

Your textbook's not in? Here's why it probably hasn't reached the store

By CAROL LYNN HAYES
Staff Writer

Last week, many students may have left the bookstores with fewer textbooks than they had expected to have. It wasn't because courses are getting easier, just the return of a familiar problem: books that haven't arrived yet.

Theoretically, the process by which books are ordered and delivered should work. But on a university-size scale, there are lots of chances for the system to be delayed or to break down.

Professors order textbooks by sending order forms, with details about the book and its usage, to the University Book Store, which sends a copy to Kennedy Book Store. The University Book Store then orders most of its books, by Telex, while Kennedy telephones orders from publishers.

Nov. 1 is the bookstores' deadline for receiving orders from professors for the spring semester. "We normally like to have orders in six weeks prior to when they will be needed. Some (books) arrive in a week's time; some take three weeks to a month," said Joseph P. Kennedy, owner of Kennedy.

William Eblen, manager of the University Book Store, said deadlines often don't mean too much. Fifty to 75 percent of his book orders come in 15 days or so after the deadline, he said.

Both Kennedy and Eblen stressed the importance of ordering books on time, especially for the spring semester. The Christmas rush, other school openings and weather conditions play havoc with shipping, they said. Eblen said that three warning notices are sent to departments before deadlines.

When the bookstores receive orders late, their expenses increase. Kennedy and Eblen



By BILL BELL/Kernel Staff

Kennedy Book Store, as well as the UK Book Store, is sometimes unable to stock shelves with books that are needed. Late orders,

shipping problems and changes in faculty assignments can all delay textbooks from reaching students.

both said sending a single book order to a publisher costs as much as ordering a large number of books.

Late information on books is usually caused by an oversight, or because faculty members had not received teaching assignments by the bookstore deadline, said Kennedy.

Eblen, at the University Book Store, cited similar reasons and called it a "departmental problem." He said, "There are few departments that get the information all in one time. Those that are best at getting it in have a coordinated effort."

Michael A. Baer, chairman of the political science department, said human nature was

often the culprit behind tardy textbook orders.

"It might be a very good sign — several professors might be re-thinking their course, and what is going to be a good text," said Baer. The early deadline for fall may give faculty a false sense of not needing to comply with the deadline, he added.

History chairman J.A. Thompson said the secretary at his department compiles the orders from the faculty and sends them over to the bookstore.

Thompson said the class schedule book's deadline is much earlier than the bookstores, and for that reason, "there is no reason why they (faculty members) can't submit their orders on time."

In contrast, Barbara C. Graff, administrative assistant in the psychology department, said a chronic problem is professional people outside of the department who are hired after the deadline for ordering books.

Graff said the psychology department always schedules more classes than it has faculty members, and must always carry out some last minute hiring.

Michael Brooks, director of undergraduate studies in sociology, said that the hiring of a new instructor may cause a book order to be late.

Kennedy said that the information from the faculty he has posted on the shelves may be misleading. An instructor may not have a text for the class, but the notice on the card might say "no information from faculty," causing the student to believe the book has not been ordered.

KENTUCKY Kernel

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University of Kentucky
Lexington, Kentucky



By TOM MORAN/Kernel Staff

Under ice

Sheathed in winter ice, the trees at Maxwell Place shine at night with reflected light. Below, heaps of snow show that

it's going to take a lot of warmer weather to melt away the season.

today

state

DEMOCRATIC HOUSE CANDIDATE DAVID HOUGE, whose campaign themes have been overshadowed by his 1973 bankruptcy, has released a personal financial statement that puts his current net worth at \$87,000.

Houge opposes Republican Pat Freibert in Saturday's special election to fill the 78th District seat vacated by State Sen. Jack Trevey, R-Lexington.

Houge said he released the statement Wednesday to give the voters "an idea of where I stand financially."

Houge, 32, a business consultant, revealed after his nomination that he had declared bankruptcy in Seattle before moving to Kentucky.

TWO WESTERN KENTUCKY UNIVERSITY administrators reportedly are among the 20 presidential candidates whose

The university's newspaper identified the administrators as Dr. Paul Cook, assistant to the president for resources management, and Dr. James L. Davis, vice president for academic affairs.

A presidential selection advisory committee and board members will interview the 20 prospects before the field is cut to five.

Board Chairman J. David Cole said it probably will be mid-April before a successor is chosen for Dero Downing, who resigned the presidency Jan. 8.

nation

FOR THE FIRST TIME SINCE WORLD WAR II, women are in the majority on college campuses in Kentucky and eight other states in the South, the Southern Regional Education Board said yesterday.

Out of 131,268 students enrolled in Kentucky, 52 percent are women. They also dominate campuses in Alabama, Arkansas, Louisiana, Maryland, Mississippi, North Carolina, Virginia and West Virginia.

The board said the male student population remained higher in five other southern states — Florida, Georgia, South Carolina, Tennessee and Texas.

FLOODS FORCED HUNDREDS OF NEW ENGLANDERS from their homes yesterday while snow bound Midwesterners, digging out from under record accumulations, were worrying that more snow may be on the way.

The National Weather Service was predicting overnight snowfalls in the Rockies and from the lower Great Lakes to northern New England.

Record rains, gales and high tides built floods in Massachusetts that sent hundreds fleeing their homes in the coastal communities of Revere, Nahant and Scituate near Boston, the same area ravaged by the disastrous February blizzard of 1978.

world

POPE JOHN PAUL II knelt to kiss the Dominican soil of Santo Domingo yesterday as he started his "mission to spread the gospel" in a week-long Latin American visit.

During his flight from Rome to Santo Domingo, the pope entered the cockpit of the Alitalia DC-10 to chat briefly with President Carter over a crackling radio circuit. The pontiff greeted Carter as the plane flew over Puerto Rico, but the conversation was cut off because of poor connections, Vatican officials accompanying the pope reported.

