

PANORAMA

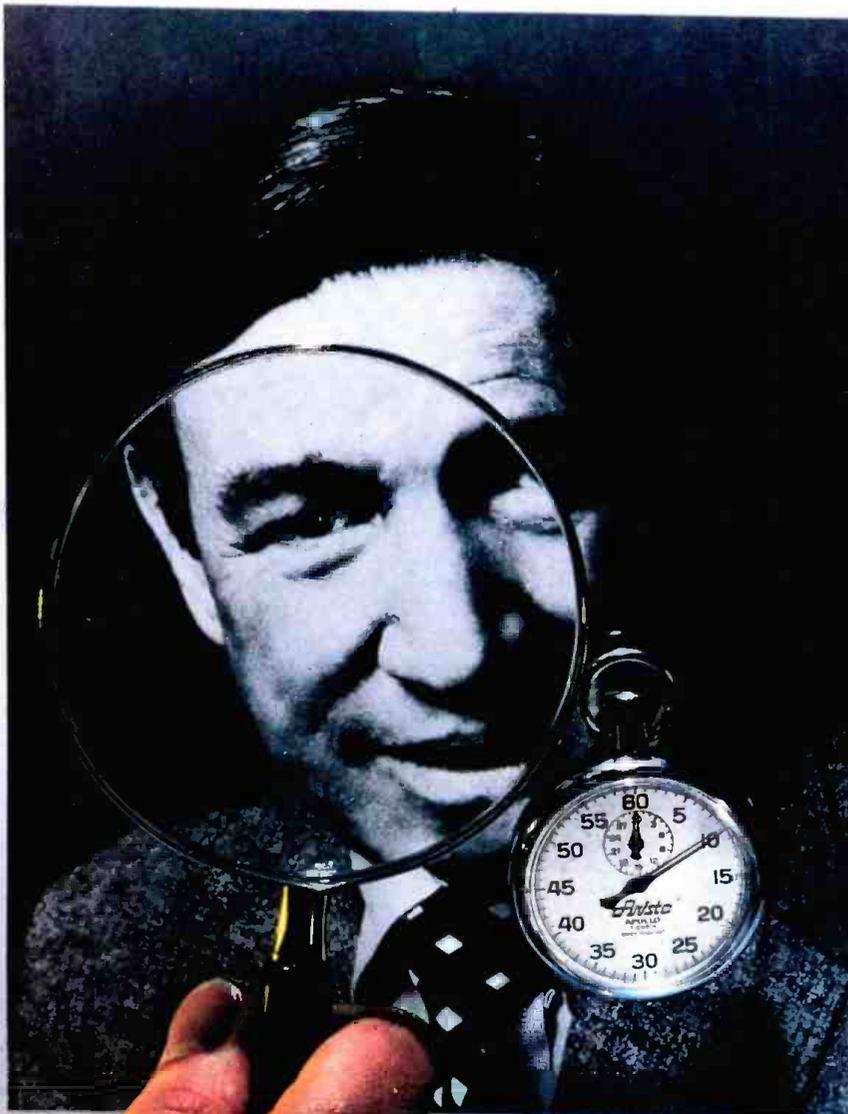
TELEVISION
TODAY AND
TOMORROW

SEPTEMBER 1980
\$2.00

INVESTIGATING THE INVESTIGATORS:
**WHY YOU CAN'T ALWAYS TRUST
'60 MINUTES' REPORTING**

**SOLVING
WHO
SHOT J.R.**
Scenarios by
**P.D. James,
John D.
MacDonald
and Other
Great Mystery
Writers**

**CABLE'S
24-HOUR
NEWS
VS. THE
NETWORKS:
AND THE
WINNER
IS... See page 68**



Mike Wallace of '60 Minutes'

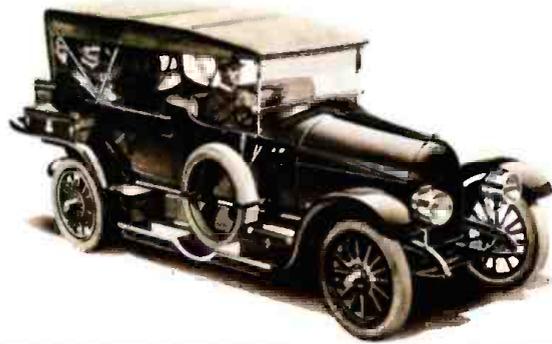
Highlights
and Analysis:
**WHERE
TV'S
HEADING
THIS FALL—
AND WHY**

Plus:
**David Frost
Interviews
ABC's Roone
Arledge**

**Cyra
Mc Fadden
Dissects
'Crime and
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PANORAMA

TELEVISION
TODAY AND
TOMORROW

CONTENTS

SEPTEMBER 1980

VOLUME 1, NUMBER 8

ARTICLES

38 Why You Can't Always Trust "60 Minutes" Reporting



A critical look at the show's methods of exposing its quarry
By Paul Good

44 If You're Buying a New TV Set . . .

Here's what you should know about the 1981 models
By David Lachenbruch

48 Fall Preview: The Big Picture

It's the Year of the Itch TV's viewers are restless . . . and, in programming, reality is king
By Doug Hill



53 Fall Preview: The New Shows

Now the Women Are Making Policy—Not Coffee

Female bosses are the vogue in this fall's new series
By Jeff Greenfield

58 "Dallas" and the Smoking Gun: Revealing Who Pulled the Trigger



Leading mystery writers puzzle out who shot J.R. Ewing—and why

64 How to Make an Extraterrestrial Fruit Salad

When a video artist pushes some buttons, he turns apples into oranges

68 All Day and All Night the Upstart Challenges the Establishment

How the Cable News Network stacks up against ABC, CBS and NBC newscasts
By Edwin Diamond

74 Yesterday, Today and Sophia



Sophia Loren reminisces—as her life story comes to TV

78 "I Was So Low . . . All I Wanted Was Some Dude to Get Up There on That Screen and Move"

Michael, 14, and two other youngsters explore their dependence on TV
By Thomas J. Cottle

82 Dang! Nobody Liked Hitting His Ole Trouble Ball

Satchel Paige became a baseball legend long before reaching the big leagues
By Berry Stainback

86 Welcome to Pittsburgh, Fans, for the Super Bowl of Cable



The battle for a franchise features colorful adversaries and hot controversy
By Stephen Banker

DEPARTMENTS

4 Letters

9 Perspective

By Roger Simon

13 This Month

18 Videocassettes and Discs

By David Lachenbruch

22 Impressions

By Cyra McFadden

24 Q&A: Roone Arledge

Interview by David Frost

32 Panoramic View

102 Sports

By John Schulian

104 Cable and Pay-TV

By Seth Goldstein

110 Yesterdays

112 Rear View

By Harry Stein

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Other picture credits on page 104.

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LETTERS



Breaking Away

In that most entertaining article, " 'Breaking Away' Tries Out a Faster Track" (July), Frazier Moore states that the biggest question is "Can the series break away from the field on commercial TV and keep pace with the film?" To my mind, this is beside the point. Even if TV's *Breaking Away* is as good as or better than the movie—and only *M*A*S*H* comes to mind as a series that has managed to do that—we are still left with the sad fact that TV programmers are apparently unable to think of creative ideas of their own, but must beg, borrow and steal imaginative concepts from other media. When will they learn that just because a play or a movie or a book makes the best-seller lists or wins an award, it is not necessarily something that we want to live with week after week, ad nauseam?

One of the most satisfying aspects of a good book or movie is that it is a discrete, self-contained entity with artistically sound boundaries; it begins and ends in the right place. Television, on the other hand, never knows when to quit.

P.R. Cummings
Bloomington, Ind.

Ranch Family Revisted

Re: "No Grazing on the Satellite Dish" (July)—I love it! Here's a family that deliberately chose to live an isolated lifestyle, then went in for some \$36,000 worth of space-age equipment so they could watch TV, and now find that there's nothing worth watching. There's a lesson in there somewhere, but I won't dwell on it. (By the way, the picture of the cow in front of the satellite receiver is worth the price of the magazine.)

Sally Litowitz
Tampa, Fla.

I would like to ask the Lanes a question. They say that television gives their children "a window onto the big world beyond the ranch" and some "new ideas." Just what is there out in the big world that kids need to know beyond the whole, beautiful cycle of life—hard work, birth and death—that a life lived among innocent animals, close to nature, provides? There is nothing new in the world, and nothing worth knowing that is not in nature.

Beverly Schooner
Santa Fe, N.M.

In Defense of *Pink Lady*

Every month I look forward to the enlightening and entertaining topics of "Rear View" by Harry Stein, but I encountered a slight difference of opinion with his June column ("Presenting Mrs. Oxenberg"). Mr. Stein referred to Mie and Kei, of the *Pink Lady* show, as being unable to sing, dance or tell jokes. I beg to disagree. I feel that the girls could sing and dance as well or better than anyone else that has been presented to us in a variety-type show in quite a few years; if a couple of bad songs and overexaggerated dance routines were included, it was most likely not a decision or fault of theirs. I considered most of the vocals excellent by the standards of today's music.

It is my theory that the show did not work because NBC tried to please so many different types of people that there was not enough left to interest any one audience.

Donald R. Lachie
Youngwood, Pa.

Mud in Your Eye

In his story "Pornography Unleashed" (July), writer Howard Polskin interviewed and quoted me at length. I must, therefore, ask for the correction of a glaring error in this piece, which can only be attributed to an unobservant reporter. I do not drink gin and tonic; I'm strictly a Scotch-and-soda man.

David Friedman
Entertainment Ventures, Inc.
Los Angeles

Sports Scores

I enjoyed your article on ESPN ("Cable's Answer to a Sports Fan's Prayer," June), one of the more informative I have read on the Nation's number-two

The Omen • Breaking Away • Norma Rae • The French Connection
 Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid • Citizen Kane • Julia
 The Rose • Poseidon Adventure • King Kong (1933) • An Unmarried
 Woman • The Turning Point • Carnal Knowledge • M*A*S*H •
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LETTERS *continued*

cable network. However, it seems that several misconceptions merit correction.

The story gives the impression that the commercial networks have a hammerlock on major-league sports. On the contrary, the USA Network, the Nation's number-one cable-TV sports network in terms of homes reached (five million in 48 states), ad revenues, and live, prime-time, top-notch professional and college sports, has multiyear contracts for professional baseball, basketball, hockey, the North American and Major Indoor Soccer Leagues and other professional sports. Based on our coverage of professional sports to date and the highly favorable comments of the commissioners of those sports, it seems logical that the NFL would be interested in joining all the other major-league sports on the USA Network.

It is misleading to state that "the Bowie Kuhns of the sports world have yet to sell their games to the new service" without mentioning that Bowie Kuhn has already sold his baseball games to the USA Network. It is also inaccurate to state that ESPN didn't want the baseball package, as Chet Simmons is quoted as saying. ESPN did negotiate for the baseball package, but it was awarded to USA.

*Kay Koplovitz
President, USA Network
Glen Rock, N.J.*

People Watchers

Generally speaking, I find question-and-answer type interviews tedious to read, and usually disregard them entirely. But being a loyal fan of Walter Cronkite, I have to tell you how much I enjoyed your article in the June issue ("You Can Hardly Beat It for a Long-Running Story").

Your reporter managed to keep within the context of television news rather than digressing into the normal routine of "personal life" inanities. (We all know Cronkite loves to sail!) And his description of the actual newscast was superb.

*Blake Richards
Pierre, S.D.*

Sylvester "Pat" Weaver is probably the most insightful and intelligent person I have had the pleasure of being exposed to recently ("When I Left, the Quality Deteriorated," Q&A, July). I totally agree that television could be used to educate, without the entertainment value suffering. We seem to be

faced with not only cowards in the networks who are afraid to buck the ratings game for a couple of seasons, but also with writers who lack any sort of imagination and creativity. Weaver's proposed show, *The Way Things Are*, sounds extremely appealing and I would love to see a show of this type on the air.

When will the networks stop their crime of underestimating the intelligence and the open-mindedness of their viewers?

*Debbie Boyer
St. Louis, Mo.*

Take That, Uncle Walter!

Thanks for the terrific article on network newswomen ("Don't Look Back, Barbara Walters," July). I was particularly pleased to read that most of these women are not that concerned about landing an anchor job. Surely the more worthwhile and interesting job is that of the reporter, and not the person who simply sits and reads the news every night. The gender of the news anchor in no way affects the news; the gender of the reporter out on the beat—the interviewer, the observer—does matter, because it is in these areas that a woman's perspective can influence what America thinks about current events. All good reporters share qualities of intelligence and impartiality, but women nevertheless look at the world around them from a slightly different stance than men do. And it's wonderful to know that women such as Linda Ellerbee and Lesley Stahl are out there covering the newsmakers as only they can. Leave the desk jobs to someone else.

*Penny Black
Sacramento, Cal.*

Radical Conception

Your June Surveys and Studies section poses a question of compelling scientific interest: "Is television a cause of teen-age pregnancy?"

You are certainly living up to the promise of your subtitle, "Television Today and Tomorrow." There are very few of us out here who had realized before we turned the pages of PANORAMA that we were already in the age of video insemination.

Is this what is meant by "interactive TV"?

*Jack Costello
New Orleans*

Readers' Roundup

I purchased a copy of your June 1980

edition and found it fascinating. The article on broadcast-news coverage of the 1980 Presidential campaign was outstanding, as was the interview with Walter Cronkite. Since I am employed in the television-news field, I have a keen interest in anything written about TV. Keep up your fine work.

*Brian P. Golden
Wantagh, N.Y.*

In all of the references to homosexuality on TV, not once have the basic, balanced facts been given to the public. I find it curious that the Homosexual Information Center has not been used by the networks, since our library has the hard-to-find material in the Archives of the Homosexual Movement. Most important, we have the world's foremost thinker on the subject, Don Slater. Common sense tells us a competent and ethical person, editor, college professor, attorney, etc., would want to at least find out what information we have.

*William Edward Glover
Homosexual Information Center
Hollywood*

I felt sorry for the University of Missouri-Columbia student whose letter appeared in the June 1980 issue of PANORAMA. He is dissatisfied with the quality of education he's receiving as a television-radio-film major. It's unfortunate the young man doesn't know about the Broadcast Center in St. Louis.

We are licensing our copyrighted curriculum to selected private colleges across the Nation. This fall four colleges will offer a Broadcast Center major and with our guidance will produce well-trained young broadcast professionals with a solid liberal-arts background. Our affiliation with these colleges will not only produce well-rounded broadcasters but also help fill the industry's need for qualified professionals.

*Suzanne E. LeTourneau
Director of Public Relations
Broadcast Center
St. Louis*

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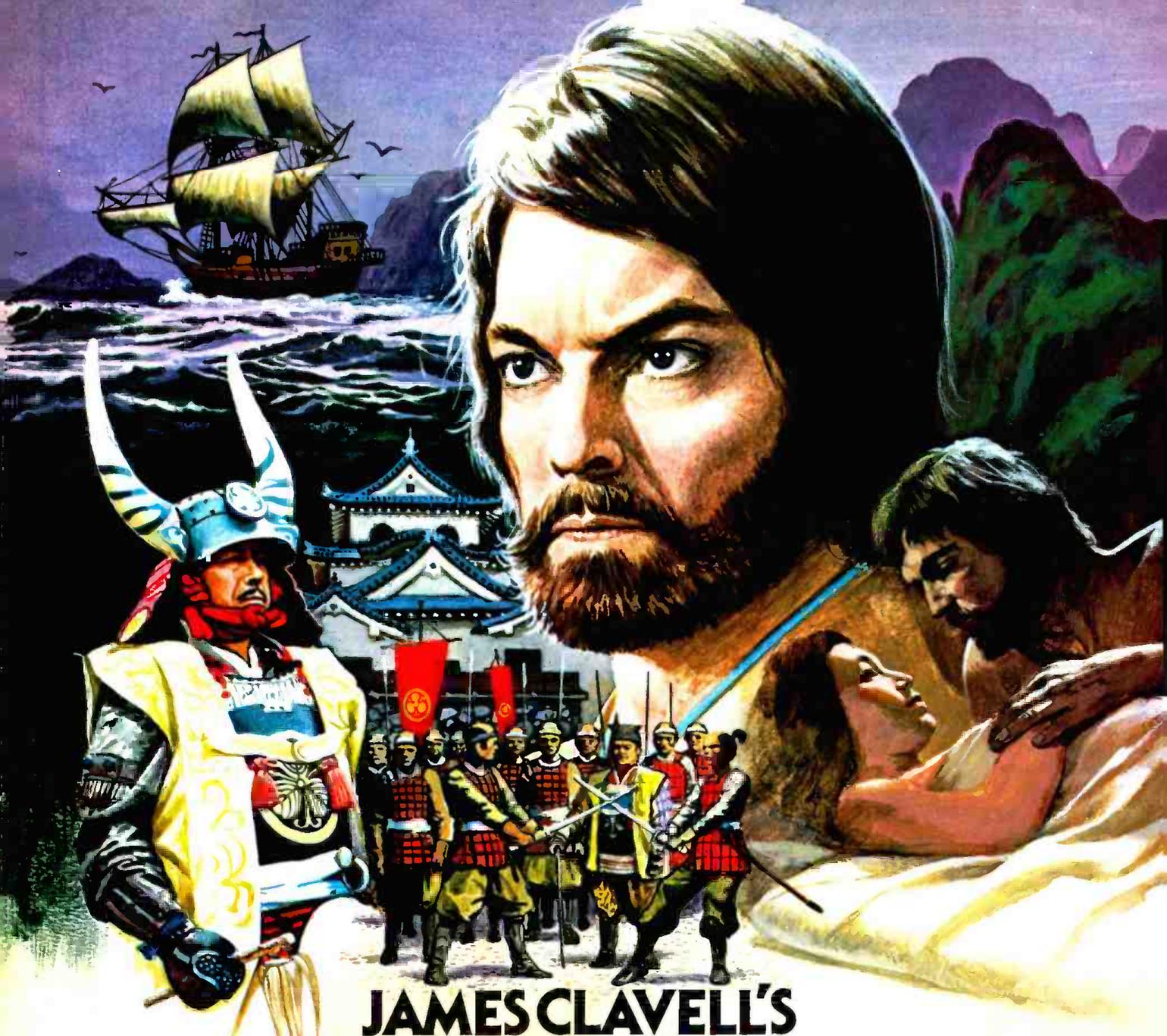
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COMING THIS FALL ON NBC

PERSPECTIVE

By ROGER SIMON

Message to Losing Candidates: Don't Blame TV

It was one of the early lousy days of the John Anderson campaign—there would be late lousy days, too, but he did not yet know that—and the candidate was walking down the streets of Nashua, N.H., bareheaded and angry under a fish-belly gray sky.

"I am a victim of that old Catch-22," he said, going from bank to bank, from drugstore to drugstore, shaking the hands reluctant to be shaken. "You can't get exposure until you score well, and you can't score well until you get exposure."

With him this day was a small group of print reporters, including a nationally syndicated Washington columnist, but they did not matter to Anderson. They could give him ink, but they could not give him air.

"I'm not bitter, but look," he said, "I have called up CBS and NBC and ABC. I have said: 'Why am I the skunk at the lawn social? Give me one crew, just one crew.' But they won't do it."

John Anderson was like that in those days. Star-struck editorials from The New York Times, swooning columns across the land, extraordinary attention from the print press made little difference to him. He needed TV; he needed air time. That would make all the difference. And soon he would have the crews. Not just one crew, but sometimes four and five. Not just the networks, but all the local stations as well. And they would record not just his speeches and press conferences, but his "personal" moments, swimming in pools and talking to his children.

And it would make no difference. He would still lose primary after primary. He would lose in states where independents were free to vote for him and where Democrats were free to vote for him. He would lose in his home state of Illinois and his liberal target state of Wisconsin, where he had plenty of money to spend on TV commercials. He would get his air, he would get his

full-time crews, but he would not get enough votes. He would be forced into the bleak prospect of running as an independent. And he would do it, still believing in the overwhelming power of television.

At the same time that Anderson was walking down chilly New Hampshire streets, the chief campaign aides—the hired guns of politics—were meeting in an overheated high-school auditorium in the town of Manchester. They were there to work out the ground rules for what they believed would be the key event of the entire primary, and perhaps the entire year: the first nationally televised debate of all the Republican candidates, sponsored by the League of Women Voters.

Casually slumped in the auditorium seats, the aides treated the strategy session no more seriously than the D-day invasion.

"Will the audience be allowed to cheer and clap?" the Philip Crane aide asked.

"Yeah, what about yelling?" asked the John Connally aide. "We going to allow yelling?"

"How about laughing?" asked the John Anderson aide, laughing herself.

"And sighing," said the Bob Dole aide.

"And crying," said the Reagan aide.

Even though it was the TV audience and not the actual audience in the

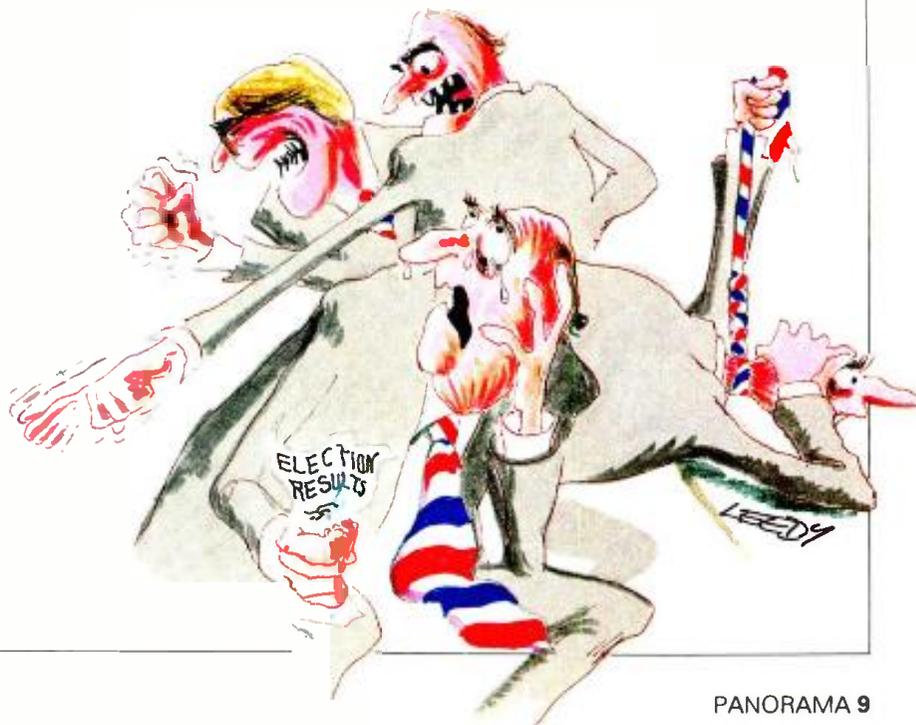
auditorium that the aides really cared about, they believed that the auditorium audience reaction would have an enormous effect on the viewing public.

Lee Hanna, director of the debates for the League, agreed that the audience would be admonished not to laugh, sigh, cry or clap.

In the end, it would not matter. The results of the great League debate would be swallowed up by the little debate a few days later, in which George Bush refused to invite the other candidates to share the microphones with Ronald Reagan and himself. It would prove to be a devastating decision, one that would dominate the news and, the polls showed, the thinking of the voters. That little debate between just Bush and Reagan was considered the most important single factor in the New Hampshire primary. It was not televised.

But to the losers, there was still only one villain. And only one savior for the next primary in the next state. Bob Dole stood in the upstairs of a country club in Amherst, N.H., making what would prove to be the last speech of his Presidential campaign.

"Some of us have already been written off by the media," he said to the 20 or so people in the room. "It's all image, this campaigning. It is who gets the media, who gets on TV. The people



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PERSPECTIVE *continued*

don't select the candidates at the polls any more; TV selects the candidates. TV is taking over the world."

He would admit, when I interviewed him later, that he just did not have the organization; he had not done his homework; his campaign had not been managed well. But in his mind, this was all secondary to lack of air time.

Dole's statement notwithstanding, television isn't taking over the world. It isn't even taking over politics. If you look at the record of this year's primary campaign, there is no consistent relationship between the amount of TV time a candidate gets or buys and the amount of votes he wins in the primary election. Yet, the theory seems so enticing, the power of television so clear, that candidates automatically equate TV time with victory. Losing candidates, that is. I have never heard a winning candidate credit TV with his win or a losing candidate credit anything else for his loss.

The basic flaw in the thinking of those who believe that futures are determined by airwaves is an exaggerated faith in the power of television to affect human behavior. Television obviously reaches people. Television obviously can have an awesome, visceral impact. But then what? Does it actually change minds? Does it actually change people? Probably not as much as many think. To those who think violent TV shows lead to more violence in the world, one could ask how come comedy shows don't lead to more comedy in the world, or love stories to more love in the world? And that observation was made by a TV talk-show host, Dick Cavett.

This is not to say that television is not important. It is, and television has, indeed, changed politics in this country and even changed our lives. But not to the extent that some candidates feel. What a person says may still be more important than the number of times what he says is blasted to people over their television sets.

And politics is still a human business, still involved with meeting the people and pressing the flesh. Television will not determine who our next President is. You will.

And candidates who forget that have themselves to blame, not TV. ■

Once in a great while,
something comes along that
exceeds your expectations.

It's truly rare.



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SUPER HITS!

The greatest entertainment package ever assembled by any network. Look for the very best in movies every Sunday and Friday night! Enjoy the 1980-81 season of

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ABC Television Network 

THIS MONTH

SEPTEMBER 1980

Another Battle over Vietnam . . . The Saturday Night Launch Pad
. . . No Smoke Without Funds . . . The Nazi Obsession

WHAT'S HAPPENING

HOLLYWOOD

Don Shirley reporting

The real Vietnam? CBS found room for four new hour-long cotton balls on its fall schedule. *Enos*; *Magnum, P.I.*; *Freebie and the Bean* and *Secrets of Midland Heights* are all escapist romps of one kind or another. But when confronted with *Bureau*, a meaty and potentially sobering series that would remind us about Vietnam week after week, CBS put up the "no vacancy" sign and ordered the length of *Bureau* pared in half, with more emphasis placed on the laughs.

Bureau is set in a wire service bureau in Saigon. It was born as a half-hour show, "but as I did the research," says executive producer Gary David Goldberg, "the material was so complex that I felt it was worth an hour. In the half-hour form, I thought we would be forced to gloss over a lot of things, and I was afraid the tone might be too light." He considers *Six O'Clock Follies*, an NBC series that briefly treated the Vietnam war in a half-hour comedy format, as "a disaster, because they made the cardinal mistake of trivializing the war."

CBS gave the go-ahead to Goldberg and Grant Tinker's MTM company for an hour-long *Bureau*. Most of those

who saw the results were impressed. After reading the script, ABC's prime-time series chief Marcia Carsey phoned Goldberg with her compliments. NBC News Los Angeles bureau chief Arthur Lord—a veteran of Vietnam reporting himself—looked at the completed pilot and concluded, "It could be a damn good series." He called the show "very genuine" in its presentation of Army press relations. The primary criticism: that *Bureau*, even in its hour form, was not grim enough.

But CBS found the show *too* grim. According to Goldberg, "They felt it got too political and that the country wasn't ready to receive it in that form. They wanted to know if we were going to attack the military on a weekly basis." CBS officials deny that such considerations affected their decision. They say they simply ran out of appropriate time slots.

Prodded by the powerful Tinker, however, CBS agreed to commission a new half-hour *Bureau*, with one of the original characters missing and the story "consolidated." The show is now a candidate for a midseason debut.

Shot down by 007. Sean Connery turned down the pivotal role of John Blackthorne in NBC's 12-hour miniseries, *Shōgun*, scheduled for broadcast this month. Executive

producer James Clavell's first choice to play the dashing English sea captain was the former James Bond. But Connery "doesn't do television," says Clavell. ("Why should he?" asks Paul Monash, who was *Shōgun*'s producer during one phase of the project. "He was being offered a million dollars, when he gets several million for a film.")

Clavell's next choice was Albert Finney, but NBC thought Finney was unknown to the vast American hordes. NBC executives liked the idea of their own Dr. Kildare, Richard Chamberlain, as Blackthorne. So Clavell met Chamberlain, and "my enthusiasm switched immediately," he recalls. "He is absolutely the best possible choice." According to Chamberlain, however, Clavell's conversion didn't occur until he had seen the first footage of Chamberlain in the role.

Chamberlain kept his American accent for the part. "I don't think the American audience is really attracted to strong British accents," he explained. "The Midwest especially finds them difficult to understand." Blackthorne is the only British character in the script; his crew is Dutch and the Europeans he encounters in Japan are Portuguese. Ironically, the actors cast in those parts are all British.

This is our life. Should celebrities have any say over



Sean Connery: For 007, there weren't enough zeros on the check.



Richard Chamberlain: For Dr. Kildare, Shogun was the right prescription.

WHAT'S HAPPENING



Carl Sagan: Meanwhile, back in the universe . . .



NFL: Kickoff of gridiron warfare.

how their lives are depicted on the screen? Some of them get to say a great deal—Sophia Loren, for example, is starring in NBC's film about her life, and questions have been raised about her objectivity. But others resist any effort to film their biographies and then gnash their teeth when they see the unauthorized results—Greta Garbo was said to have been distressed over the representation of her life in NBC's miniseries *Moviola*.

Now the decision on whether to cooperate with film biographers who have a deal with CBS is facing Patricia Neal and her husband, writer Roald Dahl, and they sound unhappy.

"When one is alive and kicking," says Neal, "the idea of having a film made about one is quite disagreeable." And after recovering from a devastating stroke and the death of a daughter—events that would certainly be depicted in the film—Neal wants everyone to know she is alive and kicking.

However, producer Lawrence Schiller ("Marilyn") is moving ahead with plans to make "Pat and Roald," from a screenplay by Robert Anderson based largely on Barry Farrell's book of the same title. Dahl and Neal "have no veto power" over the project, according to Schiller, "but if we want to consult with them, that's another matter. I see no reason why we shouldn't show them the script." Neal and Dahl see every reason why they should see the script; in fact, they say they do have veto power.

CBS movies chief Steve Mills anticipates that the network will agree with the Neal/Dahl assessment of the script: "If it's bad, we'll both

know it; and if it's good, we'll both know it." But if CBS wants to go ahead and Dahl and Neal say no? Tune in later, says Mills. The script is expected to be ready for perusal by its subjects sometime this month.

NEW YORK

Doug Hill reporting

How you gonna keep 'em . . .? NBC will be trying to build a new stable of stars on *Saturday Night Live* this season, but if they become as big as some of the original cast members did, they may not find it so easy to skip out on the network to pursue more lucrative opportunities.

Brandon Tartikoff, president of NBC Entertainment, says the network shouldn't have let the show turn into "a farm team" for the motion picture studios.

"What they should have done," says Tartikoff of his predecessors, "is have [the cast members] sign long-term contracts, just like the studios would have, and then spin them out, whether they wanted to leave the show or not. In year two, Chevy Chase could have ended up with his own situation comedy, then in year three they could have spun off the Blues Brothers, and in year four Gilda Radner would have her own variety hour, and the next year Bill Murray and Jane Curtin could have done Weekend Update for a half hour on Wednesday nights. I will tell you that when we do the new show, we won't make the same mistakes twice."

Generation zap. The sales departments of ABC and CBS have been waging verbal warfare this summer over which viewers ought to be taken most seriously by advertising agencies—those between the ages of 18 and 49, or those in the older 25-to-54 category.

The 18-to-49ers have usually been considered the cream of the consumer crop, but CBS is now arguing that with the Nation's population growing older (especially as products of the postwar baby boom age), the bulk of discretionary income is shifting to the more mature audience.

Who cares? Well, to a certain extent, you should, because these considerations have an effect on the types of programs the networks put on. ABC has traditionally been most successful in reaching the younger, urban families by snaring the kids in the early evening with shows like *Mork & Mindy* and then keeping their parents watching for the rest of the night.

CBS for the last few years tried unsuccessfully to go after ABC's audience with similar shows, but has now returned to its own traditional stronghold: older viewers in more rural areas.

Thus CBS's prime-time schedule sports titles like *The Dukes of Hazzard* and *Flo*, ABC carries on with shows like *Taxi* and *Three's Company*, and each network tries to convince advertisers that its particular audience is more valuable.

NBC, meanwhile, is sticking with the 18-to-49-year-olds and is having some success doing so. According to a study by the Ted Bates advertising agency, NBC's regularly scheduled programs at-

continued on page 16

WHAT'S ON

Some of the noteworthy programs and events that are scheduled for television this month. (Check local listings for dates and times in your area.)

DRAMA AND MOVIES

Shōgun. A six-part, 12-hour miniseries based on James Clavell's best-selling novel. Richard Chamberlain stars as Blackthorne, the English explorer who encounters 17th-century Japan. NBC.

Tinker, Tailor, Soldier, Spy. Alec Guinness portrays John Le Carré's spy-fiction hero George Smiley in this six-episode adaptation for television, beginning this month. PBS.

Crime and Punishment. Dostoevski's tale comes to *Masterpiece Theatre* in four parts, with John Hurt as Raskolnikov (see page 22). PBS.

"10." The 1979 film comedy that brought the world Bo Derek as the lust-object of a fortyish male played by Dudley Moore. Home Box Office and Showtime (cable).

The Boys from Brazil. A 1978 theatrical movie with Laurence Olivier playing a Nazi hunter whose prey is a South American (Gregory Peck) trying to revive the Third Reich. NBC.

Marilyn. Norman Mailer's best seller about Marilyn Monroe becomes a made-for-TV movie, with Catherine (*The Bad News Bears*) Hicks in the title role. ABC.

The Gauntlet. Clint Eastwood directed himself in this 1977 film about a disreputable police officer escorting a female trial witness to Phoenix. NBC.

A Little Romance. First puppy love is the theme of this 1979 film, starring Diane Lane and Laurence Olivier. Showtime (cable).

Dracula. 1979 remake of the 1931 classic, with Frank Langella and Laurence Olivier. Home Box Office (cable).

NEWS AND DOCUMENTARIES

Cosmos. Carl Sagan's \$8-million, 13-part series goes backward (ancient Egypt) and upward (visiting black holes and galaxies), among other directions, as it explores the universe through science. The first episode, titled "The Shores of the Cosmic Ocean," will be telecast this month. PBS.

Werner Herzog and the Making of "Nosferatu." A documentary examining the German director and his 1979 version of the classic *Dracula* film. PBS.

Heroes: Patton—The Man Behind the Myth. A documentary portrait based on rare film foot-

age of the World War II commander. Home Box Office (cable).

MUSIC

Live from Lincoln Center. Violinist Isaac Stern is honored in his 60th-birthday year at the New York Philharmonic's Gala Opening Night Concert. Joining Stern in performance are fellow violinists Pinchas Zukerman and Itzhak Perlman. Zubin Mehta conducts the Philharmonic. PBS.

Going Platinum. Rock-star Stephen Stills appears in a concert taped in San Francisco. Showtime (cable).

Sammy: The Golden Years. Sammy Davis Jr. in concert at Caesars Palace, Las Vegas. Home Box Office (cable).

SPORTS

Professional Football. The National Football League's regular season begins Sept. 7 on CBS and NBC. The next evening, the first *Monday Night Football* game on ABC pits the Dallas Cowboys against the Washington Redskins.

College Football. The season kicks off Sept. 1 as the University of Arkansas plays its arch-rival, the University of Texas. ABC.

U.S. Open Tennis. The women's final from Flushing Meadow, N.Y., is telecast live on Sept. 6; the men's final, also telecast live, is contested Sept. 7. CBS.

SPECIAL EVENTS

The Start of the 1980-81 TV Season. For PANORAMA's preview, see page 48; TV critic Jeff Greenfield assesses the new prime-time series beginning on page 53.

The 1980 Miss America Pageant. A man—new host Ron Ely, who replaced Bert Parks—may upstage Miss America 1981 in this year's Sept. 6 telecast from Atlantic City. NBC.

The 1980 Emmy Awards. Television's best are honored on Sept. 7. NBC.

COMEDY AND VARIETY

On Location: Don Rickles and His Wise Guys. Don Rickles heads an old-fashioned variety bill. Filmed in Las Vegas. Home Box Office (cable). ■



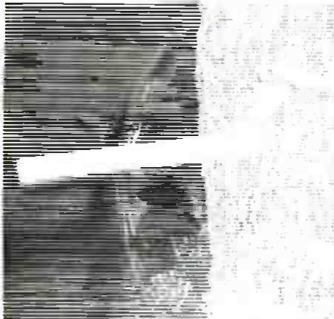
Isaac Stern: Fiddler's birthday bash at Lincoln Center.



Marilyn Monroe: A refugee from *The Bad News Bears* transmogrifies into blonde bombshell.

WHAT'S HAPPENING

continued from page 14



Cigarettes and funding: A burning question at PBS.

tracted 10 percent more viewers in that age group last season than in the previous season. ABC lost 12 percent, but still holds the lead. That other two percent apparently turned off the set entirely.

WASHINGT

Steve Weinberg reporting

Making headlines. Washington's public-television station WETA-TV, will soon be offering a rather special service to some of its viewers. The station has been given nearly \$1 million by a group of Federal agencies to conduct the first U.S. consumer test of teletext, the electronic print medium that displays information on the TV screen in response to push-button commands.

Viewers in 40 WETA households will be the guinea pigs in the trial run, which will start in January and continue for 18 months.

They will have more than 200 pages of information available to them, ranging from news—supplied by The Washington Post and The Washington Star—through movie listings to Social Security benefits. Many of the pages will be revised hourly or daily. All the viewer has to do to call up a page is punch a series of numbers on a keypad the size of a pocket calculator. And every time the teletext channel is used, a monitoring device will note it.

The main questions that the WETA experiment has to answer are: Is there a real demand for teletext? What kinds of information are likely to be most frequently requested? And would users be willing to pay for the service?

Britain, Canada and France are way ahead of the U.S.A. in the development of teletext technology, and the WETA experiment will make use of the Canadian system. It is described by WETA vice president Donald Quayle as "more flexible" than its competitors.

Smoking section. Cigarette manufacturers have been prohibited from advertising on television by Federal law since 1971. But they might soon have the chance of getting their names before the viewing public again.

Surprisingly, the opportunity would be provided not by ABC, CBS or NBC, but by public television, which would like to attract the rich tobacco companies as underwriters for its programs. The credit that they would get for their contributions before and after the programs could not be described as "advertising," says PBS vice president Neil Mahrer, but he nevertheless acknowledges that the idea is controversial. To forestall protests, member stations and the PBS Board are being sounded out for their reaction to the proposal. An in-house PBS report has stated that there should be no insurmountable legal objections: the 1971 legislation was intended to inhibit promotion of the products themselves; underwriting "violates neither the spirit nor the letter of the Federal law."

PBS is also looking at liquor companies as potential underwriters. Though there is no law against the advertising of hard liquor, the National Association of Broadcasters Code calls for a voluntary prohibition by TV stations. Presumably, the spirit and the letter of the Code are also considered safe from violation.

LONDON

Richard Gilbert reporting

Too bad. The Second World War and the defeat of Hitler's Germany have for years provided a rich vein of programming on British television. Drama, historical features and docudrama have explored every crevice of the Allied-Nazi conflict. Recent series, like the commercial network's *The Secret Army* (about the Resistance on the European continent), have been no exception. But now voices are being raised, saying that enough is enough.

A group of academics and politicians led by Dr. Peter Janke of London's Institute for the Study of Conflict wrote to The Times complaining that "the one-sided portrayal on TV of Germans as 'enemies' has a crucial bearing on British defence. The Federal Republic of Germany is a respected and powerful member of the Atlantic Alliance and shares with us and other nations the burdens and anxieties of Western defence. . . . We suggest that the exposure of Nazi activities has been put across in the most ample way and that it has now been absorbed. Other messages of far greater relevance have supervened."

However, another correspondent to The Times deplored the idea that certain themes should be declared out of bounds for political reasons, and he also accused Janke and friends of underestimating the intelligence of the viewing audience. "The public," he wrote, "do not generally believe that the Germans are our 'enemies' any more than they believe that all Americans wear spurs." ■

60 MINUTES. IT DIDN'T JUST CHANGE TELEVISION VIEWING HABITS... IT CHANGED TELEVISION.



60 Minutes spawned an entirely new genre of broadcasting. The only mold it fits is the one it created. For 12 years, it has revealed the nation to itself; and now, by having become the top-rated series on all television, it has revealed yet another facet of our society: that the people and events of the day can fire the public's interest as much as any flights of fiction.

By focusing our attention on the people behind the issues, by addressing every aspect of our culture from science to politics, by revealing the important stories before they become headlines, and by delving into fraud, mismanagement, corruption and injustice, *60 Minutes* has grown into the acknowledged advocate of public information. Yet it actually devotes more air time to practitioners of the fine arts than any other program. By filling a

niche with incisive investigative reporting and a probing interview technique all its own, *60 Minutes* has awakened a popular appetite for information.

"Reality programming," in both news and entertainment, is the hottest trend on the dial. CBS is proud to have led the way with *60 Minutes*, and to have achieved both critical acclaim and popular appeal. In this increasingly complex society, the fact that a public affairs program produced by CBS News could lead the television season bespeaks a healthy move toward introspection, and a desire to keep up with a swiftly changing world.

The preeminence of *60 Minutes* derives, in large part, from the preeminence of its four correspondents, Mike Wallace, Morley Safer, Dan Rather and Harry Reasoner. It also reflects

the character of its creator and executive producer, Don Hewitt, whose insight into the potential popularity value of news has turned the camera lens into an unblinking, inquisitive and engaging eye.

Each of these newsmen brings to *60 Minutes* his own innovative approach to broadcast journalism, and each has left his stamp of integrity and intelligence. They have shown that the weekly sweep of a stopwatch second hand can encompass the grand sweep of history in-the-making.

The public has responded by trusting *60 Minutes*, week after week, to persist beyond politeness in asking the questions that need to be asked, and to identify the issues that demand attention.

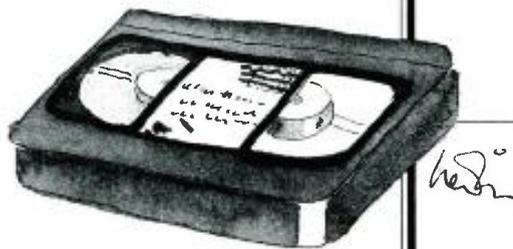
60 Minutes, now the most popular series on all television, has proved that the most interesting thing in the world today is the world today.

**PEOPLE WATCH
AND LISTEN
BECAUSE WE WATCH
AND LISTEN.**

**CBS/BROADCAST
GROUP**

CBS TELEVISION NETWORK.
CBS ENTERTAINMENT, CBS SPORTS, CBS NEWS
CBS TELEVISION STATIONS, CBS RADIO

Casing the Clubs



By DAVID LACHENBRUCH

Catering to avid viewers of videocassettes, clubs offering prerecorded cassettes are springing up all over. Here's a selection of some of the leading clubs and how they operate.

