchon, DeLillo's combination of great reviews and public silence has never translated into overwhelming numbers of cash-register rings. But the cumulative effect of all his good works may be changing all that. After seven books, word is finally getting around. Vintage Books has begun reissuing
**Up & Coming**

The year of the compact disc, a rising young comic works the dark side of the street; a walkthrough video game; tapping new musical talent in Manhattan, Steve's ice cream, coast to coast; the life of Malcolm X as an opera; surprise success in the big city for a first novelist.

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**Funny—And Miserable**

The Paula Poundstone Story in brief: aspiring comedian leaves her Massachusetts high school during senior year. Greyhounds it to San Francisco to play in clubs, gets discovered by Robin Williams and signed to his heavyweight management firm and appears on "Saturday Night Live" and the David Letterman show. At 25 she's nearly famous. So what's wrong, Paula? Nothing, really. "I'm a whiner at heart," she says. "I happen to have a natural propensity to be a miserable wretch."

And a good thing, too. It's just that dark side that makes Poundstone so funny. She's a lanky woman with a bent grin and a disposition to match; onstage she illuminates the thousand things that can go wrong in a day with mordant humor, most often aimed at herself. "I can't parallel park," she says in her act, resignedly. "When I try, I have to go through the whole routine. I take out the big yellow traffic cones, and I use a couple of tanks of gas. Fortunately my car doesn't have power steering, so I can lose weight while I'm parking." She calls her material "self-centered," but it's leavened with patience. "When I talk about stuff that goes wrong," she says in explaining her humor, "it doesn't necessarily mean I'm a horrible person. Just that it'll take me a little longer to get through the day." And like her mentor Williams ("He and his wife have gotten me onto some TV shows, and they also give me real nice clothes sometimes"), she spices her act with a strong dash of the absurd: "I go to an atheist church. We have crippled guys who stand up and testify that they were crippled and still are."

In 1985 Poundstone may be seen in "Hyperspace," a low-budget sci-fi flick ("So low-budget that I'm the name"). Then again, she may not. "For all I know it'll never be released, and probably that's a good thing, because I can't act," she says. She may eventually end up writing screenplays. Until then she'll keep working—playing clubs, doing TV, making the sacrifices a young comic needs to make. "OK, so I did the underwear scene in 'Hyperspace,'" she says. "I'm not ashamed, because I did it for my kids. OK, so I don't have any kids. But the other day I had this pain..."

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**Operatic Life Of Malcolm X**

Pianist Anthony Davis lists as some of his influences Duke Ellington, Richard Wagner, Igor Stravinsky and Malcolm X—which should give you some idea of how maddeningly difficult it is to characterize. Try to set him in the context of his record label, Gramavision, which is home to some of the more adventurous new-music players working today; call him avant-garde if you must, although his music isn't really that. This kind of critical mush-mouthing suits Davis just fine. "I don't like to use labels on my music," he says. "I call it American music. It incorporates my classical studies, my interest in improvisation and in non-Western music as well." Just say Davis is used to painting on a broad canvas—and let the work speak for itself. Last year he scored a ballet, "Hemispheres," modeled after Miles Davis's "Epitome"; next year will see the production of "X," his opera based on the life of Malcolm X. The work will be presented in concert by the Springfield (Mass.) Symphony in April and have its formal premiere in the fall at the Brooklyn Academy of Music.

**Politics:** The original idea of "X" came from Davis's brother, who wanted to do the story as a musical. Davis's cousin, poet Thulani Davis, began to do some writing for the project; last spring Davis got $30,000 from the National Endowment for the Arts to bring it to the stage. How did it end up an opera? "I could never figure out a way to deal with written dialogue," Davis says. "I wanted everything to be sung. I wanted music to participate at all times in the drama." Davis sees the turbulent political world of the '60s as a natural topic for operatic treatment. "There's a whole black heritage of music telling a story, and the '60s were so important in shaping how we view the world," he says. While Davis hopes the opera will reach a wide audience—"he is especially hopeful that black audiences will see it. "A musician always has a certain obligation to his time," he says. "I think people have to be reminded."

