

STELINES

Volume 63, Number 8

Murfreesboro, Tennessee

Wednesday, August 3, 1988

School of Mass Comm receives final approval

By LISA NEWTON
News Editor

At the Friday meeting of the Tennessee Higher Education Commission (THEC) meeting in Memphis, the new School of Mass Communication at MTSU was approved.

The school was accredited and the new building, which will cost \$11 million, was approved in May, 1988.

The school will consist of three departments: the journalism department which will include news-editorial and magazine journalism, advertising and public relations and graphic communications. The department of radio, television and photography will include broadcasting. The third department will be RIM, according to Glenn Himebaugh, professor of journalism.

Vice President of Academic Affairs Robert Corlew explained that it will be another couple of weeks before the interim dean will be announced. President Sam Ingram will have final approval on the dean and the three interim department chairmen recommended by the dean.

Sources in the department of mass communications confirmed that Corlew issued a memo to five department members requesting them to submit a brief summary of their qualifications if interested in serving as interim dean of the school for one year.

Alexander Nagy, chairman of mass communications and Edward Kimbrell, professor of journalism are the only two who have submitted their summaries to Corlew as of Monday.

Dennis O'Neal, professor of broadcasting, said that he would apply when he gets time and Christian Haseleu, head of the recording industry management (RIM) department, has been on vacation but said he is going to talk to a few colleagues before making his decision. He added that he is "somewhat interested".

Geoffrey Hull, professor with the RIM department, withdrew his name from the list because he thought it would be in the best interest of the RIM department due to the small number of faculty.

Corlew said he would like to have the new school in place by fall registration.

Superintendent of HVAC resigns, effective Friday

By KIM HARRIS
Editor

Jack Martin, superintendent of heat and air-conditioning, at MTSU has resigned for a "better job [and] more money."

His resignation will be effective Friday, at which time he will become chief

engineer at the Opryland Hotel.

Martin said he is worried that his resignation will increase the workload within the department.

"Someone is going to have to take up the slack," Martin said. "This will increase the tremendous load

on the people already there."

In addition to outside advertising for his position, Martin said the university will be looking for a Heating, Ventilation and Air-Conditioning (HVAC)

Please see Martin page 2

Housing prepares for fall

By KIM HARRIS
Editor

Admissions for the fall are up 13 percent and Housing is catching the "tail-end" of that increase, Director Ivan Shewmake said yesterday.

The cut-off point for housing applications was three and a half weeks ago for female applicants and two weeks ago for male. Shewmake said housing was filled a month earlier than

usual.

Due to an "abnormally high" female request for housing, MonCharey Hall will be converted from male to female for the fall semester, Shewmake said.

Located in the basement of Monahan Hall, MonCharey was originally female three years ago.

"At that time, the big demand came from the males, now it's the female population," Shewmake said.

"There has been a flip-flop."

The conversion will be easy because the complex was set up with that intention. Housing is still working to clean up the damage done by the basketball camps.

Currently, there is a five percent housing overflow, which Shewmake says is normal.

Please see Housing page 2



Wayne Cartwright/Staff

Campus cosmology

Martha Reed of the MTSU maintenance department weeds out one of the flower beds on campus yesterday afternoon.

INSIDE

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Former Raider fulfills dreams

Ellington Home Ec Building to begin renovation in May

By DEANNA KALAS
Staff Writer

The Ellington Home Economics Building will undergo renovation next year which will cost approximately \$710,000.

"At this point, the plans are not that definite as to the beginning and completion date," Ernestine Reeder, director of the home economics department, said. "The tentative

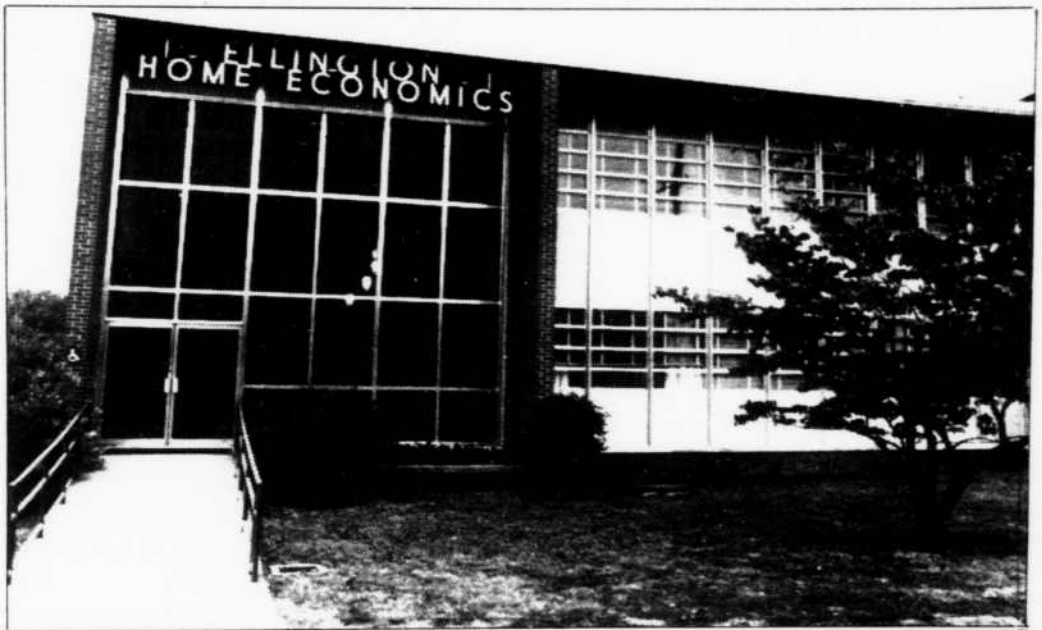
starting date is May of 1989, with completion in January of 1990."