Video Club of America. This one claims to be the first such club and the largest, with a membership of 60,000 to 100,000. It is owned and operated by Magnetic Video Corporation, a subsidiary of 20th Century-Fox and the largest producer of prerecorded cassettes. For a one-time membership fee of \$10, the club member receives a coupon entitling him to two feature movies for the price of one, plus a catalogue and monthly listings of new releases.

All 250 Magnetic Video titles are available, as well as 50 golden oldies from Nostalgia Merchant, and the club expects to add releases from other labels in the future. The regular program cassettes in the catalogue may be ordered—at list price—by calling a toll-free number. Callers also hear taped announcements of weekly specials, which have included two preselected movies for \$50 and a free blank cassette with each movie ordered. (Video Club of America, P.O. Box D, Madison Heights, Mich. 48071. Toll-free phone, 800-521-0230.)

Time Life Video Club. This operates very much like a book club. There's a one-time fee of \$15, for which the member receives monthly bulletins listing currently available selections at reduced prices. He may order any, all or none of the listed cassettes. The June bulletin, for example, described 20 different programs, mostly in the \$35 to \$45 range, or about 20 percent below retail price. In addition to titles that are generally available, TLVC offers some exclusives, including specials from Home Box Office, movies from Time-Life Films and Time-Life television productions.

Among programs featured in the June bulletin were "Till Marriage Do Us Part" (\$44.95), "America at the Movies" (\$39.95), "Seven Beauties" (\$44.95) and "Joe" (\$34.95). The club sells prospective members a special promotional tape of excerpts from its selections, at \$12 for Beta, \$15 for VHS—less than the retail price of the reusable tape alone. It also provides special new-member inducements from time to time, such as two programs for the price of one, and offers books as premiums for multiple purchases, as well as video accessories at 30-percent discounts. (Time Life Video Club, Harrisburg, Pa. 17105. Toll-free phone, 800-523-7601.)

VidAmerica. This subsidiary of Video Corporation of America is a rental club. A \$10 membership fee puts you on the list to receive six "Program Guides" a year. Each Guide includes some exclusives—such as the United Artists' features "Last Tango in Paris," "Return of the Pink Panther" and "Rollerball"—as well as sports and children's programs that may or may not be generally available, and shows that definitely can be bought elsewhere. A member can order as many programs as he wishes at \$9.95 to \$13.95 each for a seven-day period.

VidAmerica requires a \$50 deposit for each program rented—but this applies only to non-credit-card transactions. The club plans some innovations, including an increasing number of programs for which the rental price may be applied to purchase, and will soon offer video accessories and other merchandise to members at special prices. (VidAmerica Customer Service, 235 E. 55th St., New York City 10022.)

Inovision. A subsidiary of H. Ross Perot's Electronic Data Systems, Inovision both rents and sells taped programs (although not all titles are avail-

able for rent). For dues of \$57.50 a year, the member receives an elaborate catalogue entitling him to discounts of 12 to 40 percent on a wide variety of electronic products, including video recorders, TV sets, home computers and stereos. One-week rentals vary from \$8.95 to \$10.95 on selected programs. Sale programs include such standards as "The Godfather," "Saturday Night Fever" and "Play It Again, Sam," and are available at 12 to 40 percent off list price. (Inovision, 14580 Midway Road, Dallas 75234. Toll-free phone, 800-527-0263.)

American Video Tape Library. Formed as a nonprofit organization by Nancy Payne, AVTL is typical of many regional and national "libraries" cropping up across the country. It was the first to go national and probably is the largest. Its operation is simple. The new member pays a one-time fee of \$79.95, which the club uses to buy tapes, plus \$5 in monthly dues, used for mailings, ads and administrative expenses. For this, he's entitled to as many tapes as he chooses to borrow, one at a time.

AVTL's catalogue currently includes more than 300 titles. Members who donate a tape to the library are permitted to borrow two cassettes at a time for a slight increase in dues. (American Video Tape Library, 6200 S. Broadway, Littleton, Colo. 80121. Accepts collect calls at 303-798-3389.)

A bit of welcome news for jaundiced book club members: two features all these cassette clubs have in common are (1) no maximum number of purchases necessary, and (2) no negative options. That is, if you don't *do* anything when you receive a catalogue or monthly mailing, you don't *get* anything. There's no little card to be returned within 10 days, no merchandise sent out without a specific request. [■]

Fotomat. The Whole Cassette & Caboodle.

There've been some interesting developments at Fotomat.

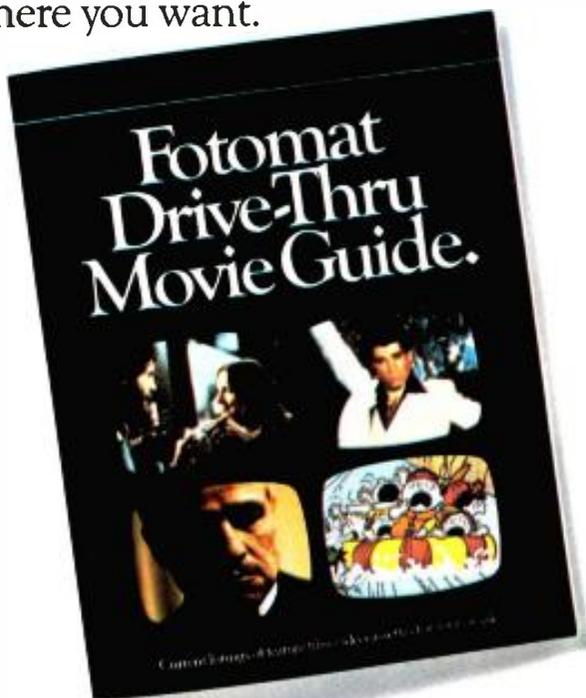
Now you can put Marlon Brando to work for \$13.95. Load up on blanks. Or put your home movies and slides on TV.

So if you've got a VCR, record this: Fotomat is now a complete video software center.

Drive-Thru Movies™

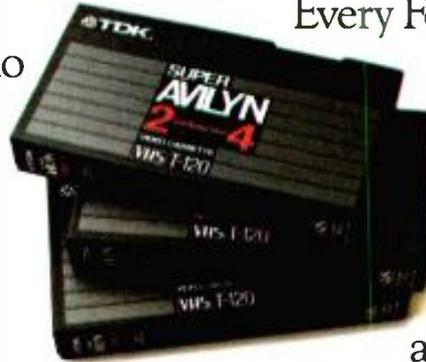
We've built a video library of major motion pictures, sports events, concerts and children's films. You can rent or buy over 160 titles. And we're adding new releases all the time.

It's the most economical way to see what you want when you want where you want.



Save bucks on blanks.

Every Fotomat Store is stocked with the best of the brand-name blank video-cassettes. Both VHS and Beta, and usually at a



price you won't match anywhere else in town.

Get your kids on TV.

Bring us your tangled home movies or your jumbled 35mm slide collection. For a very reasonable price, we'll transfer them onto easy-to-use, easy-to-watch video-cassettes.

Eliminating the hassles of projector and screen. And the dangers of scratching and fading.



To order movies or blank tapes, or a free Video Transfer Kit, or our latest *Drive-Thru Movie Guide*, call us right now, toll-free: 800-325-1111. In Missouri, call 800-392-1717. We'll give you a lot to show for yourself.

FOTOMAT. 

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Don't Salute Just Because It's English

By CYRA McFADDEN

England: A small island kingdom that has given us our laws, our language and all our good television.

Given the climate of the times, I hate to undermine one more cherished American belief—namely that BBC television is without exception what Lord Peter Wimsey calls “top hole.” What to say, then, about the BBC/Time-Life version of “Crime and Punishment,” beginning on PBS here in September? While the series has some powerfully good moments, the four hour-long segments are, all told, about as stimulating as a worm race.

C & P, as *Variety* would call it, has the usual sterling cast, many of them familiar to us from previous series. Commendably, too, the series is faithful to the Dostoevski classic, though with some hilariously English overtones, as when Raskolnikov calls Svidrigailov “an odd fish” or muses, “Yes, well that *is* it, really.” Elsewhere the examining magistrate, sounding about as Russian as Noel Coward, cries “Oh good *hevvins* no!”

Of more consequence is John Hurt’s slightly skewed performance as Raskolnikov. Hurt, who played Caligula in *I, Claudius*, here recalls his role as the wimpy husband in the movie “The Shout.” For some reason he looks soaking wet, as if the BBC had turned a hose on him. His mouth hangs open; he seems downright waiflike.

Raskolnikov is a self-appointed superman who kills to prove he is extraordinary, above the petty morality of the human herd. Something is wrong when, watching his tortured existential journey, one keeps wanting to take him home for milk and cookies.

Something is also wrong when the old woman pawnbroker he kills is a

ringer for the witch in “Hänsel and Gretel,” when a trite score indicates tension with agitated violins, and when overacting—apparently confused with “Russianness”—brings scene after scene to the edge of high camp.

One example, chosen from too many: Siân Phillips (Livia in *I, Claudius*) here plays Katerina Ivanovna, mother of Sonia. Coughing, hemorrhaging and hamming, in a scene when she is mad and dying of consumption, she could be doing “Camille” for Sam Peckinpah.

Foremost of the series’ virtues is Timothy West (Edward of *Edward the King*) as Porfiry Petrovich. West, who looks like Humpty Dumpty, plays with great charm and energy. His performance as the examining magistrate is riveting, and when he is in a scene, so is *Crime and Punishment*.

Anthony Bate is a complex and compelling Svidrigailov; David Troughton is affecting as Razumihin, Raskolnikov’s friend; and Yolande Palfrey makes a touching young Sonia.

None of them can crank up the ponderous pace, however, the leaden pauses between speeches, the slow footfalls, the intervals of amplified heavy breathing. Glaciers move along with more dispatch, and so do income tax refunds.

“Crime and Punishment” is somber stuff and cannot be expected to play as briskly as “Hello, Dolly!” Still, this four-hour adaptation is an hour too long. *Finally*, I thought, when Raskolnikov murdered the pawnbroker. I do not normally applaud, or even condone, chopping old women up like firewood.

Americans so admire the BBC, a list of what we believe in might read “Mom, the flag and *Masterpiece*



John Hurt as Raskolnikov, the ax murderer you want to feed milk and cookies.

Theatre.” So who would churlishly bite the hand that fed us *Upstairs, Downstairs*, *War and Peace* and *Monty Python*?

Not I. I am only nipping at it—and suggesting that we bring to English television, as opposed to our own, a degree of preconditioned appreciation. If it is English, it must be good; so people who would not watch American soap opera other than at gunpoint sat uncritically through the BBC series *My Son, My Son*.

Dallas pales as melodrama beside *MS2*. Yet all of us loyal Anglophiles stayed glued to our TV sets, week after week, even as the suds rose up to our necks.

“Why are we watching this thing?” I asked a friend, a few episodes along.

“I don’t know either,” she said. “I guess it’s just because they’ve got such lovely vowel sounds.”

Meanwhile, in a neat reversal, the English are hooked on *Dallas*. No doubt they admire those Texas vowel sounds.

As Raskolnikov says, “There’s no sense in this world, anyway!” And that brings me to the script of *Crime and Punishment*. Much of it is right off the pages of the novel, well chosen and edited, but other lines sound like the written equivalent of stock footage. “What’s the matter?” asks the maid Nastasya to Raskolnikov, shortly after the murder. “You look as if you’ve seen a ghost.”

This is not my cup of tea with jam, though you may find it less punishing. For my part, I think I will start watching *Dallas*. If the English like it, it *has* to be good. ■

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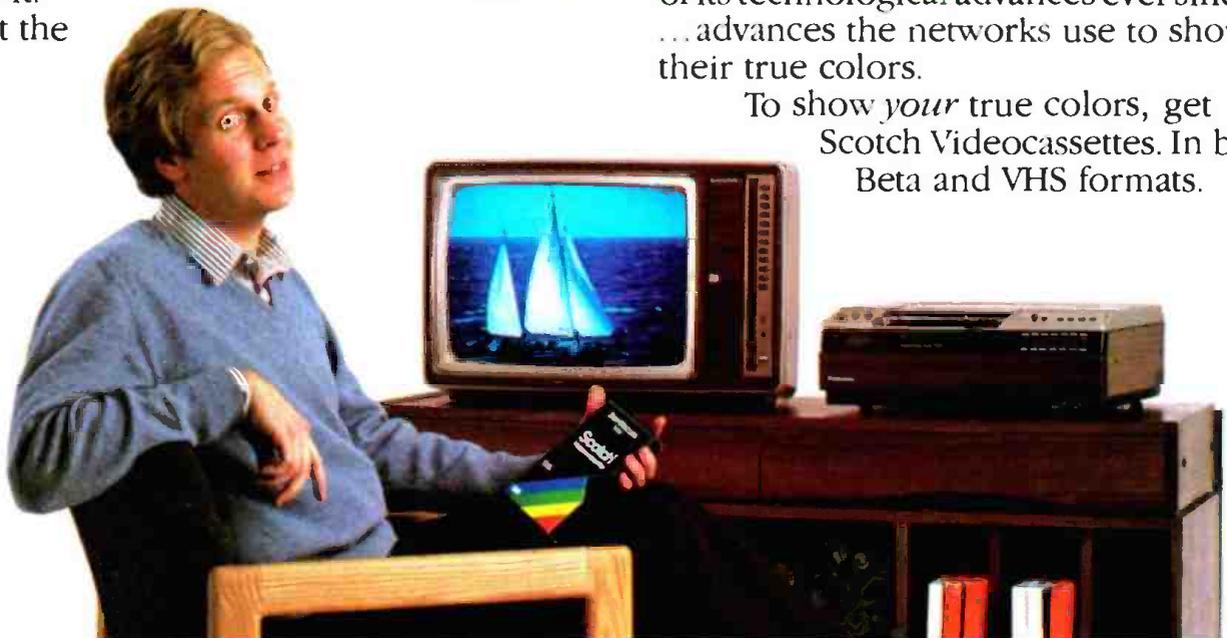


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Q&A

ROONE ARLEDGE

Interviewed by David Frost

Why Should a Network Suffer for Putting On the President Instead of Bo Derek?



Frost

Arledge

ABC's news chief has a plan for dealing with the "ridiculous" ratings system—and looks back, with candor, on his hits and misses as a TV executive

ABC Television has three presidents in charge of programming departments, and two of them are Boone Arledge.

Since June 1977, Boone Pinckney Arledge has shuttled daily between a 28th-floor aerie on the Avenue of the Americas, where he reigns as president of sports, and an executive suite on West 66th Street, from which he presides over the network's news battalions. In his dual role, he's responsible for filling more than 1300 hours of air time annually and in return collects an estimated \$700,000 from the ABC exchequer.

When Arledge was given the news portfolio by network president Frederick Pierce three years ago, many television journalists and other insiders wagged their heads, like bishops confronted with the election of Arnold Schwarzenegger to the papacy. Could this man, seemingly innocent of news-gathering and reporting, meet the challenge posed by ABC's discredited news operation—then limping behind its two competitors with a measly 7.6 rating against CBS's 12.8? And wouldn't the renowned Arledge flair for gimmickry and pizzazz, so successfully deployed in sports coverage (*Wide World of Sports*, *Monday Night Football*), turn serious international events into a three-ring circus? No one disputed that Arledge was the supreme impresario of sport, but ... could he be trusted with OPEC?

Arledge confounded the skeptics—though not overnight. In his first year

as news chief he initiated a massive purge of his department, in which most of the old guard were unceremoniously booted out and a new cadre of high-energy talent installed in their place. Producers, directors, bureau chiefs, reporters—one by one they departed and arrived, many of the newcomers from CBS, others from print journalism. On-screen, the unhappy partnership of Harry Reasoner and Barbara Walters was severed, and the traditional anchorage function went into the melting pot. *World News Tonight* would henceforth originate in three cities—Washington, Chicago and London—each with its own anchor, and the demarcations between anchors and correspondents would be allowed to fade. Arledge sharpened the pace of the newscast and pressed every available electronic button to tell a story in a flash of graphics. At the same time, he personally set about whipping the weekly magazine program *20/20* into the likeness of a mass-appeal *60 Minutes*.

The viewing audience responded timidly at first to the Arledge magic. ABC's news ratings showed only a marginal improvement in 1978, and even though they spurted in 1979, the network still came in third. But this year the breakthrough has been achieved: ABC has edged ahead of NBC, and now has its sights set on the Cronkite gold. Meanwhile, *20/20*, though still something of a kid brother to the CBS champ, is appearing with

increasing regularity among the 10 top-rated programs.

If Arledge owes a debt of gratitude to anyone, it is to the Ayatollah Khomeini, who provided him with a crisis worthy of a nightly news special. Between Nov. 8 and March 21, *The Iran Crisis: America Held Hostage* reported in depth on every turn of the unfolding Tehran drama, in a late-night slot following the local news. It was one of the most successful innovations of recent years, paving the way for ABC's *Nightline* and proving beyond doubt that a sustained diet of headlines has left millions starving. To those news-hungry Americans, Arledge has finally shown that he can offer bread as well as circuses.

One of ABC's early coups in the wake of the Iranian revolution was the screening of an exclusive interview with the exiled Shah by David Frost. This past July PANORAMA invited Frost—celebrated for a long succession of penetrating interviews with figures as diverse as Prince Charles and former President Richard Nixon—to turn his conversational skills on Boone Arledge. The British-born Frost, like Arledge, has burst the banks of his early career. He first gained notice as a comedian and satirist (*That Was the Week That Was*), made his name as an interviewer (*The David Frost Show*), became a TV entrepreneur in the U.K., and then moved into film production, concert promotion, publishing and authorship.

This will be the first of a special series of Frost interviews for PANORAMA.

DAVID FROST: *Let's start with one of the phrases that is copyright Roone Arledge, that phrase that you coined in sports about the thrill of victory and the agony of defeat. And let's take it a bit broader. When have you in your life and career felt most powerfully the thrill of victory and most powerfully the agony of defeat?*

ROONE ARLEDGE: I guess one of the times that there was a thrill of victory was after the Innsbruck Olympic games [in 1976]. Largely because so little had been expected of them. There were no particular stories going into it; there were no Americans who figured to do very well, and people were writing stories saying that the Olympics would kill the momentum that ABC had started in prime time.

I went over there [to Innsbruck] at New Year's and looked around. I chartered a helicopter and flew around the mountains and I said we'll do "The Sound of Music" and we'll make the Olympics into something. We did it, and it was not only successful but it was one of the turning points in ABC's growth. And the reason that it was so rewarding is because, in many respects, we made it out of whole cloth.

FROST: *When have you felt the agony of defeat?*

ARLEDGE: Oh, I think on a lot of occasions. Usually when I do something dumb. I think the lowest point that I had in news was probably the morning after *20/20* debuted. I had not seen the whole program as such, and a lot of it was done the last minute. I knew it was terrible, but I had a meeting scheduled all day long and I couldn't look at a cassette. And that night I looked at a cassette and it was worse than even I had thought it was. I knew I had to do something immediately.

FROST: *I always felt that the two anchormen [Robert Hughes and Harold Hayes] who were jettisoned were kind of unlucky victims, weren't they?*

ARLEDGE: Well, they were victims in a way, yeah. Sander Vanocur had a piece on nuclear terrorism and where

it can lead. Geraldo Rivera and various other people on the program were hot types. And to take two unknown anchormen and have them wisecrack their way through the program made the pieces seem trivial. The program itself seemed not to have a serious intent, which was not really the fault of the two hosts. I knew that if we were going to have those kinds of pieces we had to have a solid person in the middle who could hold it all together.

And I went to bed the next night after viewing a cassette, saying by next week we have to have something or else I'll just take the program off the air. I wasn't going to have that kind of embarrassment again. And the next morning I was watching *Good Morning America* and Hugh Downs was substituting for David Hartman. I thought, "I don't know who else I'm going to get by next week," so I called him up and we had a meeting and we hired him on the spot.

“The lowest point . . . was . . . the morning after *20/20* debuted. . . . It was worse than even I had thought it was.”

FROST: *Is *20/20* now where you want it to be or do you want it to go further? Do you want fewer rock stories and more other stories, or is it now exactly what you want?*

ARLEDGE: No, no, no, no. It's not exactly what I want. Let me explain why we have some of the features on there that we have. First of all, I think the program has improved tremendously, and the audiences with it. Our problem was that we had to establish ourselves fairly quickly or, I felt, we were going to lose the time period. We were at ten o'clock following a whole evening of very light, trivial comedies. And even though they had a large viewership, the people watching were not the kind of people who were going to watch a very heavy, serious news program. And so we had to do something to get these people to at least sample us. We had to mix some of the elements that newspapers would put in their style or

leisure sections. Our evening-news program is like the front section of a newspaper, and our *20/20* is similar to a style section, or The New York Times Sunday Magazine.

I think the critics who were looking for another *60 Minutes* were just as incorrect as they were when they didn't understand *World News Tonight* when we started. They were used to one anchorman sitting behind a desk in New York, and the idea that you had an anchor in London and one in Washington and one in Chicago was something that God had never intended man to do. And so, therefore, everybody was highly critical. And now, if there's any one common thread that I hear from people, it's that they like the way we break the stories down into categories. They know that when Peter Jennings is on from London, they're going to see the world news. And if Frank is in Washington, they're going to get national news. Very similar to what a newspaper does.

But back to the *20/20-60 Minutes* comparison. Without *60 Minutes*, there would not have been a *20/20*, but in trying to be different from *60 Minutes*, we tried to be too different from it, particularly in the beginning. What we try to do now is to have a program that is closer in definition to Time or Newsweek than to Harper's or the Atlantic Monthly, which is kind of what *60 Minutes* is. They do set pieces, which in many cases are timeless. We try to stay a little closer to the news than they do. And we also try to vary the format. We use different ABC correspondents. Sometimes we'll have one hour on a whole subject, sometimes we'll have four or five pieces. I think the program has now found its audience. To hold an audience at ten o'clock on Thursday night, against the kind of competition that has been up against us, has just been incredible.

FROST: *Undoubtedly your competition was much tougher than it would be at seven o'clock on a Sunday. One of the things that people often ask us all is: do good ratings mean that it's a better program or not?*

ARLEDGE: No. Obviously they don't. The Daily News in New York has twice the circulation of The New York Times; it doesn't make it twice as good a newspaper or even half as good a

newspaper. The absurdity of this whole business with Nielsen ratings is something that eventually is going to have to be dealt with, but the idea of measuring news programs by the same standards that you would a popular comedy is ridiculous.

And the day is going to come, and we are going to take the lead in this, when we eliminate regularly scheduled news programs from prime-time



... We are going to take the lead [to] eliminate regularly scheduled news programs from prime-time ratings.

ratings. I mean it has gotten so out of control. It used to be that if you had a program you would try to win the hour. And then it got to where you'd try to win the night, and now they're measuring a year . . . with a tenth of a rating point separating two networks and everybody making a big deal out of it.

If we don't do something about it, we're not going to put serious programs on at all any more; we just won't be able to. Give you a great example. Back in December of 1978, Barbara Walters had arranged an exclusive interview with President and Mrs. Carter. Barbara Walters' specials, where she interviews pop people, are always among the top-rated programs in television. The hour that she did with the President and his wife got a 13 share of audience. ABC lost a week [in the ratings] because of it. Now that is just too stiff a price for a network to have to pay to put the President of the United States on instead of Bo Derek.

FROST: Absolutely. I agree that without some form of truce, the price paid for doing what in fact is the natural thing is too high. The system is bigger than the people involved in it, who'd

like to do more. But the cost of doing more is so great.

ARLEDGE: Well, I have advocated a system, and I think we're going to do it at ABC, where we just don't count news programs. Now I don't mean *60 Minutes* and *20/20*, programs like that. Those programs are designed to get an audience and I don't want anybody thinking that this is some sort of trick to

some, though, is that it was overdramatized . . . 'America held hostage,' and so on. You've answered that in various interviews and you've also said that in fact there were occasions in which you modulated the coverage, for instance in terms of Iranian students. . . .

ARLEDGE: Right.

FROST: There were incidents with Iranian students in California where you deliberately set out not to inflame the situation. Weren't there stories, too, that you didn't use because you didn't want to make matters worse?

ARLEDGE: Yes. It's not so much not using stories but being sensitive to the various ways pictures can be interpreted.

I think there was a tendency early on to give credence to the demonstrations in front of the American Embassy, probably beyond what they deserved. On the other hand, they were taking place and if you were a hostage in that situation and there were thousands and thousands of demonstrating people every day, that was an important part of the story you just couldn't ignore. We tried to balance that by showing that three blocks away, life was going on as normal and that the whole city of Tehran was not involved. Whether we were being exploited by the people there or whether we were reporting actual facts is such a blurred line that it's hard to tell.

The view held now, this being July, is that everybody wants to play this down, particularly the Administration. The Administration was exploiting the situation to its own advantage and when various things didn't work, then they all of a sudden said, "Well, let's not talk about the hostages any more." The press is always a very easy target for anybody who wants to fire the messenger instead of listening to the message.

FROST: The Iran discussion raises the issue of national security, where an Administration says you shouldn't broadcast something in the cause of national interest. You've said the reasons are almost always bad. How do you react to someone seriously trying to convince you not to broadcast something?

ARLEDGE: If we had learned of the

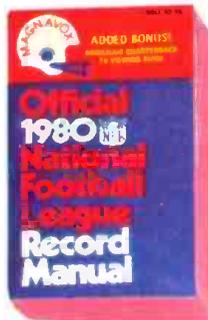


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rescue mission in Iran in advance, I would almost certainly have made the decision not to broadcast that, for national security reasons, lives at stake. I don't think the mere fact that you're a journalist means you can't also be a patriot. On the other hand, you could make the argument that if someone had broadcast that, we would have been spared all this agony that has come from the mission's abortion.

FROST: *I suspect everybody would ultimately make the decision not to publish.*

ARLEDGE: I'm sure they would. You just don't flex your journalistic muscles where lives are involved, where there are interests larger than just beating your competition to a story. But in general terms, we have been criticized somewhat for breaking in advance some Supreme Court decisions. As far as I can see, the republic is still standing, the Supreme Court is still operating. I think that by and large journalists exist to report things. The difficult decisions are when you're not a hundred-percent sure you're right.

FROST: *The challenge comes, of course, when the Government in Washington defines national interests in a partisan way, but does it convincingly.*

ARLEDGE: Right.

FROST: *I mean that's where you say, "No, this isn't national interest, it's your interest."*

ARLEDGE: Yeah, and sometimes the line is somewhat blurred. I think there has been an overzealousness on the part of the press since Watergate and Vietnam to try to tear things down. We are criticized, and I think sometimes correctly, for attacking or appearing to attack American business.

There is a feeling that any big company is somehow immoral and should be destroyed. I don't agree with that. There's no question that companies have taken shortcuts from time to time, and, without the pressure of public exposure, very little would be done. But that does not mean that you just go out with a hunting license to destroy any institution that exists.

FROST: *While on the subject of news, what about life after Cronkite? Is there life after Cronkite?*

ARLEDGE: When *he* says, "That's the way it was," maybe he'll mean it.

FROST: *(Laughs) Do you look forward to that day with renewed optimism?*

ARLEDGE: As you know, we had long, serious negotiations with Dan Rather to come to ABC, not in the role of a sole anchorman, but in an overall position where he would have done a number of things. It took a long time before he finally flipped the coin in his mind and decided to stay at CBS.

NBC, on the other hand, is going to look more and more like what CBS used to be. You have Roger Mudd and Marvin Kalb on the *NBC Nightly News*.

The possibility exists that we are going to be the main alternative for people who are looking for something different, which of course is what we've wanted to be all along.

FROST: *From what you're saying, I gather that had you been the head of CBS News you probably wouldn't have picked Dan Rather to succeed Walter Cronkite as sole anchor.*

ARLEDGE: I think CBS was forced into that choice to keep him. I know that

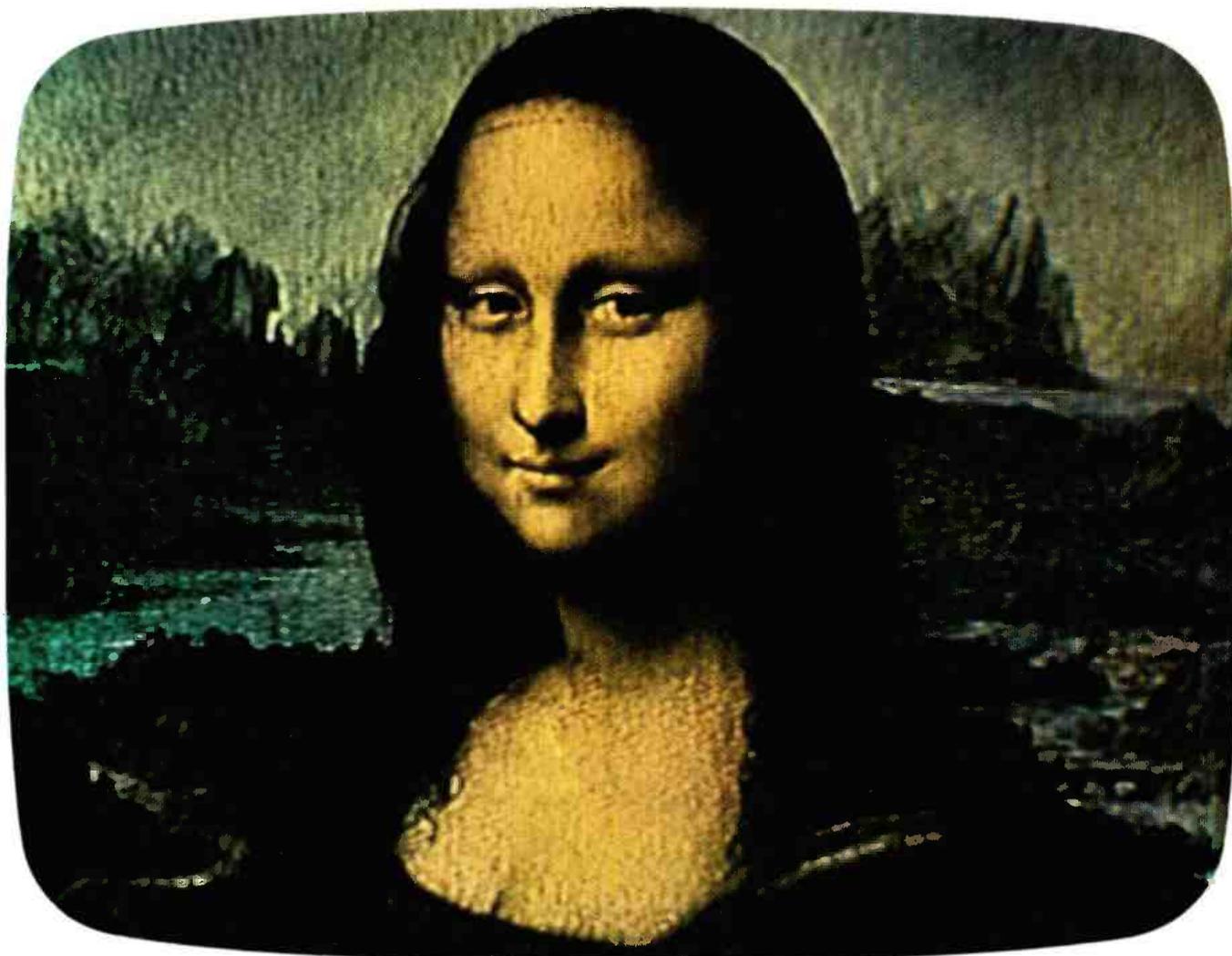
●● Dan Rather is in the wrong job at CBS, where he doesn't—can't—do what he really does best. ●●



What has come out of that is that Walter Cronkite is off the *CBS Evening News*; Dan Rather is in the wrong job at CBS, where he doesn't—can't—do what he really does best; and Roger Mudd has left CBS, and will eventually be *the* or *an* anchor at NBC. So profound changes are taking place. The movement of Dick Salant and Bill Small from CBS to NBC and their subsequent acquisition of a lot of CBS talent means that you're going to have a watered-down CBS. It will still be very, very strong, but you don't lose all the people that they've lost—including some of their best producers, who are now with us—without it hurting you.

their original plan was to have Rather and Mudd as co-anchors, and that would have solved their problem very neatly. But forced into the position of losing Dan Rather, or by extension probably losing Roger Mudd, they chose Rather and gave him the one position that would keep him there. I probably would have had to make the same decision, even though in my discussions with Dan I told him I thought his real value was in other areas, and that being a single anchor would be too restrictive for him.

FROST: *Do you think Ted Turner's 24-hour Cable News Network will work?*



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ARLEDGE: Any 24-hour news service can work, should work. I was very impressed with their operation when they first started. It is serious; it is interesting. I'm a little troubled that, having all that time, they don't use it for more important functions. I don't know whether Turner will survive or not. My gut feeling is that he's under-financed, but maybe not.

FROST: *What about pay-TV and the phenomenon of the Leonard-Duran fight?*

ARLEDGE: I think it is clear that, as pay systems develop, the American public is going to have to pay for a lot of things that they now get free. Given the current mood of Congress and the FCC, with stronger regulation of networks and practically no regulation of cable and pay-TV systems, the day will probably come fairly soon when most, or at least a lot, of the big events like that will be on pay television.

You will eventually have on pay systems exactly what you have on home systems now: you'll have commercials; you'll have the same kind of material, only then you'll be paying for it. It's just been demonstrated all over the world that people who have a property eventually put commercials in it. The idea that you'll be blessedly free of commercials and everything will be Greek drama and operas from Lincoln Center is eventually going to be nonsense. The initial impact of pay systems will be in the cultural area. I think you will see more ballet and more operas, because people are willing to pay for them. The loser there will be the Public Broadcasting Service.

FROST: *If you were chairman of the FCC, what main regulatory change would you make in television in this country?*

ARLEDGE: Given what I just said about public television and the future systems, I still believe that there should be a quasi-governmental or at least governmentally protected system such as the BBC. I think there are ways that television can be financed where the poor person at home, who is used to seeing the World Series and can't feed

his kids, doesn't have to shell out \$12 a night to watch a World Series game.

I guess my number-one thing would be to change this dumb rating system that we have. We have virtually destroyed anything serious on television. And it's true of every network.

FROST: *If you were NBC's Fred Silverman today—with your network in third place—what would you do?*

ARLEDGE: (Laughs) I don't know. I would drink some hemlock or something. I really admire the job that Fred has done. It takes a long while when you're rebuilding a desperately inadequate organization. You have to vamp for a while, and you have to put stuff on that you later regret. But Fred Silverman did not go from being a genius to a bum overnight. If Fred can't come up with the solution at NBC, I

a network, which means one of three.

ARLEDGE: I'm not sure, David, that I would look upon that as a promotion. I find that I regret the further away I am from producing programs, which is really what this medium is about. I have on a number of occasions flirted with the program job, and on each occasion have said no.

FROST: *Have you actually been offered it?*

ARLEDGE: Yes. No one ever came to me and said here's a piece of paper that if you sign you are the head of programs. But people have come to me and said would you be interested in this, and why don't we talk about it, and in each case I've said no. At the end of the Montreal Olympics, I was faced with a basic career decision; I

●● I could have written my own ticket in almost any entertainment area ... I chose ABC News—because I thought that I could ... do something meaningful.●●



don't know who would.

FROST: *That's perhaps all that's left ahead of you now, is it, after sports and news?*

ARLEDGE: What, head NBC?

FROST: *Go to NBC, maybe—but head*

had a lot of offers that would have made me very, very wealthy. I could have written my own ticket in almost any entertainment area I wanted to, and I chose ABC News—because I thought that I could have impact there and do something meaningful. That really is why we're in this business. ■

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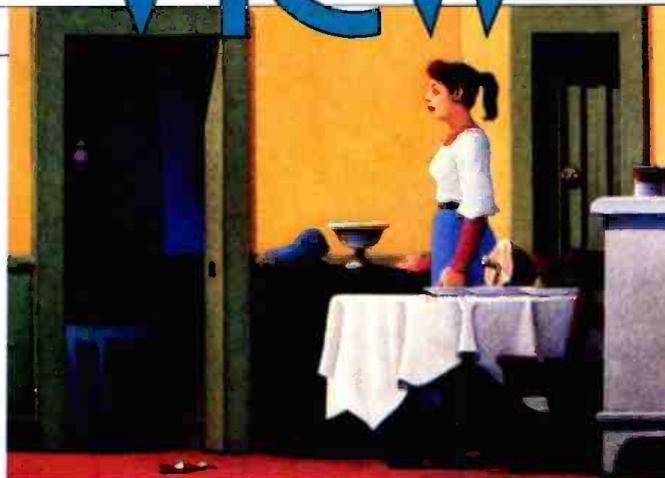
PANORAMIC VIEW

ALICE DOES LIVE HERE

It's been called the drabest, most depressing set in the history of television—a dingy little flat on Chauncey St. in Brooklyn, with a beat-up dresser, a round pedestal table and three chairs, a wall-mounted sink and an ancient refrigerator squatting next to the cookstove. It was the home of *The Honeymooners*, Alice and Ralph Kramden (Audrey Meadows and Jackie Gleason), and to New York artist Leonard Dufresne, who has painted a series of what he calls "Alice Pictures," it was an inspiration.

"I was fascinated with the show as a kid," says Dufresne, who is 39, "because I didn't live in a place like that, and I didn't know anybody who did. Nobody lived that starkly. The set was mysterious and disturbing to me. I didn't know anything about surrealism at the time, but if I had, I would have thought it was surrealistic. It was real enough to look convincing, like somebody lived there—but not in *this* world."

When the show, which was



filmed before a live audience in 1955–56 and is still running in syndication, began to play in New York last year, Dufresne caught one of the episodes: "All these ideas I'd had as a kid began to surface again. What does the bedroom look like? Where's the bathroom? We never see either of them. And I wondered about Alice—what does she do all day at home?"

The bedroom, the bathroom and scenes of Alice at home alone did exist—in Dufresne's imagination. He decided to paint them. But first he watched each of the 39 episodes, some for the first

time, some for the 10th, and took notes on each character and plot, "The painting and the watching were two separate acts," he says. "I didn't want them to be pictures of the TV show. I wanted more to draw what *my idea* of the characters was, to say something about what kind of effect the show had."

The result was five paintings of Alice in the apartment—in the bedroom with Ralph, in the bathroom in the morning, etc. "My favorite one shows Alice alone in the afternoon," Dufresne says. "The day is spent. There's nothing really to do. And

there's not going to be anything to do until Ralph gets home and the whole thing starts up again. I was very sympathetic to her—she's sort of a kept woman. I always wanted to be Tommy, the kid who lived downstairs, because he was Alice's pal."

Dufresne decided the bathroom was by the kitchen—even though in one of the shows it is referred to as being near the bedroom. "I didn't fall for that bedroom business," he says with a grin. "That was just '50s TV convention to put the bathroom as far away as they possibly could."

Now that the paintings have been sold from a New York gallery (for \$1500 each), what will become of Dufresne's fascination with interior domestic scenes? "The greatest thing that could happen to me would be to be walking down the street someday and have the side of a building just come away so I could stand there and watch the people inside. But that's not going to happen . . . so I suppose I'll just keep watching television."

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a week's worth of watching, set the day, time and channel buttons, and try not to jump when from out of nowhere some guy is suddenly shouting "Heeere's Johnny!" in your living room.

Programmables have been on the market a little more than a year now. Among the companies selling them is RCA, which offers a 19-inch model that can be preset to turn on up to 22 different programs (or more, if you want to see a regular show, like the evening news, every night).

Toshiba used to sell a programmable that would handle up to 16 shows a day, but replaced it with one that takes only six, probably because no one who watches 16 shows a day ever bothers to turn the set off in the first place.

The sets work with the help of a microprocessor memory chip, the same gadget that makes calculators calculate. Unfortunately, programmability can be an expensive feature, adding as much as \$100 to the cost of a set, and manufacturers claim that remote

control is more convenient, if not quite as smart (though at least one company, Gold Star, has a set you can *program* by remote control).

So programmable sales aren't exactly booming. Said one especially skeptical salesman, "Unless you're totally incapacitated and want someone to set up your viewing for you, I don't know what you'd do with it. There must be applications somewhere, but I haven't found them yet." That is, unless you're prone to falling asleep with your set on.

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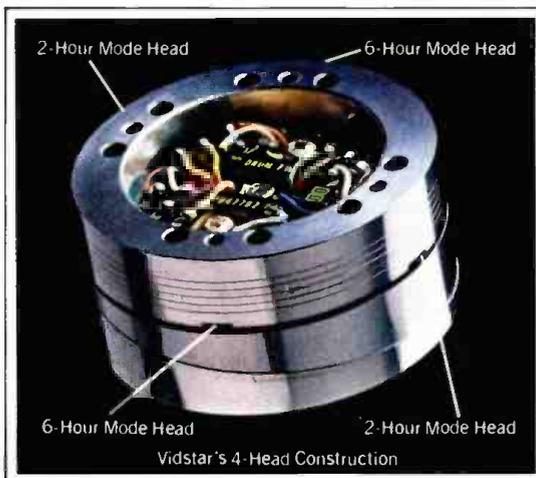
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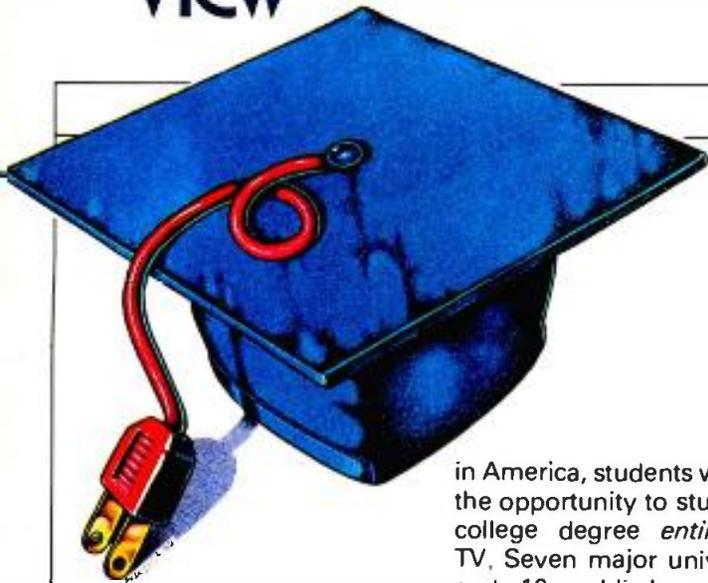
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TELEVISION U.

When Antoinette Harned entered college at the relatively advanced age of 30, she naturally found it necessary to make some adjustments to student life. "My greatest difficulty," she recalls, "was getting proper reception on TV. The program came from Baltimore and we lived in Virginia. We had to have a big, \$200 antenna installed on our house."

Mrs. Harned, a mother of three, began her quest for a degree in 1973 as a member of the first class in an experimental TV degree program developed by the Open University of the U. of Maryland's University College and the Maryland Center for Public Broadcasting.

This September, the Maryland experiment will be tried nationwide. For the first time

in America, students will have the opportunity to study for a college degree *entirely* via TV. Seven major universities and 10 public-broadcasting stations (plus two cable systems in New York) will offer their resources to the National University Consortium—a sort of microwave university of the air. Essentially, what public TV is attempting to do is to follow the traditional grade-school formula of three R's with the three T's of adult education—texts, tutoring and TV.

