

STORIES

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Murfreesboro, Tennessee

Wednesday, July 20, 1988



Wayne Cartwright•Staff

*All play,
no work*

These children seem oblivious to the busy college life as they enjoy funning and sunning in the Family Housing area.

Wayne Cartwright•Staff



MTSU Affirmative Action close to 6.9 percent goal

By LISA NEWTON
News Editor

The Affirmative Action office will almost reach its goal of 6.9 percent for hiring black faculty when 11 new faculty members join the MTSU faculty this fall.

"In the fall, we will have 500 faculty [members]. Thirty-four of those will be black, which is 6.8 percent," Phyllis Montgomery, the Affirmative Action officer at MTSU, said.

This large number is part of a special effort put forth by the university in compliance with a desegregation mandate.

"This is the largest number of black faculty, to the best of my knowledge, ever hired [by MTSU] in one year," Montgomery said.

President Ingram went on record as saying that every effort would be made to meet the goals as set by court order to meet the deadline.

The court closely monitors all public higher education in Tennessee to make sure the mandate is complied with.

According to Montgomery, there is an emphasis across the country to increase minority hiring, which makes it "very competitive in terms of salaries and teaching loads and all the things that affect people who want to go into teaching."

The upper management goal for hiring blacks is 11.1 percent. MTSU has three blacks in upper management, but three more are needed to fulfill the goal. With 50 people in this group, six out of that would be 12 percent.

Ted White of Minority Affairs, Rosemary Owens, dean of Continuing Education and John Harris of the Disabled Students office are three blacks in upper management.

Montgomery said reaching the goal of 11.1 percent will take time. Upper management is aware of the need to increase black presence at that level. She explained "that upper management is a group of individuals in which there is very little turnover. Three openings would be a big deal."

The Affirmative Action office was created in the early '70s as the result of an executive order by Lyndon Johnson. Affirmative Action was considered to be a step beyond the Equal Opportunity Employment legislation.

Equal Opportunity means all potential employees have equal access to programs and to employment.

"The fine line of distinction" between Equal Opportunity and Affirmative Action is that the latter goes beyond equal access and makes an effort to recruit blacks, women and other minorities.

Montgomery said the Affirmative Action office has two types of goals in their business: desegregation goals, which are in response to a court order, and an "on-going, long-term, pervasive Affirmative Action goal."

The following is a list and short description of each of the 11 black faculty members as of fall semester:

Connie Wade, who will join the elementary education department as an assistant, will come here from the Campus School, which is part of the Rutherford County School System.

After completion of his degree from Brown University, Thaddeus Smith will enter MTSU as an assistant in the history department.

Jocelyn Irby will be with the developmental studies program. She will come here from the Nashville Technological Institute.

Bonnie Sharp will come from Motlow, a State Board of Regents institution in Tulsa, where she was a faculty member.

William Butler, Jr. from Murfreesboro will have a permanent contract here after teaching temporarily a year ago.

Robin Crossing has also taught here previously. She is from Nashville and will be an assistant in the Management and Marketing department.

Elizabeth Sebree will be a clinical teaching assistant in nursing. She has worked at St. Thomas Hospital in Nashville and Austin Peay in Clarksville.

Paulette Taylor from Nashville will be an instructor in developmental studies.

Leonard Foy will be an instructor in the music department. He has just received his degree from Indiana University.

Ron Claxton will come to the art department as an instructor. He has taught at MTSU in the past.

Jeanne Massaquoi was a secretary in the biology department and then entered MTSU's Black Staff development program through the desegregation grant. Massaquoi will join the faculty of developmental studies this fall after receiving her degree in counseling through the Black Staff program.

Pavilion names first manager

By DEANNA KALAS
Staff Writer

A man from Arizona was recently named the first manager of the MTSU Livestock Pavilion.

Bruce James Currie, 25, began his job on June 20.

Currie's main responsibilities include making sure the stalls and pens are clean and the set-ups are ready. He is also responsible for scheduling events.

"It's a lot of pressure, but

I knew what I was getting into," Currie said. "I like this kind of work. I like dealing with the livestock industry. Most of the pressure I bring on myself."

Currie is originally from Arizona, where most of his family still reside.

"Here, I guess you'd call it living out in the country," Currie said, "but there I lived out in the desert . . . I lived around two or three

big ranches."

Currie worked for a man in Arizona who owned land with his brother in Columbia, KY. At the age of 18, he decided to move to Columbia to work. He attended Lindsey Wilson College for two years and earned his associate's degree in agriculture.

Currie also has a bachelor's degree in agriculture from Western

Kentucky University, where he was an assistant at the Agriculture Exposition Center.

"When I had been at Western for two-and-a-half years, I told the manager that when he quit I'd be the first in line for the job," Currie laughed. "Then I came up here and applied, and got the job."