The building, which is located on Tennessee Boulevard, across from Murphy Center, was built 26 years ago, in 1962, and has never been renovated.

Two of the main things to be renovated are the roof and the central air conditioning.

"During the past year," Reeder continued, "the furniture in our foyer stayed moved, with wastebaskets catching the rain. The classrooms have places where the tile is falling out because of the leaking. We also have no central air conditioning."

At this time, no one has been contracted to work on the building.



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EDITORIALS

Bush can be picky about a V.P.

D. BRIAN CONLEY
Bongo's Beat

By now I am sure everyone who has not been a total waste case for the past month or so has heard that Michael Dukakis (Massachusetts' bleeding-heart governor) was nominated for the presidency during the Democratic National Convention.

(By the way, sources inside the convention described it as a "circus.")

In addition, he picked Lloyd Bentsen, a Texas Republican disguising himself as a Democrat to get votes, to be his vice-presidential victim.

Although I consider myself to be a good Republican, I will not dwell on the fact that the Democratic ticket has absolutely no foreign policy experience in a time when this is most crucial to international relations.

I also will not run into the ground the fact that Lloyd Bentsen has tried to peddle his influence in the form of \$10,000 per plate breakfasts. (Can you say unethical?)

People also may be aware that the Vice President of the United States George Bush has clinched the Republican nomination to move up a step in the White House.

But George has not yet picked a running mate. So instead of Democrat-bashing (a fun thing for anyone to do), I will focus on the possible candidates for the veep slot.

Right now, there are five frontrunners and many other favorite sons who are in the race for the worst job in the free world:

The Front runners
Robert Dole
Kansas Senator

Bob Dole is the favorite of one-fifth of the delegates going to the Convention later this month, this according to a *USA Today* survey. He is also a favorite of many leading Republican party leaders.

However, Dole is not the favorite of many Americans nor of Bush. Bush and Dole did not get along very well in the primary process,

which left Bush No. 1 and Dole a flagging second. This is one person who will never believe they can ever get along.

Dole comes across too much as a crusty old man to get elected. ("Bob Dole is to the Republican party as Brett 'The Hit Man' Hart is to pro wrestling," one newspaper columnist has been quoted as saying.)

Don't get me wrong here, Dole knows his stuff about both foreign and domestic policy and would make an excellent president or vice president. He is simply not electable.

However, Dole will help attract the farmers in the Midwest to the ticket.

Another good thing about the Bush/Dole ticket is that they will save millions on printing costs, as they will have the shortest names on any ticket ever.

Jack Kemp
My personal favorite for president (I quickly realized the Rhinoceros ticket of Hunter S. Thompson and Bill Lee would probably never really

get off the ground) is not my fav for the veep.

During the campaign, the New York congressman came across to many voters as dry as Hawkeye Pierce's martinis. He also knows a great deal about government and foreign and domestic policy.

But he will also save printing costs and will be able to make it to the plate when he throws the first pitch at baseball games.

Wait 'til 1992.
Elizabeth Dole
Ex-Transportation Secretary

Yes, she is the wife of Bob. Some of you may remember the Mondale/Ferraro Democratic ticket in 1984 which was handily thrashed by Reagan.

That defeat was due more to the fact Ferraro was an obvious token gesture to overcome Reagan's popularity with women. Dole would not be that.

The ex-transportation secretary knows the hills and dales of Washington like the back of her hand. She is an ex-cabinet member and relates well

with other party leaders. If she were a he, she would be the obvious choice.

I just hope Bush realizes she is also the obvious choice despite her gender. She is one of the better and more exciting politicians in the GOP.

Howard Baker
Former Senator/Chief O' Staff

The former Reagan chief of staff knows a lot about politics and would definitely win Tennessee, but Bush won't pick him. He is associated way too much with Reagan. Besides, his family problems would probably prevent him from running.

Sorry sports fans, he won't be it.

Jeanne Kirkpatrick
Former U.S. Ambassador to the U.N.

She is very knowledgeable about foreign policy. She was the U.S. Ambassador to the United Nations after all, a position which acquainted her with millions of world leaders. However, most Americans view her as the arch-conservative

from hell.

Too conservative. No dice.

The Favorite sons
Lamar Alexander
Surely you know

He doesn't know enough about Washington politics. He is a good speaker and all. I would like to see him as the veep, but he has no name recognition outside of Tennessee.

Besides you can't get the vice presidency by running for it, just ask Jesse Jackson.

Others

California Gov. George Deukmejian has the same problem as Alexander — no name recognition outside of his home state.

In addition, we just got rid of Zbigniew Brezinski which is hard enough to spell.