The Consortium members hope their efforts will yield a whole crop of blue-collar baccalaureates from the American countryside in just six years. Fifteen hundred students are expected to join the program this September, in pursuit of degrees in sociology, management or the humanities (the exact name of the degree varies with the college). There are no basic science courses offered.

In the humanities, for example, degree candidates are

required to take a unit in "The Early Roman Empire and the Rise of Christianity." Equipped with a text, a schedule of TV programs and a course guide to help them negotiate both media, students are taken from their homes, via TV, on a walking tour of St. Peter's cathedral, in Rome . . . Why, the TV professor asks, as he descends a stair in the basilica behind Bernini's Chair of St. Peter, was this incomparable cathedral erected on *this* spot? Then, step by step, employing the tools of scholarship, archeology and video, the students are led to discover the mystery beneath the cathedral's location.

Two-thirds of the TV programs for the Consortium were developed at the Open University in Britain and are comparable in format to Alistair Cooke's *America* and Jacob Bronowski's *The Ascent of Man*.

Enrollment announcements for the National University Consortium started showing up on PBS in July to tell potential students where to write for brochures and applications. Costs for one year, including books, average about \$1500 (between \$300 and \$900 per nine-credit course, depending on the college).

Once enrolled in the program at the nearest participating college, a student need

never attend classes; however, those who can are urged to attend supplementary seminars. For students who can't make it to class, tutoring is available by telephone; tests can be taken by mail. And while textbooks obviously may be used to answer test questions, grades, we are assured, are based on comprehension, not retention.

The work can be difficult.

As Maryland tutor Thomas Patterson put it, "We've had our best success with students in their early 30s; people with some college behind them, who have been in the work world and had sufficient life experiences to make a serious, long-term commitment."

What distinguishes this program from a back-of-the-matchbook correspondence course is the opportunity for students to earn a degree from a recognized university, such as Penn State. Dr. Adele Seeff, the project coordinator for the program, explains: "We hope to give the working adult who feels he or she has closed off his or her options—by marriage or having to work too soon after high school—a crack at a quality degree, in a way that can be built into a busy, fragmented life."

Like Antoinette Harned, mother of three, B.A. *cum laude*, class of 1979.

—Jeffrey Shear

OVER THERE

How should the U.S. military keep its troops overseas informed of such mundane matters as immunization requirements and absentee voting regulations without boring them to tears? By slipping the word into the middle of TV shows like *Charlie's Angels*, *Three's Company*, *Barney Miller* or *The Best of [Johnny] Carson*, of course.

That's the primary function of the American Forces Radio and Television Service, which

each week distributes a package of about 50 hours' worth of TV programs by satellite and videocassette to some one million military personnel stationed from Panama to Alaska, Korea to the Philippines, Japan to Guantánamo Bay . . . presumably from the halls of Montezuma to the shores of Tripoli. AFRTS secures the rights from the owners of the shows after they've played on the networks—usually at "patriotic" prices—and

inserts its announcements where the commercials would normally go. "If we just put up public-service messages, nobody would want to watch," explains Col. Donald Williford, deputy director of the service.

In addition to the basic 50-hour package, there's a "dependents' package" of soap operas and children's shows for bases where families reside, and a "priority packet" of news and other perishable

programs, bringing some posts as much as 83 hours of programming each week.

Satellite links to some countries are now being expanded, allowing the military to save a lot of time and trouble moving cassettes around, and, in the process, enabling it to send out about 40 events live each year, from the World Series to the Macy's Thanksgiving Day Parade. "Believe it or not," says Williford, "that's a big favorite."

SCALAWAG SWEEPSTAKES

The Great American Villain Contest is about to begin.

Challenging J.R. Ewing for the prime-time championship are Sheriff Titus Semples on NBC's *Flamingo Road* and Guy Millington on CBS's *Secrets of Midland Heights*.

In the *Flamingo Road* pilot, broadcast last May, Semples arrested a waitress on false prostitution charges in order to break up her romance with his deputy. Then he tried to entice Claude Weldon into



having one of his paper-mill buildings torched for the insurance. When Weldon resisted, Semples went ahead and had the fire set anyway. The flames accidentally killed the only citizen of Truro, Fla., who was ever nice to the sheriff.

Howard Duff, who plays Semples, is eager to take on J.R. in the miscreant sweepstakes: "I could be as mean as Larry [Hagman] any day." He acknowledges Hagman's head start, "but I'm older, so I've had more experience"—such as his self-described role as "a whore master" in ABC's upcoming *East of Eden* miniseries. He also has a juicy role model to draw on in Sydney Greenstreet, the original scoundrel in the 1949 film of "Flamingo Road."

But Duff has a soft spot: he doesn't believe people really think of themselves as bad. This could mean that his performance will lack the lip-smacking gusto that's so evi-

dent in Hagman's portrayal of J.R. "Look at Richard III," begins Duff. "Even he didn't think he was a deep-dyed . . . oh, I don't know what the hell I'm talking about."

Meanwhile, in *Midland Heights*, Guy Millington (played by Jordan Christopher) will this month be heard dropping hints that his niece, his only rival for the family fortune, should be institution-

alized. In order to drive her over the brink, he pokes into her diary and dispatches thugs to beat up her boy friend. It's not as awesome a display of bad deeds as Sheriff Semples'—but it is done in a mere 60 minutes, compared with the sheriff's two hours.

Guy's villainy is "completely opposite to the good-ole' boy style," says Christopher. "He's a more Northern, colder

character" than J.R. or Semples. But Christopher sounds even more excited about playing the bad guy than Duff does: "I'd love to have people love to hate me. I love the old-fashioned booing and hissing."

Assuming their shows survive, we may spend next summer wondering who shot the sheriff or who shot Guy. "God, I hope so," says Christopher. "That would be terrific."

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Investigating the Investigators:

Why You Can't Always Trust "60 Minutes" Reporting

A critical look at the show's methods of pursuing and exposing its quarry

By PAUL GOOD

Mike Wallace is on the attack, hammering away at his target, while *60 Minutes* executive producer Don Hewitt listens closely. Wallace is angry, his dark eyes flat with outrage, his voice snapping accusations at the man standing before him. But no cameras are recording the scene in Hewitt's office, which overlooks New York's Hudson River.

Wallace is not doing an interview for *60 Minutes*, a journalistic hour of power and currently the number-one program of any kind on television. He is supposedly *being* interviewed for this article about *60 Minutes* and the man under attack is me. No big deal. CBS, in general, had been extremely cooperative and open with me.

Earlier, I had been asking a CBS woman producer about a \$30 million negligence suit brought against *60 Minutes* by an endocrinologist. The doctor, who specializes in diets, claimed that a Wallace piece had defamed him and the issue was resolved this spring in mid-trial with CBS publicly "regretting" any embarrassment felt by the doctor while he, in turn, withdrew negligence allegations.

"I am angry," Wallace says. "You were not at the trial. You say we apologized and we did not. You don't know what you're talking about."

I let him have it back, because I had read the trial transcript and I do know

what I am talking about—which happens to be a good deal more than can be said of the *producer*, who has been complaining to Wallace. Wallace backs off.

"Forgive me for being pissed," he says.

After he leaves, Hewitt—normally a fast-talking, amiably self-assured executive—is subdued as he says: "I wish he hadn't done that."

Frankly, I'm glad Wallace did. It's an opportunity to see how a man who relishes his role as hard-nosed investigator reacts when his own work is closely scrutinized. Increasingly today, *60 Minutes* and Wallace are learning what it's like to take it after 12 years of dishing it out . . . dishing it out in a style always riveting, usually informative, occasionally significant, and sometimes so technically brilliant that even critics chewing it up pause between mouthfuls to praise it. And, as CBS pockets an estimated \$25 million annual profit from *60 Minutes*, the show has achieved the seemingly impossible by becoming even more popular than America's number-two show, that memorable runner-up, *Three's Company*.

But what price glory? All of a sudden, *60 Minutes* is catching it from all sides. The general complaint is that while *60 Minutes*, with its dazzling 28.4 Nielsen, is welcomed each Sunday into more than 22 million American households, it is not telling it like it is.

Criticisms of *60 Minutes* concentrate

Paul Good is a free-lance writer who has been a newspaper reporter and a TV documentary-maker, newswriter and correspondent.





on two general areas: the show's seriousness of purpose and its fairness of execution. What is *60 Minutes* trying to do and does it take advantage of people while doing it? Answers begin with the program's history. It first appeared on Tuesday, Sept. 24, 1968 and, for a long while, Nielsen seismographs didn't budge.

The first show had Nixon and Humphrey sitting before TV sets and watching their respective convention nominations on TV. There were also excerpts from a film called "Why Man Creates." But within a few months, Hewitt was in stride, doing "The Pope and the Pill," "Dirty Football," "What Christ Looked Like" and "The Welfare Mess."

In a little over a year, Wallace was in Cairo examining the Mideast situation from the Egyptian side, which was then a journalistically non-chic approach. In the years that followed, many fallow, Hewitt perfected his juggling act, throwing up baubles—such as a segment on the Duke and Duchess of Windsor trying to sell their French mansion—along with throwing hardballs. These included early and extensive reporting on Iran before a revolt caused wire services to discover the story, germ warfare, alleged lethal defects in the Pinto (advertiser Ford dropped out briefly), construction industry discrimination against blacks, and various other heavy subjects that had not had strong media coverage.

What about today? Hewitt answers by rote, like a politician giving the same set speech at a hundred whistle stops. That's understandable for an overworked, overinterviewed man. But can he come up any more, deified as he is, with real answers to real questions? Here is his opening credo: "Our purpose is to make information more palatable and to make reality competitive with make-believe. There are shows on TV about doctors, cowboys, cops. This is a show about four journalists [Mike Wallace, Morley Safer, Dan Rather and Harry Reasoner]. But instead of four actors playing these four guys, they are themselves. Of course, there is a line separating show biz from news biz. You walk up to that line, touch it with your toe and do not cross it."

But exactly how does Hewitt's credo work when choosing subject matter? "We're not interested in heavy Environmental Protection Agency stuff. I'm not in the business of broader social awareness. I'm in the business of covering news. I'm interested in finding a

small town that has to comply with EPA rules and what happens there. I want to deal with stories about people grappling with issues."

Isn't he getting pretty subjective in letting one person particularize a complex issue when life never is so simple?

"It's very subjective," he concedes, chomping gum the way some baseball players chew tobacco. "Is this a fair representation of the story? There are guys in the business who weight stories one way or another. We don't weight them either way."

Is the show, then, always fair? No complaints?

"Usually we don't get complaints. If we were above criticism, the name of this broadcast would be the Bible, not *60 Minutes*. I don't ever remember feeling any great remorse at any injustice done to anybody by anything said on *60 Minutes*. I never remember a black hat painted as a white hat or vice versa because we went in with a set of biases."

Well, neither life nor journalism is a matter of white hats or black hats. Mostly, it is gray hats, and how they look varies with the person describing them. Even as articles about *60 Minutes* can reach different conclusions from the same evidence.

"Look," says Hewitt, "each correspondent has five producers, all of them reporters too. That's 20 reporters plus the correspondent plus researchers. All very conscious of possible criticism because there are restraints in broadcasting that don't apply to print, such as Federal watchdog agencies."

But how does Hewitt know what happens in the field when correspondents zero in on subjects, or in the cutting room where an hour of interview is often left on the floor for each two minutes making the air?

"It comes down to trust and the track record of my people," says Hewitt. "Not unlike the trust that Ben Bradlee of The Washington Post had in Woodward and Bernstein. I don't think it's possible to do the amount of stories we do and satisfy everyone. But when you're a candidate for bouquets, the brickbats also go with the territory."

And brickbats have been aimed at Hewitt's Four Horsemen. A partial rundown of complaints finds Morley Safer, Dan Rather, Mike Wallace and Harry Reasoner charged with real or fancied journalistic derelictions:

- The Wall Street Journal, June 6, 1980, examined the "Kissinger-Shah Connection," in which Rather sought to link the former Secretary of State to

1973-74 oil price increases by the Shah of Iran. The theory offered was that Kissinger wanted the Shah to have enough money to buy weapons to back U.S. policy in the area. Kissinger, who bowed out of the show after promising to appear, called it a "hatchet job."

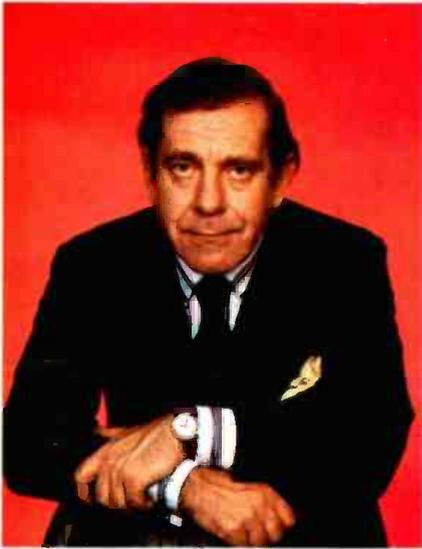
The Journal said that the segment "raises some disturbing questions about TV's penchant for reducing complicated subjects to neat little conspiracy theories," and accused the show of presenting a "journalistic Grand Guignol," a horror show on camera. The paper cited post-broadcast statements from two key *60* "witnesses" to the linkage theory—former Under Secretary of State George Ball (no Kissinger fan) and former Treasury Secretary William Simon. Ball, it said, told CBS he knew of no link and Simon claimed *60 Minutes* had quoted him out of context. The Journal found the entire segment farfetched.

- The Columbia Journalism Review, in its National News Council Report, faulted *60 Minutes* for its treatment of a California Hispanic community on a Jan. 14, 1979, segment entitled "Stop! Police!" The show referred to a "tough Chicano neighborhood" in the city of Riverside, where patrol cars, fearful of attack, ran with their lights out. It developed that the cars were blacked out only in tactical situations not limited to the Hispanic community.

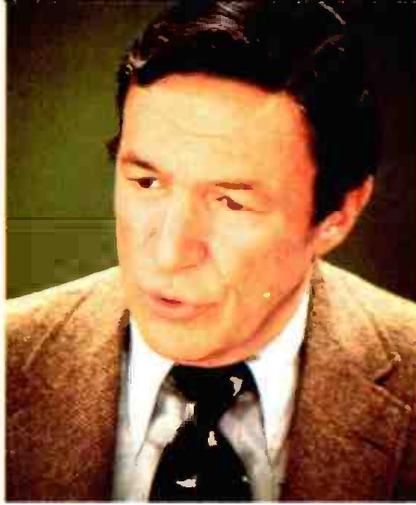
- This year, Rev. Joseph Lowery, president of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, which Martin Luther King Jr. founded, questioned *60 Minutes'* judgment, timing and accuracy in running a story severely critical of a white man named Steven Blood for his business practices in soliciting ads for an SCLC magazine. The show, titled "Blood Money," had Wallace charge that advertisers submitted to high-pressure tactics to get the "civil-rights group off [their] back."

"To listen to Mike," says Lowery, "he has a great, great feeling for the downtrodden. But prior to that show they displayed no interest whatsoever in what SCLC was doing at a time of resurgent racism in this country. The Klan in Alabama had tried earlier to kill me and had shot four of our people during a nonviolent SCLC demonstration. A very significant Supreme Court decision is threatening minority voting rights in the South. Of all the grave issues in civil rights, this was a totally inappropriate and irrelevant issue."

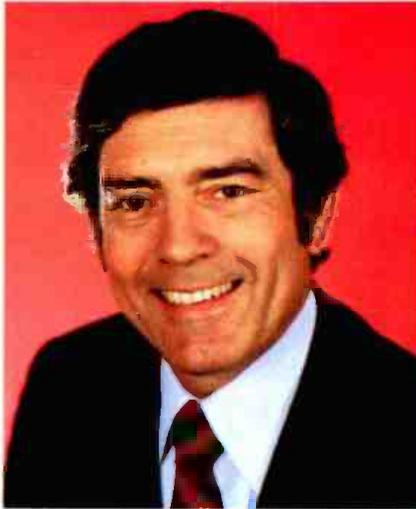
- The most resounding corporate protest came this year in response to a



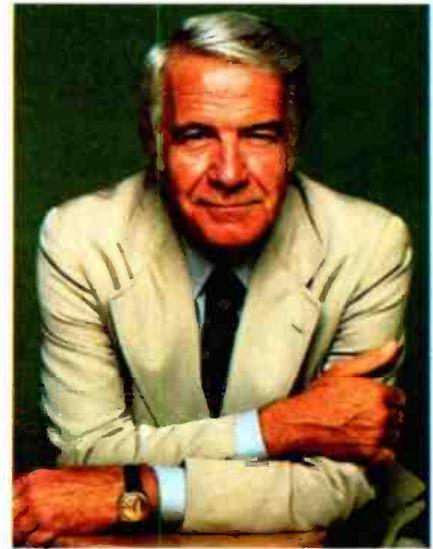
Morley Safer



Mike Wallace



Dan Rather



Harry Reasoner

Reasoner piece last November on gross cost overruns at a nuclear plant being built by Illinois Power in Clinton, Ill. It was titled, "Who Pays? You Do"—you being the consumer.

IP agreed to open its doors to *60 Minutes* with one stipulation—it would videotape *60 Minutes'* interviews with IP executives just to, you know, keep things honest.

"We wanted a record," says company spokesman Harold Deakins. "It became obvious they were after overruns, which our executive vice president, Bill Gerstner, admitted were considerable. But Reasoner—he was a helluva guy, good listener—told me before he left that it was amazing how different the facts were from what you had heard after you went to the scene and talked to people. 'I hope you'll feel you were treated fairly by us,' he said. Then, we were bombed."

IP bombed back. It produced its own version of TV's leading show, complete with narrator and ticking watch, entitled, "*60 Minutes/Our Reply*." It included the entire "Who Pays?" segment, but added footage that CBS left on the cutting-room floor and pointed out errors in fact along with some significant information that the *60* report had omitted. IP has shipped more than 1500 cassette copies around the country to businesses and institutions like the Harvard Business School, despite CBS warnings of possible copyright infringement. It is a unique development in journalism, which this article will examine in detail along with CBS's reaction.

What is *60 Minutes* doing that persuades so many critics to attack a show that overwhelming numbers of view-

“There is a line separating show biz from news biz. You walk up to that line, touch it with your toe and do not cross it.”

ers love? Wallace suggests that success itself is the reason. Everybody may love a winner, but people also like to cut a winner down.

Though critics singled out his "Kissinger Connection" as being simplistic, Rather is a disarming guy who reacts so well to criticism that you feel apologetic about criticizing. I say that I agreed with *The Wall Street Journal* that the segment was on the soft side. He says, "That's fair enough, although nobody yet has pointed out a factual error. If we did it over, we might put a different title on the piece. If we make mistakes we ought to be held accountable, although, as you know, Kissinger has a network that waged an extensive

guerrilla campaign against us. They think he should be carved into Mount Rushmore. Well, bull_ _ _ _.

"Sometimes I take a piece out after there's criticism, look at it and say to myself, 'That's right, that's valid, it could be improved.' But you only get one shot at it. Where it really hurts and I get inconsolable and my producers know they're gonna catch absolute mortal hell is if there's a factual error. Do we go into a story with a point of view? If it happens, I try to stop it before it goes too far and sometimes will kill it stone dead. We are a team operation, but I try to double- and triple-check everything the team does. I play the game of 'Where are the holes in the story?'"

Some critics have attacked *60 Minutes* for not coming to grips with the serious and timely issues confronting today's turbulent world. Fred Friendly, now a Columbia University professor and formerly a president of CBS News, told me, "An enormous audience sits down with that show each Sunday night trying to understand a complex world, and they should be addressing themselves to that."

"We are in a convulsive mood in this country. We have, in effect, told 15 percent of our citizens who are black, 'Go away, we will pay you welfare not to work, just go away.' And *60 Minutes* does something called 'Blood Money,' about phonies who fund raise for themselves in the name of civil rights. That's a sidebar story. That's not responsible journalism."

Hewitt defends the show's seriousness and timeliness: "We tackle all

issues no matter how big the target—the Palestine question, Iran, right-to-life controversies, Vietnam veterans. And almost every story we do is in advance of things happening.”

Beyond that, how does the show measure up to—using Friendly’s phrase—the standards of “responsible journalism”?

Responsible journalism. The concept underlies any critical inspection of *60 Minutes*. At its center is the myth of objectivity, which asserts that in every news medium, a story must be fair, balanced and valid. Human, subjective judgments riddle the myth with holes. Everything, from the choice of a story to be reported on to the way it is handled, is laced with some prejudgment and bias to a greater or lesser degree.

Given the myriad options and personal experiences that predispose any journalist, no reporter is purely objective. Good journalists understand all these pitfalls and try to work against the grain of their convictions or prejudices.

In the case of a *60 Minutes* segment on diet doctors, responsible journalism seems to have taken some lumps. On Oct. 1, 1976, when a Long Island physician, Dr. Joseph Greenberg, was called by Wallace to ask if he would consult on a *60 Minutes* report dealing with diet doctors, Dr. Greenberg said he did not give interviews and suggested a fellow specialist in the field of endocrinology.

The next day, Wallace interviewed a woman named Barbara Goldstein, who, 10 years earlier, had been a patient of Dr. Greenberg’s for about four months. She said in a segment subsequently shown on *60 Minutes* and titled “Over the Speed Limit” that the doctor had given her 80 pills a day, including four to six “amphetamine-type drugs.” Here, in part, is a sample of the Wallace-Goldstein exchange:

GOLDSTEIN: I could not determine where I ended and where you began for two years after that time. I walked around holding my hands, because I did not know that they were attached to my body.

WALLACE: And when you said that to Dr. Greenberg, he said what to you?

GOLDSTEIN: Nothing. He said everyone feels that way.

Immediately following that statement on the segment, Wallace asked Robert Rosthal, then deputy chief counsel for the Federal Drug Enforcement Administration, what it would take “to prove that a practicing physi-

cian was actually trafficking in drugs?” **ROSTHAL:** In order for a doctor to be a pusher or a trafficker, that’s exactly what he has to be: cold-cut pusher, trafficker. No medical examination, no tests, and pouring the stuff out to anyone who asked for it.

Wallace never called Dr. Greenberg back to respond to the charges against him. The show was broadcast Nov. 7, 1976. On Jan. 18, 1977, drug investigators paid a surprise visit to Dr. Greenberg’s Great Neck, N.Y., office and later to his Manhattan office. They interviewed Dr. Greenberg and a druggist who filled prescriptions for some of his patients, and the investigators found that none were for amphetamine drugs.

On April 1, 1977, New York State Dept. of Health’s senior narcotics investigator Nicholas Liscia Sr. filed a report that concluded: “. . . although the subject’s [Dr. Greenberg’s] method of treating obesity was slightly unorthodox, it was not unlawful and subject was sincere in his efforts to treat his patients. It is possible that the woman on *60 Minutes* was a disgruntled ex-patient who had an adverse reaction to subject’s treatment.” The case was closed.

One month later, Dr. Greenberg sued CBS, Wallace and the segment’s producer, Grace Diekhaus—who is now executive producer for CBS’s *Magazine* series—for \$30 million, alleging character defamation and other injuries. In August of last year, the appellate division of the New York State Supreme Court rejected CBS’s bid to dismiss the suit on First Amendment grounds. The court said, “If it is questionable as to whether the network has met the standards of basic reporting, it is certainly questionable as to whether they met the more rigorous standards of investigative reporting.”

According to Dr. Greenberg’s lawyer, Jonathan Weinstein, as trial began earlier this year, CBS made a money offer to settle the case. It was refused. Weinstein told me the date the money was offered and the name of the judge who was present. CBS’s attorney denies making any offer. On April 24, in midtrial, both sides agreed to end the case with a joint statement in which Dr. Greenberg withdrew allegations of “negligence in the preparation and execution of the broadcast.” CBS, in turn, said that the Goldstein interview “did not represent the views of the correspondent, producer or editors with respect to [Greenberg’s] medical practice. CBS made the broad-

cast in good faith and without any intention to impugn the character of Dr. Greenberg. CBS regrets any embarrassment that Dr. Greenberg feels he sustained as a result of the broadcast.” No money was involved.

Wallace first knew of Dr. Greenberg’s existence when a young woman named Merri Lieberthal, who worked for Wallace, went to the doctor in the early ’70s with a weight problem. According to Wallace, she became nervous under Dr. Greenberg’s medications and eventually stopped her treatments, although later she sent her mother to the same doctor. At that time, Lieberthal was also a friend of Grace Diekhaus, then a *60 Minutes* producer, who in 1976 decided to do a show on diet mills.

Mrs. Goldstein, portrayed as Dr. Greenberg’s victim on the show, went to Greenberg at the end of 1965 when she was 26, weighed 253 pounds, wore a size 60 dress and had a history of psychological and physical problems. She had been using habit-forming amphetamine pills from other doctors, who, she testified, had got her “hooked,” for six years before seeing Dr. Greenberg at the recommendation of her psychiatrist, Dr. Edward Einhorn. She left Dr. Greenberg’s care in the spring of 1966, 10 years before the show was broadcast, after never receiving an amphetamine pill from him.

Mrs. Goldstein was the only patient of Dr. Greenberg’s on the show. The “amphetamine-type” pills she said that Dr. Greenberg prescribed for her were listed as “non-amphetamine” in the Physicians Desk Reference (PDR), the doctor’s drug bible, although their desirability as a tool in weight control has declined over the years.

During her TV appearance, when her face was hidden and her name was not used, Mrs. Goldstein—after describing how Dr. Greenberg had given her “80 pills a day: eight-O”—said that a daughter was born to her with birth defects, “because of the medications that were given to me because I wanted to be thin.”

These were grave allegations and the show permitted them to stand unchallenged. In sworn pretrial testimony, producer Diekhaus said that after Wallace interviewed Mrs. Goldstein “. . . he attempted to interview Dr. Greenberg for a response to the statements earlier made by his former patient, Barbara Goldstein. [Italics ours.] It was evident from the conversation and I also recall Mr. Wallace stating that Dr. Greenberg refused to be interviewed.”

Wallace also testified in pretrial that

he had tried to interview the doctor during "the next couple of weeks" after the patient interview. Naturally, it would imply fair journalism if Wallace had attempted to tell Dr. Greenberg of the damning Goldstein interview. However, the trial transcripts show that Wallace remembered he only called Dr. Greenberg once, the day before the Goldstein interview.

Q: How long did the interview last?

WALLACE: Not very long.

Q: Did you tell him in the course of that telephone interview that he was to be named by a person appearing on your broadcast as having dispensed medication to her?

WALLACE: No, I did not.

Q: Did you, at any time, tell Dr. Greenberg that in the course of your exposé of these amphetamine abusers he was to be included in that description?

WALLACE: No.

Wallace, according to him, explained that he did tell Dr. Greenberg that he was doing a story about diet mills and amphetamines, and "inasmuch as I had been told by Miss Diekhaus that he was a prominent diet doctor, and a successful diet doctor in terms of acceptance by the public, that I would like to talk to him."

The following Q & A's are arranged in an order that does not necessarily follow the transcripts, but the context is never violated.

Q: Did you perhaps discuss with a pharmacist the various medications that would be discussed on the broadcast?

WALLACE: I did not, but my wife did.

Q: I am asking you personally, sir.

WALLACE: No, I did not . . .

Q: Mr. Wallace, did you take any independent action on your own, not relying on anyone else, did you personally take any independent action to verify the information given you by Miss Diekhaus?

WALLACE: No.

Q: Did you personally interview any of Dr. Greenberg's employees?

WALLACE: No.

Q: Did you personally interview any of Dr. Greenberg's patients [on film]?

WALLACE: No.

Q: Do you have any recollection of asking [Mrs. Goldstein] what medication she had taken?

WALLACE: The names of the various medications? No.

Q: In the course of your interview, did she recite for you the names of these 80 pills per day—eight-O?

WALLACE: Really, I don't remember . . . she said, "I would say between four and six a day were amphetamine-type drugs."



Rebuttal: Illinois Power produced a videotape demonstrating the error of 60 Minutes' way.

Q: Of the 74 to 76 other pills remaining, did you inquire of her what other pills she was taking to make up the 80 pills a day?

WALLACE: I did not inquire of her. I remember there was some discussion that some of them were water pills, but no, I did not.

Q: Prior to the day of the filming, had you spoken to any physician in the fields of endocrinology or obesity with respect to the medications which were discussed on this program?

WALLACE: I had done most of my—I say most of my—research through Grace Diekhaus because Miss Diekhaus had assembled material, had filled me in. I had also talked to Dr. Greenberg prior to interviewing Mrs. Goldstein.

Q: Was there anything on the broadcast itself which would indicate to us that Mrs. Goldstein had not been a patient of Dr. Greenberg since 1966, 10 years prior to the transmitting date?

WALLACE: Certainly not in those words, and had Dr. Greenberg been a major object of inquiry, we certainly would have.

Q: In addition to the information provided you by Miss Diekhaus and through her [researcher] Miss Collier, and any information you say you gleaned from Miss Lieberthal, did you personally as the correspondent who appeared on camera take any independent action of any kind whatsoever to interview any other persons to do any formal research prior to the presentation of that telecast?

WALLACE: No.

I have quoted at length so that a reader may get an impression of how Wallace, widely regarded as a demon reporter, actually covered this story. He never confronted the doctor with

the charges and he relied entirely on Diekhaus for all his information. I say entirely because, although Wallace credited his friend, Merri Lieberthal, as being a source for the program, Lieberthal herself had this exchange in a sworn deposition:

Q: Did you at any time discuss with either Mr. Wallace or Miss Diekhaus the fact that you had been a patient of Dr. Greenberg?

LIEBERTHAL: During which time?

Q: While the show was being prepared.

LIEBERTHAL: There was no discussion, no.

Q: Did you mention it?

LIEBERTHAL: No, I did not during that time.

Now, what about Diekhaus, on whom Wallace so heavily relied and who erroneously swore that Wallace had tried to ask Dr. Greenberg about Mrs. Goldstein's charges? In pretrial testimony, she was asked if Merri Lieberthal had more than one conversation with Wallace during the show's preparation. "I am sure," she replied. Did she herself talk on- or off-camera to other patients of Dr. Greenberg's? Yes, she said, six or seven, but she claimed the newsperson's privilege of confidentiality when it came to naming them because they were members of Overeaters Anonymous.

Q: Did you do anything after you heard her [Barbara Goldstein's] statements to verify the accuracy of those statements?

DIEKHAUS: No.

Q: Did you ever check with any official agency of the state of New York to determine whether Dr. Greenberg had ever prescribed an amphetamine?

DIEKHAUS: No, it would never occur to me to check with the official state

continued on page 106

If You're Buying a New TV Set...

For you, it's September 1980, but it's the beginning of 1981 in TV-set land. Already we're starting to read and hear claims for space-age wonders designed to make us want to junk our sets and run out to buy new ones with random-access tuning, "stereo sound," improved color registration, infrared frequency remote control—or maybe you'll want a monitor-receiver.

How wonderful are this year's wonders? Do they really represent major advances over last year's? How can you sort out the gimmicks from real technological progress? To understand the answers, it's necessary to define the questions more fully.

If you have a color TV set that is less than five years old, nobody really expects you to replace it. Television manufacturers *would* like to sell you a second or third or fourth set for some special purpose, such as viewing in the kitchen, or as a portable monitor for your videocassette recorder. But most TV-set advertising is aimed at the 50 million or so families whose primary sets are at least five years old, for the simple reason that TV manufacturers generally work in five-year cycles. So while there's rarely much that's NEW NEW NEW in any given model year, the improvements made over any given five-year span are noticeable, indeed; at least, that's been the case over the 26-year history of color TV.

There *are* annual changes, of course. Some of these are cosmetic, some frivolous. But some are true advances introduced in one or two models to test the waters of public acceptance.

Here's what you should know about the special features on the 1981 models

By DAVID LACHENBRUCH

Television manufacturers use two basic principles in updating their lines: (1) trickle-down, and (2) copycat. Under the trickle-down principle, a new feature will be introduced in a few models at the very high-priced end of the manufacturer's line and often hyped to the full extent of the set-maker's ad budget. If it fails to draw any significant customer response, it's quietly dropped in the next year or two. But if it succeeds in the marketplace, it shows up the following year in somewhat lower-priced sets, and the year after that—if it has become a valuable selling point—in all sets except the rock-bottom "price leaders." (A price leader is the lowest-priced set in a series, designed to lure the customer into the store so the salesman can "sell up" to more feature-laden models.)

A prime example of trickle-down is automatic fine tuning, or AFT, confined when it was introduced to top-of-the-line sets, and present today in almost all color sets. Nobody fine-tunes manually any more, because the new feature made an important contribution and therefore trickled down.

The copycat principle is just what you'd expect. At the turn of the model-

year, each manufacturer buys samples of all his competitors' most advanced sets, takes them apart, tests, analyzes and evaluates them with an eye to changes that improve performance, cut production costs or might catch the buyer's eye. Features that seem valid are copied, and often improved upon.

Despite the recession, the 1981 model year promises to be a good one for trickle-down, copycat and the beginnings of—perhaps—one genuine innovation, along with an intriguing gimmick.

Television manufacturers smell revolution in the air, a revolution centered on the changing nature of television itself. Manufacturers know the TV set must change with it, to meet the demands of such new program sources as cable TV, videocassettes, videodiscs, teletext and viewdata, video games and home computers.

Some of the new program inputs, such as the videodisc and, potentially, cable TV, can provide sharper, more detailed pictures and better sound than broadcast stations receive through the air. Teletext and viewdata require screens that are sharp and in focus right out to the edges and that show the entire picture (it won't do to have the beginnings and ends of words running off the screen). And something must be done about that mess of wires around the set's antenna connectors.

The new sets represent a gradual attempt to meet these challenges, to wit. . . .

continued



PICTURE SHARPNESS

One five-year leap that is being completed in the 1981 sets is a general improvement in clarity and sharpness of images, thanks to a new family of picture tubes that are shorter from front to back, bringing the source of the picture (the electron gun) closer to the screen. All manufacturers are now using the new tubes, which have color stripes instead of dots on their faceplates and provide the additional benefits of reducing color fringing and improving color registration; this means less frequent service and a set that is narrower by as much as two inches front-to-back. *A genuine improvement, available in all TV-set brands.*

Spreading rapidly through the industry is the comb filter, which provides a further—and noticeable—increase in picture sharpness. This is a device used widely in broadcast stations, but until recently considered too complex to apply to home sets. It keeps the color signal from spilling over into the brightness signal of the picture, if you really want to know. It has a couple of beneficial results. For one thing, it virtually eliminates annoying “crawling color” effects, such as the familiar color patterns around the stripes on football officials’ shirts. In addition, it improves the resolution—the ability of the set to reproduce details—by about 25 percent.

So far, the comb filter is featured in a large number of models by Magnavox, Quasar, Toshiba and Zenith, as well as RCA, which has developed a special integrated circuit called the Detail Processor, which adds horizontal and vertical peaking for extra crispness. *A real and significant improvement that should sweep all brands and most models in the next few years.*

TUNING SYSTEMS

The most visible trend in the 1981 sets is toward “random-access” tuning. Don’t let that computer phrase throw you; it simply means you can tune from one channel to another without going through all the numbers in between. This is accomplished either with a series of pushbuttons for individual channels or with a keypad. (When you see the word “keypad,” just think of the panel of a Touch-Tone telephone.)

Five different tuning systems and combinations thereof are employed in 1981 color models. In the price-leader category, there’s the old-fashioned click-click *mechanical tuner*, as old as television itself and rushing headlong toward extinction. All of the other systems are electronic. One step up is the *single-knob system*, which works just like the mechanical tuner but without the clicks: it can sequentially tune in 12, 13, 14 or 16 preselected channels (either the owner or the dealer must set up the tuner in advance for the channels available in the area). Then there’s the *up-down scan tuner*, which does the same thing—tunes channels sequentially, in either direction—but at the press of a single button, which you release when the tuner reaches the right channel.

Push-button tuning has 12 or more buttons, one for each preselected channel, for random-access tuning; in the 1981 lines, this system is giving way to the keypad, which lets the user call up channels in any order merely by punching in the channel number. Finally, there’s *continuous tuning*, which works like a radio dial, used only in tiny-screen portables. *Electronic tuning systems are less trouble-prone than mechanical ones. Keypad tuning is the most convenient and requires no advance setup.* But that’s not all there is to know about tuning

REMOTE CONTROL

Electronic tuning has brought about the greening of wireless remote control. About one set in every four sold has remote control, and that percentage is growing. RCA and Zenith now have remote in about 50 percent of their color models, and, like Sony and others, have moved heavily into keypad remotes. Most of the new systems use infrared frequencies as their link to the TV set—a vast improvement over the previously standard ultrasonic system, in which a ringing telephone sometimes sent the dial twirling furiously.

In the recent past, cable TV was an impediment to the growth of remote control. Since cable systems employ extra channels not on the standard dial, a special converter box was required, rendering the remote control useless. Now, with the rapid growth of extra-channel cable systems, keypad remote controls are expanding to accommodate Channels A, B, C and so forth.

In addition to letting you control the

set from your easy chair, the new cable remotes may entitle you to a reduction in the cost of cable service, since no converter box is needed (except for pay-TV). For remote models without the cable-channel feature, converters are becoming available to accomplish the same purpose, at about \$60. *Although it usually adds \$100 to the cost of the set, remote control is a genuine convenience feature, and if there’s a possibility that you’ll hook up to an extra-channel cable system during the life of the set, a “cable-ready” remote is worthwhile; otherwise you can convert a random-access keypad remote later.*

AUTOMATIC COLOR

There’s nothing really new for 1981 in color-adjusting systems, but those held over from other years keep knob-twiddling to a minimum. All sets, except some of the lowest-priced leaders, have some form of automatic or preset color-adjusting system, which vary in the amount of adjusting they actually do. In the do-everything department, there are two types of automatic color systems: the “tracking” or averaging type, and the VIR. Tracking systems, such as those used in RCA’s ColorTrak and Zenith’s System 3, keep a watch on color intensity and eliminate unwanted variations.

The VIR systems (in some 1981 General Electric, Montgomery Ward, Quasar, Sanyo, Sears and Sylvania sets) work by picking up an invisible “vertical interval reference” signal, which is transmitted by most TV stations for the purpose of adjusting the color. Many sets with VIR also have a tracking system for backup, which goes into use automatically when a station isn’t transmitting the reference signal.

Both systems accomplish pretty much what they claim, eliminating routine manual color adjustments; VIR aims at realism, tracking at consistency. Each system has its adherents, and most people can’t tell the difference in the picture.

THE MATTER OF SOUND

Set-makers have been roundly damned by audio experts for the quality of noise that emanates from TV loudspeakers. The sound broadcast from the networks has improved sharply in recent years, thanks to the use of communications satellites and

modifications' in the microwave systems that carry the signals to local stations. And set-makers are mindful that all videodisc systems are capable of producing high-fidelity sound (two of the three videodisc systems, in fact, are designed for stereo sound).

So, just one year ago, most TV manufacturers started major efforts to improve the sound from their sets. Thus far, their efforts have fallen on tone-deaf ears, the public apparently being unwilling to cough up the extra \$30 to \$50 or so that good sound adds to the price of a set.

Still, many brands (including General Electric, Magnavox, Montgomery Ward, Panasonic, Quasar, RCA, Sanyo, Sears, Sony and Sylvania) have 1981 models with fairly powerful high-fidelity amplifiers and speaker systems. Some even offer pseudo-stereo sound; RCA's Dual Dimension Sound, in some 19- and 25-inch sets, separates and enhances frequencies to provide a stereophonic *effect* from speakers mounted on both sides of the picture tube. Quasar pioneered this approach several years ago in its Audio Spectrum Sound, but this year has reduced the number of such models as the result of low demand.

In a super-duper top-of-the-line 26-inch console (\$1250), Sony this year is introducing "Matrix Sound," which uses two high-fidelity amplifiers and separate high-quality speaker systems to give stereo-like depth by means of a split-second time delay between the audio from the left and right speakers.

Most manufacturers are trying an "optional" approach to quality sound, by feeding a good sound signal to a jack in the back of the set, so the viewer can plug it into a home hi-fi system. Most brands now offer at least some sets with audio output jacks, and this feature soon should become virtually universal. Just in case you don't have a hi-fi to plug the set into (or if your hi-fi is in a different room), Sylvania offers an optional plug-in amplifier-speaker combination at about \$90.

If your hi-fi is near your TV, for the best sound look for a set with an audio jack. If not, listen carefully to sets in the store before any money changes hands.

ENTER THE MONITOR

The forerunner of a completely new type of home color set—one that should be commonplace in a few

years—is just starting to appear in the 1981 lines. This is the "monitor-receiver": a picture display to which various picture sources may be connected.

You may have noticed that all videocassette recorders and videodisc players, as well as many home computers, have video and audio output connectors, which are rarely used because there's no place to plug them; they also contain circuits that superimpose their pictures onto a broadcast TV channel (usually Channel 3 or 4) to be fed into the television set's antenna connection. Inside the TV, the picture is injected into the set's picture and sound circuits. By using the direct output of the recorder or player, the monitor-receiver eliminates the need for these intermediate steps.

By cutting out these extra steps, the monitor achieves a better picture from such inputs as videocassettes and videodiscs, while eliminating the congestion of wires at the antenna connectors of the set. A generally unpublicized 19-inch set in the 1981 RCA line will likely set the pace for a profusion of home monitors-receivers. This set has a panel in the back with 11 connectors for video and audio inputs and outputs. In addition to permitting picture- and sound-producing devices to be connected directly to the video and audio circuits, it allows the output of the set to be "jacked" to other sets (or hi-fi systems). Using this monitor system, one videocassette recorder can be fed to several TV sets at a time.

An important trend is beginning: someday you'll probably own a monitor-receiver. If you're a videotape or disc freak, you should take a look at these now.

WILL IT LAST?

The reliability of color sets has improved sharply since circuit tubes were replaced by solid-state devices, but a major dichotomy has emerged in the industry: Do you concentrate on improving the sets to reduce the need for repairs, or do you make them easier to fix when they break down? Most of the TV manufacturers first adopted the latter approach by using modular chassis, then switched over to the former with "unitized" or single-piece innards. Large-screen sets with unitized chassis generally must go to the shop when they're ailing; service technicians usually can fix modular sets in the home by replacing the defective module. Unfortunately, the connec-

tors between the modules turned out to be a prime source of failure, so most TV-makers now have returned, or are returning, to the one-piece chassis.

Zenith claims to have the best of both worlds; its "Triple Plus" chassis uses a new type of connector, which, the company says, makes it as reliable as a single-piece but usually fixable at home. *The returns aren't in yet. But all sets are much more reliable than their predecessors of just five years ago.*

GIMMICKS AND GADGETS

Gimmicks and gadgets come and go. Sometimes they start life with the hope of becoming genuine "features," but fade because of lack of public response.