Currently, there are not many people employed at the pavilion. Currie's wife, Kay, and two others do the

majority of the work. The horse manager also helps out.

Currie explained that when school starts in the fall, he will have about five students working to clean up and set up for events.

"The more people we can get in here to help the livestock industry and to help MTSU itself," said Currie, "the more we can help everybody."

The pavilion includes a fully air-conditioned and

heated arena which seats about 5,000 people. "A lot of arenas aren't air-conditioned," explained Currie.

"They may be heated, but there is usually no air-conditioning."

The building also includes space for cattle, stalling facilities for horses, pens for hogs and sheep, an exercise and warm-up ring, and a sales ring.

Please see Pavilion page 3



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Bruce Currie, first manager of the MTSU Livestock Pavilion, leans on a railing around the arena which seats about 5,000 spectators. The complex includes space for cattle, stall space for horses and pens for hogs or sheep.

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Pavilion from page 2

Currie is presently preparing for upcoming events which include the Tennessee Valley Paso Fino Owners' and Breeders' Association Horse Show. This will be held July 22 and 23 at 10 a.m., and July 24 at 9 a.m. The horse show is free and open to the public.

Other events scheduled in July and August include the Mid-South Santa Gertrudis Junior and Open Shows, July 30; the Tennessee Polled Hereford Show, August 6; and the Walking Horse Owners' Association International Horse Show, August 8-13.



Michael Johnson • Staff

Construction is underway for the new parking lot behind J and K apartments. Recreation fields and this lot are being relocated to build the new mass comm building.

*Recreation site
relocated due to
comm building*

By DEANNA KALAS
Staff Writer

The MTSU campus recreation fields will be relocated, due to the construction of the new mass communications building.

Glenn Hanley, director of campus recreation, said the new fields will be moved into the horses' pasture in the southwest area of campus, near J and K apartments and family housing. The fields will be

located next to the new parking lot, which is under construction where the gardens used to be.

The leveling of the fields is expected to begin in late July or early August. They should be completed by fall, when the construction of the new mass communications building will begin.

The new building was approved at the June meeting of the State Board of Regents.

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 Al Chamel, Jonella H
 Al Oqdah, Rahadain
 Al-Othman, Foad J
 Alwan, Nabeela
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 Alfieri, Tracey C
 Allison, Marlie M
 Allison, Marlie M
 Allison, Rebecca L
 Alliston, Russell D
 Anderson, Alvin B
 Anderson, Robert L
 Anderson, Robert L
 Anderson, Robert W
 Anderson, Cheryl A
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 Argo, John
 Arnold, Brian R
 Arnold, Melissa L
 Asinberg, Thelma J
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 Baker, Joseph A
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 Banks, Randall R
 Barbee, Theresa
 Barbee, Theresa
 Barnett, Carla M
 Barnett, Carla M
 Barnett, Amy C
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 Barnett, Katrina A
 Baxa, Robert A
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 Bedard, Robert
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 Belton, Charles T
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 Bennett, Traci R
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 Billington, Amy K
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 Black, James R
 Black, Kimberly E
 Black, Kimberly E
 Blackman, Sandra
 Blackman, Linda S
 Blaser, Kevin J
 Black, Robert
 Blackwood, James M
 Blevins, Melissa A
 Bollinger, Norbert C
 Bolton, Nora J
 Bon, Robert
 Bonson, Gregory W
 Bowden, Theron L
 Bowling, James E
 Bradford, George F
 Bradford, George F
 Brantley, Susan A
 Brantley, Susan A
 Brown, Jennifer A
 Brown, John D
 Brown, Robert
 Brinker, Laura E
 Britte, Don Wanda
 Brown, Craig A
 Brown, Craig A
 Brown, Keith R
 Brown, Rhonda E
 Brown, Sandra J
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 Buchheit, Jack T
 Bulfinch, Kimberly A
 Bunker, Kristina A

Denton, Thomas F
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 Burkhalter, Elizabeth
 Burns, David L
 Burns, Richard B
 Burns, Robert
 Burke, William D
 Burr, Eric J
 Burch, John H
 Burch, William
 Bush, Jeffrey S
 Butler, Connie R
 Butler, John T
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 Byrd, David
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 Callahan, Jennifer B
 Canessa, Eva T
 Canessa, William V
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 Carroll, Stacie L
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 De Berry, Claireann E
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 Dean, Veronica
 Decker, Maria J
 Decker, Jeffrey B
 Dewett, Nixie D
 Dewett, Jerry D
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 Derueberry, Daniel F
 Derueberry, David M
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 Dixon, Richard A
 Dixon, Robert A
 Dismore, William
 Doss, Lina D
 Dowell, Paul T
 Dozier, Donald L
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 Duce, Douglas D

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Flakey, Joyce A
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Garner, Tangelia M
Gas, Regenta M
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Gifford, Michelle S
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Walker, Carl
Walker, Jacques
Wallace, Elizabeth
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Warren, Lisa
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Wells, Robert
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EDITORIALS

Diesel fire ignites reader's interest

Dear Editor,

The *Sidelines* article on the recent diesel fire on the campus trash pit exposed an issue which I believe demands further investigation. As you reported, Mr. Herman Barker, of the MTSU Maintenance Department, claims the amount of diesel fuel involved in the fire was 'just enough' to ignite the trees and dead wood in the pit.