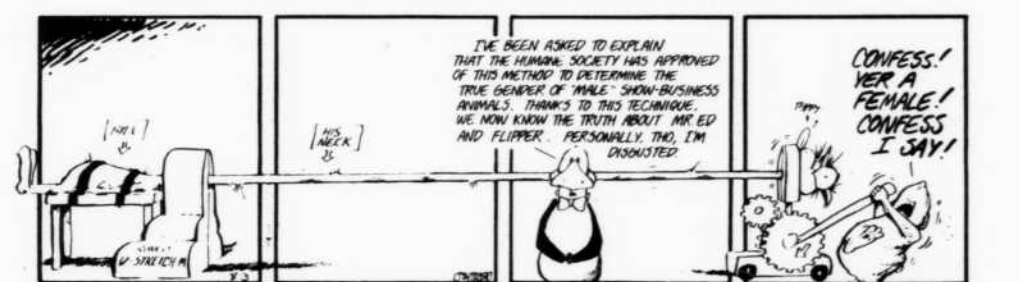
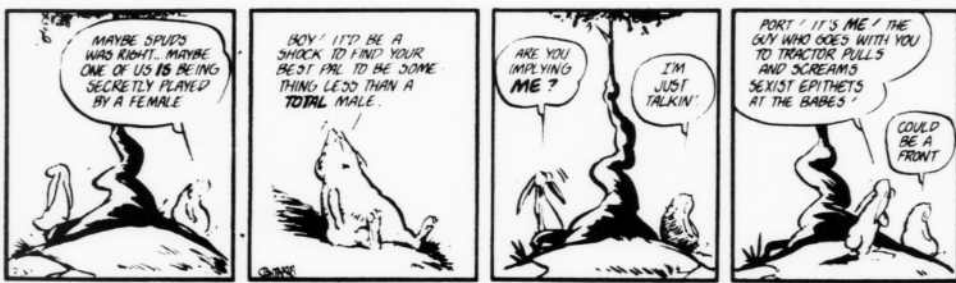
New Jersey Gov. Thomas Keane — see Lamar.

Illinois Gov. Jim Thompson — see Lamar.

As one can see, the obvious ticket is Bush/Dole — Liz, not Bob. She alone has the necessary qualifications to balance the ticket and get Bush into the presidency.

BLOOM COUNTY

by Berke Breathed



LETTERS POLICY

Sidelines policy encourages letters to the editor but must consider publication on the basis of timeliness and space. An attempt will be made to publish every letter received, however this does not guarantee publication.

All letters must include the author's name, MTSU box number and telephone number. Phone numbers will not be published and are for verification purposes only. When warranted, requests to withhold names will be granted.

Sidelines reserves the right to edit all letters for spelling, grammar, length and offensiveness.

Address all letters and inquiries to *Sidelines*, Box 42, or come by Room 310 James Union Building. There is also a letters box located in the University Center Grill.

SIDELINES

KIM HARRIS
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JACKIE SOLOMON
Student Publications Coordinator

Sidelines, Middle Tennessee State University's student newspaper, is published every Wednesday.

Pro/Con:Elvis is either dead or alive

Pro

PRO: "Elvis is alive."
MIKE REED

Major-league
yabo-watcher

"Elvis is everywhere.
Elvis is everything.
Elvis is everybody.
Elvis is still the king.

— Mojo Nixon

Columnists across the nation are having a field day with Elvis Presley. It is not often that column ideas present themselves on a silver platter like this.

I, however, will not go into the various arguments concerning the theory that Elvis is alive. You've all heard about the misspelled tombstone, the missing death certificate, and finally, all those Elvis sightings.

The fact of the matter is that it is none of our business whether he is dead and buried or alive and working in a Taco Bell in south Texas (this location was chosen because it is convenient to downtown Tijuana, or more specifically, Pepe's Casa de Infedelite, where Elvis does two shows on weekends — he performs that spinning-plates-on-a-

Dreams, Dragons, and the A.S.B.

by LUCY MOGENSEN-ERMILLION

Point of Divergence

I had a dream the other night.

Not the kind I would expect from myself — my dreams are usually of the vague and amorphous variety. Not exactly something to talk about.

In my dream, there was a great war. The people of the land had risen up against their own government, the Astral Sociopacho Bugleboys (A.S.B.). The A.S.B. deserved this revolution, of course, for they had gone over to the enemy. Greed and the rush for control had overcome their senses (including their testicles), and they had succumbed to the seductive lures of the great blue beast.

The blue beast was a great and horrible monster. His presence in the kingdom caused the peasants great consternation. This was a particularly poignant disap-

stick trick under the name of Carlos Rauoles and his singing Reeboks).

Now the popular theory behind all of this is that Elvis is dead. Indeed, evidence points to this. Every publication in America had his funeral on the front page. If you think about it, you know that the first thing you would do if you wanted to fake your death is have a funeral. Hmmm.

The gospel according to Mike is this (and remember you read it here first): Elvis is alive and here on campus. There, I said it and I'm not sorry. He is here and I saw him in the library reading a copy of Portuguese Vogue. I knew it was him because of his tell-tale haircut, he moved his lips when he read, he was humming the lyrics to "Love Me Tender," and he was wearing the white "Aloha from Hawaii" jumpsuit.

I started determining my monetary gain from this chance meeting. *Sidelines* would pay big bucks for an Elvis interview. I heard those cash register bells ringing. I leapt over the shelves containing the current copies of *Black Belt* and *Boys Life*, landed in front of him, dropped to one knee, and thrust my hands forward in a classic

Dreams, Dragons, and the A.S.B.

pointment for the peasants, for with the coming of the blue horror, the red dragon who had protected their kingdom, comforted them, and provided them with their bodily needs (such as drink for their parched throats), was driven out of the kingdom.

The blue beast put a terrible spell on the red dragon as well, which prevented the red dragon from returning to his lair until after a year had passed.

The people's only access to the red dragon was through a long and dangerous journey, during which they risked the great peril of food poisoning.

To make matters worse, the blue beast attempted to assuage their anger by trying to provide for their needs as the dragon had done.