The pope will fly today to Mexico City where officials expect five million of the city's 13 million residents to line the 12-mile drive from the airport to the cathedral when he arrives at 1 p.m., Mexico City time.

THE BELEAGUERED IRANIAN GOVERNMENT yesterday managed to keep its key foe, Ayatollah Khomeini, out of the country for at least three more days. But the angry Moslems' holy man rejected an appeal to put off his homecoming for three weeks or more.

Prime Minister Shahpour Bakhtiar's government also was given its biggest show of public support yet. Tens of thousands of anti-Khomeini demonstrators marched in Tehran, and similar pro-government demonstrations were reported in several other cities.

weather

PARTLY SUNNY AND A LITTLE WARMER TODAY with highs in the low 30s. Clear and cold tonight with lows in the low 20s. Saturday increasing cloudiness with a good chance of rain or snow. Highs in the low to mid 30s.

New SC Grille lines bring order, but arouse ire of meal card users

By CINDY MCGEE
Staff Writer

Food at the Student Center Grille is easier to get to these days — as long as you have the money, and for some, the time.

Before this semester, students with meal cards and customers with cash used the same lines. Now, one register serves students with meal cards, and two registers are for those using cash. Many students are complaining that the meal card lines are too slow.

Business and economics junior Jo Dieksen said, "It was bad enough before, but now it's ridiculous." Interior design sophomore Cheri Hamilton agrees that the new policy causes lines to move slower. "I think there should be more meal card lines than cash" lines, she said. "It is too slow this way."

But there is a reason for the change — loss of money. Director of Food Services Allen Reiman said, "We just couldn't account for sales" under the old system. Reiman said there had been a "severe cash shortage" and Food Services did not know whether money had been lost, or if cashiers had counted meal card sales as cash sales.

To eliminate the problems with cash flow, UK Internal Auditing first

considered discontinuing meal cards at the Grille. Instead, they decided to keep the meal cards on one register.

Until four years ago, the use of meal cards was not allowed at the Grille. Reiman said when they started accepting meal cards, many cash customers were driven away by longer lines. However, Reiman said, the Grille is still basically a cash operation.

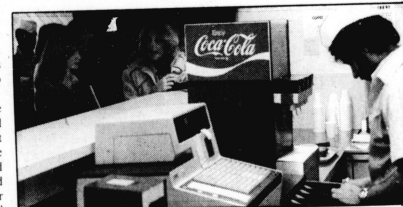
"The total customers are 60 percent cash and 40 percent meal cards. Therefore, we decided to use one register for meal cards and two for cash," said Reiman.

Grille Supervisor Richard Clark is

also pleased with the new system. "It has minimized our errors, has cut training time drastically, and I think it has made the individual transactions shorter."

Clark argues that sometimes the meal card lines are long, but solves this by putting extra people called "runners" on the lines. The "runners" get the food and allow the cashier to handle another customer. According to Clark, this quickly shortens the lines.

Clark added that the new system made bookkeeping easier and decreased the cash loss.



By BILL BELL/Kernel Staff

Student Center Grille customers are now lined up according to how they pay: by meal card or with cash.

SG's new show to put UK on the air

By SUE TEETER
Staff Writer

If some UK students turn on the tube early to watch the Wildcats play Alabama on Saturday, Feb. 10, they'll see a show featuring other UK students.

"UK Student Government Presents" is a program created by Student Government. It will focus not

on SG, but on different aspects of the University and college life, SG Public Relations Chairman Brad Sturgeon said.

The first show was filmed Tuesday during SG's meeting, but Sturgeon said other shows could feature Dr. Singletary, other UK officials, students and programs.

Sturgeon said the 28-minute show is not going to be a vehicle for any

specific group, and may not even mention SG. Sturgeon added that WLEX will fund the entire program as a public service because UK is a state school.

He said Co-Editor Sue Wiley, WLEX broadcaster, believes there is interest in Lexington about the UK community — including topics such as residence halls, classrooms, academic programs and other activities.

The show will be aired every three or five weeks, or "as soon as we're prepared and as soon as they have time to film it," Sturgeon said. Preparations include a planned script. For example, the meeting filmed Tuesday night had a scheduled agenda, but no comments or discussions were rehearsed in advance.

"We would like to possibly interview Dr. Singletary or some of the vice presidents," Sturgeon said. He added that Singletary had never been interviewed by students on television. "It'd be a give-and-take situation. The purpose is to get the president to respond directly to students."

Sturgeon said non-elected students such as dorm officers will participate in the programs. He added that program topics now include the fine arts program and a look at minority students.

Soviet crisis is possible, says expert

By MARTIN BOOE
Staff Writer

The changing mentality of Soviet people could be causing problems for that country, an authority on comparative politics told an audience at the Student Center last night.

The Soviet people, said John E. Turner, a professor at the University of Minnesota, are becoming much more materialistic due to a vast



By MARTIN BOOE/Kernel Staff
JOHN E. TURNER

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SG's Wildcat Lodge approval is slap at on-campus residents

A few hundred feet away from the Student Government office in the Student Center are two dorms. One, Boyd Hall, houses students in rooms with chipped paint, drafty rooms and leaky ceilings. Another, the Wildcat Lodge, provides single rooms with private bathrooms, luxurious furnishings, thick carpet and other trappings of wealth. The difference between the students who live in each building is that one group is at UK to play basketball, the other to play student.

Student Government unquestioningly accepted that difference this week, perceiving agreeing that basketball players deserve special treatment. Their support of special athletic dorms does little to enhance SG's role as the spokesman for the UK Student Body.

In responding to the Wildcat Lodge controversy, SG proclaimed that basketball players do deserve special facilities, in effect opposing a new NCAA regulation that outlaws athletic dorms that are better equipped than the dorms in which average students live.