I saw that fire - and I believe the amount of diesel fuel was more than 'just enough.' Anyone who saw the huge, black churning column of smoke which hung in the sky that afternoon could tell something was very wrong!

I was so concerned I called all over campus that afternoon, protesting the fire. When Security told me Maintenance was burning diesel fuel, my first thoughts were:

"Why? Why would someone waste fuel by openly burning it? And don't they know about the environmental dangers involved?"

The MTSU Department of Safety and Environmental Science shared my concern, and referred me to Mr. Barker in Maintenance. But my repeated calls to Maintenance that day and for the next several days could not reach Mr. Barker in his office.

I've talked with many people since then about the fire. I was just so alarmed someone would actually order diesel fuel to be burned like that! And I found many other people who were concerned, too.

One reliable source told me the diesel fuel had come from the heating plant after some water had leaked into the tank. But instead of waiting for the diesel to settle on top of the water, where it could be drained off and safely used again, Mr. Barker ordered the entire tank drained. Over several days, this fuel was hauled and dumped into the trash pit.

A second reliable source saw the pit in the days before the fire, and says the fuel looked to be about a

foot deep.

A third reliable source told me Mr. Barker did not follow the usual procedure in getting permission from the Murfreesboro Fire Department to burn the fuel. I called the Fire Department to question this, and found out that although Maintenance did call to request permission to burn, they did not mention diesel fuel would be involved. The Fire Department assumed Maintenance would be burning brush, as usual, and informed me that if they had known diesel fuel would be involved, they would have inspected the site before giving maintenance permission to burn.

I've also heard that maintenance workers know the truth behind this fire, but feel too intimidated to speak up! They fear they will lose their jobs.

Since the fire, the pit has been filled and leveled, and fires are no longer permitted on the site.

I've seen the trash which was dumped into the pit - old broken furniture, met-

als, plastic, wood, old rugs, weeds, and brush. Environmentalists say burning such a combination of materials can produce dioxins and can release toxic metals into our air and our soil, possibly contaminating our water supplies. The burning of fossil fuels is known to be a major source of many of the world's pollution problems.

The really sad part is that all of this controversy could have been prevented had Mr. Barker consulted a waste management program on safely disposing of this diesel fuel.

We all like to assume people in responsible positions will use their responsibility wisely. But, unfortunately, this is not always true. Evidently, Mr. Barker did not act responsibly if he ordered this diesel fuel to be dumped and burned.

Though I've tried to be as accurate as possible when gathering this information, I would still like to know just how much of this is true. I'm sure Mr. Barker and other MTSU officials would like to see this issue quietly forgotten... I say NO! This type of problem

endangers the air we breathe and the water we drink - each of us... NO! This was an irresponsible and dangerous thing to do.

I say we demand an investigation into the causes and effects of this fire, and into the procedures and qualifications of Mr. Herman Barker as superintendent of grounds in the MTSU Department of Maintenance.

We have a right and a duty to speak up, and to protect ourselves and our environment.

Karen Weller
Box 3706

Summer isn't all easy

Dear Mom,

I'm at Camp MTSU, and it's the middle of summer. Remember when I told you why I was staying at this wondrous place for the summer? Because all of my friends (all two) said MTSU was the place to be over the summer. The classes are (supposedly) easier, the teachers more relaxed,

around to remember what a sunburn used to be like; and my classes - I think it was Kyle or Glenn who advised me to take my hardest classes in the summer - and they're in Nashville, working and lying out.

I'll never forgive them. Intersession was bad enough, but this is pitiful. Not really for the school's

met the chick of my dreams, and consequently, she's met the dude of her nightmares. With her, work and school, I've missed being a lazy, unshaven bum (not really, but I do envy Kyle a little).

I'm also the editorial editor for our school paper, which nobody reads, except for visiting high school cheerleaders who go straight to the comic section. I usually have to fill up one to two pages worth with the opinions of adults who can't spell. Although this is the first time I've used something of my own, I sometimes just have to fill space with meaningless dribble, like false, unfunny letters to my mother.

Maybe I should've written of my outrage with housing. See, I'm in an apartment now - I moved out of the dorms because housing refused to make the cockroaches pay rent.

Later, babe.