Then a great magician came to the kingdom (This, of course, was me. Aren't the real life wimps always the heroes in dreams and

Elvis TCB pose.

He must have been unimpressed because he rolled his eyes back and mumbled "not again." He dropped his magazine and ran down the steps. I ran after him screaming "I love you, man, and I want to hear you sing again."

"No way, man, uh-uh. Can't sing no more, man." He ran out of the library and into the Davis Science Building. I followed him into a classroom where he sat in the back row and unsling his bookbag (a baby-blue Jansport with a sequined cape and a high collar). He then proceeded to take a test in Chemistry 122 (eerie, huh boys and girls). I slipped in beside him and attempted to converse while taking the exam.

"People are always asking me, uh, where I'm livin', uh, actually I can't say.

—From "The Elvis Tape" submitted by Gail Brewer-Georgio with her piece of trip book *Is Elvis Alive*

Dreams, Dragons, and the A.S.B.

fairytale?). The magician knew a way by which to drive out the blue beast (allowing the red dragon to return when the spell had dissipated), and would get the message to the A.S.B. as well.

The magician's plan was simple. It involved only a simple commitment on the part of the peasant population. The plan was to ignore the blue beast. The magician had ascertained that without a steady diet of a common alloy and plenty of love and affection, the blue beast could not live.

If the people refused to feed the beast, and refused

"Why did you fake your death, E?", I whispered.

"ah.ah. I needed too, 'man, uh, what's the atomic weight of carbon?"

"12. Tell me, E, if you are alive, who talked to Wayne Newton? Why is he singing your songs?"

"He's a no-good, sawed-off has-been who can only play Las Vegas and the USO tour. Uh, what's the answer to number 17, man?"

"Uh, PV equals nRT. Are you happy now?"

"No way, man, I can't understand this Ideal Gas Law."

"That's not what I meant. How do you feel about being out of the limelight?"

"Am I?"

"No, I guess not. Do you live on campus?"

"Yeah, man, me and my roommate Buddy Holly live in Judd."

What have we learned today, boys, girls, and chimpanzees? Elvis is alive, it is none of our business, and (with my help) he understands the Ideal Gas Law.

Con

CON: "Elvis is dead"
CHRIS BELL
Nightmare extraordinaire

to even notice its presence, the beast would be forced out within a year. Then the A.S.B. would be forced to fall once again on the mercy of red dragon, and would learn that profit is not always a clear-cut goal that can be easily reached by inhumane calculations.

Though some were a little wary of the idea of letting needs go unfulfilled until the time of the red dragon's returning, other's were eager to see the blue beast's end. The common cry of the people became "We shall drink water!"

There was much rejoicing.

Elvis Presley is dead.

Dead, dead, dead. Leave the poor guy alone. America made him bear its national neurosis when he was alive and now they just can't quit. The Build-A-Messiah Kit No. 101 — Elvis Presley. Take our sins away.

"It's Alive!!"
—Frankenstein — 1933

[To the tune of "Don't Be Cruel."]

Well, you know I can be found,

Six feet underground.

Why won't you get it though your head,

I'm really, really dead.

(Chorus 1)

I'm a corpse,

I'm D.O.A.

I'm not hiding out until,

I can come back

Another day.

Jim Morrison and I,

Both did really die.

We're not working in a Taco

Bell,

Though we just might be in hell.

(Chorus 2)

I'm a stiff,

I'm stone cold dead.

You can quit this shuck and jive,

Because I'm really gone

And not alive.

©1988, Another Dead King Music.

If you want a dead rock-messiah try Frankie Lyman or Bobby Darian. As a matter of fact I think it's Bobby pretending to be Elvis who told Wayne Newton to relive Elvis' life in a kind of afterlife practical joke.

Quit living in the past. This is the ugly underbelly of America shown to the world. Get off it. He's dead, he'd dead, he's dead, he's dead!

The '50s are over. The '60s are over. Yes, even the '70s are over. Do something new that doesn't hinge on the end of the world or a constant recycling of trash. History isn't over yet.

But I'm still going to Graceland next week for the "Elvis Week" celebrations.

See you there.

You're smart enough to calculate the size of a Hydrogen atom.

And you're still smoking?

Department of Health & Human Services



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EVERETT

Brian Wilson finally reaches '67

By CHRIS BELL
Staff Writer

Brian Wilson
Brian Wilson
Sire/Reprise/Warner Bros.

Brian Wilson Story No. 1 - Sometime in the early '80s, when I was still in high school and there still seemed to be a chance that the Jam and the Clash would take over the world, I saw the Beach Boys in concert for the first time.

My mom was working the first aid station so I got in free and had a paramedic push me to the first row in a wheelchair. It's not that I couldn't walk, it was just the easiest way to get past the guards. The opening act was some comic (the loud guy who uses the megaphone). I've since figured out they did that because they knew any half-smart group of drug addicts could have blown them off the stage.

When the Beach Boys did take the stage, it was the entrance of Brian Wilson that made the greatest impact on me. Two men led him to the piano and sat him down then returned two hours later to lead him offstage.

While Brian seemed to actually play the piano and sing, it was hard to be sure since there were about 30 backup musicians on stage. He could have been playing chopsticks for all I could tell.

Since I was so close to the stage, I could get a pretty good look at his face. He was coming off his human whale stage at the time, so he looked o.k. Except for his eyes.

There are lots of vacant looks in eyes. There's the look RIM groupies have at Mainstreet, you know, knock, knock — nobody home. There's the look I have in the morning until I have about 5 cups of tea and a liter of Coke. There's that look people who actually study get after about 5 hours with a math textbook.