SG's statement, and the justification behind it, are absurd. In claiming that "fan loyalty" requires embracing special and now apparently illegal facilities, SG has done a disservice to all students living in residence halls.

Especially wounded are those students living in dorms in desperate need of repair. They now see SG defending the basketball players luxury while they sit dodging collapsing ceilings. If the students' elected representatives are looking for ways to

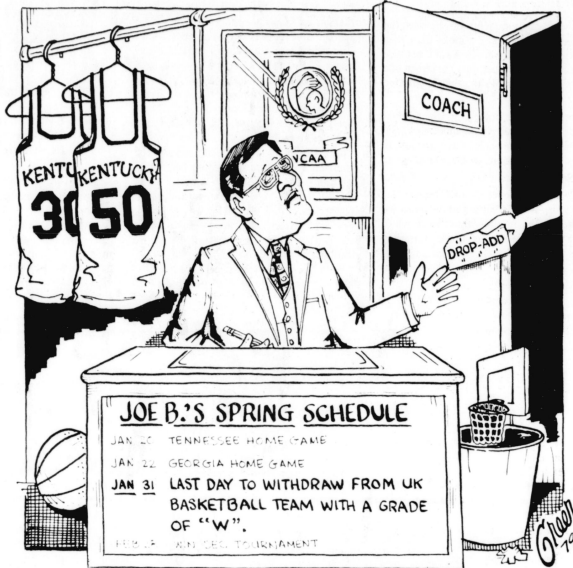
interject their opinions into the UK housing situation, they might find more worthy topics in pushing for repairs on Boyd Hall and other North Campus dorms, exploring new options for housing students and continuing efforts to improve student-landlord relationships.

Loyalty shouldn't be measured by the number of perks and favors you can provide a team with. An athletic team is entitled to all the cheering and honest support it can inspire its fans to give. But not even the Kentucky Wildcats deserve the kind of luxurious fringe benefits — which have nothing to do with basketball — that are denied from ordinary students, and are now banned by the NCAA.

It may sound like a cheap shot right now, but a special luxury dorm might not be the best situation here. The pressure of playing UK basketball, with its feeling of living in a goldfish bowl, may already have contributed to the departure of two players this season.

Keeping athletes sequestered from other students implies that they're not mature enough to run their own lives and deal with distractions. Who knows, maybe showing people that you trust them to be responsible might serve as a better recruiting tool than showing off luxuries that no one really needs.

The Spartans didn't have many fringe benefits, and they did pretty well at Thermopylae. Student Government is guilty of having its head in the sand on the basketball dorm issue, and UK students deserve better representation.



In search of the 54

He was only a commoner from Queens, but he wanted to dance with his dreams

BY JIMMY BRESLIN

Copyright © 1979 by Jimmy Breslin

NEW YORK — He got the suit in the same way some people always get things: A man came into the auto showroom and asked Arthur Foley if he wanted to buy a suit that had just dropped from the window of Halston, the designer.

The suit was a brown cut velvet and had a Halston label and sure was in Halston's size range: Arthur Foley, thin as a crust, still had to take a deep breath to fit into the suit when he tried it on in the rear of the auto showroom.

Arthur came out, spun around and, when he saw himself in the mirror, he shouted "Surrender!"

"You like the suit," the guy who had

night in his great brown cut velvet suit did not cause the boss' heart to gladden.

"You'll be here nine o'clock Monday?" the boss said.

"How could you ask?" Foley said. "For the same reason you weren't here last Monday. And or the same you won't be here on Tuesday if I don't see you on Monday."

"Don't worry," Foley said. He glided out into the night.

He opened with two martinis at Alan & Loftus, which is right at the steps of the Kew Gardens subway.

On the train to Manhattan he smoked a joint. The older people on the train didn't know what to think and the younger ones laughed. "Macho Man!" Arthur Foley called out as he stepped

"Surrender!" he screamed.

He began pushing into the crowd. "Macho Man here!" he called out. He gripped the lapel of his suit and began to jump up and down so the doorman would see it. "Get Halston," he called out. "Halston'll know the minute he sees me. Get Halston."

The doorman at Studio 54 did not notice him. Arthur Foley began to shiver in the cold. Two guys next to him gave him a snort from a bottle of lockerroom, a cleaning fluid. Arthur Foley blanked out for several seconds. All of Halston's needlework couldn't disguise him. He was Queens Boulevard and he wasn't getting in.

He went down to Eighth Avenue for another drink. He came back and tried again. At 1 a.m. he quit. He took a cab back to Flanagan's and finished the first scotch in two gulps and had the glass out for another. When the place closed at 4 a.m., Foley fell on the sidewalk, got up and took a cab to Queens.

When the cabdriver, a woman, tried to wake him in Queens, Arthur Foley became mad. The woman cabdriver took him to the 112th Precinct station. She told the cops she wanted her money from the customer. Foley reached into the cab, throwing punches. A cop calmed him down. The cop turned to speak to the woman cabdriver. Arthur Foley hit the cop in the back of the neck. The cop turned around with a punch already in motion, much as a baseball player has his throw under way as he plays. Arthur Foley and his brown cut velvet Halston suit went down together.

At 10 o'clock Sunday morning, the police tried to wake Foley up in the cell at the 112 so he could be fingerprinted. Foley still was many miles from consciousness and they gave up. His deep sleep was Foley's problem. Fingerprinting and checking take many hours. On Sunday the court closes at 5 p.m. If Foley didn't wake up in time for the fingerprinting process, the police wouldn't get him to court until at least 9 a.m. on Monday, which would mean that Arthur Foley would be in court instead of in his auto showroom. This also would mean he would be out of a job.

