

arts/entertainment

KZUM plans weekend marathon program

By Brian McManus

From Nov. 9 to 18, KZUM radio station will ignore its usual program schedule and have a special marathon program. It will play continuous programs 24 hours a day for the week.

"We are trying to raise money for the station," said station manager Julie Williams. "Except for my salary, which is funded by CETA (Comprehensive Employment Training Act), the station exists solely through volunteers and donations."

The money will be used to pay bills (heat, light, tower and studio rent, insurance, copyright fees and loans), and to help KZUM expand its public affairs programming. One plan for the money is to subscribe to the Pacifica News Service. Williams said that this service covers recent controversial issues and would be an interesting addition to their programming.

SOME MONEY also will be used for a short wave receiver to be attached to their antenna. This will pick up the BBC and other foreign news services.

"We have received permission from the BBC and stations in Moscow, the Netherlands and South Africa to

broadcast their news programs. We feel this will give an interesting perspective to international affairs," Williams said.

Finally, the money also will be applied to the "Buy A Watt" campaign. KZUM is trying to raise money for a power increase to 3000 watts. Currently it is broadcasting at 10 watts.

"Three thousand watts would be enough to get good coverage of the city," Williams said. "Of course, we can't proceed on this until we get permission from the FCC. We'll need about \$15,000 for the power increase. We don't expect to get much from this Marathon for the cause, but hopefully, it will get us started."

The Marathon will feature a wide variety of programming—everything from a recording of Richard Nixon's "Checkers" speech to a program called *Hard Rain*, a critical look at pesticide use in American agriculture. Musically, KZUM will be playing features on Leo Kottke, Todd Rundgren, Frank Zappa, and a set of Irish Music called *Dublin's Finest*. There also will be a program called "Crock of Schlock" featuring the very worst of promotional albums they have been given. Williams said that the station will give these away to any

contributor who is interested.

KZUM ALSO WILL AIR features on such issues as women's topics, nuclear energy and prison reform.

"Although a small group of us decided on most of the format for the Marathon, we always give our volunteers free rein on their programming," Williams said. "This allows for a lot more creativity. You hear a lot of things on our station that you wouldn't hear anywhere else."

Williams could not give a prediction on the amount of money the station is hoping to collect from the Marathon, but said that KZUM is in desperate need of support. "There are a tremendous amount of costs in running even a very small station like this," she said.

Presently, the office doesn't have any heat. The volunteer dress in coats, mufflers and mittens while working.

"Actually, we've managed very well with what we've got," Williams said. "But there is a potential for so much more if we had more public support. I think that the community-based radio station is a great idea. It supplies people with programs that they couldn't get from commercial sources."

Roller-disco fantasy portrays delusions, not reality

By Pete Schmitz

... And I saw Satan laughing with delight,
the day the music died...

—Don McLean

Well, music has not died. At least not yet, and neither have movies, but one would believe otherwise from watching the latest disco flick—*Skatetown U.S.A.*, a film which tries to enhance the stature of vulgarity.

It is easy to tell who is going to win, because Stanley, a nice, white, blond, blue-eyed boy, wants to take the championship away from Ace, the leader of the Westside Wheelers, a menacing gang dressed in black and purple. Of course, Stanley dresses in red and white.

Stan's sister Susan nearly foils his chances for recognition, but thanks to Ace's sister Allison, he can become the great white hero that everyone wants him to be.

But the story really is not important to the director. What he really wants to do is to show that in the disco world one can be anything he or she wants to be. The trip to

the disco ballroom is not supposed to be taken seriously—it is to be looked upon as a fantasy and illusion. But all of it strikes me as being more like a delusion.

In discoland, or *Skatetown* in the film, everything is supposed to seem simple, glittery and funny. But that's not all. There is the promise of flesh. Thus, the viewer is bombarded by closeups of biceps, breasts, and posteriors. There are also interesting shots of restroom doors, which are still separate, but labeled *curves* and *muscles* instead of girls and boys. Need I say any-



thing more on the shoddy sexual politics in this film?