But the look in Brian Wilson's eyes was different. I've only seen it in people who've been to hell and back. I'm dramatizing the situation somewhat but that's the best way I know to describe it. It scared the hell out of me.

Brian Wilson is probably best known as the founder and main creative force behind the Beach Boys, so it's no surprise that his first solo album sounds just like them.

Just like their mid-'60s work, to be precise. This is probably because for all practical purposes, the mid-'60s were the last time Brian Wilson was anywhere close to being a functioning human being. Drugs, clinical schizophrenia and more drugs reduced him from one of the greatest pop songwriters in the world to [according to a story in the latest issue of *Rolling Stone*] a rich, overweight mental case writing a song for each Big Mac his brother Dennis would give him.

REVIEW

We're talking classic American horror story. As a matter of fact, Deirdre Davis, production goddess, said she heard Satan in the background of one of the new songs while it was playing in the newsroom. While I didn't hear Satan, or even Jimmy Page, the record's total effect is pretty damn spooky.

The lyrical content is the permanent-late-adolescent stance of Beach Boys songs like "Wouldn't it be Nice," "Caroline No" and "Good Vibrations." As a matter of fact, it's not too much of a simplification to say the record sounds like lost tapes from the 1966 *Pet Sounds* sessions. There's little or no difference in the music.

Reportedly, Brian did all the music and most of the voices for *Pet Sounds*, so that's no surprise. He wrote or co-wrote all the songs and with the advancements in musical technology Wilson is credited with "Piano, Organ, Keyboards, Emulator, Vibes, Bells, Chimes, Glockenspiel, Percussion, Sound Effect," and a host of vocals.

This isn't to say it's a one-man show. Andy Paley sang, played most of the guitars, co-wrote and co-produced several of the songs. Michael Bernard is credited with extra synths and drums, and a host of other musicians are listed in tiny type (including more than 10 "programmers" and a credit for "footsteps." Jeff Lynne of ELO, Eliot Easton of the Cars, Christopher Cross and Terence Trent D'Arby are also listed but I'll be damned if I can hear them).

But the sound is still pure Beach Boys. And when you hear Brian single-handedly pay tribute to/recreate the band

on a cappella "One for the Boys," you realize that he is the Beach Boys.

Brian Wilson Story No. 2 - The second time I saw the Beach Boys was at Starwood last summer. I was in the V.I.P. Section of the pavilion due to a girlfriend's job with a major record company. Needless to say from the attitude displayed, both the girlfriend and the tickets were soon a thing of the past.

The band came out on time (an all too rare event in rock 'n' roll) but immediately pissed me off. Once again there was an army of background musicians. But this time, no Brian Wilson. Instead, it was two hours of Mike Love and his obnoxious mouth.

The crowd didn't care, they were just there to relive the past. The music of the band had no more significance to them beyond: "Hey, I heard that song the first time I got (drunk, laid, stoned, arrested, etc....)." They were just looking for a memory trigger and they got it.

I should have been glad that I didn't have to see "Dawn of the Living Dead Beach Boy," but I was pissed off that Wilson wasn't there. Of course he hasn't toured regularly with the band since the early '60s (trivia question — who replaced him in the touring band? Glen Campbell! No joke.), but I was still hoping to see him on stage — looking like he knew what was going on.

Of course in that sense, Brian was my memory trigger. I just wasn't as much of a happy camper as the rest of the crowd. So I sat there, bitched and drank my iced tea (Starwood is the rip-off palace, but they have great iced tea for some reason). A really bad evening.

So what's the point? This album scares me. It sounds great — incredible to be exact — but it's an artifact out of time. Brian Wilson came back from madness to deliver an album that cost \$1 million and sounds like...the Beach Boys.

Something is wrong here. It's like meeting a friend you haven't seen in 10 years only to find that he hasn't changed at all. Not one bit. This is the moral to some kind of cautionary fairy tale, but I'll be damned if I want to deal with it right now.

Don't buy this album unless you're itching to feel bad about the past or too stupid to care. Brian Wilson sold his soul to tell us what he felt in the '60s, but that doesn't mean we have to watch the devil collect.

No huzzahs for Harry in the "Pool"

By HOSS CARTWRIGHT
Editorial Editor

I have a dream. I have a dream that most movie-goers will remember Clint Eastwood's classic role as "Dirty Harry" from the 1971 film *Dirty Harry*, the first in the series of five "Dirty Harry" flicks. I'll even settle for the 1983 hit *Sudden Impact*.

But since people more easily recall the more recent films, I have to do deal with reality — that everyone who has seen the latest "Dirty Harry" picture, *The Dead Pool*, will remember a Harry who wasn't that dirty, and a film that wasn't worth a matinee price.

Eastwood stars as San Fran Homicide Detective Harry Callahan, who investigates a series of murders linked to a list of celebrities' names on a sheet of paper. Being in recent media, Harry's name is also on the list. The list is part of a game called "The Dead Pool", which is begun by film workers guessing which of San Fran's celebs will die within a year.

Here's why I wasn't thrilled with this "action-packed thriller".

1. Harry really wasn't dirty. Most of the bad guys that he killed was with one or two shots from his Smith&Wesson

— nothing brutal at all.

2. Harry's sarcastic lines, what few there were, weren't even funny. At least Stallone had a couple funny ones in *Rambo III*, which I hate to admit seeing.