At 11 a.m., his uncle arrived at the 112 with a plastic bucket of water. "Can I throw this on him to wake him up?" the uncle asked the man at the desk. The cop was all right. He went into the cell and shook and shoved

Continued on page 4

Letters to the Editor

Wrong report

I have it from impeccable sources that Dr. (Michael) Adelman at the recent Senate meeting did not, as reported by the *Kernel*, commend "students willing to go against society's unwritten rule to betray each other."

He merely pointed out that the difficulty with most Honor codes is that they require students to inform on one another, an action that many are unwilling to perform. In this connection he referred to the eleventh student Commandment (not amendment). Thou shalt not snitch.

Michael Adelman
Professor, English Department

Feb. 1 meeting

A report from the 18th national convention of the Young Socialist Alliance will be given the evening of Feb. 1 by a member of the YSA national committee at 7:30 p.m. in 109 Student Center.

The report will center on the political situation in the United States and its importance to young people, particularly students. We see the growing restrictions on our rights and pressure on our standard of living by the government and employers as part of a worldwide crisis in the capitalist system. These attacks are what is

behind the talk of the rightward shift of the country.

But the employers who speed up production and cut back real wages and the politicians who cut back social programs and (increase) war preparation spending, are not the country. The media, Democratic and Republican politicians and even some leftist groups allied with the Democratic party forget to look at the victims of the government's cutback policy. These are a majority of the people. The rank-and-file mine-workers who fought the employer and government attempts to break their union, the women and supporters who marched for the Equal Rights Amendment on July 9, the blacks who marched against Bakke and apartheid,

the fighters for a safe environment free of nuclear waste and possible disaster — these people are not moving to the right! These are the people the YSA looks to.

When we add to this the role of young people around the world in fighting oppression then we can see the role we can play in building a society based on human need right here. Students in Iran were very important in building the movement which chased the despotic Shah from Iran. If you are interested in learning more about the worldwide movement of young people to build a world based on human rights and not profit, come to the meeting on Feb. 1.

Bronson Rozier
UK employee

Letters policy

The *Kentucky Kernel* welcomes and encourages contributions from the UK community for publication on the editorial and opinion pages.

Letters, opinions and commentaries must be typed and triple-spaced, and include the writer's signature, address and phone number. UK students should include their year and major, and University employees should list their department and position.

The *Kernel* reserves the right to edit

all submissions for spelling, grammar, clarity and libelous statements. The pay — may also chose to condense or reject contributions, as well as limit the number of submissions by frequent writers.

Letters to the Editor, opinions and commentaries may be delivered personally to the *Kernel* newsroom, 114 Journalism Building. Some form of identification is required. Submissions may also be mailed to Editorial Editor, *Kentucky Kernel*, 114 Journalism Building, University of Kentucky, Lexington, Kentucky 40506. For contributions mailed on campus, our Speed Sort number is 04221.

jimmy breslin

brought it around said.

"The suit is me," Arthur said. "It costs \$400, I'll let you have it for \$40."

Arthur paid the money and, when the man left, Arthur began to whirl around as if he were on a stage.

"I'll wipe them all out," he said. "Lenny, who works with him said, 'Who're you mad at?'"

"Are you crazy? I love everybody. I'm going to Studio 54 and love the whole world."

"You could get in Studio 54?" Lenny said.

"In a Halston suit somebody will stop me? When Halston sees me, he'll kiss me."

Arthur Foley had never been anywhere. He had been reading about Studio 54 in all the gossip columns. And then he would stand, one hand on a fender, and stare out a Queens Boulevard and watch himself dancing at Studio 54 with Liza Minnelli. He never thought he would be in the place himself; he was much too local. But now the Halston suit had changed everything. He belonged in Studio 54; they'd love him. When he read about the big federal raid on Studio 54, his breath stopped. He thought the place would be shut.

It was not. And at 7 p.m. last Saturday night, Arthur Foley came out of the back in his brown cut velvet Halston suit. The sight of Foley, with his work record, slipping out into the

off the train in Manhattan. He thought he would go someplace heavy, one of the places with a French name that he sees in the gossip columns. He knew that he should not be seen at Studio 54 until at least 11:30 p.m. He stepped into Clancy's on Third Avenue to use the telephone book to look up one of the French places. On his way to the phone books, he stopped at the bar and had a scotch on the rocks. When he finished it, he held out his glass for another. He began to talk to a night worker from the Post Office about how bad bosses are. At 9 p.m., he left Clancy's and headed uptown. He smoked another joint and walked over to Flanagan's on First Avenue.

The place was starting to get crowded and the Irish band was strong. He had a couple of scotches and caught himself stamping his foot to the music. He stopped. He was into heavier things he reminded himself. He tripped as he left Flanagan's but retained his balance before anything happened to his Halston suit.

He took a cab to Eighth Avenue and 54th Street and had a drink in a rough place on the avenue. A man with a limousine waited at the corner of 54th Street. For \$10 he drives people for 100 yards to the Studio 54 entrance so the rider can make an impressive appearance. Arthur Foley took the limo. When the driver opened the door in front of Studio 54, Foley emerged with his brown velvet arms flapping.



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Crisis in Russia could occur, says John Turner

Turner's address was one of the John Sherman Lectures sponsored by the Patterson School of Diplomacy, and was delivered in the President's Room of the Student Center. The changes, however, have been encouraged by the government itself, which has found it necessary to support

some degree of private enterprise in order to ease crunches in housing and agricultural produce. "The Soviet Union is rapidly developing nation," Turner said. "There is no doubt that they won't be immune from the economic and ideological changes just because they are communists."

Turner added that the Soviets are plagued by an acute shortage of labor. Attempts to remedy this have included opening vocational schools for youths, bringing pensioners back into the labor market, and imposing a tax on males over 21 who have no children.



Snow Bowl

By LINDA CAMPBELL/Kernel Staff

Measuring for first downs might be a little harder, but snow does soften the falls when playing football. From left, freshmen Mark

Legal and Bob Crush lunge for the pigskin in a game near Haggin Hall. They admitted it was cold, but still said they enjoyed it.