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**Comedian Paula Poundstone: 'I'm just a whiner at heart'**

**Anthony Davis: 'I want music to participate in the drama'**
Aliens Land In Dallas

The thing about aliens is, you never know where they're going to land. In 1938, when the Martians came down on Orson Welles's "War of the Worlds" broadcast, did they destroy Washington or Los Angeles? No, they picked a place called Grover's Mills, N.J.

And last year, when the planet Photon set up its first earth station, where was it? In north Dallas, in an office park, behind a Gulf station. No matter. Soon enough, earth people, Photon will be everywhere. Photon is the world's first walk-through video game, a sort of deep-space "Capture the Flag." Players pay $3 per six-minute adventure, suit up with 13-pound power packs and take off—zapping opposing players with light beams (at 10 points a hit), dodging hostile fire, working across a 10,000-square-foot, high-tech obstacle course toward the goal—a lighted arrow deep in enemy territory. Land three consecutive bursts on the goal, and you score 200 points; get blasted yourself and you lose 10. Sound effects ("Kapow!") and a perfumed fog add to the ambiance. "There have been films like 'Rollerball' that foresee futuristic sports, but this is the first time it's been done," says inventor George Carter III. "It's the sport of the future.

He hopes. Organized league play began in July, and the first Photon tournament will take place in Dallas next month. Banking on the enthusiasm of Photon freaks like Vince Sullivan, 16, of Richardson, Texas ("I'll have to run out of money to get bored"), Carter is trying to strengthen Photon's grip on the earth. In January the first Photon franchise will open in Toronto; eight separate facilities will open in New York City by the end of the month. In February three of eight Photon facilities scheduled for southern California will appear. By spring, says Carter, outposts will be established in Houston, Phoenix and Chicago. Anticipating a full frontal assault on the earth market, he is also negotiating rights for Photon toys and a cartoon.

New World's Record

If we're to believe audio-industry experts, 1985 will be the year of the Compact Disc. CD's, first offered for sale two years ago, offer crystalline sound via virtually indestructible 4½-inch laser-read records. Prices have already dropped below $300 for the players, and discs can be purchased for as little as $12; this has meant the biggest year yet for CD sales, and things are expected to get even better after Christmas. Next year's sales of players will double this year's totals, estimates Alan Perper, director of Product Marketing for Warner/Elektra/Atlantic Records—rising from 225,000 to more than half a million units. And sales of the discs themselves, which increased nearly sevenfold this year—"who knows?" says Sam Sutherland, who writes a CD column for Billboard magazine, "So far every forecast has been beaten. The CD field is going to mushroom. Nothing would surprise me at this point."

A Writer On the Town

Jay McInerny is a novelist who doesn't think college students should be allowed to major in creative writing: a sharp-eyed chronicler of the Manhattan night world who lives in Syracuse; a 25-year-old graduate student who isn't sure the scholarly life makes sense. Puzzlers, these, but one thing is certain: McInerny's "Bright Lights, Big City," the story of a young man looking for love in New York, was one of last year's best-received debuts. Critics loved it, and Random House rushed it into a second printing after just one month. In 1985, McInerny will publish his second novel—a story about young Americans in Japan—and loke a stab at the screenplay for "Bright Lights." He has never written
for the screen before and cheerfully admits that he’s not sure how to capture the book’s now-flip, now-desperate rush of narrative. How best to visualize such lines as “Her voice is like the New Jersey state anthem played through an electric shaver”? McNerny shrugs. “Maybe a lot of music,” he says. “But I never knew how to do a novel either; I just sat down and started doing it.”