JOHN "HOSS" CARTWRIGHT Hoss Manure

Walter Hill every afternoon, the Boro every night - what a life I envisioned.

Well, the truth hurts. What kind of MTSU groupie am I? I've forgotten what Walter Hill looks like (probably flooded with all this rain); I've only driven through the Boro parking lot once (to escape a Domino's pizza-man with a vengeance for geeks who ask for Canadian bacon and not ham); I've had to ask

sake, but for mine. I've had to drop two classes because I couldn't devote a semester's worth of time to them. Oh, I've still got two, Theories of Pee Wee Herman and Socrates, and Russian Interpretations of Spiderman Comic Books - darn straight, they're hard, but I need them to graduate.

I also got a job waiting tables at a local dining establishment, where I've

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.

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

EVERETT

Hunter S. Thompson's newest collection



Gonzo returns with "swine"

By CHRISTOPHER BELL
Staff Writer

Hunter S. Thompson is a burn-out case. His new book, *Generation of Swine*, is a good example of average work from a once-great talent. But, believe it or not, he was once important.

Like Bob Dylan, he changed the world and found out it wasn't enough. And, like Dylan, the reasons which motivated him are still important, even if he isn't. Thompson was stupid enough to believe the world is a reasonable place.

Reason is a horrible thing. To actually think that the world works in an orderly fashion; to think that the world might be, if not fair, at least *just*, is the greatest mistake a person can make.

Luckily, most of us are content to take what we can get. Abstract notions like truth and justice fall before base needs.

Ronald Reagan understands this. That is why he has been the most popular leader since Huey Long, despite assembling a cabinet that seems to be involved in more criminal activities than Dutch Schultz, Meyer Lansky and Al Capone combined. Despite eight years of lies and deception he is loved like the great tribal leader he is.

Reagan understands that we *want* to be lied to. At least as long as it makes us feel good. He's practical.

Hunter S. Thompson also understands this. Unfortunately, he does not like it. Practicality has never been a concept he has held over truth.

In a cover blurb, a quote from *Playboy* says "He is working from a dementia that no one in his right mind would want to share." But that is another lie. The truth is, Thompson sees the world as it actually is, without the comforting filters of greed, religion or stupidity. And like a character in an H.P. Lovecraft novel, the direct sight of this incomprehensible reality drives him mad. Or to use another cover quote, from novelist Nelson Algren, "His

hallucinated vision strikes one as having been, after all, the sanest."

Thompson is known as the inventor of "Gonzo Journalism," which caused a minor furor in the early '70s because of its bending of the facts and deliberate subjectivity. In reality, his style differed little from George Orwell's in *Down and Out in Paris and London*, or the works of H.L. Mencken, both writers Thompson has professed his admiration for. All of them wanted to irritate their readers in hopes of getting them to think about *why* they were irritated.

But generating rage in readers depends on readers actually caring about what they read. That seems to be an impossibility in what Thompson calls a "generation of swine."

Our times seem to have dragged Thompson under. The slash-and-burn style of his greatest works is gone. In *Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas* and *Fear and Loathing on the Campaign Trail*, there was a bite to his work which, combined with a suprisingly developed eye for detail, made his writing a record of the times. Even his more subdued work, best displayed in *Hell's Angels*, *A Strange and Terrible Saga*, was based on solid, if unconventional, reporting work.

In this book, a collection of his columns for the *San Francisco Examiner*, only the shell remains. The style is still "gonzo," but roots of Thompson's meanness are gone.

A couple of good examples, first on the Marine Corps after the sex for secrets scandal, the second on the Meese Commission report on pornography:

The whole Marine Corps should be disbanded, finished off with other useless relics like the See-Bees, Hitler Youth and the Lafayette Esquadrielle. The USMC has been useless as tits on a boar hog since 1951, when they led the famous "Inchon Landing" for Gen. Douglas

MacArthur and saved America from total disgrace in Korea.

That was 36 years ago, and since then they have done little more than hang around foreign embassies like drunken peacocks and get the nation in trouble. The U.S. Army's 1st Airborne Division could eat the whole Marine Corps for breakfast and take the rest of the day off for beer and volleyball. The only solution to the "Marine problem" now is to croak the whole corps.

"It will sell more copies than *The Joy of Cooking*," said one editor in the high end of the publishing business. "If I had a fat young daughter, I would lock her down in the basement and shave her head and bend her fingers down like pretzels, so she could never drive a car. The last time one of these things came out was in 1970 when Nixon was still the boss, and it cost my dignity and made a really dirty little animal out my first wife. She disappeared with a farmer down in Yuma, and then he had her locked up for dealing with pigs."

You don't read writing like that in *The Tennessean*, *USA Today* or *The New York Times*. These days even *Rolling Stone* wouldn't print him if he wasn't already a legend. Still, I read through this entire book without feeling the same "my god, they let people write like this!" rush I felt reading him for the first time in the late '70s.