Nominations being taken for great teacher award

The Alumni Association is soliciting nominations for its "Great Teacher Awards" to be presented March 28 at Student

Awards Night.

Each year, as many as six UK teachers are selected for the award which includes a cash gift. The nominations are reviewed by a committee of members from Omicron Delta Kappa and Mortar Board. Then, an alumni committee recommends the final selections to the alumni association's board of directors.

Students nominating faculty members should consider their knowledge of subject matter, effectiveness of presentation, and demonstrated interest in students.

Nomination forms are available at King Alumni House, King Library, 209 Student Center, and at the Complex Commons Library, and should be returned by February 19 to 218 Pharmacy Research Building No. 1.

Engineer group sponsors bridge building contest

A model bridge building contest open to all Kentucky high school and college students will be conducted in February by the department of civil engineering.

Trophies will be awarded to the top three winners in the high school and college divisions. Bridges must be constructed of balsa wood and glue.

Judging and testing of bridges and awarding of prizes will be Saturday, Feb. 24, in conjunction with the annual

open house program at the College of Engineering.

The application deadline is Friday, Feb. 9, and finished models must be received at the College of Engineering by 10 a.m., Feb. 24.

The contest is co-sponsored by the UK chapter of Chi Epsilon, national honor civil engineering fraternity. To enter the contest and to get more information, students should contact the Department of Civil Engineering, 214 Anderson Hall, or phone 257-1958.

Arthur Foley never made it to the door

Continued from page 2

Arthur Foley until his eyes opened. They took Foley upstairs and slapped his hand on the fingerprint pad. At 4:45 p.m., Foley was in court. He was out of place as he sat on a scarred bench in his Halston suit. When he saw that there was a tear in the pants he became ill.

Monday, at 9 a.m., Arthur Foley stood in the auto showroom with a container of

coffee. The owner nodded pleasantly. "How was the great Studio 54?" the owner said.

"Overrated," Arthur Foley said.

"You mean it?" the boss said.

"Absolutely overrated," Arthur said.

Jimmy Breslin is a columnist for The New York Daily News. His columns appear periodically.

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Happiness on the road

Shidler's steal and bucket helps clip Auburn

Information for this story was taken from AP dispatches and the WKXK broadcast.

AUBURN, Ala. — If Joe Hall didn't have enough to worry about, before his Kentucky Wildcats were to face the Auburn Tigers here last night, he learned that two of his guards were ailing.

Kyle Macy was coming off a bout with tonsillitis and Jay Shidler had back problems. This coming behind the exit of his starting center, plus the fact that the Wildcats came into the game winless on the road, Hall could have been a prime candidate for an ulcer.

But Macy started and hit a jumper to send the game into overtime and Shidler hit a layup which combined with LaVon Williams' two free throws — all in the last 13 seconds of overtime — to give Kentucky an 86-83 Southeastern Conference victory.

"I watched him in warmups and I didn't know if he was gonna play," said Hall of Shidler after the game. "I asked him before the game if

he could play, and he said that he would try it."

But Hall laughed, "He sometimes plays his best when he is hurting the worst. A lot of credit should go to Jay, not only for his steal, but for his total game."

Auburn led 83-82 when Shidler outraced Auburn's Rich Valavicius to a loose ball, drove to the basket and laid it up with 13 seconds left. Williams sank two free throws with four seconds left to ensure the victory.

Shidler's game-winner was his only field goal of the game. Dwight Anderson led Kentucky scorers with 19 points. Williams added 15 and Macy had 14.

"Anderson had a hot streak right when it would really help us," said Hall, of the 6-3 sophomore who hit 7-10 from the field.

Bobby Cattage led Auburn scorers with 23 points. Valavicius had 20.

Kentucky is now 8-7 overall and 3-5 in the SEC. Auburn is 8-8 overall and 2-6 in the

conference.

The game was won at the free throw line, where Kentucky picked up 28 points on charity tosses compared with 19 for Auburn.

Not surprisingly Hall was very pleased with his team.

"It was time to decide what we were going to do," said the Wildcat mentor referring to when the Wildcats made their move to tie the game. "We had to decide what kind of team we were gonna be.

"I see them blossoming," added Hall. "We're beginning to get a little organization and finding out what it takes to win."

KENTUCKY (86)

Williams 4 7-8 15, Anderson 7-5 19, Cowan 2-5 9-9, Claytor 5-1-11, Macy 4-6-14, Shidler 1-4-4 6, Verderber 4-2-3 10, Tillman 1-0-2 0. Totals 28-30-37 86.

AUBURN (83)

Valavicius 9-2-3 20, Banks 0-0-0, Cattage 11-1-23, Price 5-2-2 12, Card 1-3-4 5, Anthony 4-8-9 16, McGrew 1-1-2-3, Hart 0-2-2, Stringer 1-0-2 0. Totals 32-19-23 83.

Halftime—Auburn 40, Kentucky 39. End of regulation—72-72. Fouled out—Price, Card. Total fouls—Kentucky, 22. Auburn, 27. A-6,683.

The Kentucky Kernel, 210 Journalism Building, University of Kentucky, Lexington, Ky. 40506, is published each class day during the spring and fall semesters and weekly during the summer session. Third class postage paid at Lexington, Kentucky 40511. Subscription rates are mailed \$5 per year or one cent per year non-mailed.

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Lotz worried

Cats get chance to avenge Gators

By MIKE KENNY
Staff Writer

In Kentucky's first rematch of the '79 season, the Cats will host Florida tomorrow night in Rupp Arena (7:30 EST). Coach John Lotz' team beat the Wildcats 76-65 at Gator Alley back in January, but the five-year veteran coach does not expect an easy game this time around.