This year's super-gimmick is Zenith's Space Phone—yes, the television set and the phone have finally been combined (sigh). Space Phone (\$40 to \$50) is included in some Zenith 19- and 25-inch remote-controlled sets, which are designed to be attached to a telephone jack. When the phone rings, there's no need to leave your comfy viewing chair. Instead, the telephone sounds an alarm through the TV's speaker and a touch of a button on the hand-held remote unit lets you hear the caller's voice over the set's speaker (while the program sound is muted). Now all members of the family may converse with Aunt Bessie in Paducah via a microphone in the set, just as if she were in the room.

Obviously, all these technological advances, frivolous or otherwise, have a price. The overall cost of television sets is up a little this year compared with last—probably around \$10 to \$30 per set, which works out to between one and four percent. In most cases, it means more set for a little more money. Considering the prices of 10 years ago, TV sets have risen far less in cost than most other products, thanks in part to chronic oversupply.

There are now 15 major television manufacturers with factories or assembly plants in the United States, the largest number in over a decade. Each one is working to carve out a bigger share of the American color-television market. This competition is paying off, not only in gadgets and gimmicks, but in improved quality and reliability and significant features for new home terminals to meet the demands of television's exciting future. ■



Riding the new wave of "real people" programs are the regulars on (clockwise, from top right) ABC's Those Amazing Animals, NBC's Real People and ABC's That's Incredible! NBC's other ventures into "reality" are Games People Play and (tentatively) Speak Up America.



The Big Picture

It's the Year of the Itch

TV viewers are restless . . . the networks are looking over their shoulders . . . and, in programming, reality is king

By DOUG HILL

Call it The Year of the Itch. The American people, it seems, are restless with the way things are going. Social analysts of all persuasions have remarked again and again on the gyrating moods of what political commentators are calling "the Volatile Voter"—a cantankerous breed dissatisfied with the incumbents, dissatisfied with the candidates, with inflation, with recession, with foreign affairs, with energy . . . dissatisfied somehow with just about any topic you'd care to name. Including television.

As we enter the first full season of the 1980s, some surprising new patterns are appearing in television viewing habits, patterns that suggest Americans are carrying their restlessness with them to the tube. The temptation is to quote Howard Beale of the movie "Network," to say that people are mad as hell and they're not going to take it any more. But at least as far as television is concerned, they're taking more of it than ever—presumably because while they're sitting at home not voting or not taking that drive they can't afford, they're watching television, and stewing.

The surprise came in *what* was being watched. The turbulence in prime time was easy enough to see. The gloss suddenly wore off some of TV's staunchest formulas as shows like ABC's *Happy Days*, *Laverne & Shirley* and *Charlie's Angels* declined precipitously in the ratings. To be sure, much of the slack was taken up by new formulas, or at least by new presentations of old formulas that hadn't been around for a while, like the countrified car-toons of *The Dukes of Hazzard* and the soap-opera shenanigans of *Dallas*. Restlessness or no, ABC, CBS and NBC still dominate viewing so overwhelmingly that any major shifts in audience

taste almost by definition go to alternatives the networks themselves offer, and if the current fluctuations have hurt ABC most, it is because the very shows that are now fading are the ones that propelled that network into Nielsen heaven the *last* time preferences took a dramatic turn five years ago.

But there are important distinctions within this particular cycle. For one, the audience growth the networks are crowing about did not go to prime-time formulas, new *or* old. And five years ago all the talk of cable and videocassettes and discs as alternatives was just that—talk. Now those new video back-scratchers are here, and the networks know that if they don't come up with the means to satisfy the audience's itch, somebody else will.

The most striking development of the past season was the discovery of new appetites for news and for what the networks call "informational" programs. In the early-morning hours, sets in roughly one-and-a-half-million more homes than in the previous season were tuned to ABC's *Good Morning America*, NBC's *Today* or CBS's *Morning*. That's an 18-percent increase overall, with ABC showing the biggest gain. Late-night viewing was also up substantially, registering an increase of some 2.4 million households last spring versus the spring of 1979; 65 percent of the gain went to ABC News' new *Nightline*. The networks' early-evening newscasts attracted their largest audiences since 1968, bringing Cronkite, Chancellor and Reynolds into approximately 2,240,000 more homes than the year before.

There is a two-percent gimme factor in those figures because the ratings company A.C. Nielsen last year in-

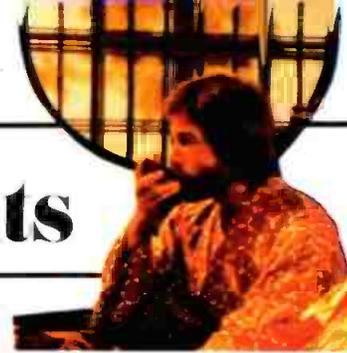
creased its estimate of the television "universe"—the number of homes with TV sets in the country—to account for population growth. Take away that factor and the growth of news and fringe-time viewing is still significant. Take away *that* factor and viewing of the networks' prime-time programs increased not at all.

Viewers seemed to respond to almost any show that focused its cameras on what was taking place outside the studios and soundstages of Hollywood. "Research has shown that people are looking for more real-to-life situations; they're not interested in situations that don't exist in real life," says Frank McKeivitt, of Alan Landsburg Productions, the company that produces *That's Incredible!* and *Those Amazing Animals* for ABC. CBS's *60 Minutes* became the number-one rated show of last season, of course, and ABC's *20/20* emerged as a solid hit. *PM Magazine*, Westinghouse Broadcasting's half-hour feature magazine show was the top-rated syndicated program in the country.

Programs such as PBS's *Nova* and the *National Geographic* specials enjoyed some of their highest ratings ever, riding a wave of interest in subjects scientific that prompted the publishing industry to launch several new science-oriented magazines during the year, and ABC and CBS to put science magazines of their own in the works. (CBS's *Universe* appeared this summer; ABC's *Quest* is still in development.)

But TV's most obvious manifestation of the pervasive sense of national pique was the success of *Real People*. As Brandon Tartikoff, president of NBC Entertainment, put it, *Real People* gave the Average Joe "control

Programming Highlights



Richard Chamberlain in NBC's *Shōgun*.

"Occasional flashes of humor and brilliance, an occasional exercise into dramatic excellence, set like occasional jewels on a huge bed of cold oatmeal."

That's how Jeff Greenfield, TV critic for CBS News, once described the television menu, and the 1980-81 season promises to serve up more of the same. Here's an overview of some of the promising commercial network projects and a rundown on the state of PBS and cable.

Network Miniseries and TV-Movies

Television's "long form" takes a heartening turn toward hard-edged social and personal drama this year. The reason: that's what scored well in the ratings last year. Most conspicuous by its absence: the disaster genre, with disease-of-the-week melodrama also fading. (Titles are subject to change.)

ABC: Miniseries planned are *Masada*, the eight-hour epic re-creating the Jewish Zealots' resistance to Roman legions in 72 A.D., starring Peter O'Toole and Peter Strauss; and *East of Eden*, a

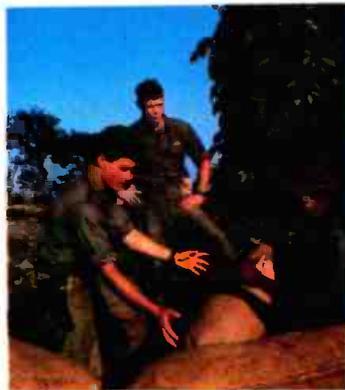


Timothy and Sam Bottoms in ABC's *East of Eden*.

seven-hour adaptation of John Steinbeck's classic, starring Timothy and Sam Bottoms, Jane Seymour, Warren Oates and Howard Duff.

TV-movies include "The Women's Room," a three-hour adaptation of Marilyn French's best seller, with Lee Remick; "Marilyn," a three-hour biography based on Norman Mailer's book, starring Catherine Hicks; "Miracle on Ice," a three-hour film about the U.S. hockey team's victory in the 1980 Olympics; "Fighting Back," a biography of football star Rocky Bleier, starring Robert Urich; "The Duke," three hours on an American legend, John Wayne; "A Whale for the Killing," starring Peter Strauss in an ecological parable set in Newfoundland; and "Don't Look Back," with Louis Gossett Jr. as baseball pitcher Satchel Paige.

CBS: Long-form projects include "A Rumor of War,"



"A Rumor of War," from CBS.

four hours based on Philip Caputo's account of the Vietnam war, starring Brad Davis and Stacy Keach; and "The Acts of Peter and Paul," a four-hour account of the

Apostles' deeds after the death of Christ, starring Anthony Hopkins, James Whitmore, Robert Foxworth and Raymond Burr.

Among CBS's TV-films are "The Children of An Lac," starring Shirley Jones and Ina Balin as two Americans helping orphan escape Vietnam; "Crisis at Central High," an account of desegregation battles in Arkansas, with Joanne Woodward and Charles Durning; "The Bunker," recounting Hitler's final days, starring Anthony Hopkins; three-hour adaptations of "A Tale of Two Cities" and "Ivanhoe"; "Little Lord Fauntleroy," starring Alec Guinness and Ricky Schroder; "Playing for Time," the controversial account of an inmate orchestra in a Nazi death camp, scripted by Arthur Miller and starring Vanessa Redgrave and Jane Alexander; "Blinded by the Light," a tale of brainwashing by a religious cult, starring Kristy and Jimmy McNichol; "Angel City," starring Ralph Waite, Paul Winfield and Jennifer Warren in a story of migrant workers in Florida fighting an unscrupulous grower; "Thin Ice," with film great Lillian Gish, and Kate Jackson playing a high-school teacher in love with a student; and "High Noon, Part Two—The Return of Will Kane," a sequel to the film classic, starring Lee Majors, David Carradine and Pernell Roberts.

NBC: Miniseries scheduled include *Shōgun*, the 12-hour adaptation of James Clavell's sweeping novel of 17th-century Japan, with Richard Chamberlain and Toshiro Mi-

fune; *Beulah Land*, a controversial six-hour family saga in the "Gone with the Wind" mold, starring Lesley Ann Warren; and "Murder in Texas," a four-hour drama based on the events chronicled in the best-selling book "Blood and Money."

Television-movies include "The Diary of Anne Frank," starring Melissa Gilbert; "Rage," an examination of the psychology of rape, with David Soul and James Whitmore; "Sophia," a three-hour biography of Sophia Loren, starring Loren herself; "High Times," starring Susan Blakeley and Powers Boothe as a couple fighting drug problems; and "Charlie Smith, The Oldest Living American," a three-hour biography of the 138-year-old who survived both slavery and riding with Jesse James.

Network Theatrical Films

ABC has "Norma Rae," "Midnight Express," "California Suite," "Saturday Night Fever," "A Star is Born," "The Spy Who Loved Me," "Jaws 2" and "Invasion of the Body Snatchers." CBS will show "Foul Play," "Hooper," "Love at First Bite," "Same Time, Next Year," "The Fury," "The Wiz" and "The Amityville Horror." NBC's offerings include "All the President's Men," "Julia," "Movie, Movie," "The Boys from Brazil," "Eyes of Laura Mars," "Mag-ic," "The Boys in Company C" and "Ice Castles."

of one hour of prime time," and Joe apparently liked it so much that NBC has turned over two additional hours to the neopopulist format, while CBS prepared to surrender an hour of late night to a show tentatively titled *No Holds Barred*. "Let's face it, the country right now is one unhappy place," says George Schlatter, producer of *Real People* and *Speak Up America*. "I think

we were getting a little bored with the same situation comedies, the same specials, the same performers you see on all the talk shows. *Real People* gives you a chance to see some different people, people you can relate to. And it makes you feel good: it shows you heroes, role models. I don't think you have that anyplace else on television."

On first glance, it would be hard to

see a connection between *Real People's* daring do-gooder, Captain Sticky, and last season's most popular new TV hero, J.R. Ewing of *Dallas*, or how a nation fed up with the same old stuff on television would turn by the millions to a form so familiar its very name is borrowed—"prime-time soap opera." But David Loxton of WNET, the public-TV station in New York, points

Network Specials

NBC deserves special note in this category as its "changing the face of television" promotional campaign brings forth some extraordinary presentations. *Live from Studio 8H* will return with a television production of the hit Broadway musical "Ain't Misbehavin'"; a review of American history in popular song featuring The Orchestra, an assemblage of top studio musicians; and an encore performance by Zubin Mehta and the New York Philharmonic. Three new productions are planned for the network's *Live Theater* project. And beginning in January, there will be a series of 20 prime-time children's specials under the umbrella title of *Project Peacock*.

On ABC, watch for more *Omnibus* specials and a Muppets special hosted by Kermit the Frog. On CBS, at least two new additions to the distinguished *Body Human* series are planned, plus animated versions of the books "Faeries" and "Gnomes."

PBS

PBS logged some notable accomplishments last season—full installation of perhaps the world's most sophisticated satellite program-delivery system, introduction of closed-captioning and growth in its prime-time audience of 22 percent over the previous season. But internal reorganization and the everlasting scramble for dollars took their toll, and the strain shows a bit in its prime-time schedule this fall. As a PBS senior vice president, Chloe Aaron, told the PBS annual convention last June, "At best we have a little more than three nights of consis-

tently strong prime-time programming."

Still, PBS's season is promising. Its centerpiece—"the star," says Aaron, "no pun intended"—is Carl Sagan's 13-week science series, *Cosmos*, which airs at 8 P.M. (ET) Sundays, beginning Sept. 28. Aaron believes "*Cosmos* can compete with anything." Behind *Cosmos* at 9 P.M. on Sunday is *Masterpiece Theatre*, which kicks off its 10th anniversary season with a four-part adaptation of Feodor Dostoevski's "Crime and Punishment." Scheduled to replace *Cosmos* in December is *Shock of the New*, a "visual introduction to the lively arts," with writer-host Robert Hughes.

Monday holds another treat: the six-part *Tinker, Tailor, Soldier, Spy*, starring Alec Guinness. This falls under the rubric of *Great Performances*, which also will present this season a two-hour adaptation of Mark Twain's "Life on the Mississippi," starring Robert Lansing. Also scheduled for a Monday night this fall is Derek Jacobi's interpretation of "Hamlet"; the third season



Derek Jacobi as Hamlet, on PBS.

of PBS's Shakespeare series then continues in the winter with "Antony and Cleopatra," "A Winter's Tale," "Merchant of Venice," "Taming of the Shrew," "All's Well That Ends

Well" and "Timon of Athens."

Nova returns for another season at 8 P.M. Tuesdays, followed at 9 by *The Body in Question*, a new science series with Jonathan Miller as host. *Mystery!* returns in January with 21 new programs, including a two-part adaptation of Robert Louis Stevenson's "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." Also worth watching for is a 10-episode history of American jazz called *From Jumpstreet*.

Cable

The glamour child of the television industry, cable has no place to go but up. Viewers in about 17 million homes now subscribe to cable—twice that many could sign up tomorrow if they decided to—and about seven million subscribe in addition to one of the pay-TV services, such as Home Box Office or Showtime. Predictions are that cable subscriptions should grow by about 20 percent each year this decade.

But pay-TV has obstacles to overcome before it can supplement its current programming staple (theatrical motion pictures) with original productions that will challenge the networks. Among these obstacles are a lack of satellite space to launch new programming ventures, a shortage of channel capacity on many existing cable systems, and settlement of labor contracts with the various show-business unions. The lack of union agreements has helped limit much of pay-TV's original output to sports, documentaries, concert performances and acquisitions from abroad. Examples this season are Showtime's *Bizarro*, a 24-episode comedy-

satire series produced in Canada with host John Byner; HBO's documentary series on American history, *Remember When*; and two consumer shows, Showtime's new monthly series *Ralph Nader: For the People* and HBO's series of *Consumer Reports* specials.

Where cable shines is in its diversity. There are specialized children's channels (Calliope and Nickelodeon), sports channels (Entertainment and Sports Programming Network and USA Network), Ted Turner's new 24-hour Cable News Network, and ethnic and religious channels, among others.

But, above all, there are movies, lots and lots of movies. Though the 1981 schedule gets murky with the possible January debut of *Premiere*—a pay service proposed by Getty Oil and four Hollywood film studios—titles that will be appearing on HBO, Showtime or both in the early stages of the season alone include "10," "Every Which Way But Loose," "... And Justice for All," "North Dallas Forty," "The Fog," "Time After Time," "A Little Romance," "The Concorde—Airport '79," "Just Tell Me What You Want," "Escape from Alcatraz," "Going in Style" and "Rocky II."—D.H.



Pay-TV: Sylvester Stallone in "Rocky II."

up an interesting parallel he found when producing a documentary on the films of the 1930s. While most of us remember the period as the heyday of the super-escapist musical extravaganzas of Busby Berkeley, Loxton says it was also the era of the ruthless movie gangster epitomized by James Cagney and Edward G. Robinson—people you loved to hate. Perhaps the

prime-time soaps offer both escape and catharsis in one tidy package. "It is a telling statement of our times," says Tartikoff, "that the number-one television hero is a villain named J.R. Ewing, and the number-one movie hero is a villain named Darth Vader."

All this interest in real life, real people, down-home characters and knavish melodrama has naturally raised

some doubts, like Schlatter's, about the health of TV's most durable formula, the situation comedy. Despite the fact that, program by program, half-hour comedy remains the dominant form on the networks' fall schedules, there are those who believe that Edith Bunker's demise at the outset of this season may be, symbolically, as portentous an event for the sitcom as was

her creation nine years ago. Others say, "Tell it to Molière." "Comedy as a genre will continue to be a very important part of the networks' schedules," says Alan Horn, president of T.A.T. and Tandem Productions, creators of *Archie Bunker's Place*, *The Jeffersons*, *One Day at a Time*, *Diff'rent Strokes* and *Facts of Life*. "It was important five years ago, it was 15 years ago, and it will be 25 years from now."

Indeed, the skeptics fear that sitcoms have been so vital for so long—from *I Love Lucy* and *The Honey-mooners* to *Leave It to Beaver* and *The Dick Van Dyke Show* to *All in the Family* and *The Mary Tyler Moore Show*, *Laverne & Shirley*, *Three's Company* and *Soap*—that there may be almost no situation the public hasn't seen, and tired of. "Situation comedy has peaked," argues NBC's Tartikoff, whose fall schedule holds fewer comedies than either of his competitors'. "There will always be situation comedies, but you won't be able to get away with sitcoms that aren't inherently different offerings. All three networks found their comedy pilots didn't test well this year, because people are just fed up with the form unless there's a breakout personality like Gary Coleman or Robin Williams."

Not surprisingly, network newshands take some pleasure in their growing popularity at the expense of the entertainment programs many of them have not-so-secretly despised. "News people have always said there was only so much mediocrity to go around," gloats William Leonard, president of CBS News. But they have also seen news ratings rise before in times of crisis, and eventually slip back again. "Television is cyclical," says Av Westin, vice president of program development for ABC News. "Things go in and out, and news is currently in. But this time there's a difference: we are no longer a loss leader; now we're making money." More on that later, but first a final comment on the trend from one of the networks' news evangelists, Richard Wald, senior vice president of ABC News. "By whatever criteria you use, there has been in this generation a long, slow increase in the amount of news on the air and in the value of that news," Wald says. "What happens is something like Parkinson's Law: the amount of interest in news programs will expand to fill the amount of time stations give to news."

The same principle will apply not only to news but to cable, videocassettes and discs as well, if the shifting allegiances of the past year have any

long-range significance; interest in alternatives will expand in direct proportion to the number of alternatives available. "I don't want to be a critic of network television," says Michael Fuchs, senior vice president of programming for Home Box Office, "but I do know that very early on we decided that people would not pay for the same programming they could get free, and that we would have to have a different profile and image. From the feedback we get from research [on such HBO programs as *Consumer Reports* and "Coupling: Sexual Lifestyles in the '80s"], what we keep getting is, 'We liked it because it was different'."

The willingness to turn to something different—not necessarily "better," but different—has already helped reduce the networks' share of television viewing by about one percent in each of the last three years. And it parallels a broader social pattern, what Elton Rule, president of ABC Inc., calls "highly individualized lifestyles." "Alternative lifestyles was a buzzword in the 1960s, and the 'me generation' was the darling of sociologists in the 1970s," Rule said in a speech last spring. "Alvin Toffler calls it the 'de-massification' of American society. . . . Barring the arrival of a depression or war, there is nothing we can see on the horizon that will slow the tide of individualism."

It is these special interests that could change the fabric of television, just as they have already changed politics and publishing. "I go back to the examples of *Life* and *Look* magazines," says Don Ohlmeyer, executive producer of NBC Sports. "One day they had the biggest circulations in America, and all of a sudden these other magazines with small circulations but highly targeted audiences took their business away from them and they suddenly became like the dinosaur. Television is only going to get bigger and more specific, and the challenge to the networks is to handle that specificity."

Without question, though, the networks remain today the preeminent suppliers of television news, sports and entertainment to the American viewing public. The three networks together spent an estimated \$3.5 billion last year to produce or buy some 15,000 hours of original programming. By contrast, Home Box Office, the pay-cable giant, spent somewhere in the area of \$100 million, 80 percent of it for movie rights, and programmed about 3700 hours. PBS spent approximately \$90 million for

about 2000 hours of programming. The networks retained for their troubles 90 percent of the viewing audience and \$370 million in profits.

Yet underlying the fall schedules you'll be seeing this month is the growing suspicion that there may be, as ABC chairman Leonard Goldenson recently suggested to the Hollywood production community, a limit to the gold at the end of the network rainbow. After many years of steady, often spectacular growth, overall network profits declined \$3.5 million last year, according to broadcast analyst Anthony Hoffman of Bache Halsey Stuart Shields. Profits continued to sink in the first four months of 1980 and the recession is expected to eat further into network revenues throughout the year. This does not signal a drying up of the network wellspring, by any means, but there is seepage they'd very much like to plug. "Runaway costs are a clear and present danger," Goldenson told the producers. "The arithmetic is very simple: if the economy is now growing at only 10 percent a year—and most of that from inflation—broadcasting cannot always grow at a much more rapid rate than the economy."

It's thus no coincidence that the one word used by all three networks to explain the strategy behind their fall prime-time schedules was "stability." ABC, which lost the ratings race to CBS last season, bragged of returning 80 percent of the '79-80 schedule this season, adding just five new shows. It was expected that CBS would stand pat with its smallest number of changes in four years, and it did, adding just six new shows. But NBC, which lagged far behind in the ratings again last season with fiery Fred Silverman at the helm, shocked the industry by bringing 16 shows back for another shot and adding only five new programs. The total of 16 new fall series announced this spring amounts to five fewer than the networks introduced the previous year. (A rundown of this year's new shows begins on page 53.)

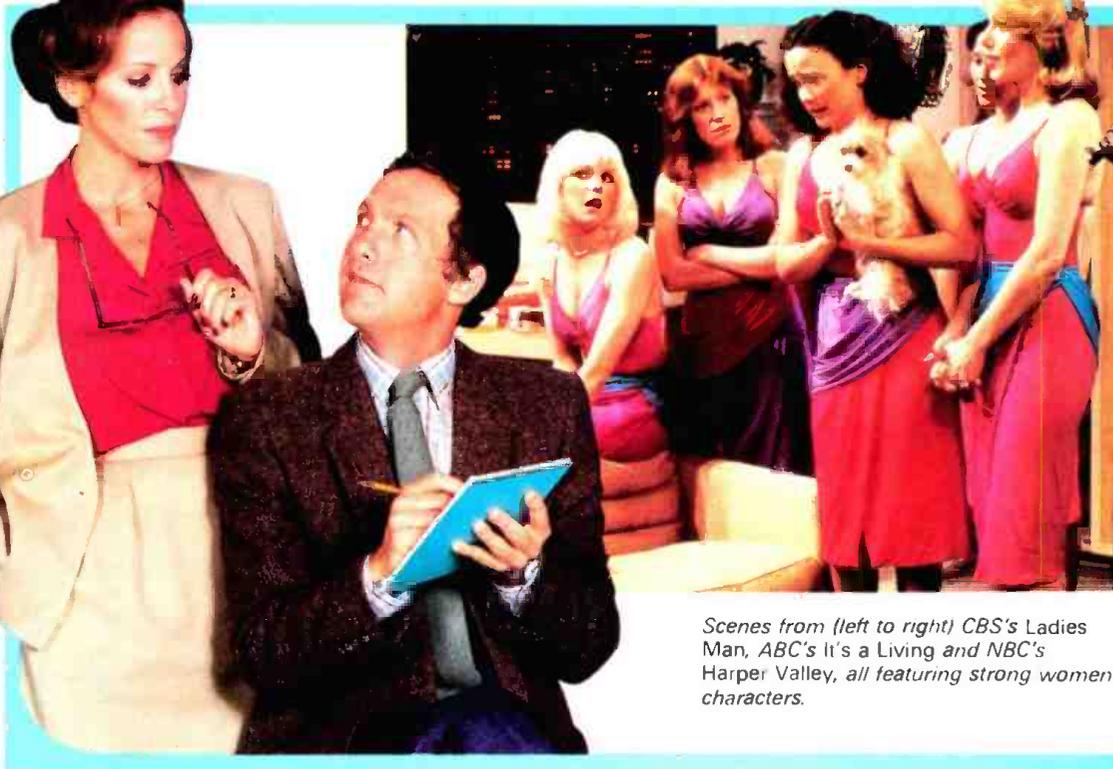
The official explanation for this is that the rapid cancellation of programs we've seen in recent years (you may remember shows like *Supertrain*, *Paris*, *Eischied*, *Shirley* and *Skag*) has been wasteful and self-defeating—better, the networks say, to leave shows on, let them hit their creative stride and find their audience. The networks have made similar promises before, and many in the advertising and Wall Street communities doubt there will be any real difference this year. "The networks always say they're going to do

continued on page 111

Now the Women Are Making Policy—Not Coffee

Female bosses are the vogue in this fall's new series—along with fractured families, villains you love to hate and *vox populi*

By JEFF GREENFIELD



Scenes from (left to right) CBS's *Ladies Man*, ABC's *It's a Living* and NBC's *Harper Valley*, all featuring strong women characters.



One of the surest ways to mark the passage of the seasons in America is to wait for certain opinions, which appear in the public prints as reliably as the swallows come back to Capistrano. Every spring, the manager of a pathetic baseball team stands bathed in the Florida sunlight and says, "We're going to surprise a lot of people this year." Every fourth November, the press secretary to a floundering campaign reminds the press that "nobody thought Truman would win either, and this year is going

Jeff Greenfield is TV critic for CBS and the author of several books, including "Television: The First Fifty Years" (1977).

to be 1948 all over again." And every September, the television critics groan that the new prime-time television offerings make this "the worst TV season ever."

Well, the Atlanta Braves will not win the World Series this year. Harold Stassen is not going to be elected President of the United States. And, despite the aching eyeballs and nether parts of the anatomy that result from watching all of the season's new programs in the space of 72 hours or so, I remain convinced that this is *not* "the worst television season ever." It is, rather, another in an annual series of reminders that prime-time commer-

cial television cannot be judged apart from its purpose. That purpose is *not* to inform or stimulate or even to entertain. It is, rather, to win the largest possible share of an audience that is more or less satisfied to be more or less diverted by programming so that it will be more or less willing to pay attention to the commercials that make the whole enterprise possible.

The key to this pursuit is found in the central premise of every prime-time program: that attractive, engaging, appealing, *likable* personalities are the magnets that most easily draw large prime-time audiences. It doesn't matter whether the personalities are sup-

posed to be funny (the waitresses in *Alice*) or serious (*Dallas*'s J.R. Ewing, the man you love to hate). It doesn't matter whether they are fictional (Lou Grant) or real (Morley, Mike, Dan and Harry on *60 Minutes*). It matters only that you, the audience, welcome them into your homes in enough numbers so that advertisers will want to follow them into your living rooms.

If we keep this central premise in mind, we can make some pretty accurate judgments about what kinds of personalities the networks believe we will want to meet this season.

The most dominant figure in the new season appears to be the tough but lovable woman boss. If the enduring woman figure through the first 20 years of TV was the understanding housewife and mother, then this season promises to break that stereotype forever; in sitcom after sitcom, women are making policy, not coffee.

ABC seems especially enthralled with this concept. In *It's a Living*, Marian Mercer is a gruff (but lovable) supervisor in a restaurant/club, in which five women work as waitresses. On *Bosom Buddies*, a screwball comedy featuring two young men who must dress as women in order to live in a female-only apartment/hotel, Holland Taylor plays their fiercely ambitious ad agency supervisor battling to make it to the top again. And in *But I'm a Big Girl Now*, Diana Canova's boss at a Washington, D.C. think tank is Sheree North, brilliant but vulnerable. (The North character, Edie, is my nominee for the most appealing of these personalities. She is stunning, abrasive, wry and self-mocking—the kind of woman who used to appear in the sophisticated comedies of George S. Kaufman and Moss Hart. Recalling her date with a man who suddenly stripped down to a rubber suit, she cracks, "There he was . . . a Jewish Michelin tire . . .") This same character also crops up in CBS's *Ladies Man*, in which Lawrence Pressman plays the only male on the staff of a magazine that is a cross between Ms. and Good Housekeeping. Louise Sorel is the tyrannical (but lovable) Elaine Holstein, torn between a desire to dominate Pressman and seduce him.

If the female superior is one sign that prime-time television recognizes that *Ozzie and Harriet*'s day is past, an even more dramatic recognition is the broken family. A decade ago, CBS would not let *The Mary Tyler Moore Show* center around a divorcée; and only five years ago, NBC's highly tout-

ed *Fay*, starring Lee Grant, was canceled after three showings, in part because audiences did not like the comedy mix of a divorced middle-aged woman with an active love life. This fall, the nuclear family has suffered a meltdown on prime-time television.

On NBC's *Hill Street Blues*, a first-rate comedy/drama about life in a big-city police precinct, Capt. Frank Furillo (Daniel Travanti) must interrupt a crisis-ridden day to deal with his ex-wife's anger when the child-support check bounces. *Ladies Man*'s Pressman is a single father trying to raise his precocious 10-year-old daughter. Barbara Eden on NBC's *Harper Valley* is a recently widowed mother of a teenage girl. ABC's *But I'm a Big Girl Now* is the runaway winner in this category: Diana Canova is the divorced mother of a precocious 7-year-old girl; Canova's father, played by Danny Thomas, has just moved in with daughter and grandchild after his wife ran off with his business partner; and boss Sheree North has been through domestic failure herself. (A word about these precocious children: will some producer please develop a show costarring a dull-normal child who sits quietly in a corner watching television? These tykes with their Noel Coward one-liners make me believe we have really not been fair to both sides of the child-abuse question.)

Of the new shows that do feature stable family situations, they are so different in spirit and tone that no safe conclusions can be drawn. In ABC's *Too Close for Comfort*, the two frisky, nubile daughters of a San Francisco couple (Ted Knight and Nancy Dussault) move into the downstairs apartment. Based on the pilot, we are in for a cross between *Three's Company* and *Hello, Larry*, in which bumbling father will constantly be on the lookout for threats to his daughters' virtue. In contrast, ABC's *Breaking Away*, adapted from the Academy Award-winning movie, is remarkably faithful to the spirit of that splendid film. The tensions and sharp edges of family life are reflected in the series, with Barbara Barrie repeating her role as Mrs. Stohler. Vincent Gardenia is Mr. Stohler, the dyspeptic father (his obvious Italian heritage makes his indignation at Italian food a bit puzzling) and—surprise of surprises—Shaun Cassidy is excellent in the role of the romantic bicyclist Dave Stohler. The love among family members works here because it is not coated with

sticky caramel; it is endearing because we appreciate the frustrations that can pull families apart.

The most obvious trend among the more serious dramas is the attempt to cash in on *Dallas*'s success by programming more prime-time soap operas. Both NBC and CBS have new offerings from the production company (Lorimar) that gave us the infamous *Ewings*. In NBC's *Flamingo Road*, adapted from the 1949 movie, Howard Duff plays Sheriff Titus Samples, who seeks to manipulate the political and economic fortunes of an entire Florida town. When a beautiful drifter arrives and falls in love with a deputy sheriff destined to marry into a great fortune, Titus is there to break it up; when a prominent family faces financial ruin, Titus plants the notion of arson for insurance.

CBS's *Secrets of Midland Heights*, created by *Dallas* originator David Jacobs, probes the passions, lusts, greed, sin, etc., etc., etc., of a small college town. Once again we have the all-powerful family, the Millingtons. Once again, TV's favorite indoor sport dominates, with a college professor bedding down with the mother of a high-school student, the Millington granddaughter running around with the ne'er-do-well young stud, and once again we have a villain whose hobby must be pulling the wings off flies. Jordan Christopher as "Uncle Guy," the evil son of the Millington matriarch, appears to be a man of no redeeming qualities whatsoever. In the pilot, he arranges for his niece's suitor to be savagely beaten, he steals the niece's diary for blackmail purposes and he generally skulks about the Millington mansion with flared nostrils.

While soap operas are bidding for dominance in the dramatic area, the return of the cop/private eye genre has been accompanied by a general leavening of tone. CBS's *Enos* spins off the deputy from Hazzard County and moves him to Los Angeles, where the rube-in-the-big-city-outwitting-the-slickers is given its 15,000th outing on television. His partner is a ghetto-wise black cop; his boss, Lieutenant Broggi, wins the Gale Gordon slow-burn award for pompous big shots; and enough police automobiles are destroyed to keep the Chrysler Corporation in business for years to come. CBS's *Freebie and the Bean*, adapted from the film, is this year's male-bonding entry, with Hector Elizondo (Bean) as the quiet, home-loving cop and Tom



Left: Danny Thomas and Diana Canova in ABC's *But I'm a Big Girl Now*. Right: A scene from *Bosom Buddies*, also on ABC.

Mason (Freebie) as the swinging, hungry-for-material-success cop. In between chasing criminals, they make endearing remarks about each other's clothes and tastes. A similar lightheartedness prevails in CBS's *Magnum, P.I.* Tom Magnum lives on a plush Hawaiian estate of a globe-trotting author. He battles evildoers and the author's man Friday, played by John Hillerman in the Gale Gordon slow-burn role. There are expensive cars, discos, beautiful women, and a leading man—Tom Selleck—who bears an uncanny resemblance to famed X-rated movie actor Harry Reems.

The class of the cop field is NBC's *Hill Street Blues*, a production from MTM Enterprises. Here the comedy, as in *Lou Grant*, flows naturally from the lives and working stresses of big-city police. More important, *Hill Street Blues* manages to duplicate the central success of the *Lou Grant* show in reflecting without false sentimentality the intelligence and dedication of people at work. The harassed captain, the fanatical SWAT team head, the cool, beautiful public defender—also the captain's lover—and the foot patrolmen all mix cynicism, weariness and perseverance. Of all the fictionalized attempts this year to provide likable personalities, *Hill Street Blues* is the most successful because it is the least

contrived. What is mercifully missing is the faint shadow of cardboard characters being shuffled about for maximum audience approval. These people have the stuff of reality.

Which brings us to the ultimate irony of the new season: the complete failure to make *reality* appealing, either as entertainment or information. On the heels of last season's successes in fusing reality with entertainment—NBC's *Real People* and ABC's *That's Incredible!*—both networks have whipped up new blendings of actual, non-kidding-folks-this-is-honest-to-Betsy-real events with glossy entertainment values. In one case, the result is harmless but soporific. ABC's *Those Amazing Animals* features hosts Burgess Meredith, Jim Stafford and Priscilla Presley exclaiming wondrously at dogs helping the deaf, spiders that can tap dance to "The Sweetheart of Sigma Chi," and snakes that write post cards to each other. It has the feel of a "Believe It or Not" cartoon after the writer has run out of giants and midgets, but it does no real damage.

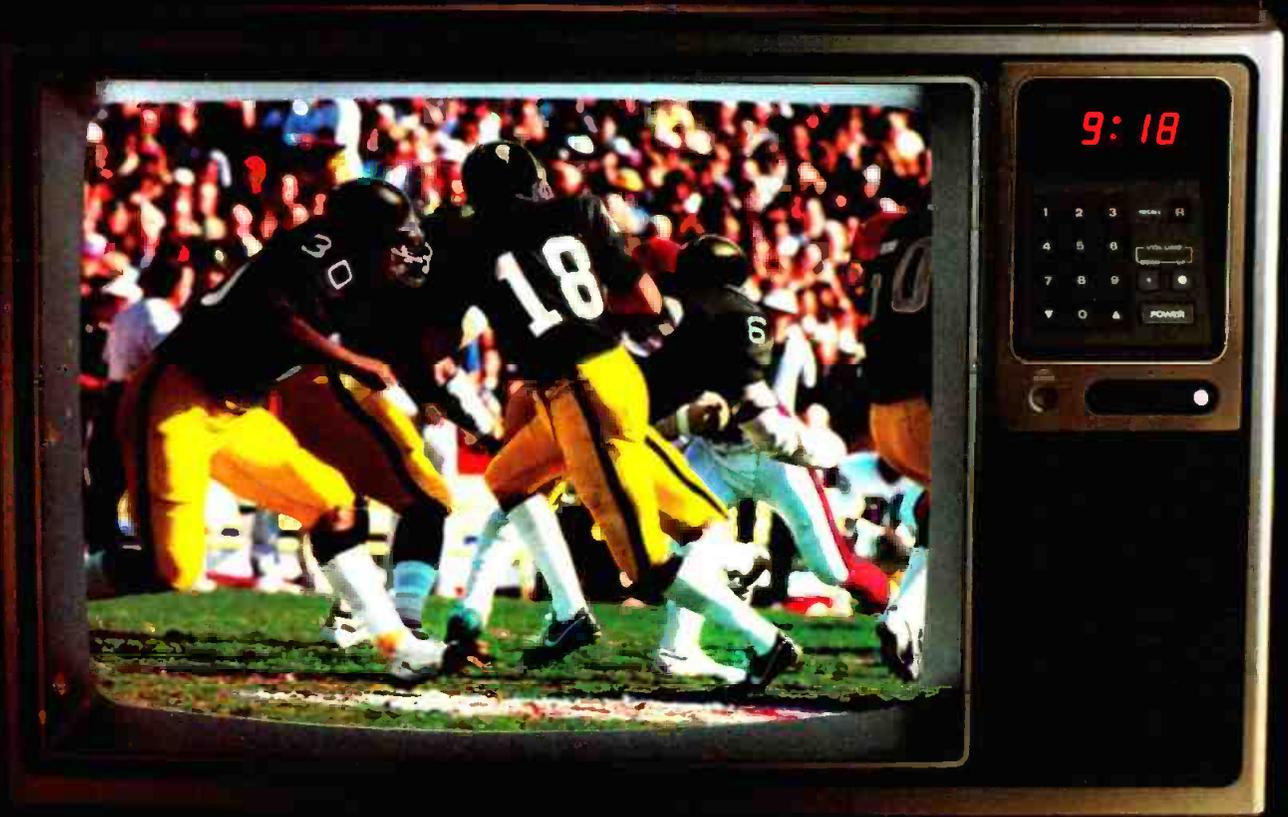
NBC's "real" offerings are less benign. In *Speak Up America*, television has come full circle, using the parody of Paddy Chayefsky's film "Network" as the source of a serious show. As an audience whoops and howls with delight, Marjoe Gortner, one-time child

evangelist, imitates Peter Finch as madman Howard Beale, screaming that "We" never get a chance to tell "Them" how we feel, but this time "It's gonna be *Us* givin' it to *Them*." Just who "We" and "Them" are is never made clear, but one clue from the pilot is an intercutting of major oil company representatives with long pans up and down oil company buildings (see how big they are?) intercut with "just plain folks" saying that it's all fixed and crooked. If this is what is meant by giving the people a chance to talk back, then somebody has confused the New England town meeting with the French Revolution.

NBC's other venture into "reality" is something called *Games People Play*. The press release describes it as "a new concept variety/sports magazine show. . . . It will not contribute to 'trash sports' on television," according to NBC Entertainment president Brandon Tartikoff.

Oh, yes it will. This is "trash sports" with a vengeance, a Battle-of-People-Who-Are-Famous-or-Weird-Doing-Strange-Things, dropped out of Sunday afternoon smack into prime time. It features cars crashing in midair, barroom bouncers hurling a stunt man for distance, and—to give this show a dollop of respectability—a report on the Special Olympics for retarded children. This segment is dropped into the show for the same reason the National Enquirer runs stories on religious miracles, and with the same sincerity.

Between trash sports and trash news, reality takes a beating this season. In the fictional series, the strains and changes of the 1980s are reflected with more reality and sophistication than has been the case in past years. It's not a season designed to put restaurants, movies and live theaters out of business; it is, above all, a cautious, low-stakes season, in which no network seems willing to break the rules that have worked in the past. But except for NBC's two attempts to exploit real life, there is no new show likely to send viewers rushing to the phones to call the Federal Communications Commission with their complaints. It is, in sum, a "rainy night" season—if the weather's bad and you're stuck at home, you'll find a few hours' worth of diversion in prime time. If you're looking for more, you're not going to find it on the weekly schedules; but the evidence of the history of television is that most of us accept that level of achievement. ■



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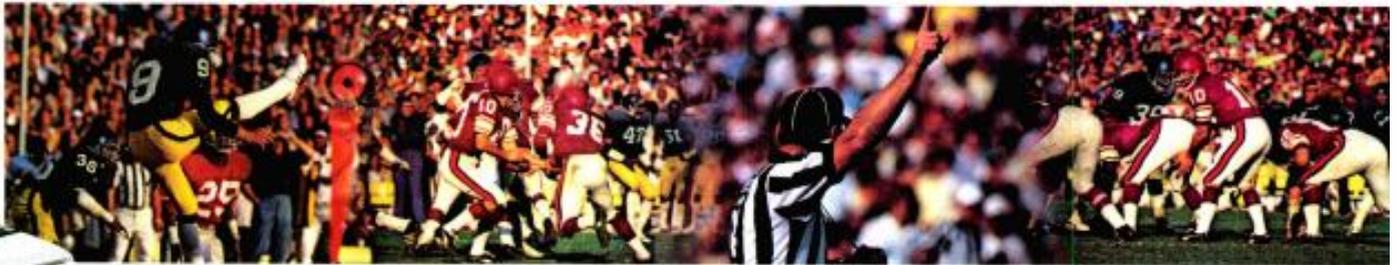
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“Dallas” and the Smoking Gun: Revealing Who Pulled the Trigger

P.D. James, John D. MacDonald and other leading
mystery writers puzzle out who shot J.R. Ewing—
and why

What a way to end the season! With a bang *and* a whimper. Yes, CBS got as close to genius as any network ever does when it decided to end the 1979-80 *Dallas* run with the diabolical J.R. Ewing lying sprawled on his deep-pile office rug, the victim of an anonymous marksperson. The crime that 35 million viewers had been yearning to commit since they first set eyes on J.R. two years ago had finally been executed by . . . well, someone. Until Sept. 19, at the earliest, we won't actually know the identity of the heroic malefactor, but we all have our suspicions. And what a galaxy of motivated talent there is to choose from. Is there *anyone* in the parish of Dallas who wouldn't gladly have pulled that trigger? Shortly before the shooting, J.R.'s mistress, Kristin, who's been threatened with a trumped-up prostitution charge if she doesn't leave town at J.R.'s imperious behest, confides to attorney Alan Beam: "I'll kill him. I swear I'll kill him." To which Beam can only murmur: "Take a number. There are a few of us ahead of you."