Thompson's reason for writing is to change things. And while the faces may change with pressure, it seems the faces behind them stay the same. He has done his job and to expect anything else of him now is inhuman.

Like Ted Kennedy or Abbie Hoffman, he is a semi-useless remnant of the past, kept alive to remind us that there was a time when the world was not dedicated to raw greed and stupidity and that time may come again. So let us celebrate the living dead and hope they rest in peace.

Despite Satan's help, Page still misses Led Zep

By DOUG STULTS
Entertainment Editor

Mmm, just what the universe needs, another guitar god trying to pass himself off as the Second Coming of Zeppelin.

Brazenly, this guy playing on *Outrider* is even answering to the hallowed name of Jimmy Page. (Like we're supposed to believe he's *the* Jimmy Page.)

Jimmy sounds like he's paying homage to *himself* on this album. Indeed, a few of the chords could be snipped away and plugged directly into the heart of *Houses of the Holy*.

Then again, who should he sound like? Tracy Chapman? It's not that Page should have sought anonymity by playing neopunk or somesuch. In fact, he couldn't hide unless he did an album without guitars, which would mean retiring.

Page, perhaps unconsciously, labored to win the Led Zep Seal of Approval on this one, but he has been subsumed by his own legend in the process.

Inevitably, the first question asked about this album is: Does it echo Zeppelin? Uh, sorta. The spirit of Zoso is swirling around the edges, leaving footprints outside the door, but Page's new odes to decadence just don't have Zep's metalized will-to-destroy.

Flipping the radio on in the middle of "Wasting My Time," *Outrider*'s first single, one might think, "Oh God, not another Zeppelin masquerader."

A certain few elements are conspicuously absent. For starters, Page could use a howling, caterwauling vocalist in the manner of, oh, an "Immigrant Song"-era Robert Plant.

The tall, cool one himself does make a cameo appearance, doing the lyrical honors on "The Only One." Plant

doesn't touch his previous work with Page, but he does manage to obliterate the other guest singers making appearances.

In what can only be interpreted as a gift from the gods on high, Page does *not* sing on the album. He delegates the bulk of this task to a couple of second-rate Robert Plant understudies named John Miles and Chris Farlow, who will make you wish there were more than just three instrumentals on the record.

On the credit side, Page does have the benefit of Jason Bonham's thrash drumming on all but two tracks. He bludgeons his kit in the tradition his father established in over a decade's worth of unrelenting savagery.



Let's see ... Page still needs an addition that would enhance his restrained performance. Maybe a keyboardist/bassist who steps back into the shadows and rams notes out in mesmerizing waves. Too bad John Paul Jones doesn't do this gig much anymore.

Fifteen years hence Page was immersed in rock nirvana, flinging bottomless solos at spellbound megacrowds, one member in a lineup that comprised an aural juggernaut of skull-numbing fury.

How did they do it? In Stephen Davis' Zeppelin bio *Hammer of the Gods*, a groupie provides an explanation. "The rumor that I've heard forever is that they all made this pact with the Devil, Satan, the Black Powers, whatever, so that Zeppelin would be such a huge success."

What happened here? In the '70s, Page never strayed far from the lean'n'hungry look that, as we all know, is 90 percent of the star potential in rock. These days, his face is distended, his cheeks bloated as if he has been out somewhere sucking on compressed air. This is not a person who should be expected to reel off a flawless, firebombing run on, say, "Dazed and Confused." (For proof check out the Zeppelin reunion at the recently broadcast Atlantic Records anniversary show.)

Think of *Outrider* as two EPs fused together. One side consists of familiar Page fare that aspires to hard rock respectability but lacks punch.

On the reverse are four bluesy tunes, including the striking instrumental "Emerald Eyes," his premier work of the '80s. Just to make sure everyone gets the drift, two palatable songs on the back side are titled "Prison Blues" and "Blues Anthem."

What we have here is proof that Page never sold his soul to Satan. He only pawns it from time to time when he needs to get off a good riff.

Perhaps aware of his limitations, he makes no attempts whatsoever to reproduce the careening, napalm slams of Page's Brown Bomber years; not even a trace of "Whole Lotta Love." Indeed, he might do better to compensate with clarity and put out a completely acoustic album.

On *Outrider* the burgeoning cult of Page worshipers must settle for tame and uninspiring fretwork, tantalizing but never satisfying. Confirmed Zeppelinacs will only crave the circa 1974 Page that much more.

There is a glimmer of things to come here, though let's hope that the song does not remain the same. Terminally afflicted Ledheads need only apply.

Rod Stewart's tour cruises thru Nashville as fans celebrate

By JILL McWHORTER

and

TANJA R. FORTE

Entertainment Writers

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Rod Stewart, a rock "legend" of two decades.