"We haven't really played well in Rupp Arena" Lotz said yesterday, referring to Florida's 0-4 mark at the 23,000 seat facility. Lotz added that the rich tradition at Kentucky, along with heavy fan support, have a favorable effect on the Wildcat team.

While the Florida coach is concerned about playing at Rupp Arena, he does feel his team could come away with a win. "There is a very thin line between winning and losing in the conference this year. Nobody is getting blown out."

Lotz has a valid point. In seven SEC games played since Monday night, four have been won by two points or less. In a game played Wednesday night, Florida came within one point, 57-56, of upsetting Vanderbilt (a team currently tied for first place with LSU and Alabama).

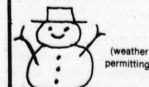
Lotz attributes the balance of the league to what he calls the "ruining of the schedule." No doubt the coach is referring

to conference games being rearranged in order to allow time for the SEC tournament coming up in February.

"At one point in the season we had four straight road games," he said "and there was an instance where we were gone from Wednesday to Wednesday (Jan 10th-17th as Florida played back-to-back road games at Tennessee, LSU and Ole Miss).

Continued on page 7

SNOW SCULPTURE CONTEST



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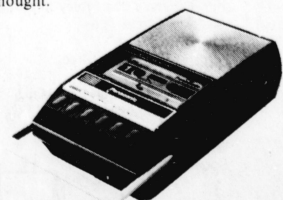


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Lady Kats meet top-ranked team Sunday

Trying for their second straight upset within a week, the Kentucky Lady Kats will face the top-ranked Old Dominion Lady Monarchs, 2 p.m. Sunday in Memorial Coliseum.

The Lady Kats, 7-10, will be trying to bounce back from a 67-66 loss to Western Kentucky Wednesday night. Last Sunday they knocked off fourth-ranked Tennessee 66-64.

The Lady Monarchs are led by a pair of All-American candidates including Nancy Liberman, possibly the best player in women's collegiate basketball.

The 5-10 junior is averaging 21.8 points-a-game, 7.2 assists and 7.3 rebounds. She also has 53 steals and is shooting 56.8 percent from the field.

Coach Marianne Stanley's squad also boasts 6-5 Inge Nissen, who leads the Lady Monarchs in rebounding (10.5) and is second behind Liberman in scoring (20.4).

Rugby club to meet

The Rugby club will hold an organizational meeting on Monday, Jan. 29 at 7 p.m. in room 207 of the Seaton Center. Scheduling, uniforms and finances will be discussed. All those interested in playing either attend or call 257-4021

Kentucky Coach Debbie Yow hopes that starting center Liz Lucksehu, who has missed the Lady Kats' last two games with an ankle injury, will be ready for Sunday's contest. The 6-4 sophomore is the Lady Kats' leading scorer with a 15.8 average.

Small Cancer Research Grants

The McDowell Cancer Network allocated funds for scientists carrying out Cancer Research.

Deadline Date is Feb. 15, 1979.
For Applications or further information, Contact Karen Smith at 233-6541.

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PHI BETA KAPPA

The Membership Committee of Phi Beta Kappa is now receiving nominations for membership. The preliminary requirements which must be met in order for a student to be eligible for consideration for election are:

- (1) Over-all grade point average of at least 3.5.
- (2) At least two 400-500 level courses outside the major.
- (3) At least 90 hours of "liberal" courses.
- (4) At least 45 hours of classwork completed on the Lexington campus.
- (5) Have satisfied or will have satisfied by the end of the semester, the lower division requirements for the BA degree in the College of Arts and Sciences (exceptions to this may be made for students enrolled in the Bachelor of General Studies Program.) In particular, the "Translation and Interpretation" requirement must be completed.

Should you know any individual who you believe meets these requirements, then we would appreciate your urging that person to come to the office of Dr. Raymond H. Cox, Chairman of the Phi Beta Kappa Membership Committee, College of Arts and Sciences, 257 Patterson Office Tower, to pick up an application.

In order to be considered, nominations must be received no later than Friday, February 2.

It is entirely appropriate to nominate yourself and, in fact, if you believe that you meet the criteria necessary for election, it is expected that you will come to the above office for further information.

INVASION OF THE ALBUM SNATCHERS


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Maaco Auto Body -
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Sound Experience



STEREO

Home of the Double Q Chicken

Gators will be looking for second win over Cats

Continued from page 5
Against Kentucky, Lotz plans to start Ric Clarkson and Mark Giombetti as guards along with a trio of forwards consisting of Reggie Hannah, Malcolm Cesare and Maurice McDaniel.
In the first game this year with Kentucky, Hannah led Florida in scoring with 21 points. The 6-8 sophomore also pulled down nine rebounds.
Cesare, a 6-9 senior, needs less than 100 points to become one of Florida's top ten career scorers.
Florida also has a scoring threat in freshman forward Mike Milligan. Milligan

averages seven points a game and splits starting assignments with Giombetti.
As a final note here is a look at the SEC standings after UK's overtime win over Auburn last night (see story on page 5):
1. LSU 6-2 14-2
2. Vanderbilt 6-2 13-3
3. Alabama 6-2 12-4
4. Miss. State 5-3 13-3
5. Tennessee 5-3 11-8
6. KENTUCKY 3-5 8-7
6. Georgia 3-5 8-7
8. Auburn 2-6 8-8
9. Florida 2-6 7-9
9. Ole Miss 2-6 7-9

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The Kernel Classified office is located in room 210 of the Journalism Building on campus. Ads must be paid in advance.

classifieds

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LOST KEYS-From Baptist Student Center. Call 252-4276. 26310

FOUND-male Malamute in Whitehall Classroom Bldg. Very sick. Call Humane Society. 252-7733. 26331

personals

DELTA CHI cordially invites you to two special spring rush parties. THUR and FRI 8:00. Jan. 25, 26. 123 E. Maxwell. Call 258-8525. 25326