Whodunit? In these final weeks of suspense, the need for an answer—any answer—to that question has become overwhelming, and PANORAMA is therefore presenting five possible solutions to the J.R. conundrum, penned by a selection of eminent American and British crime-writers. Their objectivity can be relied on absolutely: none have blood ties to the Ewings; none owe J.R. a favor; and all have secure sources of domestic heating oil.

Mother Knows Best

By P.D. James

Who did it? The obvious candidate is Sue Ellen, finally driven over the edge of sanity by drink and desperation and determined to get final control of her baby; but it ill behooves a crime novelist to settle for the obvious. I have also eliminated Lucy, that perpetual student, although the dear susceptible child has now fallen heavily for an Army colonel and could have been engaging in a little firearms practice on the most appropriate target before following her lover into the armed forces.

I don't think that it was one of the Dallas businessmen who were conned into buying the worthless Ewing drilling rights. They are planning a more commercial and sophisticated revenge. Nor is it a discarded mistress of J.R. There are more satisfying and lucrative balms for a wounded heart than a plug in the seducer's stomach. No, the clue lies in the tortured complexity of family relationships at Southfork.

It is painful to have to reveal that Bobby Ewing isn't Jock's son. Readers

P.D. James is an English mystery writer. The most recent of her eight books is "Innocent Blood," published in 1980.



EXHIBIT A

may have suspected that this is true of J.R. himself, but they do an injustice to Miss Ellie. She was a faithful wife to Jock for the first few years and was only driven to renew her relationship with Digger Barnes by Jock's neglect (he was too frequently away visiting his secret first wife) and by the strain of having to manage Southfork without servants.

Digger and Miss Ellie kept their secret. Remembering Becky Barnes' revelation to Digger that Pam was not his child, they saw no reason to break their silence even when Bobby brought Pam home as his bride.

But when the missing Becky heard of that marriage, she could stay silent no more. She had long regretted her job at

Digger, since it had cost the life of Hutch McKinney, the man she identified as Pam's father. Now she regretted her words even more—because they hadn't been true. Becky knew that Digger, not McKinney, had fathered Pam, just as she had long known that Bobby wasn't Jock's. Now, to her horror, she found that Pam had married her own half brother.

Becky fired off a letter to Digger, but it arrived only after his death and was opened by Cliff instead. He, reluctant to break the news to Pam that she was married to her half brother, locked the evidence in his safe while he pondered what use, if any, to make of it. There it was discovered by J.R., who had broken into Cliff's apartment to search

for the document which proved that Jock Ewing had cheated Digger of his oil rights. J.R. told Bobby and threatened to break up their parents' marriage unless Bobby relinquished all rights in the family business and the ranch and set off immediately with Pamela to permanent exile in Paris, France.

Bobby, faced with this and the possible breakup of his marriage to Pam, and fearing that his cowboy hat might not go down too well in the Rue de Rivoli, loaded his gun and set off for downtown (or uptown) Dallas. I make the Dallas police a free gift of this fascinating theory, and if they don't believe a word of it I can't say that I shall blame them.

One Name on the Contract

By Nan and Ivan Lyons

The bizarre plot to shoot J.R. Ewing was executed by a little known, but much feared, international society of people who have two initials instead of one first name.

The dire need for just such a group became apparent when a package intended for T.E. Lawrence was delivered instead to D.H. Lawrence. The package contained the four best sellers for \$1 that were T.E.'s book-club premium. As fate would have it, D.H. was awaiting the very same premium from the very same club. It was T.E.'s search for the parcel that united the two men. After founding United Parcel, they found themselves accused by Book of the Month Club officials of being one and the same person trying to pull the old "dollar books under false pretenses" scam that to this day keeps the Old Bailey's calendar crowded. Sharing a bond of mutual disgrace, they formed the ISPDPTIFN—the International Society to Protect and Defend from Dishonor People with Two Initials for a First Name.

Nan and Ivan Lyons have collaborated on two mystery novels, "Someone Is Killing the Great Chefs of Europe" and "Champagne Blues," for which they have just completed a screenplay.

Down through the years, the group has acted to keep two-initial names free from scandal. Most notably, there was the secret meeting at L.L. Bean's between H.L. Mencken and W.C. Fields after the latter's infamous anti-dog quips. It must be noted, however, that the society's methods are not always as genteel. When the only alternative is to X out those initials that bring dishonor, trouble-shooters are employed. Careful consideration was given to hiring such groups as Actors with Middle Initial Names (Lee J. Cobb, Edward G. Robinson), Public Figures with Three Names (Mary Tyler Moore, John Cameron Swayze, Helen Gurley Brown), or the dread Women with Men's First Names (Billie Burke, Joey Heatherton, Michael Learned).

The overwhelming choice, however, was to create an elite corps of assassins drawn from those people with only one name: Hildegarde, Margo, Fernandel, Liberace and Topol—to single out a few.

At an emergency meeting of the ISPDPTIFN held at their HQ, P.J. Clarke's, the dark cloud of J.R. Ewing obscured the members' joy over the breakthrough in TV programming that allowed *M*A*S*H* and *WKRP in Cincinnati* on the air. E.L. Doctorow, J.P. Donleavy and P.D. James rose to their feet in an impassioned plea to KO J.R. before it was too late.

Someone had to be placed in the Dallas area, someone who would do nothing to raise the suspicions of the FBI, the CIA, the KGB, or, worst of all, the IRS. As the after-dinner M&M's were passed around, one name was on everyone's lips: Halston.

Due to appear at Neiman-Marcus to introduce his fall line of Ultrasuede saddles, he would have the perfect alibi. The designer knew he had to accept the assignment or else risk public disgrace by having his first name revealed. (A very gross gross of polyester "Irving Halston" labels mysteriously appeared in the doorway to Regine's.)

The problem in penetrating Southfork was solved when, to everyone's surprise, Miss Ellie offered her help. Yes! It was J.R.'s own mother who summoned Halston to Southfork, under the guise of needing a new cowhide caftan. Demonstrating the dogood tradition of other Characters with Formal Forms of Address Preceding Their Names (i.e., Auntie Em, Ma Perkins and Mrs. Miniver), Miss Ellie revealed where J.R. would be at the appointed hour. Halston was given the final OK by J.D. Salinger, who spoke for all in hoping J.R. would soon R.I.P.

A *roman à clef* of the entire episode, in which only the names are changed to protect the indulgent, will be brought to the screen by MGM.

J.R. Eats Humble Pie

By John D. MacDonald

Travis McGee and Meyer and I know that a series must create a satisfied audience. *Dallas* deals with the use and abuse of power. The sacred and the profane. The counterpoint of emotions.

What will satisfy us most? (And if we are satisfied, we continue watching.) Certainly we will be turned off by the death of J.R. And so he lives. Certainly we will be turned off by any snide, contrived solution—the shooting done by a Dusty who miraculously survived his plane crash, or by Pam's mother Becky trying to make up for abandoning her children to Digger. Bringing someone in from left field will leave a bad taste.

When we consider those close to J.R., we can eliminate those whose characters have been so established that attempted murder would be inconsistent. His parents, brother Bobby, Kristin, Serena, Lucy, Louella . . . Sue Ellen? Even crazed by loss, facing incarceration and loss of her child, raddled by booze, consumed by hate. . . . No way. We can see her thinking about it, but not doing it. Pam would be even less likely.

Cliff Barnes? Aha! Hating the Ewings, deprived of a legal half million a year by J.R.'s decision to shut down the field he owns a share of. His beloved daddy is dead. But . . . what a continuingly useful fellow he is, in future plot complications, twists and

John D. MacDonald is the author of 65 novels and five nonfiction works. "The Green Ripper," his most recent novel featuring the detective hero Travis McGee, won an American Book Award in 1980.



turns. Bobby's brother-in-law, Pam's half brother, son of Ellie's dead swain, positioned in the power structure.

Who can we afford to lose without forfeiting future tensions? Vaughn Leland. Alan Beam. Jordan Lee. Ray Krebbs.

But would one of these make for a *satisfying* solution? Not really. We know the motives. We would say, "So what?"

To me, *this* would be satisfying:

Start with body being rushed into emergency room. Establishing conversation: nurses, interns, "Hey, by God, that's J. R. Ewing!" Turns out he's not expected to make it. Family interplay, conferences, shots of J.R. in intensive care, tubes, breathing assists, etc. We know that Bobby would have to come back and take over management responsibilities. We know that Sue Ellen would be reprieved. This tragedy would make people shape up. Pam's obsession with her mother would lessen. Jock and Ellie would be drawn more closely together than ever. Everybody in a process of reevaluation.

Even J.R. Is he really reevaluating himself? Or pretending? Long, slow recovery. Let's have him look terrible. Hospital bed at Southfork; eventually a chaise on the patio, blankets, a nurse, the works. Dr. Danvers there once a day. J.R. has become so humble and meek it would turn your stomach. We

do not know if he knows who shot him. He tells Sheriff Washburn he wants no intensive investigation.

He asks the suspects to come see him, one by one. Everybody with a motive. He acts "born again." We, the viewers, can't really accept that, even though many of the other characters do. We realize that in these talks, which seem intended to bury hatchets, he is trying to make up his own mind who shot him. Sue Ellen is off the booze. Bobby and Jock are trying in small ways to save the men J.R. cheated from a total disaster, by cutting them in on bits of the new gas action.

Finally he becomes convinced it was Sue Ellen, and in a climactic scene he accuses her. He vows he will see her imprisoned for attempted murder. J.R. is once more himself. He phones the sheriff.

At this point Kristin appears on the scene. This is, after all, her blood sister. She can't believe Sue Ellen capable of shooting him. She screams at J.R. that if he tries to destroy Sue Ellen, she and Alan Beam will broadcast what they know of the Asian swindle. J.R. says he doesn't care what they do—Sue Ellen is next door to dead.

Suddenly Teresa, the Hispanic maid, steps forward. She has been there all along, an almost invisible woman. She has loyalty, sensitivity, love for the Ewing clan. As she went about her household duties, she saw J.R. de-

stroying everyone around him—Bobby, Pam, Sue Ellen, the baby—and his own parents as well.

As Teresa, in tears and anger, tells J.R. exactly why she tried to kill him, we see the scene of the shooting. A Hispanic woman can enter a Dallas

office building at night without arousing curiosity. She had taken the gun from Sue Ellen's purse. We previously saw Sue Ellen put it there the night she was to have been put in the sanitarium.

Teresa finishes her account of why J.R. deserves killing just as the sheriff

arrives. Kristin stands glowering at J.R. Sue Ellen stands by. Teresa stares murderously at J.R. After a long pause, J.R. tells the sheriff he had thought he knew who shot him, but he was mistaken. He tries to laugh. "I guess we'll never know, will we?"

A Settling of Accounts

By Emma Lathen

On Monday, J.R. Ewing was buried. On Tuesday, the Ewing conglomerate filed for bankruptcy.

John Thatcher, senior vice president of the Sloan Guaranty Trust, took one look at the latest headline in *The New York Times*, cast the paper aside and addressed his second-in-command.

"Well, this collapse doesn't come as a surprise, does it, Charlie?" he remarked.

Charlie Trinkam, perched casually on the corner of the desk, agreed. "Boy, it's like everything else in Texas. When they go in for mismanagement, they do it in a big way."

The Ewing empire had become a legend in Dallas. Wall Street was more detached.

"They've been telling us for years that J.R. was evil incarnate. It would have been more useful to mention that he was a financial primitive," said Thatcher caustically.

"Listen," Charlie argued, "it doesn't sound as if anyone in that family has been playing with a full deck. Half the

Emma Lathen is actually a writing duo who prefer to remain pseudonymous. Lathen's new book, "Going for the Gold," will be published this fall.

time, Jock Ewing and his son Bobby didn't know what J.R. was doing with their money."

"It's the first time I've encountered a holding company with ranches in Texas, housing developments in California, oil wells in this country and leases in Asia, where nobody ever wrote anything down," said Thatcher.

Charlie had always been tolerant of the bizarre. "I guess they do things differently in Texas."

"Even in Texas, when you mortgage the old homestead, it is customary to let the family in on the secret."

Charlie could not dispute this, but he had his own favorite item of Ewing lore. "I like the bit about the way J.R. turned oil wells on and off like faucets. He wasn't the boy to worry about start-up costs."

"No, I gather he usually had other things on his mind."

For a moment they both contemplated the sensational insights into Ewing family life that had come their way.

"They all seem to have had a good many outside interests," Thatcher summed up, skating lightly over crime, disease, corruption and unnatural residential arrangements.

"They sure did," grinned Charlie, a big believer in rest and recreation himself. "But somebody had to mind the store."

"That was the role of this downtrodden little accountant, Hector Higginbottom. He was supposed to keep the books so they showed whatever J.R. wanted."

"But he went one step further," Charlie pointed out. "He kept them so they showed what Hector wanted."

"According to my informant, he siphoned off \$20 million and the Ewings were too busy to notice."

It would have been hard to tell whether Thatcher disapproved more of the Ewings or of Hector. His Dallas sources, however, remained single-

minded. They could tolerate crooks—but only if they were members of the club.

"Yes, you could say that if it weren't for the IRS, J.R. would still be alive." Charlie shook his head sagely. "It was only when a tax audit of the Ewing enterprises was scheduled that Hector was forced to shoot J.R."

"Hector reasoned that, if J.R. were not around to defend himself, the whole world including Miss Ellie would take one look at his track record and automatically assume he was the embezzler."

In the furor following the murder, embezzlement had been the least of the motives inundating the police.

"That's the trouble with a bad reputation," said Charlie virtuously. "J.R. had so many enemies, there were suspects all over the place. But Hector had been dealing with the Ewings too long. He wouldn't be on the lam right now if he hadn't underestimated the Feds."

At this opportune juncture, Miss Corsa, Thatcher's incomparably efficient secretary, entered with the latest installment of the Ewing drama.

"Mr. Higginbottom has just been arrested in Los Angeles, trying to board a flight for Costa Rica," she announced.

Most of the Ewing assets, it developed, had been in a suitcase with him.

"Well, they've netted the big one," Charlie remarked. "But the tax boys have come across 42 other Ewing employees with sticky fingers and numbered accounts in Switzerland. I hear tell that one middle-aged secretary got more out of J.R. than any of his girl friends."

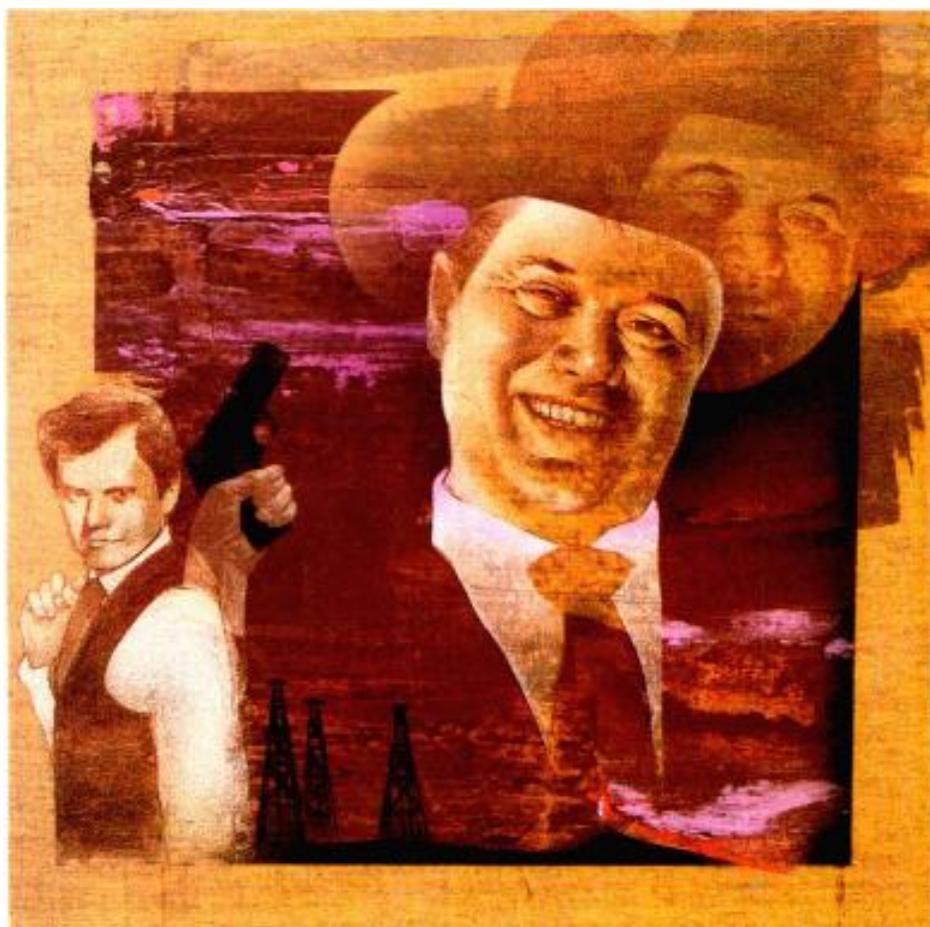
"Scarcely credible," Thatcher murmured.

But Miss Corsa disagreed. "It wouldn't be difficult," she explained kindly. "In fact, not difficult at all."

This was not the kind of sentiment they liked to hear at the Sloan Guaranty Trust.

Heavyweight Contenders

By Collin Wilcox



The Ewings are fictional characters, created by a team of writers sitting around a conference table somewhere in Los Angeles. Therefore, deciding how best to uncover J.R.'s assailant, I figure that I shouldn't waste my time trying to analyze the various villains in the *Dallas* cast. Instead, I should zero in on the writers who created the characters, my fellow professionals.

What do I know about these writers? From reading several of their scripts,

Collin Wilcox is a San Francisco writer whose stories are set in that city. His latest book, "Mankiller," was published last month.

and analyzing same, I've determined the following. First, they're very good writers who know how to keep a script moving—and churning. Second, they move their plots by creating constant tension, both financial and sexual, between the main characters. Third, they don't take cheap shots. If these writers were doing a straight-ahead mystery/suspense series, they wouldn't write in homicidal butlers or bodies falling out of closets.

These writers know their business. Their stock in trade, tried and true, is strong characters with strong motivations. Therefore, I think it's odds-on that J.R.'s assailant is a major character with a strong motive for pulling the

trigger.

So, with these elements in mind, I first set about eliminating the weak, minor characters: the lightweights who lack either the specific gravity or the plain guts to shoot J.R. Kristin didn't do it, I decided. Her grudge isn't deep enough, and neither is her character. Alan Beam is another lightweight—another also-ran.

What about Dusty, Sue Ellen's lover, who crashed his plane in flames (but whose body was never found)? If Dusty dunit, then I've got a tsk-tsk for my fellow writers. I'm a private pilot, and I can testify that the only way Dusty could have avoided death in that crash would have been to use a parachute. And private pilots simply don't wear parachutes. At least, not in Texas.

I don't think Pamela Ewing pulled the trigger, simply because she wasn't mad enough. Sad, yes. Mad, no. Jordan Lee probably didn't do it either, mostly because his guilt wouldn't advance the plot. Besides, he isn't a central character. A smoking gun in his hand would be a waste.

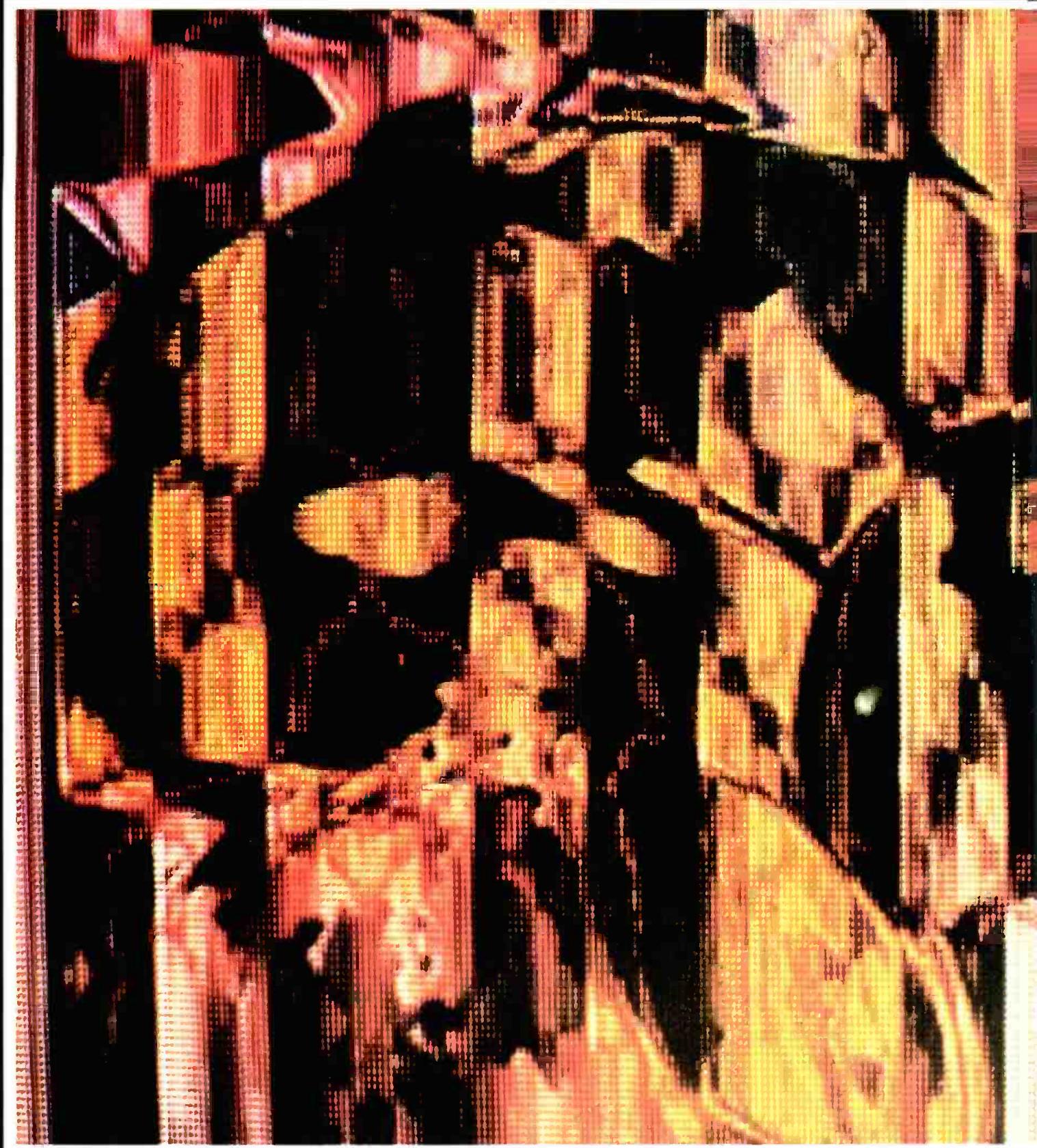
As for Jock or Miss Ellie—forget it. Jock simply wouldn't try to kill his own son. And Barbara Bel Geddes, with her soft mouth and pensive eyes, almost certainly has a "sympathetic character" clause in her contract, right under the section titled "Compensation."

So now we come to the big three: Sue Ellen, Vaughn Leland and Cliff Barnes. Sue Ellen *should've* done it. For Sue Ellen, J.R.'s death is almost a necessity.

Vaughn Leland certainly *could've* done it. He has the best, most American of motives: potential bankruptcy, at J.R.'s hands.

But I think Cliff Barnes *did* do it. Why? Because Barnes fits all the criteria that I believe the *Dallas* writers will use in choosing the culprit. First, he's a major character. Second, Barnes has a good, strong motive. He hates the Ewings for deeds both past and present. His father, who died a drunk, was ruined by Jock Ewing. Currently, J.R. has sworn to ruin Barnes—and seems about to succeed.

And, lastly, Barnes' sister, Pamela, is married to Bobby Ewing. Therefore, Barnes' guilt would provide a kinky, internecine plot twist. ■





How to Make an Extraterrestrial Fruit Salad

When a video artist
pushes some buttons, he turns
apples into oranges

Everything can be expressed via numbers—even Latka on *Taxi*

Video artist Howie Gutstadt, who used a sophisticated computer to turn a still-life image of a bowl of fruit into these visions of extraterrestrial fruit salad (shown here and on the previous spread), isn't at all embarrassed that he sits at a keyboard while other visual artists have to mess with oils and paint thinner. "It's like drawing," he says, "and all of these images were done in less than four hours."

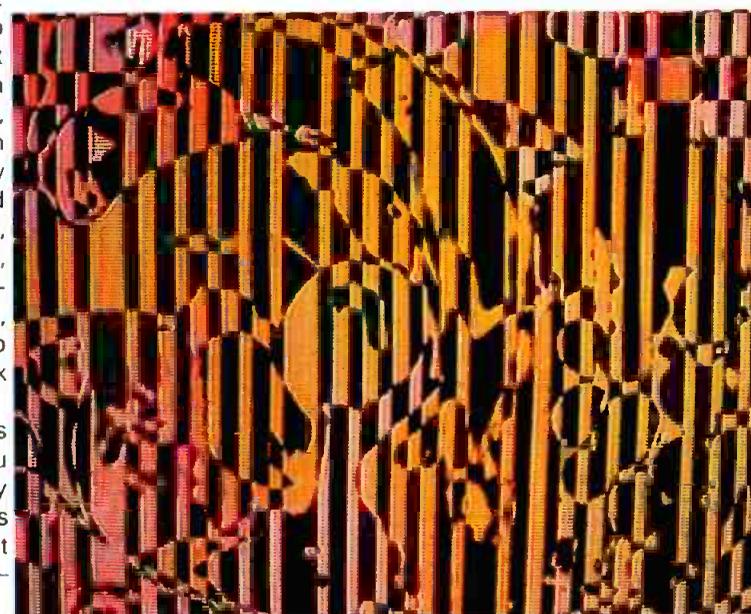
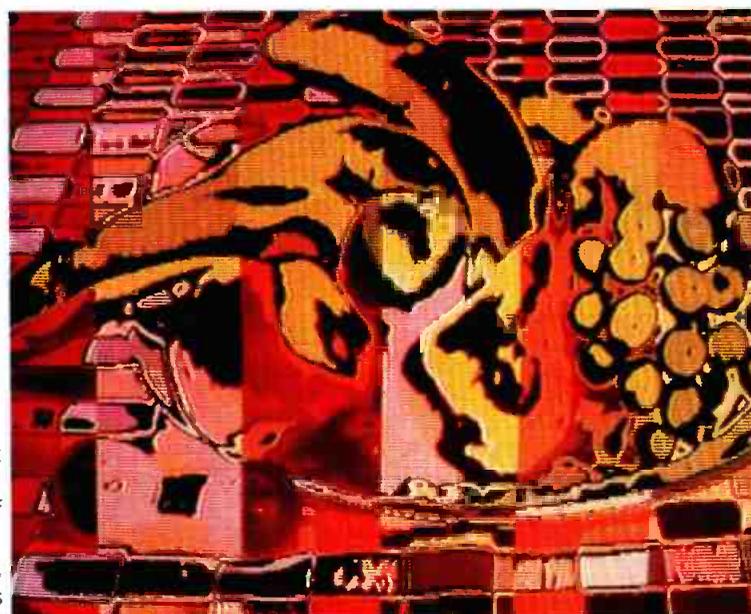
His method is paint-by-number, though Gutstadt calls it digital television. The tools are a video camera, a monitor and a small computer that feeds commands into a unique digital processing system called the AURA, or "Advanced Unit for Raster Applications." This special unit rips apart a TV image into a grid of 65,000-odd points (known in computer glossaries as "pixels") that are arrayed on the screen in perfect rows—like marching cadets at half time of the Army-Navy game. Then AURA assigns each pixel three eight-digit numbers, one for each plane (horizontal, vertical and depth), and awaits instructions for the pixels' brightness, color or color intensity.

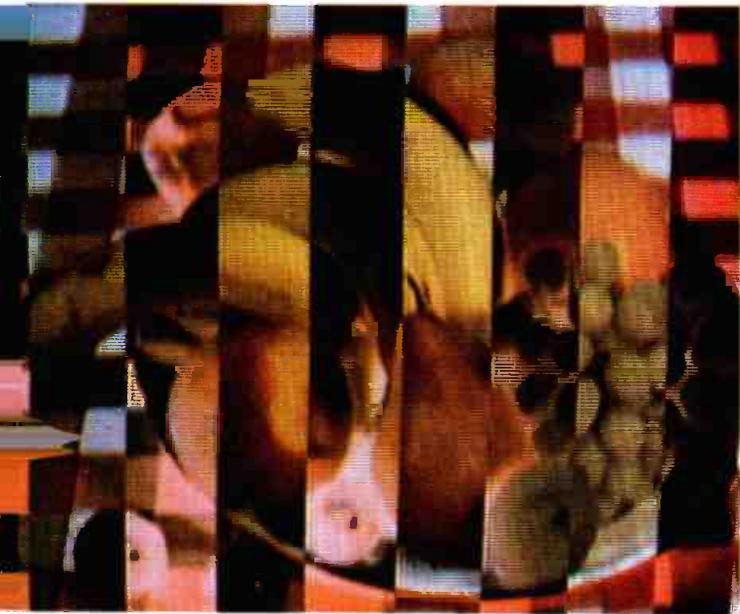
The artistry comes through the ability to look at the picture, learn that the reds, say, are 19s in the vertical plane (00010011s in AURA language), then ordering AURA to make them 47s. And then seeing how *that* looks. "The computer has power to reorganize and totally fabricate the picture," says Gutstadt. "Complete control over all these pixels! You adjust the images according to any sort of idea—even a mathematical equation." Of course, *this* concept of TV-by-numbers (unlike the Niensens) is akin to the quantum theory of physics, which says that everything can be expressed via numbers—even Latka on *Taxi*.

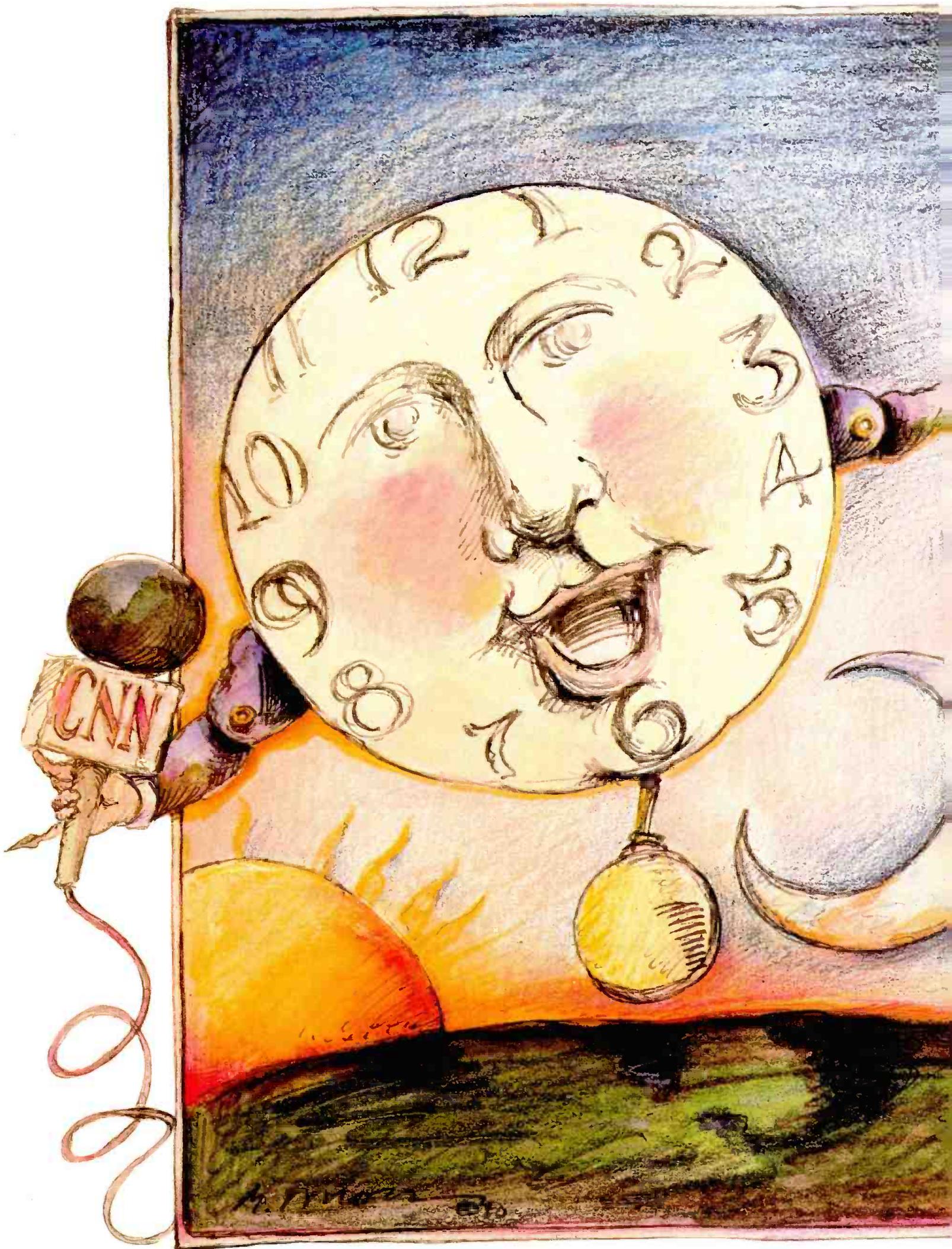
That may be farfetched, but remember that Gutstadt turned apples into oranges merely by hitting some buttons. "And these images are only a selection from thousands of possibilities," he says, admiring AURA's talents.

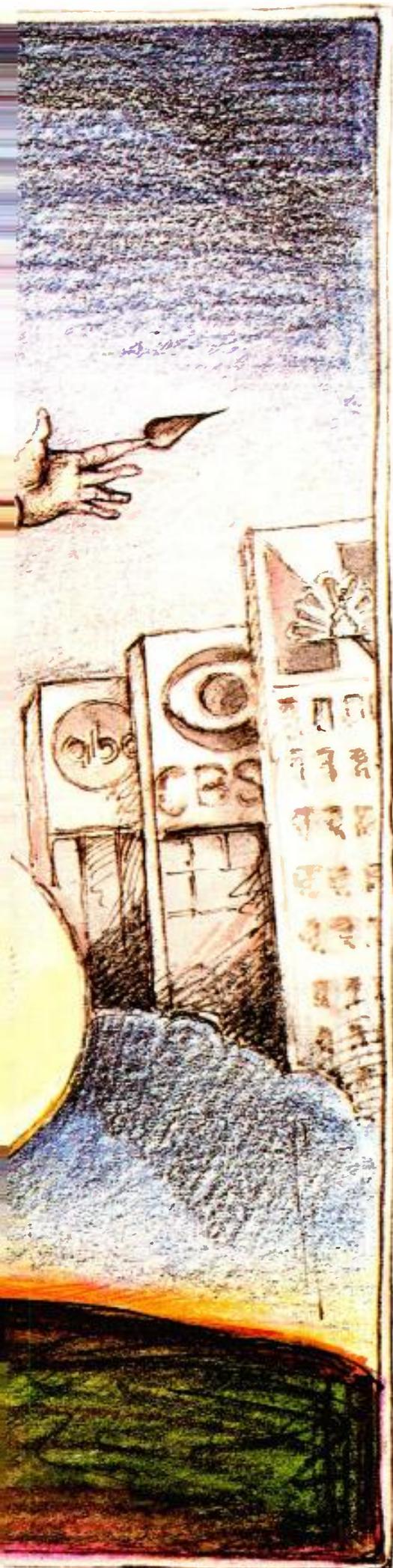
Created by an Australian group headed by William Etra, AURA was designed to help perfect 3-D TV and now resides at Digital Image, a TV special-effects firm in Berkeley, Cal. Someday it could be used commercially to correct video images, something like a photographer's airbrush. But it may first revolutionize video art, a field that was born in 1963, when the "Grand-Dada" of video art, Nam June Paik, learned to use magnetic fields to distort the electron beam of a picture tube. By 1970, video art had its first major New York exhibit, a half-hour telecast on WGBH-TV (Boston), and three important tools: the portapak camera; the colorizer, which adds or switches colors; and the video synthesizer, which stretches and bends the picture. Since then, hundreds of video art exhibitions have been held worldwide, with works ranging from classical music visualizations to cellist Charlotte Moorman's "Video Bra" (a Nam June Paik creation).

"You have to interact with AURA in order to create," says Gutstadt, "and get familiar with a specific program. But you get instant feedback. That's television!" The next step may be syncing AURA tapes with rock music—if not, there's always a potential for more pixel Picassos. "But I'm not saying I'm a cubist," Gutstadt says. "Just, 'Holy mackerel—look at this!'" —*Len Albin*









All Day and All Night the Upstart Challenges the Establishment

How the Cable News Network stacks up against
ABC, CBS and NBC newscasts

By EDWIN DIAMOND

After watching the start-up of Ted Turner's 24-hour-a-day, seven-day-a-week Cable News Network (CNN), one conclusion seems inescapable to me: I've seen the future, and it doesn't work—yet.

The technology clearly exists: CNN demonstrates that it can use satellite hookups, live remotes, split screens and chroma-keys just like the older, established network-news organizations, and that it can do this around the clock. "The news continues, from now on and forever," anchorwoman Lois Hart pledged on opening night last June 1. The inspired will to succeed is evident, too. Entrepreneur Ted Turner, who's always described as "flamboyant" in stories about him, has assembled an equally manic, hard-working crew to run CNN, a kind of expansion team with veterans from ABC, CBS and NBC, as well as local station people up for the first time before a national audience. Through the summer, they have been putting on roughly 10 times more news than the Big Three networks with

a fifth or less of the resources.

There's even a crazy group of viewers out there, news freaks, such as I and many people I know, who like the idea of a news channel that brings headlines, political talk or West Coast late sports scores at the flip of the dial at 4 in the morning. Equally important, CNN has attracted an audience of receptive advertising people, like Michael Drexler, a senior vice president at Doyle Dane Bernbach, who calls CNN "a viable ad medium with good CPMs [cost per thousand] and upper demographics, involving a small out-of-pocket investment." (Translation: CNN commercial minutes are a cheap buy and reach the younger professional men and women whom advertisers covet.)

The space-age hardware, the boldness, the economic potential are all there; CNN, in theory, *could* run "forever." Even the current down-to-earth obstacles it faces could be overcome. Right now, CNN is available in some two million households in 45 states through the local cable systems that subscribe to its service. The network's income, from the fees it charges those systems and from ad revenues, currently falls far short of

Edwin Diamond, a journalist and critic, heads the News Study Group at MIT. News Study Group members Erika Max, Leigh Passman and Dean Phillips assisted with the research for this article.

the \$3 million a month it costs Turner to operate CNN. But it's a chicken-and-egg relationship: as more homes get cable, more sets may tune to CNN, so CNN may grow stronger. Or, the other way: as CNN grows stronger, more homes may be attracted to it.

Yet . . . after pulling for the CNN idea and watching its performance with care, I've developed some serious reservations about it, a nagging doubt as insistent as the electronic humm humm humm that CNN occasionally uses as its signature before commercials. The reservation is this: CNN is not very good journalistically. Which leads to the basic question: Can *anyone*, even with unlimited resources, offer *intelligent, useful*, ultimately *clarifying* news and information around the clock? Can 24-hour all-news television be made to work, not as some abstract demonstration of hardware, but as a service to people?

Sure, I know that there's around-the-clock, all-news radio, done particularly well by CBS, and there's the all-the-news-forever wire services. But neither medium involves the more complex task of producing *continuous news with pictures*. Newspapers achieve excellence day in, day out in five or six cities at most. The news-weekly magazines take more time to put out presumably clearer, more comprehensive information and interpretation. CNN comes across as mixed media; as Tom Wheeler, president of the National Cable Television Association, explained it, CNN is a "tele-publishing event It offers all the information the print media provide in the medium the people like best."

Judging the effectiveness of CNN—does it work?—becomes complicated. Ted Turner expansively claims he's offering CNN as an alternative to Big Three network news, about which he concocts provocative statements for the benefit of print reporters. ("The network nightly news is nothing more than a headline service. They don't offer business news, or sports news, and there's hardly any international news. I don't watch it.") So, CNN, if for no other reason than Turner's words, has to be judged in comparison with ABC, CBS and NBC; and, as a "tele-

publishing form," it has to be compared, at least in part, with newspapers, with radio and with the wire service texts it replaced on some cable channels. (On my cable set in New York, the old Reuters crawl has been periodically breaking into the CNN picture when some technician punches the wrong button—a ghost of cable news past haunting Ted Turner.)

At the request of the editors of PANORAMA, and with the help of the News Study group at MIT, I made these comparisons over the course of two weeks, using videocassette recorders to tape the newscasts for later analysis. It was apparent before we started that in one sense there's no contest: CNN, not surprisingly, does *more* than the networks in every category—more headlines, more hard news, more features, more sports and weather, more financial news, more commentary. While Walter Cronkite or John Chancellor or Max Robinson spends 30 seconds on the price of gold and the Dow Jones average, CNN is offering almost 30 minutes of financial news with anchor Lou Dobbs, editor Myron Kandel and commentator Dan Dorfman.

Sheer quantity, however, can't be the measure of comparison. Rather such qualities as *clarity* (is this news understandable?), *freshness* (is this *new* news or information?) and *usefulness* (why am I being told this?) have to be employed. With these qualities in mind, then, here's what we found when we compared CNN with the Big Three news, editorial category by category:

Hard News. The first qualitative impression that jumps out of the set is the photocopy sameness of the three networks' news shows, and the hard-news portions of their morning shows, right down to the same film bits of speeches, press conferences and visual events. You can take that as testimony to the steady-eyed, "objective" journalistic judgment of ABC, CBS and NBC—the news is the news is the news, and all newspeople recognize the important stories. Or you can agree with Turner that the Big Three are just headline services, with little to choose among them. One Wednesday night in our monitoring period, for example, the rundown went like this:

ABC

Frank Reynolds/Max Robinson

1. Tease: Carter-Kennedy Summit; Then into Midwest Tornado and Trailer Item on Volcano Activity
2. Carter-Kennedy Summit
3. Kennedy Plans
4. Iran Developments
5. Violence Roundup
6. Carter Gas-Tax Defeat
7. Airline Woes (Special Report by Jules Bergman)
8. Sports Items, including Preakness

CBS

Dan Rather (subbing for Walter Cronkite)

1. Carter Gas-Tax Defeat
2. Carter-Kennedy Summit
3. California Voter Survey
4. Midwest Tornado/Volcano Activity
5. Financial Roundup
6. Iran Developments with Violence Roundup
7. Preakness Inquiry (Pimlico Race Course)
8. Domestic Shorts
9. KKK Man on California Ballot

NBC

John Chancellor

1. Carter-Kennedy Summit
2. Reagan's Plans
3. John Anderson Campaign
4. Primary Season Wrap-up
5. Midwest Tornado
6. Vernon Jordan Shooting Update
7. Carter Gas-Tax Defeat
8. Iran Developments
9. Preakness Inquiry

The second unavoidable impression is that there's no comparable "that's-the-way-it-is" news package on CNN—and we miss the sense of order. While the evening news is on, CNN is consciously avoiding the major stories and *counterprogramming* with 30 minutes of financial news, followed by 20 minutes of sports news. One night the financial news might center on the price of gold; on another, interest rates. Experts Kandel and Dorfman, both fine print journalists, come across as knowledgeable resources, but the centerpieces—like the gold story—take a long time to tell the obvious; for example, about why gold prices were

rising. It was too much for the non-specialist, not enough for the savvy.