Rod's high-stepping hijinks took a ready and willing crowd by storm.

As his trademark, gravelly voice ground out "Lost in You" to start his performance, the thousands gathered at Starwood Amphitheatre last Tuesday night soon became lost in him.

His hypnotic energy brought everyone dancing to their feet, religiously mouthing the words of practically every hit.

Stewart egged the crowd on by saying "...sing a bit, if you're in the mood." (Of course, everyone was.)

Stewart's age, 43, didn't interfere with his performance. One might say 'he wore it well.'

In fact, it appeared to be the popular consensus that his posterior was quite fine, as he posed and strutted while flirting with the audience.

Although his shirt mysteriously kept getting unbuttoned, Stewart kept one on throughout the entire show to the disappointment of some audience members.

His blatant flirtations with the crowd made the stage show more than just a legend revived.

Yes, Stewart posed to please and his choice of chic apparel was no exception.

Rod's attention to fine details became apparent as he stepped back onto stage after a quick wardrobe change.

Pausing for a breather, Stewart sipped wine from a styrofoam cup. He quipped, "I'm not driving, so I'll drink to your health."

Stewart's youthful band was full of talent, trading solos from number to number.

The rowdy crowd ranged from faithful 60's fans to the new 80's converts. They danced just as hard, no matter what generation they hailed from.

Stewart's show lagged not once throughout its two-hour run, even though he attempted to slow the pace during a

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KDF DJ Shannon frolics with Rod Stewart backstage at last Tuesday's show.

couple of romantic numbers, "First Cut is the Deepest" and "You're In My Heart."

The audience never got a moment's rest as Stewart continued the concert with such classics as "Tonight's the Night" and "Some Guys Have All the Luck," and included new hits, such as "Dynamite" and "Forever Young."

In a Rock Line interview, Stewart said that he had written the song "Forever Young" about his children, speculating on eternal youth.

The concert was closed with such hits as "Maggie May," "Passion," "Do Ya Think I'm Sexy," and "Twistin'."

Though the outdoor arena was pestered by a steady drizzle, not even the rain could dampen the rock 'n roll spirits of the "Grass Pass" fans watching the show from the hillside.

Nothing, not rain, sleet or snow, would have marred the mood created by the still hot Rod Stewart.

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Frank Conley ● Staff

Sitting it out

Rebecca Reynolds of Grissom High School watches her teammates practice their cheers during camp. Reynolds sprained her ankle and has been unable to practice.

Steroids from page 8

throughout much of the sports world, including football."

Rozelle said studies have indicated that steroids are harmful to a person's physical and mental health and "there is a growing concern that players using steroids can cause serious on-field injuries."

"The NFL Physicians Society declares there are no legitimate medical purposes to prescribe steroids for NFL players," the news-

paper quoted the memo as saying.

Doctors and other critics of steroids have long warned of their adverse side effects, including the long-term possibility of cancer, sterility and various other maladies or diseases.

The NCAA began a testing program two years ago that resulted in several football players, including All-American linebacker Brian Bosworth of Oklahoma, being banned from the bowl games. Bosworth, who said he took them only

once, now plays for the Seattle Seahawks.

Rozelle's first mention of steroids was in his 1987 message on prohibited drugs.

"The League no longer merely condemns the misuse of these substances," he said in last year's memo. "They are prohibited in any quantity for any purpose."

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Carey from page 8

Youth league teams in various sports are named after a donating merchant. Just as a Little League club in some areas might be named after a local computer retailer, IBM, adoring pinstripes might one day adopt the Yankees.

Not content with designated commercial time, advertisers are creeping back into live action. After each Reds homer on their Cincinnati-based broadcasting network, the Budweiser name is emblazoned across the screen and the announcers chant "This Bud's for you" with feigned enthusiasm.

Eventually, it seems each play will be coded for appropriate sponsorship. Every delightful scene in which a player clutches at his cup will be serenaded

automatically with a pitch for jock-itch medication.

The standard knee-jerk response to these charges is that without commercials, there would be no baseball to enjoy. Actually, however, with this much advertising, there is no longer any baseball to see. It is being obscured by the hazy spiral of recurrent product plugs.

To pursue the Ueberroth-Caray connection, it would be too simplistic to say that they are selling out the game. They are selling out the game for *lotsa money*, pandering to admen while neglecting the sport that they were hired to promote.