Besides skin and disco, there is an attempt at humor. Some of the brunts of the jokes are an air-brained blond female ticket-taker, a drunk, the house doctor who is a Vietnam veteran, and an assortment of stereotypical prudes.

If you feel badly because you are too old to be admitted to Illusions, Lincoln's

newest disco club for teens, then see *Skatetown U.S.A.* and find out what you are not missing.

For those who think that the movie will offer insight despite itself on disco culture, don't go. Wait for *Saturday Night Fever* or *Looking for Mr. Goodbar* to come back. Although those two features have their problems, the directors are at least in better command of their subject matter.

movie review

In realizing new lows for crass cinema commercialism, this vehicle for trashy music makes its 50s counterpart, *Grease*, look like a thoughtful and intelligent effort.

Its weak and trite story is about a teenage disco hangout owned by a white, aging female—chasing midget and his footloose wife (played by Flip Wilson, who also plays their son Harvey). It is Saturday night, and there is lots of flesh to be seen on the night of the singles and doubles roller skating disco contest.

Like *Star Wars*, there are good and bad guys, and like *Saturday Night Fever*, there are women pawing all over the guys.

Love affair overcomes friends, family and premium gas

By Peg Sheldrick

His name was Ralph. I met him last summer and from the first moment I saw him, I knew I wanted him in a way I'd never wanted anything else. You see, he was my first. I'd never owned a car before.

Oh, he was something to see that first day, glistening beneath the summer sun. He was so tan and so classy. I tried not to look interested, but one glance into those headlights of his and I knew I was lost. I had to have him. Of course, I always was a sucker for a nice chassis.

humor

I knew he was available—and I also knew he'd had others before me, others who hadn't treated him well. But that just made me want him more. I mean, he needed me, or someone like me, who could really appreciate his finer qualities. (Not everyone has the sensitivity to value a really first-rate rear window defogger.) I wanted to help him get over his past.

I knew he was way out of my league, sporty little

import that he was, but I decided to try for him anyway. And wonder of wonders, before I even knew it, he was mine—all mine. I thought this would be the start of a beautiful relationship, that Ralph and I would live happily ever after—but I was wrong.

THE PROBLEMS STARTED when I told my parents about him.

"You did *what*?" exclaimed my father.

"I—I bought a used Audi."

Mother sank weakly into a chair, murmuring, "Oh dear heavens, our own daughter. And it's used."

"Didn't we want you about those foreign cars?" Father shouted. "Didn't we tell you that all they ever want to do is get into your pockets?"

"Father!"

"Don't try to stop me, Mother. I'm going to tell our little girl exactly what she's gotten herself into. This—this—car of yours—it takes premium, doesn't it?"

"Well, yes. But what of it?"

"Young lady, do you have any idea what premium costs these days? Just wait 'til the first time you go to fill that tank. You'll sing a different tune then."

"I've already filled his tank."

"Before it was legally yours?"

"Yes, yes, and I'm not ashamed to admit it."

"What kind of daughter have we raised that would go out and buy gas for a car that isn't even hers yet?" Father covered his face with his hands.

MOTHER SPOKE UP quietly. "It's not just the gas, dear. It's—well, it's just that—nice girls don't drive used cars."

"I'm not a girl anymore, Mother. And I don't care what you two say. I think you're both being terribly provincial. Ralph is my car now, I intend to drive him. You had better get used to it!"

"Alright, Miss Used Foreign Car, go ahead drive the little junk heap!" my father shouted as I ran away in tears. "But don't come crying to me when no decent American garage will do your maintenance!"

It was a nightmare. But I tried to put it out of my mind. Of course my friends weren't any help—they kept bringing up the age difference.

"He's a '72," they'd say. "And this is '79. How much longer do you think he can last?"

I just stopped listening to them. As if age or make made any difference to us! Ralph was mine and that was all that mattered. Nobody had any right or reason to criticize him. Or so I thought.

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