TEDDY BO-Happy Caramoran Sailing. Jan. 26th, your first mate awaits. Birthday Party. 26326

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SIGMA PHI EPSILON-Little Sister Rush Party tonight at 9:00. Saturday, invitation only. All welcome. For more information call 254-8808. 26326

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The art of physical illusion. Classes by Lexington Repertory Theatre. Starting Saturday, Jan. 27 at the STUDIO
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memos

UNIVERSITY BOOKSTORE COMMITTEE wants to hear your concerns and opinions regarding the bookstore are important. Write or call: Beat. on 426. College of Nursing, 253-5400. 25395

TIME FOR A WINTER-Tune-up? Jan. Session at Canterbury Coffee House. 472 Radford Hall, 258-8646. 26326

SINGLES-Looking for support? Welcome to an important "Write or Call" Beat. on 426. College of Nursing, 253-5400. 25395

APRIL, MAY, June graduates now being matched to overseas positions. Call U.K. Peace Corps Coordinator Ken Weigand, 104 Radford Hall, 258-8646. 26326

PSYCHOLOGY COLLOQUIUM-Dr. Erling Eng, Veterans Administration Medical Center, Lexington-Toward an Empirical Concept of Psychology. Fri., Jan. 26, 7pm. Radford Hall, 213. 26326

BRUHMS-THESELEDOR-waiters. KLU campus at 885. 8:15 Mon. Jan. 29. 26329

STUDY SKILLS DEBRY-Sat., Feb. 3rd, 8:30-3:30. CB 106. Brush up your study skills and learn Test-Wisdom from the experts. Enroll now. 301 Matthews. 26329

DISTINGUISHED SPEAKERS SERIES-Dr. George Remton will speak on "Costs and Benefits of Required Disclosure." Jan. 31, 10:00. CB 118. 26329

roommate wanted

ROOMMATE WANTED-Share 3 bedroom apt. off Nicklerville Rd. Call Jeff. 272-8439. 24326

PERSON WANTED-to share spacious two bedroom apartment with one other. \$122.50. Call 266-3462 evenings. 7479

ROOMMATE-to share 3 bedroom house plus storage. 266-1817 after 6pm. 18326

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FEMALE ROOMMATE WANTED-large house, permits private entrance and your own 2 bedrooms, bath, and kitchen. New house-8 miles south Fayette Mall. Graduate student or working person, prefer non-smoker. M-F 8:00 after 5pm. 23326

HOUSEMATE WANTED-nicely furnished 3 bedroom. Near Lex. Mall. 266-3207. keep trying. 23326

FEMALE ROOMMATE-needed to share expenses of house furnished. March, 253-4567 after 6pm. 272-8820. 23329

MALE To share 4 bedroom house, off from expressed picker. Part-time work. 272-9607 after 5pm. 23326

FEMAL GRAD-Student to share 3 bedroom duplex. \$75/mo plus 1 utilities. Call 272-2766. 23326

wanted

WANTED-elderly to Harrodsburg, Tuesday-Thursday. 9:00pm. Call 255-1431. ext. 376. B. Lay. 25329

TYPING NEEDED-Call Rebecca day. 252-4852. nights. 376-0983 or 276-1287. 23326

TYPING WANTED-Fair, accurate service, reasonable rates. All work guaranteed. Phone 273-2149. 23331

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TYPING-20pc. cont. discursive L. students, faculty, and staff. Call Administrative Assistance. 252-8586. 17331

Friday

Cameras are scheduled to roll today on TURNABOUT, a half-hour fantasy comedy series, premiering on NBC-TV Friday, Jan. 26 with John Schuck (pictured) and Sharon Gless in the starring roles.

They portray a young husband and wife—sports reporter and cosmetics executive—who are granted a casual wish that each could become the other. Each dies. He continues to look like himself outwardly, but is really her inwardly—and vice versa.

Schuck's major television credit is NBC-TV's McMillan and Wife series, on which he played Rock Hudson's sidekick for five years.

Gless starred in the recent TV mini-series, The Eyes. He continues co-starring for three years in the Switch series and one year in Marcus Welby, M.D.

Partners' Place

Dear P.P.
My girlfriend thinks she's pregnant. What should we do?
K.S.

Dear K.S.,
The first thing your girlfriend needs to do is undergo a pregnancy test. She can do this at Lexington Planned Parenthood from 9 a.m. to 11:30 a.m. Monday through Friday. The test costs \$4 and the results will be available in about 15 minutes. At this time she can talk to a counselor.

Her menstrual period should be 17 days late for the test to be accurate. She should collect the first urine she passes in the morning, before she's had anything to eat or drink, and put it in a small, clean container (preferably a small glass container that has been boiled and air dried over night). If she does not take the specimen immediately, it should be refrigerated. Medications may affect the test and should be avoided 24-48 hours before the specimen is collected — and that includes anything from aspirin to marijuana.

After the results of the test are confirmed the counselor will speak to her (or both of you) on birth control if the test is negative. If it turns out positive, your girlfriend should schedule a pelvic exam to determine the length of pregnancy and to confirm the test. The counselor will go over all the alternatives with her. These include: getting married and continuing the pregnancy, continuing the pregnancy as a single parent, continuing the pregnancy and putting the baby up for adoption or temporary foster care, or termination of the pregnancy.

Each of these possibilities should be explored carefully and if possible, your girlfriend may find support by sitting down with you and/or her parents and discussing them.

Dear P.P.,
What can you tell me about the morning-after pill? It seems to me that it would be far less hassle than birth control.
Why Not?

Dear Not,
Diethylstilbestrol (DES), among other uses, is used as a "morning-after contraceptive."