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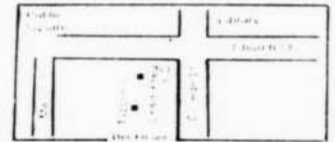
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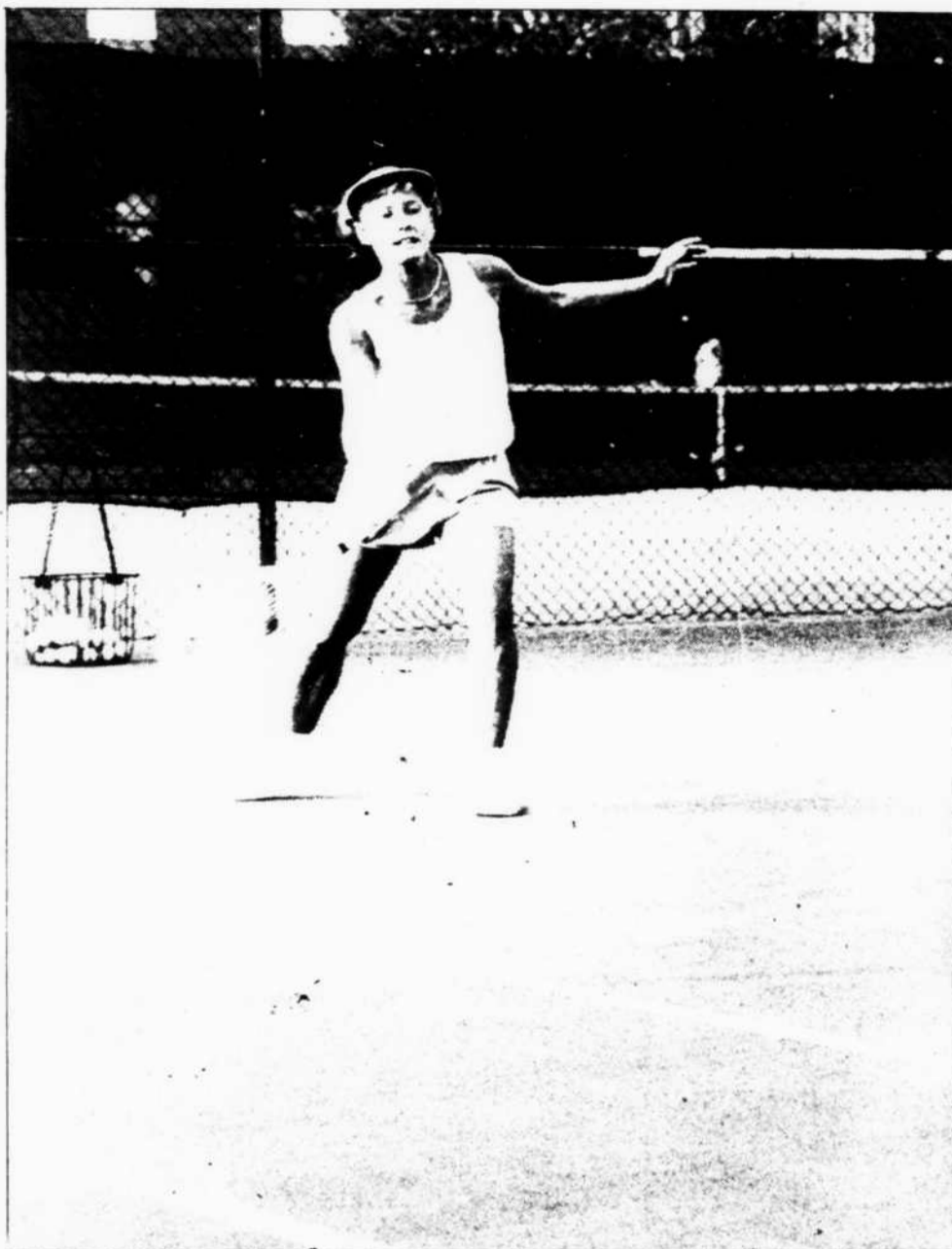
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SPORTS



Controlling the racquet

Wayne Cartwright ● Staff

Barbara Hutchins shows her winning style as she keeps in shape playing tennis. Hutchins, a 1980 MTSU graduate, was second in the State Championships while on the tennis team, 1977-80. Hutchins is currently a Rutherford County school teacher.

NFL steroid users face strict disciplinary actions

From Associated Press Wire

For the first time, NFL players who test positive for steroids this season will face disciplinary action, including possible suspensions, the NFL confirmed Tuesday.

In a 15-page directive sent to all 26 teams, Commissioner Pete Rozelle said that any player who tests positive for steroids for the second time will be subject to discipline by the league. While warnings against steroids were included in last year's directive, this is the first time league discipline has been mentioned.

Other drugs already on the list include cocaine, marijuana and amphetamines.

"Each instance this year of a second positive test will be handled on a case by case basis. Involved players will be subject to appropriate discipline by the commissioner," the memo says.

Asked if suspensions might be included, NFL spokesman Joe Browne said, "I can't rule that out."