Quick Hit That was two years ago; McNerny was then, as now, a grad student at Syracuse University, on a fellowship arranged by novelist Raymond Carver. It was Carver who persuaded him to get out of the New York publishing industry and go somewhere and write if a writer was what he wanted to be. What happened next should give heart to struggling writers everywhere. A short story that later became chapter one of “Bright Lights” was published in the Paris Review, January 1983; McNerny wrote the novel’s first draft in May. Seven months later it was in galleys. By September 1984 it was in the bookstores, a hit. At 29, Jay McNerny was a promising young novelist—a label he wears with equanimity. “I’m suddenly very young,” he says. “When I was 28, and I didn’t have anything to show for it, I felt like I was real old.”

Made in Manhattan

Talking about the founding of Manhattan Records, a new label under the umbrella of Capitol/EMI, president Bruce Lundvall says with a laugh, “It’s not something that’s happening every day.” That’s for sure. Until last year, when Michael Jackson and MTV gave it a jump start, the record business was downright sickly. By Lundvall’s reckoning, none of the majors had started a new mass-market label in a decade. This alone has made the birth of Manhattan a hot topic of discussion on the record scene. So has the ready-made pedigree of Lundvall, a former president of both Columbia and Elektra/Asylum Records and one of the most respected music executives in New York. The name of the label is no accident; Lundvall says; part of its brief is to establish an East Coast presence for Capitol/EMI and to “tap New York talent. We’re signing artists from other parts of the country and the world, but essentially we’re a New York label.”

Old and New: Lundvall’s strong suit is jazz, and jazz will be an important part of the Manhattan repertoire. The company plans to reactivate the Blue Note imprint, long a great name in jazz recordings but dormant since the mid-’70s. Along with new releases by musicians both well known (Stanley Turrentine) and lesser known (guitarist Stanley Jordan), Blue Note will issue digitally remastered versions of old LP’s by Miles Davis, Bud Powell and John Coltrane. On the pop side, Manhattan has signed Brazilian singer Tania Maria and new bands World Sitzienz and The Touch. The company is also banking heavily on songwriter Robbie Neill, who has written for the Pointer Sisters and George Benson, and is readying his first record under his own name. “Quincy Jones was trying to sign him rather desperately,” Lundvall says casually. “But we got him.” Score one for Manhattan, the new kid in town.

Steve’s: The Thrill Is Gone

Since 1973, Boston-area college students have grown accustomed to a special treat: tramping to Somerville, north of Cambridge, and standing in long lines in freezing weather to eat ice cream at Steve’s. The ice cream is fresh, made right in the store, and Steve’s trademark is the “mixin’”: the crew will smooth in almost any goodies you want including M&M’s, granola, crushed Heath bars or peanut-butter cups, among others.

In 1984, the taste is still there, but the thrill is gone. Founder Steve Herrell, tiring of the ice-cream wars, sold the store to a competitor in 1977; in 1983 it was sold again, to Integrated Resources, a New York investment firm that’s traded on the New York Stock Exchange and also vends life insurance and cable TV. You can probably guess what happened next. That’s right—franchising. Now there are 34 Steve’s stores in 10 states and the District of Columbia; 1985 should see the chain’s biggest expansion yet. “By this time next year,” promises marketing VP Jonathan Breiter, “we’ll have at least 100 stores.”

Ambience: The new corporate Steve’s is vigilant about maintaining quality, Breiter says: “There are extensive store checks, and our recipes are followed.” And the ice cream? “Still made fresh on the premises,” Breiter says firmly. “All of it. Every day.” Integrated Resources is just as careful about keeping up Steve’s jivey collegiate ambience. Every store has four essential elements lifted from the flagship in Somerville: a funky hand-lettered menu board, a neon sign, three ice-cream machines and an awning. But when chains cloned a thousandfold, is it still charming? Breiter acknowledges the unenessess of New Englanders who aren’t quite sure if they like seeing Steve’s everywhere they go. Look, Exxon or 7-Eleven. “Part of the philosophy of Steve’s is that you have to go out of your way for it,” concurs Breiter, who himself made the pilgrimage as an undergrad at BU in the ’70s. “So we don’t want to see one on every corner. That’s why we want to max out at only five or six hundred stores, instead of one or two thousand.” Yikes! Come home, Steve.
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