3. Every picture supposedly has a hot babe, but not this one — she's barely even cute. Patricia Clarkson stars as a streetwise TV reporter, who doesn't even kiss Harry. Why? Why put a babe in an allegedly violent movie, if there's no romance. To tease the audience, that's why.

4. The plot, although an interesting concept, was shallow enough for this to be called "The Dead Wading Pool". The audience was not introduced to the killer's character until halfway through the film. OK, so nobody ever said these kinds of movies had to have plot and character development.

5. The most thrilling scene is not the harpoon-climax at the end, but the high-speed car chase between Harry, in an unmarked cop car, and a 2-inch-high toy Corvette, remote-controlled and explosively loaded by the psychotic killer. This scene is oddly more funny than anything.

All-n-all, the film is extremely mediocre. Go see Bruce Willis' latest flick *Die Hard* instead.



"Dirty" Harry Callahan pauses while reading his fortune to deal with intruding robbers who have interrupted his meal at a Chinese restaurant.

Willis flick better than billing, Die Hard actually has story to tell

By DOUG STULTS
Entertainment Writer

In the era of Schwarzenegger and Stallone's competing bodybag carnivals, "action-thrillers" have fallen into a frenetic yet formulaic rut. Just how many ways can Arnie and Sly kick their victims off a cliff? And how many cameras can be suspended from the sides of a ravine to record these touching moments? Not enough, apparently.

Die Hard is one of those films that turned out to be a tad better than its production company expected, and Twentieth Century Fox's promotion department is doing their utmost to correct this mistake. They are advertising the flick as a rollicking adventure that delivers round after round of comforting gunfire and hearseloads of dead bodies.

All the obligatory murder and mayhem occurs in the context of an actual plot, God forbid, and it is hoped that the producers will snap to their senses and trim away the nonviolent sequences when *Die Hard* premieres in video format.

A properly condensed action film should contain nothing but rotating close-ups of wunderkinder filleting each other with H&K MP-5, nine-millimeter sub-machine guns. I could watch that all day.

When West German terrorists commandeer the Nakatomi Building, taking as hostages the only 30 people remaining on Christmas Eve, they neglect to corral the visiting Bruce Willis, who as usual, plays the character of Bruce Willis.

Pistol-packing Bruce overhears group leader Hans Gruber (Alan Rickman) tell a Nakatomi official that his henchmen don't want money, they just want to punish Nakatomi for the corporation's pervasive greed.

More Robin Hood lyrics like that and a few audience members might have been persuaded to cheer for the villains in this one.

Alas, all the Big Talk melts to small talk, falling by the wayside along with the hundreds of glass partitions that pop up everywhere and shatter immediately when Bruce and the bad guys start swapping automatic weapons fire.

Alexander Gudunov plays the resident heavy, Gruber's

first mate. Besides returning Jason-like from a few near-death experiences, Gudunov spends most of his screen time stalking around. When he's not stalking around, he's frowning and crushing things with his Steyr Aug assault rifle. And he does it well.

German is a popular language here, spoken by guys running about and yelling "Mach schnell!" at each other while they install plastique, detonators and all that good stuff.

Every terrorist has a bomb and the one sculpted by the Gruber gang is a doozie. Not every terrorist movie has five or six concurrent subplots weaving in and out of the flux.

Aside from the "Nyal Nyal You can't catch me!" chase scenes carried out in the building's unoccupied upper floors, there is a plethora of supporting material. For starters, juggle an ongoing bid to break Nakatomi's computer code, a betrayal by one of the hostages, a hapless rescue attempt by the L.A.P.D. and other nefarious plot thickening.

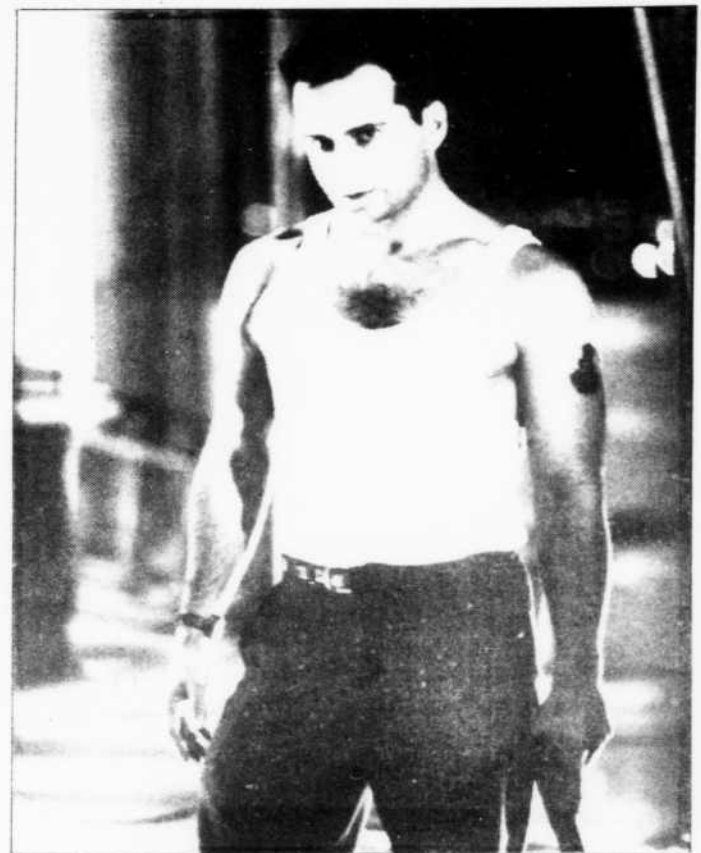
Alan Rickman as Gruber hands in the film's best performance. His range, blending a technocratic managing style with a sheer pleasure for doing naughty deeds, places him above rival antagonists such as the villains found in the James Bond films.