The same was true for the sports segment. Its first Sunday night, CNN showed a videotape of a Reggie Jackson home run that won an extra-innings game for the New York Yankees, followed by a report that Jackson had been in a shooting incident on a Manhattan street a few hours after the game. CNN offered more than the networks; Ed Bradley on the CBS News later made no mention of the Jackson story. But a viewer who stayed tuned for the *local* CBS news in New York heard Jackson himself talking about the incident in a report that went beyond CNN's. WCBS-TV had taken the Jackson audio from CBS Radio sports, which has its own extensive news sources—one of the advantages of being a network in business for 50 years before CNN was born.

The same "network factor" gave the established news organization the advantage during another breaking story. Cuban refugees at Fort Chaffee, Ark., rioted and burned a barracks, news that CNN naturally was able to report well ahead of the networks, as soon as it came over the wires. But CBS again had the better story when its 11 P.M. broadcast came on the air, with videotape of the rioting supplied by a CBS affiliate station in Arkansas. CNN also has reciprocal arrangements with local stations, but nowhere near CBS's 200-odd affiliates.

Newspapers have a page one to organize the news; magazines a table of contents; radio its top-of-the-hour newscasts; TV a Cronkite or a Chancellor, whose presence says *this is what you should know about, at a minimum*. CNN's headlines are everywhere, and thus nowhere. The major, two-hour CNN newscast comes on at 8 P.M., ET, a good counterprogramming move—the networks are doing prime-time entertainment then—but not too helpful to the viewer seeking that sense of order, of established priorities, that journalism traditionally provides. If you arrive home right before the early-evening network news shows and dial CNN for the news, you might get, as I did, a kite-flying contest; if you arrive later, eager for news, and

The live news form can be a kind of video Bermuda Triangle, into which all signs of intelligent journalism disappear

tune to CNN, you might hear about the world's biggest egg cream. In a newspaper, readers can flip past the egg cream; in a car, listening to all-news radio, you can dial out filler items until the hourly newscasts. With CNN, hard news comes only to the very patient, and then in the form of short, snappy items that really are headlines—and tabloid-style heads at that.

For example, when Jimmy Carter visited the black areas of Miami where rioting had occurred, bottles were thrown at his motorcade. Here's how it played on CNN:

9:43 P.M. Feature on previous night's Tony awards.

9:46 P.M. Tease—sports scores coming soon . . . Commercial break.

9:48 P.M. Anchor: Bottles were thrown at Jimmy Carter's motorcade. We have unedited film of what it looked like aboard the bus. Here's the film . . . (unsteady camera view through bus window as crowd surges forward . . . shouts inside bus . . . *stay down! stay down!* . . . bus speeds up . . . crowds left behind . . . *it's safe! we're OK!*).

That was it. The anchor presented the unedited film as a plus, something to take pride in. There was no further explanation, no sense of the importance or unimportance of the episode. Were we watching the beginning of a Dallas, 1963, with the street crowds, the shouting and the suddenly accelerating Presidential motorcade? In fact, it was the 11 P.M. (Sunday night) CBS broadcast with Ed Bradley that supplied a context, in the form of an *edited*

tape of the Miami episode.

Reese Schonfeld, president of CNN, turns aside complaints about his network's lack of an organized "front page" and about its tabloid news style. He argues that "life isn't organized," that traditional network news gives an undesirable "illusion of omniscience" and that "CNN is not here to do in-depth stories." This may be good as an alternative programming theory, but it makes for mediocre hard-news coverage. CNN is not the Newzak that some critics feared, but it too often comes uncomfortably close to being background sound.

Live News. Because CNN is on "forever," it doesn't have to wait until 7 P.M. or 11 P.M. or 7 A.M. to do its news. It can go live at any time. That capability, however, can also explode in CNN's face like a booby trap. For example, putting its very best foot forward on its premiere night, CNN produced (1) a live report of Jimmy Carter visiting Vernon Jordan's hospital room in Fort Wayne, Ind.; (2) an Intelsat connection from Jerusalem; and (3) a microwave-satellite link to the Lee Leonard show in Los Angeles. The trouble was, no one had much to say. (It would have been far different for CNN, of course, if Carter had stepped forward to announce that the FBI had solved the Jordan shooting.) CNN's admirable but ultimately so-what demonstration of technological prowess then and on subsequent nights was reminiscent of some Muscle Beach weight lifter who has magnificent biceps but can't write his name.

Worse, the live news form can be a kind of video Bermuda Triangle, into which all signs of intelligent journalism disappear. For example, CNN stationed correspondent Mike Boettcher on the Key West waterfront for a series of live reports on the Cuban "freedom flotilla." Boettcher had the unenviable job of glancing over his shoulder seaward and reporting: "No boats are in sight . . . the flotilla has stopped. Eight-foot seas are stopping the boats . . ." Still, CNN producers persisted, flexing their satellite muscles, and went back again to Boettcher. Forlornly, he reported, "It's the quietest night of the month here . . ." Not even the reporter's personable, go-get-'em manner

could conceal the fact that CNN was the one at sea—and slipping right into a *Saturday Night Live*-style “news update” parody.

Live TV, in theory, can be memorable TV. It’s hard to make it work. One of the best news executives I know once told me that “doing live news is like wrestling with a big grizzly bear . . .” CNN has proven him right.

Soft News. Off-the-beaten-track stories, backgrounders on health or politics or gardening, movie and art reviews and other features constitute one area where CNN should clearly beat the networks. ABC, CBS and NBC usually confine features to an occasional multipart series and a two-minute story at the end of the newscasts, with perhaps a longer “heartwarmer” on Friday nights to send viewers away into weekend prime time with reasonably benign feelings. During our monitoring period, in addition to the ABC News report on airplane safety, the networks offered an NBC special segment on “American Mafia leader” Carlos Marcello and a CBS report on some workers who bought a Youngstown, Ohio, plant after it was shut down by bankruptcy and are making it go through old-fashioned initiative. As its Friday sweetener, CBS offered a story on pigs that jog for the sake of science at Arizona State University, while NBC’s Jack Reynolds in Shanghai found a Chinese millionaire who survived the Cultural Revolution.

None of these qualify as Peabody Award winners. But light as the network efforts were, the CNN features seemed so fluffy they threatened to float away. After one such CNN piece, a split-screen “interview” with Kermit the Frog and other Muppets, the capable but apologetic-looking anchor, ex-ABC man Bill Zimmerman, said gamely, “We give you *all* the news, folks.”

At other times, when CNN features turned serious, Kermit would have been welcome. For example, CNN heavily promoted a series about a Denver-area police sting operation (obtained through CNN arrangements with Denver station KBTB). The operation, essentially a stakeout scheme that also had police posing as fences, was melodramatically played over five days on *Take Two*, the CNN midday program with husband-wife anchors

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Don Farmer and Chris Curle. (“We have real film of a burglary in progress . . . a crime actually being committed,” ex-ABC man Farmer declared, looking only slightly less uncomfortable than Zimmerman had.)

The Denver hidden-camera piece looked much like other hidden camera pieces we’ve all sat through, but CNN had something more in mind than just cops and robbers. Such sting operations, Farmer said, are made possible by money from the Law Enforcement Assistance Administration, whose future was then in doubt because of a budget-conscious Administration and Congress—ergo, cuts in the LEAA budget would hurt crime-busting efforts across the country. To drive home the point, the Atlanta public-safety commissioner came into the CNN studio for a gentle interview in which he described all the police good works LEAA had made possible.

In theory, again, there’s nothing wrong with features that make editorial points; it’s just not the sort of stance that the traditional networks take on news features. While CBS features cheer on abstract, mom-and-apple-pie ideals like initiative (the Youngstown story), CNN lobbies for the cause of a specific Government agency.

CNN has a platoon of commentators

and critics, from A (Bella Abzug on politics) to Z (fitness expert Arden Zinn). They make up the softest of CNN’s soft features and are the biggest disappointment. True, commentators are for the most part no longer seen or heard on the Big Three’s evening news, but CNN’s commentators are so badly coached, poorly lighted and indifferently directed that they might as well be invisible.

The CNN film critic, Fred Saxon, is a Rex Reed look-alike, his only evident qualification for the job. He doesn’t so much criticize or review movies as narrate film clips. After showing snippets of Stanley Kubrick’s “The Shining,” one of the big pictures of the year, Saxon allowed that some people would be scared while others wouldn’t be . . . “and the movie is opening next week around the country.” (Reviewing the same film on local New York television in the same 90-second format, critic Judith Crist offered enough food for thought to fill several days after seeing the movie.)

Sports and Weather. These categories only make the Big Three network programs when they become hard news: the Mount St. Helens volcano, killer tornadoes, major sporting events like the Preakness or the Super Bowl. On CNN, by contrast, we clocked two to three hours of sports in most 24-hour periods and national weather checks about as frequently as on all-news radio. Sports and weather, then, play big on CNN, as they do on local newscasts around the country. (As in anticipation of CNN’s emphasis on these audience-pleasers, all of the Big Three seemed to do more sports and weather than usual during the first weeks after CNN started up.)

Mostly, CNN sports and weather look and sound as they do at local stations. Yet, for all the attention CNN gives these reports, embarrassing gaps appear. CNN’s national weather outlook typically isn’t specific enough for a local viewer. One morning when CNN talked of rain in New York, it was partly cloudy; ABC’s and NBC’s morning news shows, with half-hourly cut-ins by local affiliates, managed more precise forecasts.

The sports coverage also left a lot uncovered. During the running of the Belmont Stakes—telecast live on

CBS—CNN offered its weekly Washington review of politics, intelligent enough counterprogramming. But after the Washington program, and after the Belmont run, a feature on Famous Amos, the cookie maker, came up, with no sign of even a 10-second race-results item—not-so-intelligent news judgment.

The sportscasters themselves appear as pleasant, enthusiastic cheerleaders for both the home team and the visitors. One night, CNN's sports desk called the release of Minnesota Twins relief pitcher, Mike Marshall, "the big story of the hour." It was; Marshall had posted 53 saves for the Twins in the previous two seasons and only one this year, a deteriorating record. But the better story, left untouched by CNN, was off the field: Marshall served as the Twins' player representative and his aggressive union activities had displeased a team management known as one of the cheapest in all sports. The newspapers told that story in businesslike detail; CNN, to allay any suspicion about its own management (Turner owns the Atlanta Braves), might have done much more than it did.

The Geography of News. This category occurred to us only after we had watched the Big Three and CNN intensively. By geography of news we mean the effects of location on selection of stories. The ABC, CBS and NBC newscasts originate in New York and have heavy Washington orientations—national news, the President, the Congress. In effect, there's a New York-Washington news axis, with regional stories plugged in—Midwest and Southern Natural Disasters, Far-West Lifestyles. At CNN, the balance has shifted visibly; its Atlanta base gives it a tilt southward. The Cuban refugees, for example, commanded more attention. When expert sources are needed, they often come from Atlanta—the police official talking about LEAA, a Georgia State College specialist on the economy. The "local" story of Jack Potts, the Georgia prisoner on death row, received more attention on CNN than on the Big Three. At CNN, Washington and New York are bureau towns subordinate to Atlanta, even though far stronger in talent and still at the headwaters of the national news.

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Daniel Schorr of the CNN Washington bureau is the most instantly recognizable of the on-camera correspondents, and also the best-connected in Washington. When he's on the air, there's a feeling of knowledgeable authority. Yet CNN appears uncomfortable with Schorr, as if he's too identified with the traditional newscasts from which the network is trying to distance itself; for an interview with Senator Kennedy, CNN teamed Schorr with an assertive talk-show host named Sandi Freeman, a spectacular bit of miscasting.

Editorially, our score card shows Ted Turner's cable news operation scores no higher against its Big Three major-league competitors than his Atlanta Braves do in their division. CNN's writing never rises above the bread-and-butter level of wire-service copy; its reporting lacks depth, even in CNN's own back yard (National Public Radio did a series of far superior reports on the Cubans during our monitoring period). Its journalistic judgments can be staggeringly wrong (a feature on the drug habit known as "free basing," pegged to comedian Richard Pryor's tragic accident, became a how-to-do-it for any viewers who wanted to cook up some cocaine with ether).

For better *and* worse, CNN's editorial direction bears the stamp of three untraditional men. Foremost, there is Ted Turner, who recalls that he wanted to be a missionary when he was 16 and now wants to save America by, he says, "saving television from the networks." Next, there's Reese Schonfeld, with his background in wire-service and television news; and Ted Kavenau, CNN senior news producer and the man widely credited with being the father of tabloid TV when he worked at independent stations (Channels 5 and 11) in New York several years back. Fortunately for the audience, in my view, there's a fourth man: executive producer John Baker, probably one of the two or three most skilled people at putting together a well-paced program in all of television. If a single talent can make CNN work, it's Baker. But CNN can't be a one-man band.

Still . . . by design, by error, by geography, one way or the other, the Cable News Network has managed to set itself apart from the networks it likes to think of as rivals; it can claim to be different. Nowhere has it been engraved in stone that all television news must, now and forever, look like the *CBS Evening News with Walter Cronkite*—even the Cronkite news will be changing as Dan Rather takes over. "Forever," we're all finding out, can be a very long time. Fred Friendly, the former president of CBS News and current adviser on communications at the Ford Foundation, believes that specialized channels for news are inevitable, with the present Big Three staying right there on top as now. "There will be ABC 1, 2 and 3; CBS 1, 2 and 3; and NBC 1, 2 and 3—with each broadcaster having a different cable network for news, culture, sports and probably business," Friendly says.

While Turner's well-publicized cash-flow problems may take him out of the final competition, the around-the-clock news idea will certainly survive. If I had to guess what it will look like editorially, I'd say it would combine the reporting and editorial strengths of the Big Three traditional news with the verve and audacity of the Turner operation. In a way, that would make a happy medium. ■



One extraordinary life hasn't been enough for
Sophia Loren. She is
now living it all over again for NBC

Yesterday, Today and Sophia



Above, a scene in the Pozzuoli home: Loren's mother, Romilda Villani (played by Sophia Loren, seated), grandmother (Anna Misericocchi), grandfather (R. Cucciolla, standing) and Uncle Guido (Cyrus Elias).

Sophia Loren's life story, transcribed by A.E. Hotchner in one of 1979's best-selling biographies, reads as if it had leaped from the imagination of Hans Andersen. How *did* Sofia Scicolone, that homely, malnourished, illegitimate child from the slums of Pozzuoli, near Naples, metamorphose into the semidivine figure whose cult can claim devotees in Moscow, Madras and Madison, Wis.? Loren describes herself as a witch; she must have called on several covens of fellow sorcerers to help her work that particular bit of magic.

And now, another metamorphosis: the biography is turned into a three-hour television film by executive producer Roger Gimbel, with Loren star-

ring as both herself and her mother. The film, "Sophia," will be seen on NBC next month.

Loren talked to PANORAMA on the set of the film, in Rome, sitting among the re-created sights and sounds of Pozzuoli's wartime railway station. She looked back on photographs from her mother's family album, reminisced about her childhood and talked about some of the leading men she has acted with in more than 40 movies. On these pages, we bring together images of Loren past and Loren present—a woman for whom rags were not made shameful by riches. "I never really left Pozzuoli," she says. "We still have the same house, where my aunt lives now. Whenever I can, I go back." (*Turn page*)



“If you have a basic chemistry between you and your partner, this is something magic that you can't describe.”



Loren in 1955 with her two costars in "Lucky to Be a Woman." Left, Charles Boyer—"We had a very sweet relationship." Above, Marcello Mastroianni—"Whatever Mastroianni and I do on the screen, people believe in it. There is something that just sparkles at the right moment."



“I think that for a child it is very important to be surrounded by family, to have the sensation of being always protected. And all this I had when I was a baby.”



Left, with her younger son, Edoardo. Above, aged 3, in the arms of her uncle Mario, her mother's brother.

“After all these years, I am still involved in the process of self-discovery, still subject to an inner force that makes me seek even deeper satisfactions than those I’ve experienced.”



Above, left, the 13-year-old Sofia Scicolone in a local ballet performance.

“I feel much more comfortable when I have to play my mother. But when I have to play myself, I feel really shy—I feel too exposed.”



Above, Sophia Loren as she appears in the role of her mother in the television film. Right, the real Signora Villani (center) with her two daughters, Sophia and Maria, in the early Fifties.



“I was so low...all I wanted was some dude to get up there on that screen and move” —Michael, 14

“I can’t figure out why my brain works right in front of the TV and then goes to sleep in school” —Brenda, 13

“It may not be wise to have kids believe family problems just work out so nice *all the time*” —Kathy, 14

Three youngsters explore their dependence on TV

By THOMAS J. COTTLE

Despite all the studies on the subject of children and television, the bond that attaches a child to a television show or commercial remains an enigma. We do know that the simple act of watching television has the most profound effect on a child’s thought processes and character. We know too that the world in which the child lives will have an equally profound effect on his or her attachment to television images. We know all this partly from observing children, but mainly from speaking with them, or, should I say, listening to them speak about television and themselves.

As a psychologist who speaks regularly with young people, I have had occasion to discuss television shows with children. I would hardly call these discussions basic television research. Still, a long friendship with a child, which includes many hours of conversation, often turns up information about television that teaches us a great deal about the effect of programming on the most central features of the

Thomas J. Cottle is a Lecturer on Psychology at Harvard Medical School. His recent books include “Children in Jail,” “Barred from School” and “Children’s Secrets.” He was also seen regularly on the NBC children’s show Hot Hero Sandwich.

child’s personality and sense of self.

What follows are three brief accounts, pieces of conversation really, with three children. They are normal children, three among the many I’ve come to know while doing research on families. They are not my patients, nor are their families experiencing any extraordinary problems. (And these are not their real names.)

None of the conversations actually began or concluded with the topic of television. Yet, somewhere in these conversations, the subject of shows and commercials arose and in each case I encouraged the children to tell me as much as they could about the programs they like and dislike and their general feelings about watching television.

The first was 14-year-old Michael Reuber. One of four children, Michael lives in a Chicago housing project; his is a welfare family. The Reubers’ apartment is small and well-kept. Michael himself is a tall, thin, young man with a large Afro crowning his handsome face. To listen to Michael speak about television was to hear a young man’s anger, sense of betrayal, and a rather intense expression of human needs. He had just come home from school when we began our conversation:

“I’ve watched television, man, when

I was so low, you know, and all I wanted was some dude to get up there on that screen and move. Dude didn’t even have to talk, you know what I’m saying? I just wanted someone up there. Talk, walk, move around, he could stand on his head for all I care, long as he didn’t go away. Didn’t make no difference if it was a commercial or the best show. Then, other times, like, I’ll get in this mood where I want to see folks get knocked around. Folks beating up on a guy, kicking the _ _ _ _ out of him. I know while they’re doing it they’re only messing around; they got these stunt dudes can practically fall out of an airplane without getting hurt, but that don’t make no difference. I want action; I want ‘em fighting, hitting one another with sound and noise. I’ll be sitting there still as a brick, you know what I’m saying? But inside my head I am getting off on it—let ‘em club each other. I know who’s going to win, you understand. Kojak ain’t going to lose. Baretta ain’t going to lose. Old Rockford, he always gets beat up, but in the end he’s going to win. I like that guy Columbo too. Peter Falk. That’s his name. Guy’s out of his mind. Funny guy. He could be your friend.

“See, I don’t mind that it’s all made up. Stuff has got to fit my mood. I know it’s fake. If I didn’t watch what my brother calls ‘the fake and bake,’ I wouldn’t watch the tube. You follow



●●If you said, 'You must like TV if you watch it all the time,' I'd say, 'Wrong! I hate it. I don't like much on it at all.' But I watch. I don't know why. I just watch. ●●

my meaning? When I get into the TV, I want the fake and bake. I don't want no kids' show, neither. I want my mood satisfied. Folks on TV get to be, like, friends. So you wait to see your friends, and then hope they club hell out of some dummy, if that's the way you're feeling.

"Now, that don't mean I don't watch educational stuff. Mainly I do 'cause my mother makes us. But after a while, man, you seen all the ships and the fish and all the animals you want to see. All this nature stuff, I don't see how that's going to help me. I don't get off on that.

"I don't watch the kids' shows no more. You outgrow all that noise. I used to see 'em. I peek at 'em once in a while, shake my head and move on with the channel. Too silly now, no fake and bake. You sort of can't believe you used to watch some of those shows.

"Hey, what the hell, all of TV is for kids. I don't know a show on TV that's for adults only. Like you can go to the library and pick up a book and read the first two sentences and you *know* that there's a book for adults only. You don't even get to the bottom of the page before you quit. But TV? Every show they got's for kids. Smart kids, dumb kids, all kids.

"Hell, if I could stand the weather forecast I might watch all day. Well, that *is* one thing they got for adults only. The weatherman. You know a kid who gives a damn what the temperature is, was, or going to be? 'What's the weather forecast?' That's my mother asking me every 20 minutes. 'You been watching the box, what's the weather forecast?' Going to be weather, Ma. Tonight it's going to start and it's going to continue *all day* tomorrow. Weather *everywhere*, inside the house even. Hey, I'm only kidding. Weather's for kids, too. Like, I got a grandmother, she lives with us. It gets cold outside, and we don't have enough heat at home. You better believe I'd like to know, just for her, when the cold's going away.

"You want to do a good thing for TV? Tell 'em to send some heat through the box. Tell 'em everybody in America'll watch their show, no matter *what* they put on, if they blow out a little from where the sound comes out. Then in the summer, man, a little air. Little air

swirling around the tube. Man, you'd have something then. You do that and I'll buy any goddamn product you tell me to buy in your bull — — — commercials!"

Black-haired, blue-eyed Brenda Griffith, 13 years old, watches what she calls "a whole lot of the box." The Griffith family, including three children, lives in a middle-class community outside New York City. The residences on their street are either apartment houses or two- and three-family dwellings. According to her parents, Brenda seems to sit in front of the television utterly dumbstruck, as though her mind had gone dead. She barely moves for minutes at a time. Yet the few conversations I've had with Brenda reveal that her mind is hardly dead. In fact, television seems to evoke a whole series of questions about her capacity for recall, her need to escape, and her assessment of her own sanity:

"People watch television, they talk about what's on, right. Like, they'll go over in school the whole night of shows. You see this? You see that? She did this. He did that. Lots of times I know I'm watching 'cause I'm so afraid I'll miss something. Not on the show, but at school. I can't believe how I remember. Like, once it's there, once I've seen a show, I'll know for the rest of my life if I see it again. I can see two seconds [of it] and I'll say, I saw this. She gets murdered; he's the stealer, I mean, you know, the crook. I can't figure out why my brain works right in front of the TV and then goes to sleep in school. I can read 50 pages of a book and suddenly I'll say, 'Hey, I know this book. How come I know this book? Did they make a TV show out of it? Did I read it before? I must have read it before.' Not with TV. I *know*. Maybe it's the pictures. Maybe it's like I read with my eyes but other than that I'm blind, if that makes any sense. Like, if I meet someone I'll know their face again. And if I talk to them, I'll know their voice. But reading doesn't make any

impression on me. It's like, they're just words and they don't sink in and stay there. Couple days after I read something I forget it, and it just won't come back. I can't get it any more. I want it, 'cause if I can't find it I got to read the same book all over again, but it's not there. I always wonder where it goes.

"I must have a brain because I remember TV, but it's not working when I look at books. Well, it's working, but not in the same way. It's like it's working against me. And you want to know something amazing? If you asked me how many hours a day I watch TV I'd say, maybe, five. And if you asked me what I watch I could tell you every show and probably most of the commercials, too. And if you asked me what my favorite shows are I could tell you that, too.

"And then if you asked me, 'Do you like TV? I mean, you must like TV if you watch it all the time, and you remember so much of what you watch,' I'd say, 'Wrong! I hate it. I don't like much on it at all.' But I watch. I don't know why. I just watch. I pick shows and I watch, and I feel myself disappearing, like. Like a part of me is fading up to the ceiling. I watch and I eat, or I watch and I don't eat, or I watch and I pay attention, or I watch and I don't pay attention, and half of me is sitting in the chair, and half of me is floating on the ceiling. That's just the way I am. That's the way I think I've always been with TV. Come back in 10 years, you'll probably still see me like that. I'll still be watching. I won't like it any more, but I'll be watching, and remembering everything I see, even with half of me floating up there out of sight.

"You're a shrink, right? So, what's the verdict? Sick? Healthy? How 'bout temporarily insane when she watches TV? Right? Temporarily insane. But when am I sane—when I'm watching TV or when I'm not watching TV?"

Finally, there is 14-year-old Kathy Cheevers. Calm is the word that best describes this pretty, blonde, smooth-skinned girl. Everything she does seems to be executed with care; always neatly dressed, she gives the impression of having her affairs in order. Clothes are hung in the closet, homework is done on time, household

●● Most of the time I watch TV and tell myself I should be reading. Maybe I like PBS 'cause I don't have to feel guilty about something when I watch it. ●●

chores are completed without a word of admonishment from her parents. One senses, too, that her mother, father, and two older brothers have a great deal of respect for this modest and articulate youngster who would never brag of her family's affluent status in the Boston area.

It was snowing the afternoon we talked, a light snow that barely covered the ground. We talked about a great many things; television was only one of our concerns, but it occupied a rather generous amount of time. What follows are excerpts from a very rich conversation:

"I think my favorite television show is *60 Minutes*. No matter what they show I learn something, or I think about something new for the first time. I learn a lot from the news too, although it's best when it's Walter Cronkite. He's my favorite television teacher. You can tell he knows a real lot. And he cares what he tells you, too. He doesn't just read it; he cares. Let's see. Sometimes I watch *Face the Nation*, but I have a hard time concentrating. I know I should but it just goes down too hard, you know what I mean? Besides, there's not too much to see. *Little House on the Prairie*, always good, always makes me cry, which I can use, helps me to know what I'm feeling. The children are wonderful, the parents are kind. Michael Landon is dreamy.

"Cop shows. *Baretta*. If I could pick a friend, it'd be *Baretta*. Him and his bird, *great*. Cop shows are always the same. But that's the way I want it. But it's only all right if the good guys win if you really like the good guys. I think the man on *Vega\$* is too slick. *Love Boat*'s sometimes a little too hard to follow, several stories going on at once. I understand what they want to do there, but I sometimes don't get with it all quickly enough. No soaps for me. They get you depressed. I only watch when I'm home from school and have my homework done. They're soggy and predictable and make me think they're for adults whose lives are sad and boring.

"I like weird shows. There's something strange in me that likes weird and unnatural people. Different kinds of people help you to understand who

you are, and what you are. It's hard to explain. Your mind has its own weirdness to deal with; sometimes television confuses the weirdness in your mind, sometimes it helps you straighten things out. You know there *are* cartoonlike parts of all of us, not that I like the cartoons on TV. I don't. Not enough to watch them. Can't get my teeth into them. They melt away before I eat them. Know what I mean? Poor food. *Laverne & Shirley*, *Happy Days*, shows like that, hard to talk about. Once, like, they were friends of mine. Now I think I may be tired of them but I hate to admit it. I even feel guilty telling you that, as though I could get them off the air. The Fonz is all right, though, isn't he? He's kind, he pretends he's tough but not strongly enough that you ever believe him. Archie Bunker, he's much more complicated than you think. Sometimes I really don't like him, then I do. So I have to tell myself, he's a complicated guy; I've got to give him a chance. A guy like that you can't quit on. You shouldn't quit on anybody.

"*CHiPs* is too noisy sometimes, like *The Dukes of Hazzard*. I can't always follow those plots. They're simple and all that, but I lose it. *Charlie's Angels*, too. They lose me. I suppose they're beautiful though, huh? Don't tell me. They're gorgeous. *The White Shadow*. That's great because the coach really does things real people do. He's honest, and he uses his brain. You can admire him. A man like him has to be handsome. Even if he isn't, he is to the people who know him. He's like a wonderful father.

"Let's see. I watch plays on PBS. Good plays with all kinds of interesting people in them. Very serious. That's when I convince myself I'm really doing something educational. Most of the time I watch TV and tell myself I should be reading. Maybe I like PBS 'cause I don't have to feel guilty about something when I watch it.

"*Eight Is Enough*. Maybe it's too much. They do good things there but it

always works out too, like, sweets. One candy bar's enough, you know what I mean? The world doesn't run that way. And I think I'm glad of that. It may not be wise to have kids believe family problems just work out so nice *all* the time. There is pain in the world. Some people's problems, you know, don't go away. *White Shadow* is better. Children shouldn't be afraid of true things. You can't always close your eyes and pretend things aren't there. Some things you have to face. That's why I like *The White Shadow* and *Baretta*. *Baretta* makes me feel courageous. He makes me feel, keep going, keep going. You'll make out one way or another.

"I like Barbara Walters. She's how I get to know people. She asks, and all the famous people answer. I can't see what she's doing to them, but she must be getting the information out of them one way or another. She's like Walter Cronkite. I think they see things and hear things not a lot of people even know are happening. And that's very important. Who else did I forget? *The Gong Show*. They should gong *The Gong Show*. He makes fun of people and that's bad. Nobody likes to be made fun of. Everybody knows that. People will laugh, but they shouldn't be allowed to laugh at other people like that. Oh, children's television programs. I used to like Mr. Rogers. I see him in his neighborhood once in a while. He still has that power over me to sort of calm me down. He's like good warm milk. I don't need to drink him a lot any more, but once in a while, when it's cold. It's cold today, isn't it?"

"Kind of, Kathy. Kind of cold."

"Is it snowing? I didn't hear the weather report."

"Light snow. Halfhearted, like it's not sure it really wants to give it all it's got."

"White snow?"

"White snow."

"White, white snow? With crystals?"

"White, white snow. With crystals."

A few excerpts from a long and rich conversation, on an afternoon when a light snow fell on the city, with 14-year-old Kathy Cheevers, who, from the age of 3, has been totally blind. ■



82 SEPTEMBER 1980

In "Don't Look Back," Lou Gossett (foreground) plays Satchel Paige, shown as he helped pitch the Cleveland Indians into the 1948 World Series.

Dang! Nobody Liked Hitting His Ole Trouble Ball

With his colorful assortment of pitches and his down-home wit, Satchel Paige became a baseball legend long before reaching the big leagues

By BERRY STAINBACK

"Don't Look Back," an ABC Theatre film that is tentatively scheduled for a fall showing, ignores its own title. It looks back at the fabled career of Leroy "Satchel" Paige—the phrase-making pitcher who after spending several decades in the old Negro Leagues was finally signed by the Cleveland Indians in 1948—while in his 40s. Most of "Don't Look Back" was shot earlier this year in Hattiesburg, Miss., in the midst of an off-stage tempest. Before half of the film was completed, George C. Scott—the formidable actor who was directing the film—was parted from the project. Executive producer Danny Arnold and co-producer Stanley Rubin wanted Scott to shoot individual scenes from a wider variety of angles. Scott refused, saying there wasn't enough time or money for the extra footage. However, under the direction of Scott's replacement, Richard Colla, shooting ended only one day behind schedule, and ABC hopes the film will be ready for an October broadcast in conjunction with the World Series. But the mini-drama behind the making of Paige's story can't compare with the real-life theatrics of this unique sports figure.

He looked nothing at all like a pitcher. He had flat feet, slumping shoulders, the legs of a stork, a fungo-bat-thin body and the shuffling gait of an Army malingeringer. In his five-year major-league career, Paige won all of 28 games and lost 31. But he was voted into the Baseball Hall of Fame, and such giants of the game

as Dizzy Dean, Bob Feller, Ted Williams and Joe DiMaggio called him the greatest pitcher they had ever seen.

Now, more than 15 years after the legendary pitcher finally retired as an active player, the 74-year-old Paige is pleased that his remarkable life will be brought to the TV screen. "Don't Look Back," a Triseme production, stars Lou Gossett Jr., a former semi-pro pitcher who saw Paige pitch in the late '40s and says, "Satch was a folk hero to me when I was a kid. Satchel Paige was all I heard about from my great-grandmother, a great baseball fan all her life, who lived to be 117.

"Every summer I'd go South from my home in Brooklyn and every pitcher tried to emulate Satch on the mound. It was really something among the Southern blacks when Satch finally made the major leagues. He carried himself with such grace and humility and such a sense of humor that he made everyone laugh every time he talked. He had to make peace in his mind with the inequities of his life and come up with the positive patience and wisdom to sustain himself. That's what I want to convey in portraying him, because he is truly amazing, and I want this generation to remember him."

Certainly earlier generations are in no danger of forgetting the stylish Paige, who with every act and every word made certain that folks took notice of him. According to Paige, his repertoire of pitches included "the blooper, the looper, the hesitation pitch, the hurry-up ball, the trouble ball," the very tricky "bat-dodger" and the old reliable "be ball," which Satchel so named "because it always be where I want it to be."

The truth is that Paige's repertoire consisted of a nickel curve ball (which he released from several angles), a change-up and a fastball that Dizzy Dean said "sawed off bats at the top. When me an' Satch was barnstormin' in the '30s, my fastball looked like a change of pace alongside that li'l pistol bullet ol' Satch shoots up to the plate." That sometimes hopping, sometimes dropping, at all times explosive fastball and his awesome control (he could "knock the top button off" a plate-crowding batter's shirt "without ever grazin' the skin") permitted him to pitch professionally for over four decades—one of the most amazing feats of longevity in sports history. He won well over 2000 games.

Paige's other key asset was his hitter-confounding delivery. It started with a sweeping windup of gangly arms, pivoted into a kick that raised his size-14 shoe above his 6-foot-4 height ("Get your foot out of my face!" batter Jeff Heath once cried), then released the ball out of a thicket of arms and legs so that batters could not pick up the li'l pistol bullet until it was too late. Eddie Yost described the delivery best after one strikeout: "He threw me his arms, his elbows, his foot and his wrist, everything but the ball. The next thing I knew he threw the ball ... to my great surprise."

Paige was the ultimate athlete-showman, with an independent attitude and an electrifying pitching style that made him one of the greatest fan-drawers in baseball. The dominant force in Negro baseball for more than 20 years, he sold his whip-cracker arm to the highest bidder and pitched year-round—wintering in the tropics or in

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Paige was tremendously disappointed when Monarch teammate Jackie Robinson became the first black player signed by a major-league organization

the South, barnstorming against major-league All-Stars whom he was not allowed to embarrass in summers because he happened to be black. When the major leagues finally accepted him on his 42nd birthday—a milestone that most players celebrate as long-since retirees—201,829 fans showed up to watch the first three starts of the oldest rookie in big-league history.

He was phenomenal from the beginning. In his first baseball game, pitching for the W.H. Council School in Mobile, Ala., 10-year-old Leroy Paige struck out 16 batters. After acquiring his nickname as a result of his multiple-satchel-carrying skills at the local train station, Paige kept on excelling as a pitcher. In 1924 he made a semi-pro team and two years later he signed a pro contract for \$50 a month with the Chattanooga Black Lookouts of the Negro Southern League. Thirty days later, having won every game he started, Paige saw his salary doubled. And he immediately began inventing his style. He took up dancing “to keep my legs in shape.” He pursued female companions to keep his spirits bright. And, during crucial situations in ball games, he would call in his outfielders from the field . . . then, with a showman’s flair, retire the side. He also bought himself a flashy roadster, and he was never to be without a splendid automobile again.

In 1928, having been sold to the Birmingham Black Barons and raised to \$275 a month, Paige conjured up another gimmick “to build up the crowds.” Before a game he announced that he would strike out the first six batters he faced. The opponents jeered. Paige proceeded to strike out five batters with ease. Then he heard a cry from the opposing dugout and saw a white towel was being frantically waved. Paige grinned, threw to the sixth batter and walked off the mound as the man popped out. Paige’s catch-

er ran to him and asked why he hadn’t gone for the strikeout. Paige, who always had an answer, said, “They’d already surrendered.”

After the 1930 season, Paige’s legend mushroomed when the Baltimore Black Sox engaged him to pitch against Babe Ruth’s All-Stars. He struck out 22 batters, including Lou Gehrig (who had 220 hits that season), Babe Herman (who had 241 hits) and Hack Wilson (who had 56 home runs). At game’s end Wilson told Paige: “That was *some* pitching. It looked like you were throwing a marble.”

Paige frowned. “You must be talkin’ about my slowball. My fastball looks like a fish egg.”

In 1931 Paige signed, for \$700 a month, with Gus Greenlee’s Pittsburgh Crawfords, which Satchel contends “was about the best team, Negro or white, ever put together.” With Paige throwing to a superb catcher, Josh Gibson, the Crawfords virtually never lost and the fans filled the stands. A sharp promoter, Greenlee advertised Paige and Gibson instead of the Crawfords, upsetting some of the other players. But, as Paige pointed out before he joined the Crawfords, “There was no big money in the Negro Leagues. Then they started getting fat checks, because I got the fans out.”

He won 54 games and lost 11 the next two seasons, then jumped the Crawfords when he couldn’t negotiate the salary increase he demanded. He regularly jumped teams thereafter, going where the money was, traveling over 40,000 miles annually, mostly in his glistening Cadillac, but all too often being forced to stay in fleabag hotels in the “colored section” of towns.

Like any superior salesman, Satchel Paige earned a salary *and* a commission—a percentage of the gate—in the games he worked, and in several years his income reportedly topped \$40,000. Barnstorming with Bob “Rapid” Feller,

Paige helped draw such large crowds that some tours paid him and his teammates more than a winning World Series share. That taint on the Series caused major-league baseball to restrict barnstorming to the point where it was no longer profitable. Paige shrugged and told Feller: “Bob Rapid, it looks like we succeeded ourselves right out of business.”

In 1938 Paige finally settled down in Kansas City, Mo., and proceeded to pitch the Monarchs to the Negro American League championship four years in succession. In 1947 he married Lahoma Brown and started a family, just when Negro League attendance began to plummet. And he was tremendously disappointed when Monarch teammate Jackie Robinson, and not he, became the first black player signed by a major-league organization.

The problem was that the major-league power structure was fearful of signing an independent soul like Paige as the first black player. It required a similarly independent soul, the then Cleveland Indians owner Bill Veeck, to bring in Paige for a tryout early in July of 1948. Although he had lost a bit off his fastball, Paige threw 20 pitches to Indians’ player-manager Lou Boudreau, who hit none solidly and told Veeck: “We can sure use this old man.” The Indians needed a strong relief pitcher and spot starter. Yet The Sporting News castigated Veeck, suggesting he was pulling another publicity stunt: “To sign a hurler of Paige’s age is to demean the standards of baseball.”

Said Veeck: “I signed Satchel to save the pennant for the Indians.”

Paige did just that, winning six games (two by shutouts) and losing only one as the Indians went on to win their first World Series since 1920.

In his initial relief appearance, Paige unveiled his act, shuffling slowly from



Gossett, who says, "Satch was a folk hero to me when I was a kid," confers with Paige.

Casey Stengel picked him for the All-Star team and when President Eisenhower hung in the Oval Office Satchel's Six Secrets on How to Stay Young: "1. Avoid fried meats which angry up the blood. 2. If your stomach disputes you, lie down and pacify it with cool thoughts. 3. Keep the juices flowing by jangling around gently as you move. 4. Go very light on the vices, such as carrying on in society. The social rumble ain't restful. 5. Avoid running at all times. 6. Don't look back. Something might be gaining on you."

The years were, at long last, gaining on Paige, who pitched a final season in the majors in '53, then alternately barnstormed and toiled in Triple-A ball until 1967, except for one stirring appearance with the Kansas City A's in 1965. Paige pitched three innings against the hard-hitting Boston Red Sox, and though his fastball was a distant memory, his guile and control were superb. He gave up one hit and no runs. Paige was 59 years old.

In 1968 the Atlanta Braves signed him as a coach so that Paige could acquire the 158 days in the majors that he needed to qualify for a \$700-per-month pension. By then he had fathered six children and the pension helped. As he noted: "I ain't ever had a job. I just always played baseball." But he spoke without regret, adding, "And I ain't ever looked back."

He did look back briefly—and angrily—that August day in 1971 when he was inducted into the Hall of Fame and Commissioner Bowie Kuhn referred to Paige "as one of the greatest stars to play in the Negro baseball leagues." Paige felt, and rightly so, that he was one of the greatest stars—white or black—ever to play baseball.

But in his acceptance speech that day in Cooperstown, N.Y., Paige shoved aside the hurt and said with heartfelt sincerity: "I am the proudest man on earth today." ■

the bullpen to the mound ("Why hurry into trouble?" he explained after two innings of shutout pitching), then milking every ounce of theatricality from each pitch ("I knew folks was studyin' me, but I didn't mind 'cause fans been eyein' me all my life"). He was the American League's first black pitcher and the first to appear in a Series, and he neatly disposed of both batters he faced.

No one was happier about Paige's performance than Bill Veeck, who said his only problem with Satchel "was trying to determine whether he was married or not. One day he said he was, the next he wasn't. Every day,

though, he left a ticket at the box office for 'Mrs. Paige,' and every day a different woman picked it up. Finally I asked Satch if he was married and he said, 'Well, boss, it's like this. Sometimes I'm married, but I'm *always* in great demand'."

Veeck left the Indians in 1949 and Paige, weakened by extensive dental work, finished with a 4-7 record and was released. So he barnstormed until Veeck signed him for his newly acquired St. Louis Browns. In 1952, at age 46, the amazing Paige had a 12-10 record, including two shutouts and 10 saves for the ragtag Browns. Paige was thrilled when Yankee manager

Welcome to Pittsburgh, Fans, for the Super Bowl of Cable

The battle for a franchise is fast and furious,
featuring a male nun, a trouble-shooter
from Columbus and a Jewish grandmother
who can count

By STEPHEN BANKER



Listen, all I do is pray and read about cable." With these words, Brother Richard Emenecker, *Fratres Scholarum Christianarum*, dismisses any suggestion that expert help might have improved his performance as superintendent of Pittsburgh's Bureau of Cable Communication.

At 6 feet 6 inches, Brother Richard is a towering figure in the cable world today. Whether people like him or not, he has strongly influenced the multi-billion-dollar business that is cable television and its franchising around the country.

"We decided," he recalls with a hint of that deadly sin, pride, "that we were going to develop as much expertise and knowledge base here as possible, that we were going to write a contract in *our* best interest as a city, rather than the industry's. *We don't care about the cable industry.*"

Northeastern Pennsylvania is where cable television began more than 30 years ago, but as it spread across the continent, it skipped Pittsburgh and other population centers, heading first for rural areas, where people would pay to have signals boosted. Only in the last few years have larger cities sent out their requests for proposals (RFPs), formal documents specifying the operating rules established by the municipality. Since the wire is strung along local power lines and embedded in local earth, it stands to reason that the locality should lay down the law—before a company starts laying cable.