"Last year we tested the players for anabolic steroids for the first time, this year we are again testing."

"The difference this year is that we have told the

players that they could face possible disciplinary action. However I am not suggesting suspensions for testing positive for anabolic steroids at this time," Browne said.

Earlier, the *Atlanta Constitution*, in a copyright story, said it obtained a copy of the 15-page directive.

Steroids artificially enhance muscle growth and have been used by some athletes who want to bigger and stronger.

The memo said steroids deserve "special mention" because there has been "widespread misuse."

Please see Steroids page 7

Even while plastered, Caray still annoying

By DOUG STULTS
Entertainment Editor

Isolated at a crossroads, most major league baseball addicts in this area are relegated to the level of second-hand spectators, getting their fix via cable superstations or the crackling limbo of AM radio.

Major networks schedule games haphazardly and abort them on short notice. This inconsistency does not mesh well with the ordained rituals of baseball, which must be tended to carefully and observed daily to be appreciated.

Our local cable monopoly offers a broad sample of only the Braves and the Cubs. Regardless of personal team sympathies, fans must swear a temporary oath of allegiance to these clubs if they are to watch anything at all.

For some, Chicago Cubs announcer Harry Caray represents everything that is right with baseball: grass fields, pitchers batting for themselves, cold beer and a raucous enjoyment of the game.

Harry is revered as a hedonist idol by both the Bleacher Bums within the antique confines of Wrigley Field and fans in absentia. His idolators even include the aficionados of the sport, those purists who apparently have been influenced by Caray's '80s-long connection with Chicago baseball.

In Chicago (North side more so than South), the submerging vestiges of the favorite pastimes' traditions are still palpable, and Harry's proximity to this nostalgia on display seems to have bestowed upon him the status of guardian.

For reasons murky and intertwined, casual and hardcore fans alike have come to regard Harry as baseball, an intrinsic component and compelling figure whose disappearance would render the game's significance less meaningful.

Everybody, so they say, loves Harry. He is adored even by President Reagan, whose phone call to the Wrigley pressbox upon Harry's return from a stroke last year led to some illuminating comparisons.

Both men tend to mangle their speech, necessitating circular explanations and clarifications by their aides-de-camp. In this way, Caray's television partner Steve Stone serves in the capacity of a presidential spokesperson, interpreting Harry's dismembered phrases to a baffled audience.

Reagan has been castigated for his disassociated managerial style and it could be argued that Harry's screen persona parallels that of the chief executive.

Just as Reagan is supported if not carried by his cabinet, Harry bumbles across the satellite feed courtesy of the "men in the truck," the producers and coordinators who feed him cues and perform other hidden but vital tasks.

Harry's electorate comprises a formidable mandate, his universal praise makes it seem almost blasphemous to confess that I can no longer stand the man.

Sure, he's an affable and doddering old drunk who's almost impossible to resist, particularly if you live in a bar. In the booth, Harry can be cat-quick when evaluating a play, and at times, actually insightful.

Predominantly, though, Harry is annoying as hell — prattling off viewers' names incessantly, slurring his way through "Take Me Out To The Ballpark" during the 7th inning stretch, perpetually interrupting his buddy Stone in order to fumble his way into some inane aside that Stone will have to interrupt in order to correct.

When I score Cubs games, reducing careening baserunners and paranormal catches to grey smudges, I reserve a special box to record Harry's screw-ups. Mispronunciations are graded on severity.

Two stars: enunciating Jose Cruz like saying Joe with a lisp.

Miscellaneous flubs are charted separately. Such nuggets as utterly forgetting the rules of the game, strike zone explanation or chatting with a personal friend while the game slips away unmentioned.

Certain things never escape Harry's near-cataritic glare.

"Why don't you put out that smelly cigar?" he exhorts Steve Stone each and every damn inning, his cheeks swollen red from a few too many tall, cool ones.

Stone, who has the patience of Job, will give only a traditional false chuckle, ritually deferring to Harry. At all times, Stone is observant of Harry's teaming legions and never dares to precipitate their wrath.

Sometime, though, you have to wonder if, while Harry is leaning out the window and bellowing ballads during the 7th inning break, Stone will not plant that big cigar firmly on Harry's rump and send the lovable ol' fella plunging into the stands, mispronouncing "Holy Cow" en route.

Likely, Harry's fall would be cushioned. Odds are he would land on some poor admirer wearing a "Cubs Fan, Bud Man" t-shirt. That compressed, baseball-brewery limerick symbolizes Harry, who represents everything that is going wrong with the game.

There is a conspiracy theory about commissioner Peter Ueberroth which begins on the premise that he has never watched a baseball game (except on a fact-finding mission for the owner's finance committee), and culminates in a possible future in which ballplayers are draped in logos like stock cars and teams are identified by corporate affiliation instead of their city of origin.

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