Much of the interaction among characters happens via the airwaves.

Willis' prime radio link is the trusting Sergeant Al Powell. Willis and Powell trade anecdotes and forge an instant friendship while Willis takes a breather of ambushing those nasty krauts. Their relationship bears traces of honesty and believability and should therefore be edited ruthlessly if the producers wish to propel *Die Hard* into the first rank of macho filmmaking.

Fox calls Willis' role as John McClane "a dramatic turn unlike anything he has previously done," and director McTiernan has said that the film noir lighting makes "McClane a memorable character, not unlike Bogart in 'The African Queen.'"

What this means is that Willis sits around in semi-darkness a lot, trying to act less like his *Moonlighting* self than normal.



Bruce Willis stalks down terrorists in the well-crafted action flick *Die Hard*.

Die Hard is not an important film, although it may establish new technical standards in its genre. If you like a dose of 007 slapdash mixed in with your Schwarzenegger, *Die Hard* is recommended.

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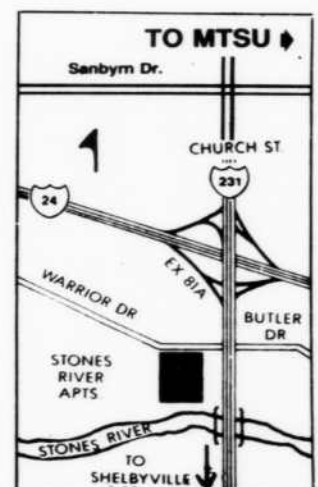
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SPORTS



Tony Stinnett
Sports Editor

Raiders have ingredients to take it all in '88

When the OVC Media Day began Tuesday in Nashville at the Hyatt Regency, it was a day in which nothing had changed.

For the seventh consecutive year, Eastern Kentucky was selected by fellow coaches to win the league.

While ECU may have been the favorite, MTSU was a close second, gaining 34 points. ECU had 36.

This could very well be the year that MTSU could turn things around and once again put themselves on a pedestal as one of the premier teams in the conference.

After back-to-back 6-5 seasons the Raiders have the ingredients to win the conference for the first time since 1985 and only the second time in 23 years.

During the mid-80's MTSU was the team to beat in the OVC.

In 1984 they won 11 games and went to the Division I-AA semi-finals.

In 1985 the Raiders were an astonishing 11-0 during the regular season and ranked number one in the I-AA polls.

Just when it seemed as though MTSU coach Boots Donnelly had built an empire, the potential dynasty collapsed.

Back-to-back 6-5 seasons put the Raiders on a scale of mediocrity.

This season the Raiders will field one of the best defenses the league has seen in quite some time.

That will be the reason MTSU will win the OVC and once again give Raider followers a chance to believe in the program.

The return of a healthy Marvin Collier will be another key in the drive, and he is back to 100 percent.

Predictions: MTSU — OVC champs, 9-2 overall. Offensive Player of the Year: Marvin Collier. Defensive Player of the Year: Kenny Tippens.

It's ECU, again!

Colonels pegged to repeat

NASHVILLE (AP) — For the seventh season in succession, Eastern Kentucky has been picked as the team to beat in the battle for the Ohio Valley Conference football championship.

The Division I-AA Colonels were the first-place choice of four of the league's seven coaches in a poll released Tuesday at the OVC's annual preseason meeting.

Eastern Kentucky shared the title with Youngstown

State last season as the Colonels compiled a 9-3 record, made their eighth trip in nine years to the I-AA playoffs and finished the year ranked seventh nationally.

Two All-OVC players, running back Elroy Harris and defensive end Jessie Small, return to the Colonels for Roy Kidd's 25th season as head coach.

Middle Tennessee was a close second in the poll, picking up three first-place votes and a total of 32 points

to Eastern Kentucky's 34-point total.

The Blue Raiders were 6-5 in 1987 and return 13 starters, nine on defense.

Middle Tennessee is the only team since 1981 to keep Eastern Kentucky out of first place at the end of the season. The Blue Raiders won the OVC crown in 1985.

Murray State was third in the voting with 27 points followed by Tennessee State (20), Tennessee Tech (15), Morehead State (12)

and Austin Peay (7).

Six players were chosen to repeat their All-OVC performances of the 1987 season in a poll of both coaches and the league's sports information directors.

Middle Tennessee led the preseason All-OVC pack with eight selections: fullback Wade Johnson, quarterback Marvin Collier, defensive lineman Jack Pitman, defensive end Kenny Tippens, linebacker Don Thomas, defensive

backs Tommy Barnes and Dejuan Buford and punter Chuck Daniel.

Murray State place seven players on the preseason squad: running back Michael Davis, center Marshall Sills, offensive linemen Richard Watson and Eric Crigler, defensive linemen Lance Golden and Jim Murphy and linebacker Tony Clark.

Morehead State, Tennessee Tech and Austin Peay each placed two players on the team.

Former Raider Cherry fulfilling life-long dream

By TONY STINETT
Sports Editor

Former MTSU football player Bill Cherry, now beginning his third season in the NFL ranks with the Green Bay Packers, has a story that should be told at every level of the sports

world and life in general.

His story is not your usual success story — an athlete has an outstanding college career, goes pro and signs a 10-year contract and makes a happy life for himself.