Yet in the early days a lot of municipalities thought the companies were doing them a favor. Over the years, the pendulum has swung in the other direction. Now the companies are wooing the cities instead of the other way around, and the cities are playing harder and harder to get. A Washington lobbyist reports a conversation with a cable operator who dazedly confessed, "I bid a library last week."

"A library?" asked the lobbyist.

"A library," said the businessman. "The mayor told me, 'The state limits how much I can charge you in a franchise fee. But I need a library and you are going to build me a library. Figure out how you're going to do it.' So I talked with our people and they talked with the architects. And when we came in with our bid, it had a library."

With 21 percent of the country now wired for cable, about 17 million Americans pay \$4 a month and up for a rapidly expanding variety of services. Besides refining those off-the-air signals, cable operators are delivering a mix of distant stations, community channels, special movies and entertainment, sports and, as they say on Madison Avenue, much, much more.

As choices expand, so do the audiences—and the revenues. "A cable franchise," says Robert Lewis Shayon, professor at the Annenberg School of Communications at the University of Pennsylvania, "is a license to mint money."

So it's not only libraries but also fire engines, scholarships and an absurdly irrelevant list of city services and goods that make their way into franchise bids as vigorish. This is to say nothing of outright bribery, the sort of thing that has already landed one small-town western Pennsylvania mayor in the pokey. And beyond promises made, there are promises implied, such as "Well, you're not going to be on the City Council forever . . ." or "I understand your wife is interested in television production."

Pittsburgh is special in a number of ways and knows it. It is a town that seems to take for granted its contributions to the Nation through the Carnegie Institute, the University of Pittsburgh and the professional sports teams that have brought the city current championships in both baseball and football. It is a place where a burly steelworker can talk easily and natural-

ly of playing Bach cantatas on his guitar, where blue-collar restaurants serve better food than the "continental" palaces overlooking the Golden Triangle. What Pittsburghers cannot cope with is the idea that somebody is offering them second best.

"This franchise," says Dennis Schatzman, the city editor of the black-oriented *New Pittsburgh Courier*, "will become number one in cable. It will be the largest and most profitable cable system in the country." Whether or not the city ultimately claims that distinction, the trade magazine *Television Digest* already has called Pittsburgh "the Super Bowl of cable."

At first glance, a city of only 180,000 households would hardly seem to qualify for that distinction. But Pittsburgh was one of the first major cities to offer itself as a single entity to franchisers. (By contrast, in New York each borough conducts the franchising process separately.) And the ears of the cable titans pricked up considerably when they checked the city's topography. The Allegheny and Monongahela Rivers flow right through downtown, forming the Ohio River, making Pittsburgh indeed the City of Three Rivers. The rivers and their bridges, the surrounding hills and valleys, all combine to create the worst possible conditions for television reception. There are many homes within the city limits that cannot get network stations. An early survey indicated that 57 percent of Pittsburgh's residents—almost three times the national figure—would sign up for the clearer pictures guaranteed by cable. The value of the 15-year franchise is estimated at up to half a billion dollars.

Now, gentle reader, you must understand that \$500,000,000 is a sum of money that even in these inflationary days makes a lot of people very nervous. Many people and groups of people would like to have some of it, and

they feel that if they are going to get their share they must make certain that other people and groups do not. This leads to rivalries between heretofore friendly factions. It leads to ill-feeling and in the end to grudges.

Into this bear trap wandered lanky, innocent Brother Richard. Now 40, he had first taken the vows of poverty, chastity and obedience at the age of 18 and joined the Christian Brothers, an order that has only 2000 members in the United States, 12,000 worldwide. The order is known for its production of wine, champagne and brandy—and for the schools it runs, including La Salle College in Philadelphia. “You can liken us to nuns,” says one of the brothers. “We are Roman Catholics and take the same vows they do; we have not been ordained; we live in our own community and we have jobs in the outside world—mostly teaching.”

“Religion,” says Brother Richard, “helps me focus on what is more important than the material world I’m working in.” As he says this in a quavering, professorial voice, his widely spaced eyes peer into the middle distance and he joins his oversized fingers as if in prayer. He is a rail-like man with aquiline features, a figure out of an El Greco painting. He jokes about his shoe size—15—lamenting that his ministry is something other than the stomping of grapes. “I have not participated in the production,” he confides, “only in the consumption.”

In 1976, when Pittsburgh began to study cable television seriously, Brother Richard was the assistant director of communications for the local diocese. He was recommended to the city’s cable advisory committee by a Jewish grandmother named Sophie Masloff, who then chaired, as she still does, the cable committee of the City Council. Councilwoman Masloff lately has had second thoughts not only about that recommendation, but also about Brother Richard’s elevation to superintendent of the Cable Bureau a couple of years later. “I have a deep respect for religion,” she says. “I think all men of the cloth are honorable and high-minded. But I didn’t realize what was going to happen—that he would go overboard on everything. Every letter that he wrote me was ‘God be with you’ and all that stuff. Well, what do you say to a guy like that? Can you say ‘I don’t believe you’? Obviously, I got myself in a bind.”

No one denies that Brother Richard has proved himself from the first a



Brother Richard Emenecker: “All I do is pray and read about cable.”

hard worker. He prepared himself for his new job by reading the cable ordinances of other cities, large and small. When it came time for Pittsburgh to put together its own rules, he was willing to go it alone: he would be the expert on everything.

The agreement between a municipality and a cable franchiser consists of three parts: the ordinance, which spells out the city’s rules; the request for proposals, which states what is expected of the applicants in terms both of submitting bids and of performance thereafter; and the franchise agreement, which ties together the loose ends and becomes the contract. From the beginning, Brother Richard’s guiding principle, according to one observer, was that in the interest of eliminating the human factor, everything should be exactly stated.

For two years, Brother Richard sat at his desk and read. As he read, he made notes. From the ordinances of other cities, he took what he thought were the best (toughest, most precise) sentences, paragraphs, articles. He had suggestions from many people but it was he who made the choices. In the end, he brought forth a half-inch thick document that came on-stage with a bang.

“One of the best [RFPs] in the country . . . precedent-setting.”—Philadelphia Magazine.

“The worst and the most amateurish job the [cable] industry has ever seen.”—Martin Malarkey of Malarkey Taylor and Associates, the oldest and one of the largest cable-consultant firms.

Former Pennsylvania governor Milton Shapp, who made a fortune in cable in the early days, said that Brother Richard had “eliminated entrepre-

neurship.” He meant that the requirements were so stringent that only the richest and most established companies could afford to apply.

When the RFP went out in July of last year, there was a collective shudder. As Shapp predicted, only the four largest companies in the industry ventured to respond. What with engineers, financial packagers, lawyers, a variety of studies and a fortune in Xeroxing—plus a \$6000 ante fee for the city—it cost a quarter of a million dollars just to apply. The bids took up thousands of pages and weighed up to 30 pounds. Brother Richard had decreed that an original and 25 copies be delivered by Oct. 1. They arrived on schedule—in trucks.

A week later, Mayor Richard S. Cali-guiri announced that all four had been disqualified—a situation Brother Richard ruefully called “slightly unprecedented.” These Dun & Bradstreet-approved corporations, the mayor said, had all made technical errors, such as signing on the wrong line. He established a new deadline some two-and-a-half weeks in the future. And on Oct. 25, the same four trucks rolled up to the City-County Building and the evaluation began.

But that interregnum now looms as a crucial period in the franchising process. The first applications had become public knowledge when submitted on Oct. 1, and the original idea of secret competition was in shambles. Brother Richard, who is nothing if not fastidious, complained that two of the applicants had changed their bids after studying their rivals’ proposals.

If the situation was bad then, it gave every sign of becoming worse. The ordinance constructed by Brother Richard gives the city the right to terminate a franchise for almost any reason at all: if the company does not “perform its obligations” as perceived by the city; if service to just two subscribers is interrupted for more than 48 hours; if the company is found in violation of “any Federal, State or local law”—including parking or littering violations. The city may increase property insurance requirements unilaterally. The city has the right to amend or supplement the ordinance at any point—in other words, to change the rules after the game has started.

If the city revokes the license, the company stands to forfeit millions of dollars’ worth of bonds, or the city has the right to buy the installed hardware at a depreciated price, minus whatever

damages a Pittsburgh court assesses. At the end of the 15-year franchise period, the city has the right to buy the system at the "fair market value" (an ambiguous term that could mean the scrap value of the plant) with the company continuing to operate the business at cost—profits going to the city—for two years.

This, then, was the message that Brother Richard was sending out—that Pittsburgh would open its 700 miles of highways and byways to a company that was willing to invest a fortune for the privilege of relying on the reasonableness of the city fathers. Yet this apostle of fussiness saw no reason to stipulate in writing that the city be reasonable.

Why, therefore, did any company bother to apply—and why indeed was the competition so heated? The answer has to do with the simple fact that the number of large metropolitan areas in the U.S. is limited—it is a finite universe—and if a company is to stay at the top it must keep growing. And, of course, let us not forget that pot of gold at the end of the Pittsburgh rainbow, waiting to be picked up by a clever, intrepid entrepreneur (who did appear, as we shall see, in due course).

In any case, this avidity was the very attitude that Brother Richard was counting on when he made the RFP so stringent. When the evaluation of those mammoth proposals was over, Brother Richard was exhausted. He had worked night and day through budget hearings and other distractions for over two months. His only help came from Robert Deer, a law student, and a 21-year-old Chatham College student, Helen Dennison, who qualified for the job by getting an "A" in Brother Richard's course, "Emerging Communications Technologies."

In the last week of January, Brother Richard's evaluation—another formidable document, more than an inch thick—was ready. Without actually making a rating, the evaluation clearly flunks Community Cablevision, whose majority owner was Teleprompter (the largest cable operator in the country), and Allegheny Cablevision, owned principally by Tele-Communications, Inc. (the third largest). Brother Richard had a mixed reaction to Warner Cable Corporation of Pittsburgh, a wing of Warner Amex Cable Communications, Inc. (then the fourth largest, now the fifth), whose cable operations are partly owned by American Express. He had nothing but praise, however, for Three



Sophie Masloff: "Obviously, I got myself in a bind."

Rivers Cablevision, the local incarnation of American Television & Communications (ATC), which in turn is part of the Time Inc. empire (and the second largest cable operator in the U.S.A.).

No one who reads the evaluation can have the slightest doubt: Brother Richard is an ATC man. "Three Rivers [ATC]," he writes, "has proposed a system that is attainable and, more importantly, sustainable for the life of the franchise." Although both ATC and Warner have presented sex films in cities where they own franchises, the good Brother has eyes only for the sins committed by Warner, devoting half a page in his critique to that matter, plus an appendix listing the X-rated movies shown by the naughty Warner franchise in Columbus, Ohio.

There is a bit of Byzantium in Pittsburgh. Everywhere you go, you hear shady rumors explaining—or attempting to explain—why Brother Richard tilted so to ATC. "The guy who brought him to Council's attention later became an ATC consultant," comes the whisper. "ATC wrote the ordinance for him, then wrote the bid to comply with their own suggestions." "Three Rivers' chief lobbyist, John Gault, came to Pittsburgh early and got a lock on Brother Richard." In fact, Mr. Gault, who now presides over ATC's Manhattan Cablevision in New York, is glad to discuss the time he spent in Pittsburgh: "We spent years in that market, attending meetings, shlepping through snowstorms, going to community groups, talking with them, putting together the proposal."

But if there really was prejudice on Brother Richard's part, a much simpler explanation offers itself. The Christian Brothers are a Catholic order. Catholics who watch cable television can't

help noticing that the evangelist sects, the fundamentalists and the Holy Rollers, all seem to have their own channels. What about the Roman Catholic Church, the oldest of the Christian divisions, the richest, the "true" church?

As it happens, Brother Richard is also a member of Christian Associates, an ecumenical group whose communications director, Father Ronald Lengwin, is his close ally. Father Lengwin is at the same time communications director of the Pittsburgh diocese and the chairman of the city's cable advisory committee, about half of whose members are Catholic.

Now—follow this closely—all four applicants agreed to a request by Christian Associates for its own channel. There is one major difference. ATC proposed what has been called "universal free hookup." That is, every home in Pittsburgh, whether or not it purchased the cable service, could have the half-dozen or so community channels—including one for the Christian Associates—at no charge. Unlike ATC, Warner stipulated charges for even the most basic installation, and the company projected that 57 percent of the Pittsburgh population would subscribe.

In 1971, the Pontifical Commission said, "The Church sees these media [radio, TV, etc.] as gifts of God," to which Father Lengwin adds, "Failure to use them is burying talents given to us." If ATC won, Christian Associates would have *all* of Pittsburgh as its potential audience. With Warner, it would have only about half.

Councilwoman Masloff sees it this way: "Christian Associates is stacked with Catholics. They had tremendous influence on the other Catholics on that advisory committee that I appointed in my haste. How do you say that Father Lengwin is prejudiced or partial? How does a Jew say that to a big Catholic electorate out there?"

On the eve of Pittsburgh's cable decision, the advisory committee voted six to four in favor of Three Rivers Cablevision.

But if Catholics had a special role in this decision, so did Pittsburgh's black population. Now that cable television is reaching the inner cities, blacks are finding that they have considerable clout in the industry. The Pittsburgh cable ordinance called for "minority or female ownership" and the RFP encouraged "full-scale minority participation." ATC had crafted its minority plank around the imposing figure of

Ronald Davenport, who, as the dean of the Duquesne Law School, is the first black man to head a predominantly white law school in the country. Fifteen percent of ATC stock would be sold to minority members.

Warner, on the other hand, would give away 20 percent of its stock to 17 local black-oriented organizations. However, to quote the evaluation, "the local minority group owners have no invested capital, cannot vote their shares directly and are restricted in the transferability of their ownership interest." Warner's conglomeration of minorities thus would seem to have but one duty—to collect money.

The ATC minority stockholders, for their part, would vote, participate in company policy, shape programming, take an active role in the franchise. Those who disliked the Warner approach called it "welfare mentality." Dean Davenport argued in favor of ATC's individual entrepreneurship, saying, "Anything I do is good for black folks."

Journalist Dennis Schatzman puts the dispute in context: "The real money for black people is going to come in the subcontracts—not the ownership bull_ _ _; that's just running off at the mouth."

Then there was a sum of money—\$5.6 million—that took on the attributes of a character in this drama. The figure came from a Warner projection as to what would accrue to the black groups as 20 percent of the profits. There were no firm promises—it was an estimate. But the money gained rocklike solidity when Mayor Caliguiri wrote in a letter to the City Council accompanying the evaluation that the 17 minority organizations "are entitled to 20 percent of the total projected net income, an amount equal to \$5.6 million over 15 years." No waffling there. Nor any recognition that profits are never guaranteed, that a board of directors can always sink revenue right back into research and development. Harvey Adams, president of the Pittsburgh NAACP, refused to be interviewed, claiming that he is also a consultant to Warner and would find it inappropriate to talk about the ties between the NAACP and cable TV.

Pittsburgh is half Catholic and only a quarter black—but the blacks are better organized as a voting bloc. "You gotta be practical," says Councilwoman Masloff. "All the black leaders liked the Warner system. That's important to me. I'm a candidate for reelection."



Dennis Schatzman: "This franchise will become number one in cable."

As the city's self-imposed deadline for a decision approached, Brother Richard delivered his evaluation to Mayor Caliguiri. He found the mayor virtually on his way to Pasadena—to watch the Steelers win the Super Bowl. So the laborious four-year process was on ice for those last few days, the summary report unavailable to the members of the City Council whose vote would decide the issue.

These ladies and gentlemen of the Pittsburgh City Council are, like their counterparts in the rest of the country, practical politicians. They are not scientists or economists or Ph.D.'s. "There was no way," says Sophie Masloff, chairman of the cable committee, "that I could sit down and read all of those proposals—38 volumes—even if I discounted the technical and financial ends. I listened to what people had to say. And I didn't read line one of the proposals."

No wonder. The sheer complexity of the proposals forced the public to reduce the differences among them to buzzwords. Allegheny was equated with its local connections (the Post-Gazette and Courier newspapers) and with its rate structure, the most expensive of the four. Community was branded by a snafu on its proposal—a careless typo that apparently would have given away a three-year bonanza of "pay-TV" to those who signed up early. Warner was associated with Qube, a two-way system that permits viewers to react to televised questions, and was also the favorite of the black community. And Three River's outstanding characteristic was seen as that "free universal hookup."

Most Pittsburgh citizens, like the cable chairman herself, had only the dimmest notion of other specifics: the

promises ranging beyond 100 channels; the proposed "tiers" of service for sports, movies and entertainment specials; the plans for fire, burglar and medical alarms.

So when the vote came on Jan. 30, Brother Richard's groundwork did not bring the expected results. First, the mayor, in a letter to the Council members, rated Warner right up there with ATC, despite the evaluation. The human factor had refused to be inked out. And then, when the vote was taken, Warner was the winner, eight to one.

Brother Richard and Father Lengwin sat in shocked silence. "I was overwhelmed," Father Lengwin said later, "disappointed. Social good required the free universal hookup."

Brother Richard declined comment, though one newspaper reported that he looked stunned. If so, he shared that state of mind with a great many other people. But not with the trouble-shooter, J. Ronald Castell.

Ron Castell is a vice president of Warner who had been assigned this mission impossible and who had pulled it off. When he had first scouted Pittsburgh six months earlier, it looked as if ATC already had clinched the franchise. Castell arrived on a depressing, wintry day, with a slushy snow falling about him. He pulled up his socks and went back to his job in Columbus. In March, he was asked to return for another look. Things seemed brighter, somehow more possible. A light flashed inside his head. *The decision is not up to Brother Richard. It is up to the City Council. Politicians are not going to commit themselves this early. There is still room for maneuvering.*

He made a more optimistic report to his head office, adding that ATC had been concentrating its efforts on Pittsburgh's business establishment—mainly Republican. "You didn't have to be brilliant," he remembers, "to look at City Council—which had nine members, all Democrats."

So Ron Castell, who had worked in Ohio for Gov. John Gilligan, a Democrat, packed his bags in a jiffy and moved to Pittsburgh. Castell is gray-fringed, 42, with tinted glasses and a raspy voice. He has wit and animal energy. He is also given to gossip. In short, he is a politician, and comfortable among others. "I'd have lunch at the Pittsburgh National Bank in the executive dining room, and an hour later I'd be out at the free drug clinic in Oakland," he says. He piled up a

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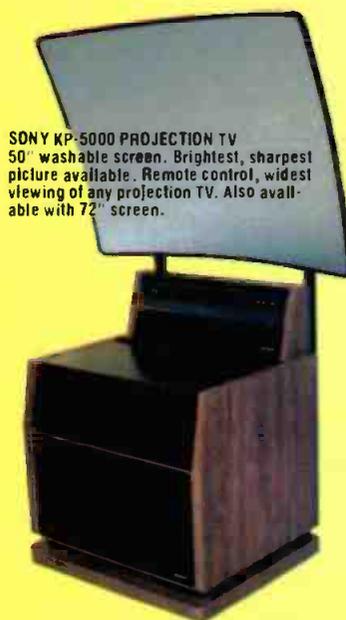
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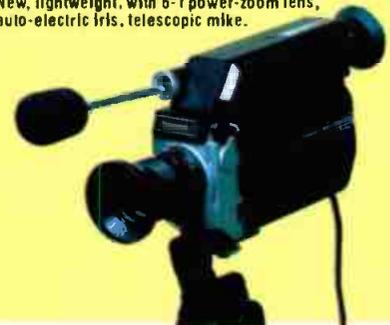
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Meantime, the front-runners began to get wind of Castell's efforts. "The trouble started," ATC's John Gault believes, "when everybody was playing catch-up. They [Warner] looked and saw that we had all the meritorious bases covered, so it had to be done on a political basis. They managed to convince the Council that the minority thing was a vehicle for justifying the Warner vote."

But Gault, not to put too fine a point on it, is bitter. "The rules of the game were that it was going to be out of the hands of the politicians, and in the hands of the advisory committee and the superintendent [Brother Richard]. If I screwed up, it was in believing that these rules would be followed."

It is unclear what rules Gault is talking about. As Abraham Lincoln is supposed to have said when his Cabinet voted unanimously against him, "Gentlemen, the vote is six Nays and one Aye. The Aye has it."

In the closing days, according to Councilwoman Michelle Madoff (whose name is confusingly similar to Sophie Masloff's), Gault saw what was coming and got desperate. "He tried to use strong-arm tactics," says Mrs. Madoff, an ambitious politician. "He told me he had word from the street that my career was shot because I'd been had [bribed]. And after the advisory committee vote, he said, 'Well! Nobody would dare overturn that vote or we'll be in court for 15 years.'"

But, as we have seen, Council did reject that vote as well as the guidance of the cable superintendent. And now comes plaintiff ATC to the Federal District Court of Western Pennsylvania, asking that the award to Warner be overturned. "We're suing," says John Gault, "because the analysis of the cable superintendent clearly showed us to be the superior applicant in every single area—in design, in concept, in provision of services, in rates to consumers . . . and the cable advisory committee was the only group that analyzed all the reports and voted to recommend Three Rivers by an overwhelming majority [six to four is overwhelming?] . . . and these recommendations and factual reports were overridden by the Council. What do you think—this is a suit for laughs?"

No one thinks that. If the litigation goes through the trial stage, it will cost ATC well into six figures. Teleprompter, another loser, is thinking of joining



Ron Castell: "I looked upon Brother Richard as a challenge."

the suit or filing one of its own. ATC charges that there was collusion between Warner and the city administration that violated the competitive ground rules. But lawyers who have looked over both the complaint and Warner's motion to dismiss think that ATC's strongest argument is that secrecy was supposed to govern the bidding and, through the city's own manipulation, it did not.

Current activity in Pittsburgh's cable world is a joy only to lawyers. Richard Givens, the lone councilman who voted against Warner, has been investigated by a Federal grand jury on allegations that his vote was for sale. That grand jury also called Sophie Masloff, Ron Castell, and others, to testify. Nobody knows who the real targets are. The American Civil Liberties Union is claiming in court that the channel awarded to Christian Associates should be disallowed because the organization does not represent the widespread religious communities of Pittsburgh. And so on.

"The process was not well-handled," says a cable consultant in Washington. "That could be related to Brother Richard or the way the franchising was set up. But all over the country, franchising right now is so voracious, so competitive, that the companies are willing to live with anything to get the contract and worry about it later."

Consultant Martin Malarkey does not hesitate to point an accusing finger. "Brother Richard," he says, "has taken the position that any cable television company is a bad thing and is going to earn exorbitant amounts of money and, therefore, the ordinance should be structured to make it a mortal sin if you step out of line in any

way." He adds: "Pittsburgh should have received eight or 10 highly competitive applications. But they ended up with four because of the way Brother Richard handled it."

One Washington lawyer goes so far as to suggest that the present system for franchising is unlawful. "Does Pittsburgh have the legal right and authority to grant just one company a franchise—give them a monopoly? What if ATC comes in and says, 'We're willing to live with the economics. We'll compete head to head with Warner'? Does the city have the right to say no? Could the city be liable for antitrust violations?"

Says Sophie Masloff: "I believe this is going to happen all over the country. One company gets a system and the loser sues. Who can afford that?"

As she looks back on the process, Mrs. Masloff accepts some of the blame for the disarray. "I brought Brother Richard into the city government, and the vote, including mine, was a repudiation of him. Some Council members felt he lobbied them for ATC—it's not his job to lobby. Brother Richard went overboard on the evaluation."

"I looked upon Brother Richard as a challenge," says Ron Castell, the Warner trouble-shooter. "He was against us and I came here and beat him." Does that mean that the battle is over? No way, says Castell. "You can't assume reasonable interpretations from Brother Richard. He is a zealot. He has the heart and mind of a regulator. He wants to put you in the stocks if he catches you."

Iknew," says Sophie Masloff, "that Brother Richard was giving the cable companies a hard time, and even now he's going to give Warner a hard time—riding herd on them. But it's not as easy as all that *because I'm here*. If Brother Richard thinks we're going to hold them to every single line and we're going to get involved in lawsuits every week, he's crazy as hell."

And as for Brother Richard Emencker himself, he is not the least perturbed by all this. "Things went along very well, very efficiently," he reflects comfortably, stretching his long legs beneath his desk. "We received four proposals. We threw them out. We readvertised. All four came back. We evaluated them. Council made a decision and the city signed the agreement. We are moving right ahead. We have been served with a lawsuit. We are moving ahead on the lawsuit." ■

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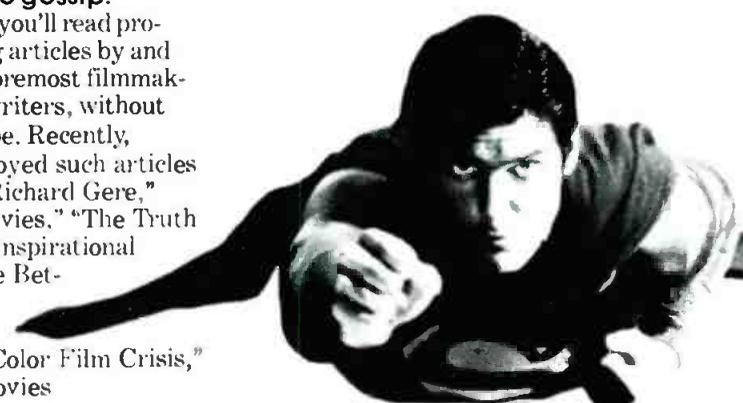
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Alvarez Kelly (1966)—Against a background of cattle-rustling, a herdsman (William Holden) feuds with a Confederate colonel (Richard Widmark). (Columbia Pictures Home Entertainment; *)

The Apple Dumpling Gang (1975)—Three orphans strike gold in an abandoned mine and become involved with greedy but inept outlaws. Bill Bixby, Susan Clark, Don Knotts, Tim Conway. (Walt Disney Home Video; *) (G)

The Bedford Incident (1965)—This doomsday thriller finds an American destroyer tracking a Soviet submarine. Richard Widmark, Sidney Poitier. (Columbia Pictures Home Entertainment; *)

Bedknobs and Broomsticks (1971)—Disney musical fantasy (live action plus cartoons) has three young refugees from the London blitz living with an amateur witch (Angela Lansbury) devoted to aiding the British cause in the early days of World War II. With Roddy McDowall, Sam Jaffe. (Walt Disney Home Video; *) (G)

The Birds (1963)—Alfred Hitchcock's terrifying vision of what might happen should our feathered friends go amok. Rod Taylor, Tippi Hedren, Suzanne Pleshette, Jessica Tandy. (MCA Videocassette, Inc.; \$55)

The Black Hole (1979)—Disney sci-fi tale of a tyrannical spacecraft captain searching for Ultimate Knowledge.

Maximilian Schell, Anthony Perkins. (Walt Disney Home Video; *) (PG)

Brian's Song (1971)—Emmy-winning TV-movie about the friendship between Chicago Bears teammates Gale Sayers (Billy Dee Williams) and Brian Piccolo (James Caan), who died of cancer in 1970. With Jack Warden, Shelley Fabares. (Columbia Pictures Home Entertainment; *) (G)

Chapter Two (1979)—Neil Simon's autobiographical comedy about a recently widowed writer (James Caan) and a newly divorced actress (Marsha Mason) adjusting to their new marriage following a whirlwind courtship. With Valerie Harper, Joseph Bologna. (Columbia Pictures Home Entertainment; *) (PG)

The China Syndrome (1979)—Jack Lemmon, Jane Fonda and Michael Douglas star in this hard-hitting suspense tale about a crisis at a nuclear power plant. (Columbia Pictures Home Entertainment; *) (PG)

Coal Miner's Daughter (1980)—Sissy Spacek portrays country-western star Loretta Lynn in the singer's rags-to-riches life story. With Tommy Lee Jones, Beverly D'Angelo. (MCA Videocassette, Inc.; \$65) (PG)

Davy Crockett, King of the Wild Frontier (1955)—Fess Parker stars as the fabled frontier Indian scout who becomes a congressman and a hero at the battle of the Alamo. With Buddy Ebsen, Hans Conried. (Walt Disney Home Video; *)

Duck Soup (1933)—The four Marx Brothers in a lunatic plot about a mythical kingdom. With Margaret Dumont, Louis

Calhern. (MCA Videocassette, Inc.; \$55)

Escape from Alcatraz (1979)—Clint Eastwood in a true-life suspense story of the only successful escape (1962) from the island prison. With Patrick McGohhan. (Paramount Pictures Home Video; \$59.95) (PG)

Escape to Witch Mountain (1975)—Disney mystery yarn has a power-hungry tycoon (Ray Milland) exploiting two orphans with extrasensory perception in order to find oil. With Eddie Albert, Donald Pleasence. (Walt Disney Home Video; *) (G)

For Pete's Sake (1974)—Old-fashioned slapstick farce with Barbra Streisand as a Brooklyn housewife trying to finance her cab-driving husband's education. With Michael Sarrazin, Estelle Parsons. (Columbia Pictures Home Entertainment; *) (PG)

Frenzy (1972)—Alfred Hitchcock directed this tale of a rapist-murderer stalking London. Jon Finch, Alec McCowen, Jean Marsh. (MCA Videocassette, Inc.; \$55) (R)

Gimme Shelter (1970)—The music of Mick Jagger and the Rolling Stones punctuates this documentary of the group's 1969 U.S. tour, culminating in the harrowing rock festival at Altamont Speedway, Cal. With Ike and Tina Turner and the Jefferson Airplane. (Columbia Pictures Home Entertainment; *) (PG)

Harlan County U.S.A. (1976)—Oscar-winning documentary of 13 months in a Kentucky coal-miners' strike that began in 1973. Produced and directed by Barbara Kopple. (Columbia Pictures Home Entertainment; *)

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Sissy Spacek: The saga of Loretta Lynn in "Coal Miner's Daughter."



Groucho Marx: Lunacy and myth in "Duck Soup."

continued



Liv Ullmann: Conjugal crisis in "Scenes from a Marriage."



Arnold Schwarzenegger: Burgeoning biceps and pectorals in "Pumping Iron."

VIDEOCASSETTES continued

Hot Lead and Cold Feet (1978)—Jim Dale portrays a parson, his outlaw brother and their elderly father in this slapstick chase yarn about sibling rivalry for an inheritance. With Karen Valentine, Don Knotts. (Walt Disney Home Video; *) (G)

Ice Castles (1979)—The world of big-time ice skating provides a backdrop for this story of an Olympic hopeful (Lynn-Holly Johnson) fighting adversity. With Robby Benson, Colleen Dewhurst. (Columbia Pictures Home Entertainment; *) (PG)

Knock on Any Door (1950)—Willard Motley's novel about a young man from the slums, accused of murdering a policeman, who is defended by a lawyer from the same environment. Humphrey Bogart, John Derek. (Columbia Pictures Home Entertainment; *)

The Love Bug (1969)—Comedy about a magical Volkswagen with human characteristics and a mind of its own. Dean Jones, Michele Lee, Buddy Hackett. (Walt Disney Home Video; *) (G)

Mandingo (1975)—Graphic violence punctuates this adaptation of Kyle Onstott's novel about a slave-breeding plantation in antebellum Louisiana. James Mason, Susan George, Perry King, Ken Norton. (Paramount Pictures Home Video; \$59.95) (R)

The Man Who Loved Women (1977)—Francois Truffaut's saucy comedy about a man who is obsessed with beautiful women. Charles Denner, Brigitte Fossey. (Columbia Pictures Home Entertainment; *)

Miss Sadie Thompson (1953)—Remake of Somerset Maugham's durable tale of tropical sex and salvation, with Rita Hayworth and José Ferrer. (Columbia Pictures Home Entertainment; *)

Murder by Death (1976)—An all-star cast highlights Neil Simon's satire of the legendary detective heroes of film and fiction. Peter Falk, David Niven, Peter Sellers, Maggie Smith, Eileen Brennan, James Coco, Alec Guinness, Nancy Walker, Truman Capote. (Columbia Pictures Home Entertainment; *) (PG)

Murderers' Row (1966)—Supersleuth Matt Helm (Dean Martin) copes with beautiful girls and an archvillain (Karl Malden). With Ann-Margret. (Columbia Pictures Home Entertainment; *)

The North Avenue Irregulars (1979)—Lively Disney comedy has a young priest on his first assignment tackling organized crime with the help of some eccentric parishioners. Edward Herrmann, Barbara Harris, Susan Clark, Cloris Leachman. (Walt Disney Home Video; *) (G)

North Dallas Forty (1979)—Hard-hitting pro football story about a nearly over-the-hill wide receiver (Nick Nolte) challenging his team's owners. With Mac Davis, Charles Durning. (Paramount Home Video; \$59.95) (R)

The Owl and the Pussycat (1970)—Barbra Streisand and George Segal play out the off-beat romance of a softhearted prostitute and a frustrated New York writer. (Columbia Pictures Home Entertainment; *) (PG)

Pete's Dragon (1977)—Picaresque adventures of a turn-of-the-century orphan (Sean Marshall) whose best friend is a dragon empowered to disappear at will. With Helen Reddy, Jim Dale, Mickey Rooney, Red Buttons, Shelley Winters. (Walt Disney Home Video; *) (G)

Pumping Iron (1977)—The focus is on Arnold Schwarzenegger in his study of bodybuilders, centering on the 1965 competition for Mr. Olympia. (Columbia Pictures Home Entertainment; *) (PG)

Putney Swope (1969)—Outrageous satire on the Madison Avenue Establishment. Arnold Johnson, Antonio Fargas, Laura Greene. (Columbia Pictures Home Entertainment; *) (R)

Scenes from a Marriage (1973)—Ingmar Bergman's strong TV series about a marriage in crisis, re-edited to feature-film length for U.S. theaters. Liv Ullmann, Erland Josephson, Bibi Andersson. (Columbia Pictures Home Entertainment; *) (PG)

20,000 Leagues Under the Sea (1954)—Walt Disney's elaborate version of Jules Verne's adventure classic, set at the turn of the century; evil genius Captain Nemo, of the submarine Nautilus, plots to destroy mankind in order to save the world from corruption. Kirk Douglas, James Mason, Peter Lorre. (Walt Disney Home Video; *) (G)

***Price to be announced**

Some movie descriptions courtesy of TV Guide magazine. Ratings are those assigned by the Motion Picture Association of America for theatrical showings.

SPECIALS

The Adventures of Chip 'n' Dale—Four Disney cartoons featuring chipmunks Chip and Dale. (Walt Disney Home Video; *)

Kids Is Kids—Disney cartoon starring Prof. Ludwig Von Drake and Donald Duck. (Walt Disney Home Video; *)

Loretta—Loretta Lynn, country-western superstar, in a

live concert taped last spring in Reno. (MCA Videocassette, Inc.; \$55)

The Three Stooges—Six episodes on two cassettes. (Columbia Pictures Home Video; \$59.95)

UPA's Cartoon Classics—Cartoon potpourri including "The Emperor's New Clothes," "The J-Walker" and "The Man on the Flying Trapeze." (Columbia Pictures

Home Video; \$59.95)
*Price to be announced

Readers wishing to obtain more information from the distributors of the above-listed movies and specials may do so at these addresses: Columbia Pictures Home Entertainment, 711 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022; MCA Videocassette, Inc., 70 Universal City Plaza, Universal City, Cal. 91608; Paramount Pictures Home Video, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. 90038; Walt Disney Home Video, 500 S. Buena Vista St., Burbank, Cal. 91521.



Meryl Streep: Contributes to a war epic in "The Deer Hunter."

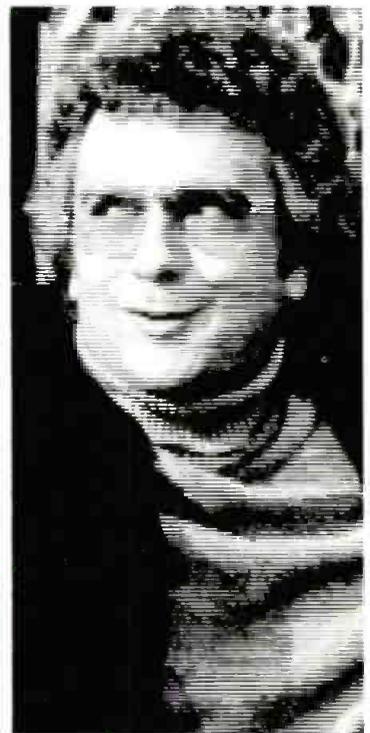
BEST SELLERS

This list of the top 20 prerecorded videocassettes is based on sales figures from a survey of retail outlets around the country.

1. **Alien** (1979)—Haunted-house drama in outer space. (Magnetic Video Corp.; \$54.95)
2. **Superman** (1978)—A super-budget film starring the special effects. (WCI Home Video; \$65)
3. **"10"** (1979)—Featuring the Eighties' first sex symbol, Bo Derek. (WCI Home Video; \$65)
4. **The Muppet Movie** (1979)—Kermit the Frog and Miss Piggy sing and dance their way to Hollywood fame. (Magnetic Video Corp.; \$54.95)
5. **National Lampoon's Animal House** (1978)—Zany misadventures of the Delta House fraternity brothers, with John Belushi. (MCA Videocassette, Inc.; \$65)
6. **A Star Is Born** (1976)—Second remake of the 1937 tear-jerker, this time starring Barbra Streisand. (WCI Home Video; \$75)
7. **1941** (1979)—Steven Spielberg's farce about war

- fever in Los Angeles following Pearl Harbor. (MCA Videocassette, Inc.; \$65)
8. **Enter the Dragon** (1973)—Bruce Lee's last film. (WCI Home Video; \$60)
9. **The Deer Hunter** (1978)—Vietnam War epic, with Robert De Niro, Christopher Walken and Meryl Streep. (MCA Videocassette, Inc.; \$90)
10. **Jaws** (1975)—A New England beach community is terrorized by a great white shark. (MCA Videocassette, Inc.; \$65)
11. **The Main Event** (1979)—Boxing and romance vie for laughs. (WCI Home Video; \$60)
12. **Grease** (1978)—John Travolta and Olivia Newton-John in the film version of the hit musical. (Paramount Pictures; \$59.95)
13. **Smokey and the Bandit** (1977)—A daredevil bootlegger is pursued by the law and his girl friend's ex-suitor. (MCA Videocassette, Inc.; \$65)

14. **Norma Rae** (1979)—Sally Field's Oscar-winning portrayal of a courageous Southern millworker. (Magnetic Video Corp.; \$54.95)
15. **The Jerk** (1979)—Carl Reiner's wacky comedy, starring Steve Martin. (MCA Videocassette, Inc.; \$65)
16. **The Godfather** (1972)—Francis Ford Coppola's gangster epic about the rise and near-fall of the Corleones. (Paramount Pictures; \$79.95)
17. **Life of Brian** (1979)—Monty Python's comic tale of a young man mistaken for the Messiah. (WCI Home Video; \$55)
18. **Emmanuelle** (1974)—Rated X. (Columbia Pictures Home Entertainment; \$69.95)
19. **Blazing Saddles** (1974)—Mel Brooks' parody of Hollywood Westerns. (WCI Home Video; \$55)
20. **Jaws 2** (1977)—Another summer, another killer shark. (MCA Videocassette, Inc.; \$65)



Dudley Moore: He's got Bo Derek's number in "10."

Retail outlets participating in our survey include:

Associated Video, Houston; Audio Center, Honolulu; Audio Video Craft, Inc., Los Angeles; Brenda's Movie House, Philadelphia; Cinema Concepts, Inc., Wethersfield, Conn.; Columbia Video Systems, Highland Park, Ill.; Communications Maintenance, Inc., Litchfield, Ill.; Concord Video Center, Stamford, Conn.; Cyclops Video, Sherman Oaks, Cal.; Discotronics, Inc., Cranbury, N.J.; Future World Video, Scottsdale, Ariz.; Giffen Video, Staten Island, N.Y.; Godwin Radio Inc., Godwin Video Centers, Birmingham, Ala.; Henry's Camera, Los Angeles; Home Entertainment Emporium, Manhattan Beach, Cal.; Jantzen Beach Magnavox Home Entertainment Center, Portland, Ore.; Kaleidoscope Video Shops, Oklahoma City, Tulsa, Okla.; Media Associates, Mountain View, Cal.; Media Concepts, Inc., St. Petersburg, Fla.; Barney Miller's, Inc., Lexington, Ky.; Modern Communications, St. Louis; Newbury TV and

Appliances, New Bedford, Mass.; Nichols Electronics, Wichita, Kan.; Northern Lights Video, Pacific Grove, Cal.; Precision TV and Video, Bellwood, Ill.; Record Rendezvous, Cleveland; Recycle Light and Sound, Ann Arbor, Mich.; Red Fox, Elizabethtown, Pa.; Select Film Library, New York; Self's Electronic Entertainment Center, Clovis, N.M.; The Sneak Video Corp., Metairie, La.; Stansbury Stereo, Baltimore; Televideo Systems, Richmond, Va.; Thomas Film Video, Royal Oak, Mich.; Valas TV, Denver; Video Audio Electronics, Williamsport, Pa.; Video Cassette, Phoenix, Ariz.; Video Cassettes, Etc., Lubbock, Texas; The Video Connection, Toledo, Ohio; Video Corp. of America, Edison, N.J.; Video Dimensions, New York; Video Industries of America, Council Bluffs, Iowa; Video Library, Torrance, Cal.; The Video Library Company, Baia Cynwyd, Pa.; Video Mart, San Bernardino, Cal.; Video Services, Towson, Md.; Videospace, Bellevue, Wash.; Video Specialties, Houston; Videostop, Beverly Hills; The Video Store, Gretna, La.; Visual Adventures, Cleveland

PASSAGES



Fred Astaire: Groom for a jockey.



Gilda Radner: NBC wants dibs on what develops.

WED

Actors **Lucie Arnaz** (Broadway's "They're Playing Our Song," *The Lucy Show*) and Laurence Luckinbill ("Chapter Two"); the couple are expecting their first child sometime in late fall.

Legendary dancer **Fred Astaire** and jockey Robyn Smith.

BORN

To **Phyllis George Brown**, former sportscaster for CBS, and Kentucky's Gov. John Y. Brown Jr., a boy, Lincoln George-Tyler.

DIVORCING

Astronomer, writer and lecturer **Carl Sagan**, creator of the *Cosmos* series beginning this month on PBS, and his wife Linda, after 12 years of marriage.

ChiPs star **Erik Estrada** and his wife of seven months, Joyce.

ELECTED

Christopher Derick, president of Viacom Communications (the cable arm of Viacom International), as chairman of the board of the Cable Satellite Public Affairs Network (C-Span), a nonprofit corporation organized to transmit live proceedings from the House of Representatives to cable-TV systems.

Cy Leslie, formerly president of CBS Video Enterprises, as chairman of RIAA, Video Council, a new division of the Recording Industry Association of America.

Joel Chaseman, president of the Post-Newsweek TV stations, as chairman of the National Academy of Television Arts and Sciences, succeeding Robert Wussler.

APPOINTED

Arthur Knight, professor of cinema at the University of Southern California and film critic for *The Hollywood Re-*

porter, as editor of "Who's Who in American Films and Television," to be published early in 1981.