That is not the Bill

Cherry story.

Cherry's story is much different. His story is about an uphill struggle to make it to the big time.

There were several years of heartache and frustration, and at times Cherry felt as if there was no reason to seek out his childhood dream of playing professional football.

But Cherry had a unique quality within himself — a quality to drive to the goal he had set for himself until that goal was achieved — and he never quit.

Coming out of his final year as an MTSU offensive lineman, Cherry weighed 235 pounds. He was too small to play pro football as an offensive lineman.

"I had always entertained thoughts of playing pro ball someday," Cherry said. "But I knew I was not big enough when I finished playing college ball. I got into lifting weights, not because of football, but it made me feel better about myself. I got up to 275 and decided that I wanted to try out."

That's when things got tough for the determined Cherry. He was in good shape and felt he had the size to play for a professional team, but there was one problem.

There weren't any teams that wanted him.

When the Memphis Showboats were given a team in the United States Football League, Cherry went for a try-out.

"I went to Memphis to try out and really surprised myself," Cherry said. "I was competing against guys from Tennessee and Notre Dame and so forth, and I was as good as they were. I felt good about myself and my performance, but I eventually got cut."

Still, Cherry didn't give up.

Tampa Bay brought him to camp shortly after he was cut from the Showboats, but that, too, turned out to be another time of frustration.

"Tampa Bay picked me up for a couple of weeks, but they couldn't decide what they wanted to do with me, so I just asked them to let me go home and they did," Cherry said. "They called back, but they ended up cutting me."

Cherry continued to work out on a daily basis, still hoping that some day he would achieve his life-long dream.

After a few months Cherry went to MTSU football coach Boots Donnelly and told him that he wanted another chance.

"Coach Donnelly told me that the odds were against me since I had been out of football for a couple of years, but he let me try out with the seniors when the scouts came in," Cherry said. "He opened the doors for me and got the ball in motion."

The scouts liked what

they saw, and all of a sudden things were in a new perspective for Cherry.

There was some interest in him from the Seattle Seahawks and the Cincinnati Bengals, but the Packers showed a great deal of interest in Cherry, and for good reason.

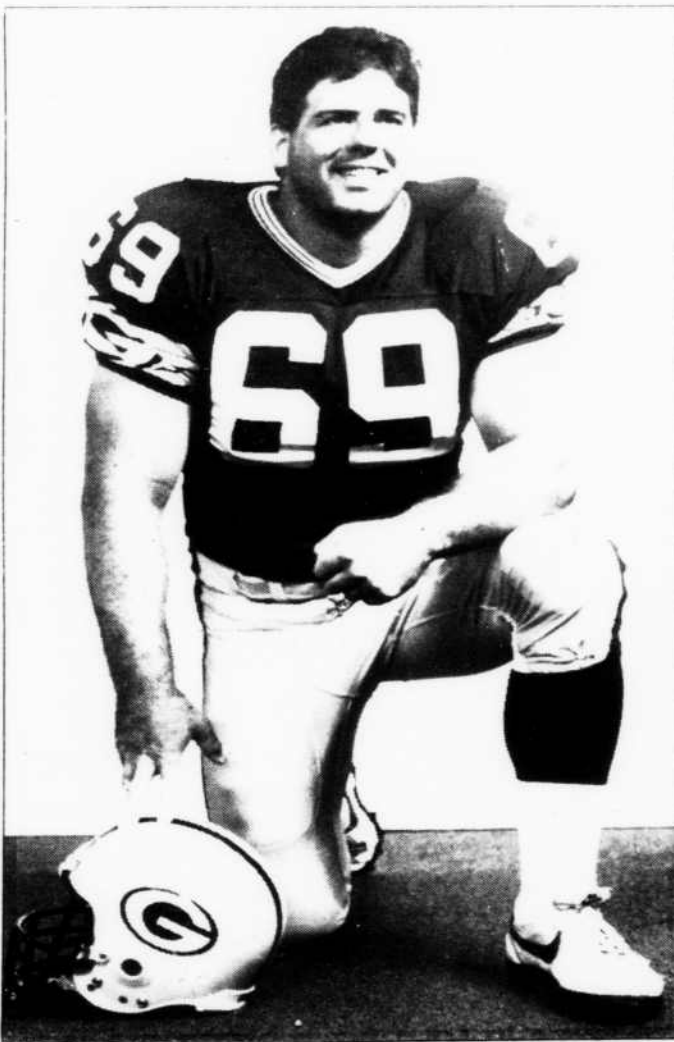
Green Bay was without a center. One had retired due to injuries, and the other retired when he got accepted to law school at Harvard.

"They (Green Bay) let me try out, and they went on to sign me to a contract," Cherry said. "Signing the contract was an accomplishment within itself. I had tried for so long, and at times I felt like giving up. But my wife, who was my fiancée at the time, never let me quit. She always pushed me. Emotionally, there was some tough times. I had given up after the USFL folded, but my wife kept me heading in the right direction. She always stood behind me."

Suddenly there was a whole new world opened before Cherry's eyes. After two years of disappointing letdowns, he was finally where he wanted to be — playing for a professional football team.

Cherry has a sign that hangs in his locker which typifies the type of athlete that he is. It reads, "I love this game so much I would do it for free — unfortunately, they know it."

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Living in a dream world...

Former MTSU offensive lineman Bill Cherry will be starting his third year in the NFL ranks with the Green Bay Packers this season, thus fulfilling his childhood dream to play pro ball.