SIGNED

Lorne Michaels, creator and Emmy-winning producer of *Saturday Night Live*, and series star **Gilda Radner**, both of whom recently left *SNL*, to exclusive, long-term contracts with NBC to develop and appear in a variety of entertainment projects.

SWITCHED

Roger Mudd, from CBS News correspondent to chief Washington correspondent for NBC News.

Diplomatic correspondent **Marvin Kalb**, from CBS News to NBC News. Kalb takes over coverage of the State Department from **Richard Valeriani**, who will appear as a regular correspondent on the *Today* show.

Diane Sawyer, from CBS News Washington reporter to CBS News correspondent.

Rita Travino Flynn, from chief political reporter and news anchor for WFAA-TV, Dallas, to CBS News reporter.

Jacques Grenier, from overseas producer, ABC News, to ABC News correspondent.

Mike Lee, from CBS News correspondent to ABC News correspondent.

Mark Nykanen, from producer/reporter for the magazine series *Arizona Weekly*, at KAET-TV, Phoenix, to Chicago-based investigative correspondent for NBC News.

Bob Costas, from CBS Sports to NBC Sports, as a play-by-play broadcaster for NFL and college basketball games as well as various events presented on *SportsWorld*.

HONORED

Actor **Buddy Ebsen**, with Kiwanis International's Distinguished Service Award, for his "consistent representation of decen-

cy" in such characters as Barnaby Jones.

Jack Lord, star of the canceled series *Hawaii Five-0*, by Gov. George R. Ariyoshi of Hawaii, who proclaimed June 17 "Jack Lord Day" in honor of the actor/producer's 12 years with the series and his efforts to attract television productions to the state.

Pauline Frederick, the United Nations correspondent for NBC News from 1953 to 1974 and moderator of the second 1976 Ford-Carter debate, as the first woman to receive the Paul White Award, the highest honor of the Radio-Television News Directors' Association.

RETIRED

Media guru **Marshall McLuhan**, who suffered a stroke last fall at age 68, from the faculty of the University of Toronto, in conjunction with the University's dismantling of his research Centre for Culture and Technology, which McLuhan founded 17 years ago.

DIED

Cameraman **Rodney Mitchell**, 31, who was killed while filming a chase scene for *The Dukes of Hazzard*; several other crew members were injured when a camera truck overturned.

Don Nicholl, 54, an executive producer of *Three's Company*; he had served in the same capacity with *All in the Family*, *The Jeffersons* and *The Ropers*. Before coming to America in 1968 from his native England, Nicholl wrote for the BBC.

Gail Patrick, 69, executive producer of the Raymond Burr *Perry Mason* series.

FIRED

Jane Cahill Pfeiffer, as chairman of NBC, a post she had held since 1978, after refusing to sign a letter of resignation.

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Pigskin Prophet

By JOHN SCHULIAN



Rev. Ricky Slade was lost before he was found, which is the way these stories of divine inspiration usually go. He thought he and his drinking buddies had found bliss as they wandered from saloon to saloon in Santa Barbara, Cal., genuflecting before the giant TV screens and listening to Howard Cosell bury *Monday Night Football* in polysyllables once again. But Slade's life was meaningless until a friend had to leave the bar to answer a phone call from a woman who was obviously one of the devil's handmaidens.

When she finally let the guy go, he returned to his beer, grumbling, "She wouldn't bother us if we were in church." Well, weren't they, in a manner of speaking? Slade asked himself. His answer was to lay the foundation for the Church of Monday Night Football.

Say hallelujah.

Naturally, there are those who contend that California is the only state in the Union capable of spawning a religion that venerates National Football League pigskin when it is shown by ABC-TV. And the critics have hardly been appeased by the irreverent Mr. Slade's campaign to turn his brainstorm into a money-making proposition that peddles everything except religious artifacts that glow in the dark. But who is to say that the Church of Monday Night Football really isn't a church? Even the Supreme Court hasn't been able to figure that one out.

So while the great minds have been spinning, Reverend Ricky has attracted a congregation of approximately 1000 football worshipers in just one year. His flock includes singer Joni Mitchell, comedian Martin Mull and a handful of NFL players. If these celebrities have anything in common, it is that none of them

have paid their dues.

"I just kind of forced myself on them," says Reverend Ricky. "You know, like in restaurants and coming out of bars. In a situation like that, even I didn't have enough nerve to ask for money."

Seldom does Reverend Ricky step so far out of character. After all, he founded a religion to make a buck and he surely has tapped a vein of whacko humanity that is only too happy to help him. Or would you apply the word "normal" to a true believer who gets down on a prayer rug every time his beloved Chicago Bears play?

There was never a doubt that this true believer—like his brethren from the West Coast to the East and from Canada to the Canal Zone—would offer up when the hat was passed. The only question was which denomination he would choose—\$7 or \$14, depending on whether or not he wanted a full-color T-shirt with his no-cut church-membership card, sacred scroll, Monday-night schedule and divine decal.

Blessed are the big spenders.

Do not get the impression, though, that a fat wallet guarantees entry to the pockets of faith that Reverend Ricky and his holy council have established in assorted watering holes. Members of the church also must be of sound moral fiber or they won't be able to live up to the Six Commandments, which were handed down on a legal tablet instead of a stone one:

I. *Thou shalt keep Monday night holy . . . and tune in early.*

II. *Honor thy holy point spread . . . for it is right on.*

III. *Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's beer.*

IV. *Thou shalt not commit adultery during half-time highlights.*

V. *Thou shalt stay tuned until the final gun . . . for the spread may change.*

VI. *Forgive those who bet against the home team . . . for they know not what they do.*

As a postscript, the church's brain trust added what it calls The Commandment After: *Prepare for the day when the Super Bowl is played on Monday Night Football . . . for on that day there will be heaven on earth.*

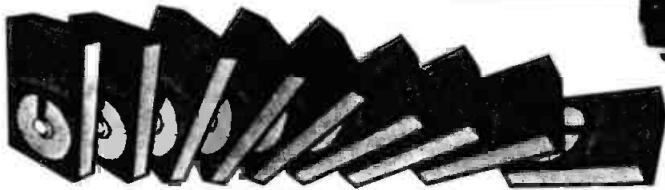
Though the sentiment seems highly debatable, it is not what vexes football widows. "I don't think they care too much for our commandment about adultery," says a loyal disciple named Don Weiner. "But our attorney says the same word is used in the Bible, and if it's in the Bible, it's good enough for us." Or at least it will be until a posse of real clergymen surrounds Reverend Ricky and orders him to repent. "I wonder if they'd believe me if I told them I was running a rescue mission," he muses.

Not likely. But then they probably wouldn't believe that ABC-TV hasn't clutched the church to its corporate bosom, either. "ABC was hot on us in the beginning," says Reverend Ricky, "and all of a sudden it was like we had a disease. Maybe they heard that a lot of our members call Howard Cosell 'The Devil.'" Whatever the reason, the Reverend no longer refers to the network as Already Been Converted.

In fact, he scarcely refers to it at all. He is too busy trying to market silver pins called The Holy Double Crossbars and tank tops to women's libbers who erroneously complain that the Church of Monday Night Football won't open its doors to both sexes. Moreover, history must be served. "We've got a tape of some of our early meetings," says Reverend Ricky, "and if we can get some slight irreverences out of it, it might be a book. We could call it 'The Greatest Story Ever Sold'."

Say amen. (●)

LOOK WHO'S BACK ON TV



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522 AMOS AND ANDY (1953) Two complete programs: THE SECRETARY and RETURN OF MADAME QUEENIE. 53 minutes. BETA 2: \$39.95 - VHS: \$42.95			
278 AMOS AND ANDY (1953) Special 2 part show: GETTING MAMA MARRIED. 53 minutes. BETA 2: \$39.95 - VHS: \$42.95	677 THE FRANK SINATRA STORY VOL. 1 An incredible collection of Sinatra's greatest hits from the 40's, 50's and 60's, with brief appearances by Judy Garland and Basil Rathbone. Excellent entertainment! 59 minutes. BETA 2: \$39.95 - VHS: \$42.95	648 THE GEORGE BURNS AND GRACIE ALLEN SHOW (1951) Live Burns and Allen in their prime! This is a Christmas show, complete with George's monologue and Gracie's perpetual confusion! 30 minutes. BETA 2: \$29.95 - VHS: \$31.95	688 MY NAME IS BARBRA (1965) Barbra Streisand's first one-hour television special: a spectacular evening of entertainment with over a dozen songs, all sung in the distinctive style that is Barbra Streisand. 57 minutes. BETA 2: \$39.95 - VHS: \$42.95
	678 THE BATTLE OF THE BARITONES (1950's) With Frank Sinatra, Frankie Laine, Eddie Cantor, Perry Como, and Nat King Cole. A super selection of songs and comedy from television appearances of the 50's! 89 minutes. BETA 2: \$49.95 - VHS: \$52.95	444 ERNIE KOVACS SHOW (1960) TAKE A GOOD LOOK. With guest stars Cesar Romero, Carl Reiner and Edie Adams. A super selection of several zany sketches. 30 minutes. BETA 2: \$39.95 - VHS: \$42.95	507 THIS IS YOUR LIFE (1954) Laurel and Hardy are surprised with their life stories on this rare T.V. show. Great nostalgic fun! 30 minutes. BETA 2: \$29.95 - VHS: \$31.95
691 JUDY! JUDY! JUDY! (1949; 1962) Test film from ANNIE GET YOUR GUN (which of course she never finished) and a long excerpt from JUDY IN CONCERT. Some of the rarest Judy Garland footage ever! 61 minutes. BETA 2: \$39.95 - VHS: \$42.95	695 FRANK SINATRA IN JAPAN (1974-COLOR) Old Blue Eyes knocks 'em dead in Tokyo singing COME FLY WITH ME, I GET A KICK OUT OF YOU, I'VE GOT THE WORLD ON A STRING, GOT YOU UNDER MY SKIN, and lots more! 52 minutes. BETA 2: \$39.95 - VHS: \$42.95	504 ERNIE KOVACS SHOW (1960) TAKE A GOOD LOOK. With guest stars Cesar Romero, Carl Reiner and Edie Adams. A super selection of several zany sketches. 30 minutes. BETA 2: \$39.95 - VHS: \$42.95	507 THIS IS YOUR LIFE (1954) Laurel and Hardy are surprised with their life stories on this rare T.V. show. Great nostalgic fun! 30 minutes. BETA 2: \$29.95 - VHS: \$31.95
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By SETH GOLDSTEIN



In a few cities around the country, cable penetration has reached its practical maximum (around 75 percent) and cable operators are beginning to wonder how they can continue to keep their revenue curve rising even when the number of subscribers has reached its peak. The solution that some are coming up with is to be less generous in what they offer for the "basic" monthly cable fee.

Up till now the basic package has consisted of improved reception on all the regular broadcast channels in the area, *plus* out-of-town broadcast channels that couldn't be received without the help of cable, *plus* a potpourri of satellite channels offering sports, preachers, foreign-language programs, kidvid, you name it. Subscribers who wanted additional pay services such as Home Box Office or Showtime have had to shell out an extra monthly fee for each one—hence the distinction between "basic cable" and "pay-cable."

Now the operators have realized that many of the satellite channels normally included in the basic package might just as well have a price tag on them. Combined with, say, Home Box Office in a new pay bundle, they can enable the operators to squeeze a good deal more revenue out of the same old programming sponge. A bundle of channels is bound to be a more tempt-

ing buy than any single channel would be: subscribers who have previously been resistant to the appeal of Home Box Office, for example, may be more effectively lured into pay-TV by a combination of HBO and a popular sports channel.

New Milford Cablevision, a system in Connecticut, is one of a small but growing number of operators who are adopting this new marketing strategy. Their \$9.50-per-month basic package consists only of broadcast channels, text displays of news, weather, etc., and coverage of the House of Representatives. Satellite channels that would previously have been given away "free"—the Channel 17 superstation from Atlanta; USA Network; the Entertainment and Sports Programming Network; and two children's channels, Calliope and Nickelodeon—have been split up between two pay bundles, one of which is built around HBO, the second around Home Theater Network, a movie channel. Any sports buff who feels he can't live without USA Network and ESPN will have to fork over an additional \$18 per month.

Are new subscribers outraged when they are told that they'll have to pay twice or three times as much for channels that are "basic" in most other cities? They don't appear to be. A majority of New Milford's customers are

signing up for everything the system has to offer.

Who Goes First?

Russian roulette is not the only game in which you can lose everything by trusting to chance. For the companies who provide programming for cablecasters, there are equally dizzying risks involved in committing their programs to one satellite rather than another.

This was no problem as long as RCA's Satcom I satellite ruled the skies and every cable system's solitary receiving dish was pointed toward it. But Satcom I is now filled to capacity and, whether they like it or not, late arrivals on the programming scene are going to have to choose between two other satellites, AT&T's Comstar II and Western Union's Westar III, which may *or may not* gain the favor of the system operators.

The operators will need a second receiving dish for programming that's not bounced off Satcom I, but at this stage no one is sure which bird they'll tune in to. So programmers are waiting for cable-system operators to make up their minds, and operators are waiting for the programmers.

In an attempt to escape from this impasse, two firms that sell satellite time—one on Comstar, one on Westar—are installing earth stations at their own expense as a way of attracting operators and programmers to their particular birds. It remains to be seen whether programmers such as CBS Cable and the new Premiere movie channel (a joint venture of four Hollywood studios and Getty Oil) respond to this ploy. At the time of writing, they are still playing a waiting game. [■]

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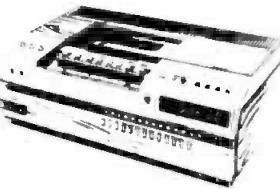
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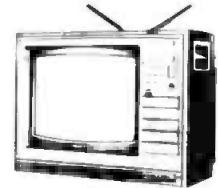
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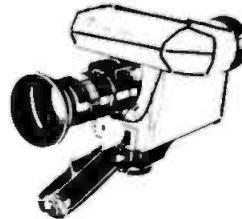
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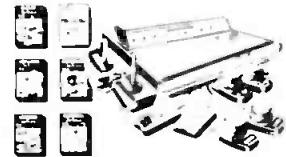
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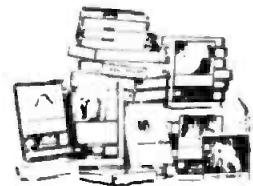
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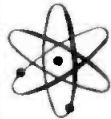
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"60 MINUTES" *continued from page 43*

when his patients were telling me what he was prescribing.

Q: Did you interview any pharmacist in Dr. Greenberg's county in respect to his medical practice or medications?

DIEKHAUS: No.

Diekhaus testified she had read the 1976 PDR on drugs when researching the story but had not read the 1966 edition used when Dr. Greenberg was treating Mrs. Goldstein.

"Sloppy" was the word used to describe the report by former CBS Television Network president Robert Wussler when he took the stand in a dual role of news expert and, by bizarre coincidence, patient of Dr. Greenberg's one month after the *60 Minutes* segment had been on the air. Wussler said he had a "great deal of respect" for Dr. Greenberg and he also praised Wallace and Diekhaus.

"My opinion," he concluded, "is that from what has been spelled out to me here today and what I know about the case, it seems to me that the research done was somewhat shallow."

Don Hewitt didn't think so. He testified there was "no one better" than

Diekhaus and that "we need more stories like that."

To this day, Wallace and Diekhaus insist that Dr. Greenberg had nothing to complain about because he was not the main subject of "Over the Speed Limit," which concentrated on another doctor who eventually went to jail. It's as if to say if you question a man's professionalism before 22 million households for only a minute and a half out of 60 minutes, you have caused no harm.

When I ask Diekhaus why, as producer, she didn't give the doctor a chance to refute the charges, she says that she did, because "he was called by Mike Wallace on the Monday after the Goldstein interview on Saturday." I cannot convince her that even Wallace said that he hadn't called then.

Finally, was it fair to publicly question a doctor's reputation on the basis of half a dozen uncorroborated interviews?

"Look, I may get angry," she says. "The fact is I'm not going back on trial for something we've been on trial for."

Her anger fueled Wallace's explo-

sion, because by the time I went from her office to Hewitt's, she was on the phone to Wallace.

WALLACE: You came in here with a preconception. I'm the guy who made the call to Greenberg, right? . . . I went through a long litany of the kind of people we were talking to . . . because we were talking about that subject with people who knew him—

GOOD: You said that to him?

WALLACE: Of course I did.

GOOD: That you were talking about people who mentioned him? (When I later asked Dr. Greenberg if Wallace told the doctor that people had mentioned him, Dr. Greenberg said, "He absolutely did not. He never indicated that I would be the subject of the broadcast in any way.")

WALLACE: How do you think we came to him?

GOOD: Did Greenberg know why you were asking him for an interview?

WALLACE: Of course he did, of course he did . . . You haven't talked to the man. You don't know what you're talking about.

I suggest a comparison of Wallace's answers with his sworn testimony. Whether Dr. Greenberg is a white hat or a black hat is not the point. Though in a sense CBS was exonerated of any legal misdeeds by Dr. Greenberg's dropping the suit and settling for an apology, the point is that, in this story at least, Wallace was comfortable using questionable tactics.

There does exist one assemblage of evidence that graphically contrasts what *60 Minutes* put on the air with what actually occurred during interviews. This is Illinois Power's videotape of *60 Minutes* in action.

CBS was the reluctant "star" of this little epic, with an Illinois Power public-relations man, Howard Rowe, as host. It begins with Rowe on camera saying: "What happens when a major TV network comes to town to do a news feature on the power company? Plenty! And not much of it's very pleasant, as we learned when Illinois Power became the target on . . . *60 Minutes*."

The show, titled "*60 Minutes/Our Reply*," may never win an Emmy, but it's plenty big in Clinton where IP has been building a nuclear power plant, which at first welcomed CBS crews last fall as they filmed a Harry Reasoner segment on the Clinton plant.

What follows here is a partial inspection of *60 Minutes'* version of reality; IP's version, which includes interview material that CBS filmed but did not put on the air; and finally, some interviews I conducted after screening both shows. Watch the bouncing ball; it

may get a little confusing.

"Our Reply" got off winging by catching *60 Minutes* in an error right at the start of the Clinton segment. It showed Reasoner saying that IP was requesting a 14-percent rate increase to pay for the Clinton project, whose cost had tripled from an original estimate of \$430 million to nearly \$1.4 billion. On came Rowe to point out that only about a quarter of the requested rate increase was designated for Clinton and that portion was earmarked to pay interest on loans, not construction costs.

Reasoner—as Rowe was quick to point out—promptly made another error, claiming that construction costs were running \$30 million a month when the correct figure was actually \$22 million, which is certainly bad enough. CBS eventually corrected the rate increase error on a subsequent *60 Minutes* show, along with still another error it had made on action taken by the Illinois Commerce Commission. But it let stand that mistake on the construction costs.

I began feeling uneasy about the tone of the segment when *60* began presenting its accusing witnesses. There were three—David Berg; a Mr. X, filmed wrapped in deep shadows; and Steve Radcliff. Reasoner introduces Berg as a cost engineer who worked for the Clinton contractor "in 1977 and 1978." Berg, without any preamble, suddenly starts talking about constructing a wall for the project: "Why did they have two guys on the wall and seven guys standing down below watching them, including two foremen? Why did one shift tear down the previous shift's work and rebuild it and the first shift do the same thing as the second shift? We weren't getting concrete answers to these problems."

"Our Reply" commentator Rowe observes: "[Berg] has never ... produced any evidence, documentation or even specifics as to where or when these alleged incidents took place. ..."

"I can't tell you specifically which wall it was," Paul Loewenwarter, the producer of this *60* segment, tells me. "It's a wall that doesn't exist any more. Maybe this [wall] was moved for a very good reason. [The wall was] put down here and a guy would come back the following day and find it moved to there."

Rowe points out that although Reasoner says Berg worked on the project "in 1977 and '78," he was actually on the job for just nine months, spent 14 weeks drawing workmen's compensa-

tion for a back injury suffered, according to Rowe, while "picking up a book," and then quit over a salary dispute. After leaving the Clinton project, says Rowe, Berg worked "with Prairie Alliance, the local anti-nuclear group."

Reasoner, on *60 Minutes*, describes the second witness, Mr. X, as fearing "retribution if his identity becomes known" to explain why he was filmed in shadows. Mr. X points a relatively mild finger at IP, saying, "Any time I came up with—ah—what I thought was a valid point to reduce costs or do

an operation more efficiently I was usually put down for it—ah—told, 'forget it,' that there was people above me that were paid to do the thinking. I was there to do the work."

In "Our Reply" IP's Rowe follows up on that quote with some facts that CBS left out. "Mr. X was hired on July 17, 1978. He was fired on Oct. 23, 1978. During his brief three months of work, he was warned twice about the amount of work he was accomplishing. ..."

Now remember, an audience that only watched *60 Minutes* would have

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been unaware of some of the questions raised by IP's show. Viewers would have heard the next witness, Steve Radcliff, introduced by Reasoner as "the company's sharpest critic" and would have heard Radcliff say, "It's like Watergate. [IP's] got themselves committed; they went into it and all of a sudden they've got a bear by the tail and they don't know how to let go."

But only an audience that sees "Our Reply" would know that Radcliff wrote to *60 Minutes* complaining about the Clinton plant project after he had been fired from the project. Only an "Our Reply" audience would know that Radcliff admitted under oath that he faked his credentials in "Who's Who in the East" and "Who's Who in Finance," and tried to qualify as an "expert witness" before the Illinois Commerce Commission on the strength of phony claims. *60 Minutes* never mentioned that Radcliff had claimed a bachelor's degree from Georgia Tech, a Ph.D. from Walden University and a professorship at Fairleigh Dickinson University, and that all the claims were false. And *60 Minutes* producer Loewenwarter knew this from his first interview with Radcliff.

Loewenwarter tells me: "I couldn't go into every subparagraph of his life. Radcliff has other visionary dreams aside from his work. He would like to build an energy-free—uh, a minimum-energy-use community. The question is whether we were doing a profile of Steve Radcliff or of Illinois Power. The question was whether the things he said seemed to have validity."

"You don't think you owed it to your audience, who knew nothing about this," I ask, "to put him in context? That he was a man capable of lying?"

"No," says Loewenwarter, "not at all."

But *60 Minutes* executive producer Don Hewitt does not agree. "If it's true that Loewenwarter knew that the guy was purporting to be something other than what he was," Hewitt tells me, "I should have been made aware that Loewenwarter was aware."

Radcliff, in a telephone interview from San Francisco where he works for the California Public Utilities Commission, admits to "bad judgment" in lying, which he traces to "a very great inferiority complex."

Radcliff told me that he was fired from the Clinton project because: "I did my job too well. My numbers were too accurate. They felt my reports were too lengthy, that they should be done in a format they liked. But I feel I was fired because I was bringing them bad news about their shortcomings."

When comparing the Reasoner seg-

ment and IP's version, it becomes increasingly clear that there are some claims in honest dispute and some of a technical intricacy that challenge a layman's understanding. But *60 Minutes* seemed undeterred by such complexities, putting in charges and leaving out responses with a casual disregard for caution.

Here's a sample, as "Our Reply" demonstrates how *60 Minutes* presented an edited interview between Reasoner and IP executive vice president Bill Gerstner.

REASONER: And when you talk to . . . Gerstner, it's as though there's no problem at all.

GERSTNER: The job is going very well currently; we're on schedule and on budget.

REASONER: That's not always been the case?

GERSTNER: We've had our ups and downs in the past.

REASONER: We've heard people charge that by the time [Clinton is] opened, it may be the most expensive nuclear plant for its size ever built.

GERSTNER: That is untrue. Actually the Clinton plant's rise in cost was considerably more—is considerably more—than the original estimate. But it is very little different from any other major construction project, utility-wise, going in the United States today, either nuclear or fossil.

REASONER: Gerstner chooses his own favorite nuclear projects for comparison. Our own comparisons show that against other plants of similar design, Clinton cost overruns are well ahead of the pack.

With this critical charge, Reasoner drops the subject of comparisons on *60 Minutes*. But IP's "Our Reply" shows what happens if the interview tape had been left running by CBS.

GERSTNER: Let me see if I can refer quickly to some other boiling-water reactor plants like Illinois Power. I'm not going to go through exact names, but I have here in front of me a list of seven plants. The last one, the seventh, is Clinton . . . these are public-data information. The first, or highest increase, is 494 percent; the next is 468 percent; the next is 367 percent. . . .

IP, it turns out, has the lowest increase among the seven, 200 percent. Later, CBS—in a response to the IP film—challenged the appropriateness of Gerstner's list. But when I ask producer Loewenwarter to explain how *60 Minutes* could claim that Clinton costs were "well ahead of the pack," and press him to spell out the "pack" referred to, he says he can give me no citations. Yet Reasoner had put down Gerstner before millions of viewers for

"choosing his own favorite nuclear projects for comparison."

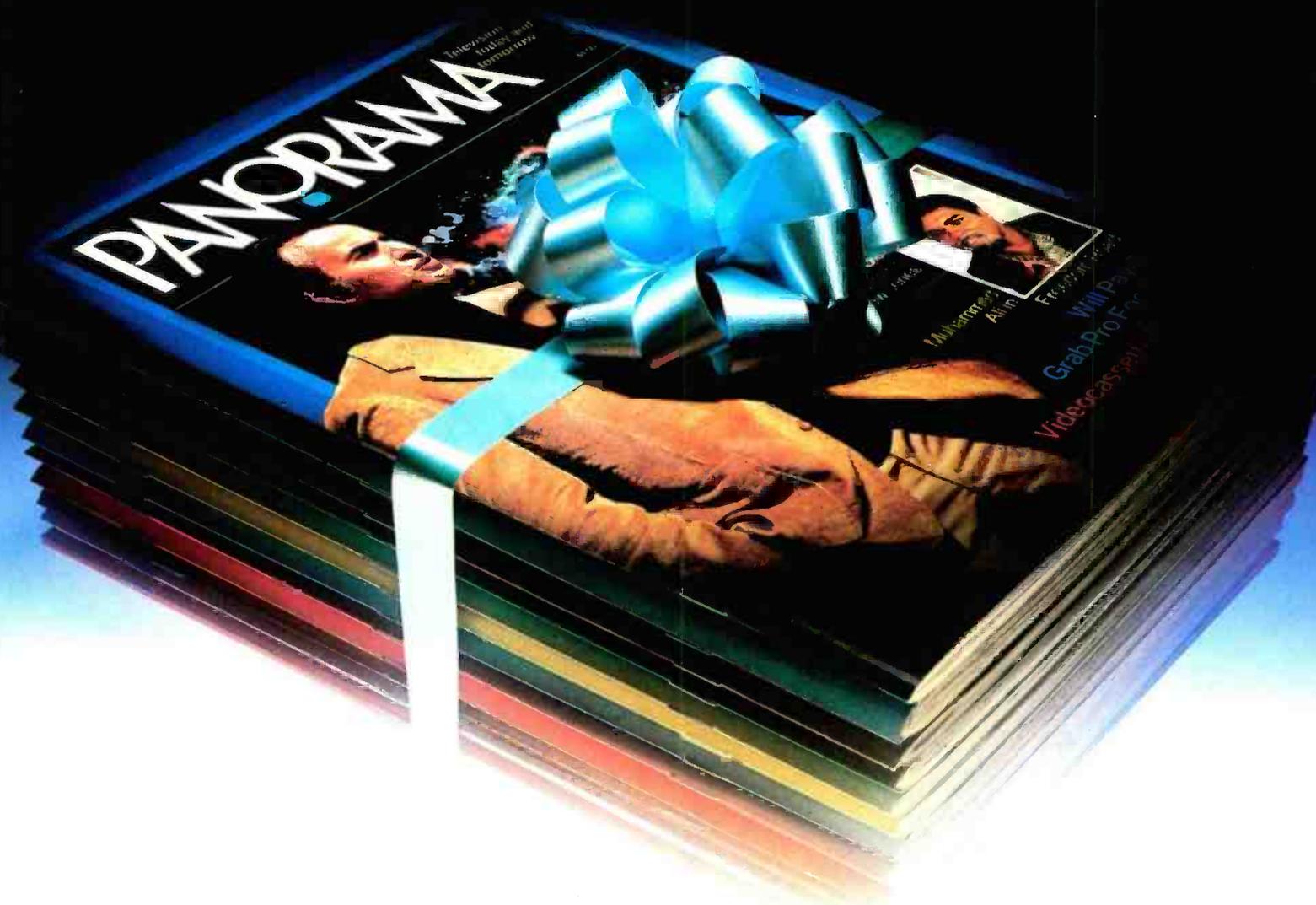
There are many other points of conflict between "Our Reply" and *60 Minutes*. Some are too technically complex to examine here. But in virtually every case, the IP film shows *60 Minutes* omitting portions of interviews that offer evidence challenging its contentions against the power company. Certainly, IP tries to put its best face on things. But *60 Minutes* follows a pattern of believing the worst and artfully neutralizing elements that might disturb that pattern.

Executive producer Hewitt, curiously enough, has not even bothered to look at IP's challenge to his show's trustworthiness, nor has he read the transcript. So he cannot, he says, answer questions about it.

Correspondent Reasoner calls the IP show a "planned, smart, preemptive-strike sort of thing. . . . Obviously, you make people mad in this business. They were prepared before we got there. What they did, I understand, was very smoothly handled, but I've been on the road and haven't seen it. I think in general we try hard to be reasonable and I don't think we were unfair in our interviews with Gerstner. I think our piece was fairer than what I hear about theirs. But I do hear that theirs has a great ending."

IP ended its show with a quote from Abraham Lincoln, from a speech made, coincidentally, in Clinton more than one hundred years ago: "If once you forfeit the confidence of your fellow citizens, you can never regain their respect and esteem. It is true that you may fool all the people some of the time; you can even fool some of the people all the time; but you can't fool all the people all the time."

Certainly, CBS is not out to fool people, and a vast audience trusts *60 Minutes*. But, increasingly, people who feel that the show has wronged them are fighting back and, eventually, the public will hear their outcries. The glory of *60 Minutes*, on a TV screen often filled with fake heroics and manufactured issues, has been the integrity and reality of its reports. But even if only a few of *60 Minutes*' segments prove to lack journalistic responsibility, the program could "forfeit the confidence" of its viewers, who would then withdraw their "respect and esteem" for the show. There is still time for Don and Mike, Dan, Harry and Morley to recognize that being first does not mean acting as if they're infallible and dismissing criticism out of hand. There's a big watch that ticks away for them, too, and time doesn't give a damn about anybody's Nielsen. ■



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YESTERDAYS



James Arness

25 Years Ago: September 1955

TV Guide magazine dubs this new television season "The Year of Plenty." . . . "Spectaculars," big-money giveaways, more shows in color and the emergence of three Hollywood movie studios as TV-series producers create headlines. . . . NBC presents Thornton Wilder's "The Skin of Our Teeth" (estimated cost: \$240,000), starring Helen Hayes, Mary Martin and George Abbott, as the opener for its series of spectaculars, titled *Color Spreads*. . . . Westerns emerge as a form to be reckoned with as James Arness (*Gunsmoke*), Clint Walker (*Cheyenne*) and Hugh O'Brian (*Wyatt Earp*) ride onto the screen. . . . Phil Silvers introduces the enterprising Sgt. Ernie Bilko in *You'll Never Get Rich*, one of only two notable new comedies this year. The other is *The People's Choice*, starring Jackie Cooper and that loquacious basset hound Cleo. . . . "CBS's hottest young comedy prospect" is given his first break

in prime time with a new comedy-variety series, *The Johnny Carson Show*. . . . Milton Berle and Howdy Doody make the switch to color, Jackie Gleason launches *The Honey-mooners* as a show in its own right and Ed Sullivan's *Toast of the Town* becomes *The Ed Sullivan Show*. . . . For the first time, America's premier beauty queen is heralded by the strains of "There she is . . ." as Bert Parks joins "The Miss America Pageant." . . . On Sept. 17, the University of Miami Hurricanes meet the Georgia Tech Yellow Jackets in the first football game to be telecast in color. "Red" Grange provides the commentary. . . . On an episode of *Roy Rogers*, viewers learn how Roy acquired his horse Trigger; and, in an opera of another kind, CBS's *Valiant Lady*, Helen Emerson, gets a new love interest.

10 Years Ago: September 1970

This season *The Mary Tyler Moore Show*, *The Odd Couple*, *The Partridge Family*, *NFL Monday Night Football* and the Public Broadcasting Service are born. . . . The new *Tim Conway Comedy Hour* features Sally Struthers as a regular. . . . *Gunsmoke* returns for its 16th season and *The Beverly Hillbillies* begins its ninth, and last, season on CBS; meanwhile, that network inaugurates its "deruralization" program by weeding *Petticoat Junction* from its schedule. . . . On the premiere of *The Flip Wilson Show*, Oscar the Grouch, Big Bird and David Frost are featured. Frost interviews a miniskirted "Gerald-

dine." . . . "The Miss America Pageant" celebrates its 50th anniversary, Bert Parks marks his 16th year as host and the show presents its first black contestant. . . . David Steinberg is guest host of *The Tonight Show*. His scheduled guest: fitness expert Debbie Drake. Opposite him, on ABC, Dick Cavett interviews Orson Welles. . . . *60 Minutes* takes a "futuristic" look at cable TV.

5 Years Ago: September 1975

"You're gonna like it a lot," boasts NBC of its "SuperSeason," which offers viewers David McCallum as an *Invisible Man*, Glenn Ford as a homespun preacher and head of *The Family Holvak* and Lloyd Bridges as *Joe Forrester*, streetwise cop. . . . On the same network, *Fay*, an adult comedy featuring Lee Grant as a divorcée, is canceled after its third episode. Grant, on *The Tonight Show*, charges that the series has become the first victim of the NAB's newly instituted Family Viewing Time rule. . . . Other new-season entries: CBS's *Phyllis*, spun off from *Mary Tyler Moore*; ABC's macho/sensitive cop duo, *Starsky & Hutch*; Mel Brooks' misadventures in Sherwood Forest, titled *When Things Were Rotten* (also courtesy of ABC); and ABC's *Welcome Back, Kotter*, which gives teen-agers John Travolta as Vinnie Barbarino and that all-purpose invective, "Up your nose with a rubber hose." . . . On *Monty Python's Flying Circus*, figures from works of art go on strike throughout art galleries in England. ■

COMING UP IN PANORAMA

Special Survey of Viewers

The Verdict—So Far—
on Cable Television

Exploring the
Promise and
Achievements of Carl
Sagan's *Cosmos*

Why Local Newscasts
Are Frequently So
Bad

"Tinker, Tailor,
Soldier, Spy": Has TV
Done It Justice?

By John Le Carré

Washington Clout:
How the Broadcast
Lobby Applies Its
Muscle

What's New in TV
Sound Systems

Print to Video—A
Gifted Newswriter's
Struggle to Master
TV Journalism,
By James Wooten—
ABC News

Man on the Hot Seat:
NBC's Fred Silverman
Faces His Day of
Reckoning



The Big Picture

continued from page 52

less stunting, but when it comes to a ratings race, Katy bar the door," says Jack Otter, senior vice president and director of network programming for the ad agency SSC&B.

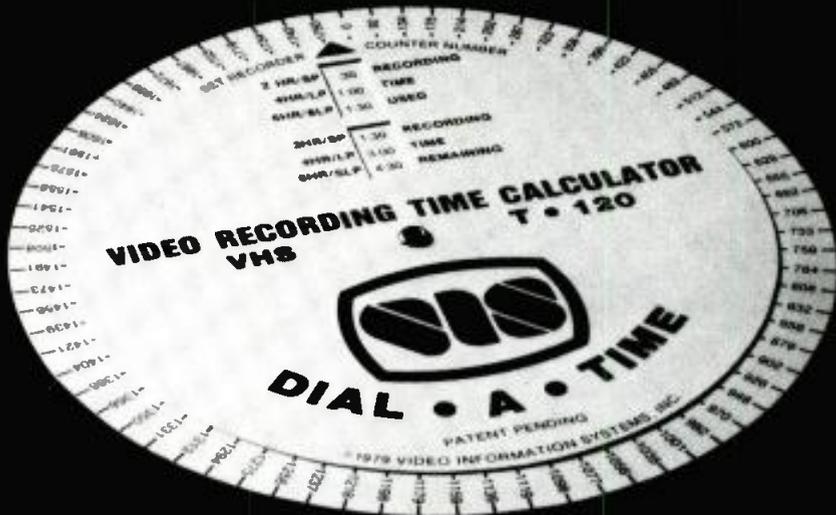
But network programmers seem to believe they can effectively save money *and* series, and they expect their former autumnal profligacy will be replaced by a more selective, year-round fluidity of scheduling. Some shows, such as *Speak Up America*, have already had their premiers this August to keep them out of the crossfire of September premiere festivities and hoopla for multipart miniseries like NBC's *Shōgun*. For the same reasons, several new series the networks clearly consider their most promising contenders, like NBC's *Apartment 96* and ABC's *Dynasty*, have been held in reserve as backups to make their premieres later in the year, after the World Series and November sweeps period. It has not been lost on the programmers that only six series introduced last fall remain on the schedules this fall, while eight shows that bowed in the "second" or "third" seasons last year have returned.

Beyond these strategic considerations, the networks' cost consciousness is already having an influence on the *types* of shows they're choosing. It's possible that network accountants harbor even more affection for real people than viewers seem to, for the simple reason that real people generally perform for free, and so won't hold up the network in contract negotiations at the end of the season. The same goes for news; American Film magazine estimated that it costs CBS less to produce a full year of its *Sunday Morning* program than it costs to produce *four episodes of Dallas*.

Less readily apparent are the subliminal effects on network program executives. They have often been accused of refusing to risk their companies' millions, and their own careers, on shows that don't bear a strong resemblance to what's worked before. Many in the industry believe that if the number of spinoffs and imitations on the current schedules—*Those Amazing Animals*, *Flamingo Road* and *Flo*, to name a few—are any indication, programmers are even less likely to take a flyer on something different now than in the past.

The irony of this is that the networks may become more settled and similar just as their audience

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is showing signs of becoming more restless and eclectic, and when the new television media are beginning to tailor programs to fit those varying tastes and moods. Many network executives are aware of this danger, which is one reason ABC and CBS have committed themselves to producing programs for cable, cassettes and discs, and why NBC's Fred Silverman has insisted, "We can succeed in striking out in new directions—that indeed is the only way to go. . . . Our survival in this business depends on it." Others aren't willing to go quite that far—ABC's Rule, for example, believes, "There is no indication that the public's taste for specialty programs lessens its desire for mass-appeal pro-

grams." But almost everyone agrees that the de-massified audience of tomorrow will be smaller than the mass audience of today, and many share the opinion of NBC's Ohlmeyer that if the networks persist in trying to satisfy the mass, the whole mass and nothing but the mass, they run the risk of turning off a significant number of individuals within it. "The networks had better start paying attention to some of the things that only attract 15 million people, because those are the things that on the new media will be major hits," sums up Stan Margulies, co-producer of *Roots* and *Moviola*. "If the networks ignore them, they will hasten the departure of viewers to those alternate forms." ■

REAR VIEW

By HARRY STEIN

Looking for Mr. Bluster

Back in the Dark Ages of kid television, before *Sesame Street* or Mr. Rogers, even before the coming of Mr. Green Jeans, there was Howdy Doody. To be sure, there was not *just* Howdy Doody; there were also Dilly Dally and Kukla and Miss Frances. But mainly there was Howdy.

Now don't misunderstand me. I'm not talking here about that later time when Howdy showed up on Saturday mornings, a time recalled by sissies and whippersnappers like my 29-year-old brother. No, I'm talking about the original *Howdy Doody* show—daily at 5:30, ideally viewed from a high chair, over an easily digestible dinner.

The thing that was terrific about that *Howdy Doody* show was its utter lack of ambiguity. Even today, when I think of innocence, Howdy snaps to mind. And Phineas T. Bluster (known as *Mister* Bluster to the ever-respectful Howdy) was crotchety evil personified. True, he wasn't really personified, being played by a block of wood, as were both Howdy and, if memory serves, Mr. Bluster's befuddled foreign brother, Don José Bluster. But you get the point. There was no nonsense about motivation, no obfuscation of unpalatable facts, no effort on the part of the show's creators to protect us kids from the Mr. Blusters of the world. Even those human beings on the scene knew precisely who they were: Buffalo Bob was always reasonable, Princess Summerfall Winterspring always sweetly demure, Clarabell always manic.

The *Howdy Doody* show, in short, prepared us for life. Thus it was that when, one day in my twelfth year, I pedaled to my local shopping center in New Rochelle, N.Y., and discovered that Buffalo Bob had opened a liquor store—Bob Smith Liquors—I accepted it without question or complaint; in a hard-drinking society, it was an eminently reasonable thing to do.

But how, I wonder, will today's kidlet react when, one day a decade hence,



he finds out that Mr. Rogers is running a massage parlor?

I turn on TV these days and I come upon a vast world of benign good feeling, a world where everyone hugs and sings songs and, above all, *communicates* with everyone else—adults with children, blacks with whites, animals with humans. It is, in short, an utterly abnormal place. There is even a frog who goes about the airwaves spreading good cheer. A *frog!* For those of us who grew up passing our Saturday mornings with *Andy's Gang's* Froggie, a vile little creature with a Mephistophelean laugh and a penchant for gratuitous cruelty, it is almost too much to stomach. I am only grateful that Mr. Bluster is not around to see it; if he'd set one foot on *Sesame Street*, the poor fellow would've been love-bombed to smithereens.

Then there's this business with numbers and the alphabet. It seems that on today's shows, kids are

assaulted by digits and letters the way we used to be assaulted by Ovaltine ads on *Captain Midnight*. "B is for Barnyard," they hear ad infinitum, "and Baseball Bat, and Boomerang." Well, from where I sit, B is also for "Boring" and "Banal." Who needs a 4-year-old kid wandering around the house muttering about boomerangs? Now muttering about Bluster, that I could understand.

But don't get me wrong: in my day we learned plenty about counting and spelling, too. From quiz shows. Show me a 5-year-old today who can double numbers all the way up to 64,000 without using a pocket calculator! And when those quiz shows turned out to be rigged, so what? We were ready for it, having watched Bluster all those years.

Today, with Howdy staring out at us from a thousand antique-store windows, it is hard not to worry about the latest generation of 3-year-olds, weaned on Big Birds and Boomerangs, and burdened with a Pollyanna vision of the world.

But in the very young, as in the earliest flowers of spring, it is always possible to find hope. Just last week, when I visited a couple of friends at their suburban home, I was startled to see their 2½-year-old son begin applauding when I unwrapped the blender I'd brought the family as a gift.

The mother blanched. "I don't know where he picked *that* up."

"\$49.95!" came a tiny voice.

I glanced over at the child still studying the blender. "My God, I didn't know Andy knew how to talk."

She smiled wearily. "Oh, just a few words. It's nothing, really." She walked up the few steps that led to the elevated dining area. "But enough of that. Dinner is served."

But her son was right beside her. "Harry Stein," he proclaimed, "*cooome* on up!" And, I swear to God, he flashed Bob Barker's grin. ■

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