If taken within 72 hours of unprotected intercourse the drug will prevent the fertilized egg from implanting in the uterine wall. DES will not cause a spontaneous abortion if the egg has already attached.

Because of the risks it presents, DES should not be used unless the unprotected intercourse occurred midway through a woman's menstrual cycle (during ovulation), and she is willing to consider abortion as an alternative. DES has not been approved by the Food and Drug Administration as a "morning-after-contraceptive."

The woman who takes DES may experience nausea for about five days and may expect irregular periods for several months. If DES is taken after implantation, it may pose danger to the fetus. There is the possibility of sex organ deformities in male offspring and vaginal cancer in the female offspring. This was discovered through studies involving the offspring of women who took DES in the 50s to prevent miscarriage.

DES is not a method of birth control and should not be thought of as such.

For answers to your questions on birth control and related questions write: **PARTNERS' PLACE, Lexington Planned Parenthood, 508 W. 2nd Street, Lexington 40508; or call 255-4913.**

AH-STOUND-ING!!!!!!

The Kentucky Kernel—
what else?

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Ampersand

**Malcolm
McDowell as
H.G. Wells:
Once More
Into the
Time Machine**

**Howard
The Duck
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VOL. II, NO. 5, JANUARY/FEBRUARY 1979

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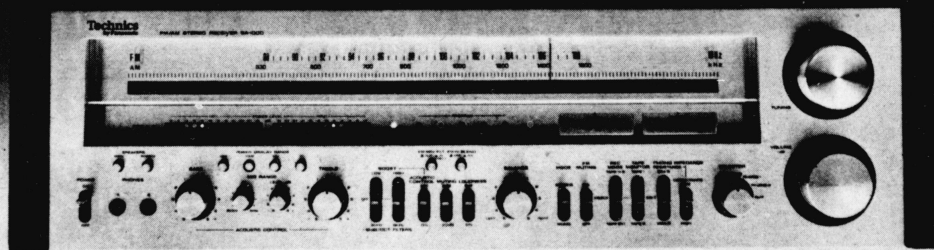
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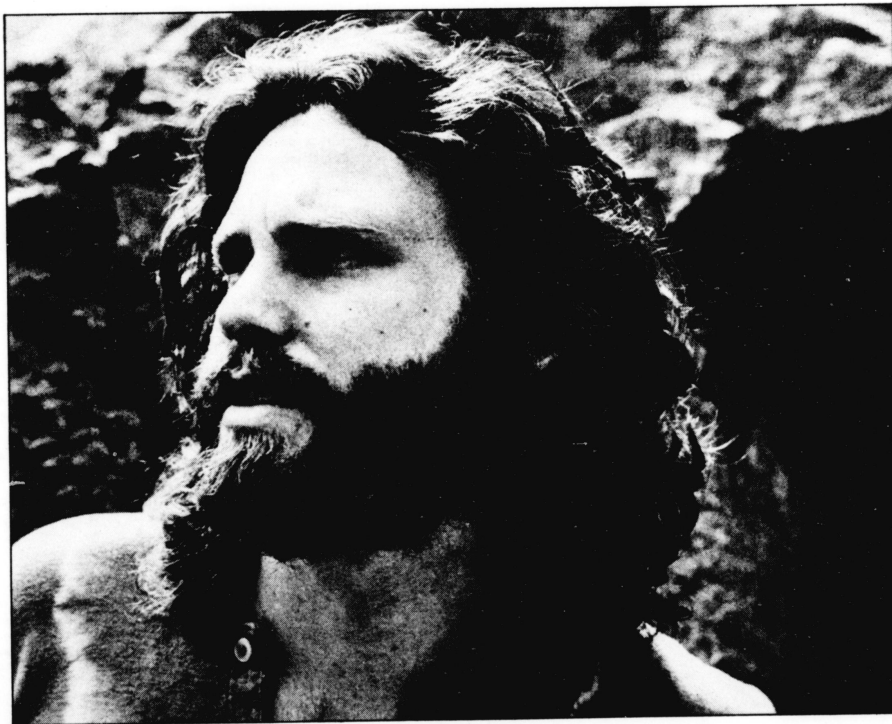


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New Contributors

GLENN ABEL (On Disc) is the editor of *New Look* magazine, lives in Gainesville, Florida, and types very neatly.

GILBERT ASAKAWA (On Disc) is a senior at Pratt Institute in Brooklyn, majoring in painting; upon graduation he will settle in native Boulder, Colorado, "snug, happy and poor."

TERRY ATKINSON (On Screen) is a top-notch free lance writer who contributes regularly to *The Los Angeles Times*.

BRAD FLORY (On Tour) attends Central Michigan University and cites, as evidence of his up-against-the-wall radicalism in the Sixties, "several unsuccessful attempts to burn down the ROTC building."

DAVID HANCOCK (On Tour) lives in Tucson, Arizona, and says he's lead guitarist with hot new local group, the Dog Nuts. We don't believe him.

ED WARD (On Disc) is an extremely famous free lance type who lives in Sausalito and writes for magazines we haven't even heard of as well as many that we have.

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IN ONE EAR...

Elves?

Those so-called elves in the December, 1978, issue of *Amersand* were actually Brownies and they were penned by Palmer Cox back in the late 1800s. The Brownie books were a series of children's books and a large line of souvenirs, figurines, and toys was developed because of those books. They are now quite valuable antiques.

ERIC ANDERSON
MUSKEGON, MI

Right

Three cheers to Judith Sims for her oh-so-true review of the so-called "hit musical," *The Wiz*. As a lover of musicals, I have never seen one musical yet, except *Grease* and *The Wiz*, that has made such a mess with talent and creativity. I'd like to thank Judith Sims for writing exactly what I would have written—the truth!

MARTHA L. OLIVAS
EL PASO, TX

Wrong

This letter is in reference to a critique of the movie version of *The Wiz* by one Judith Sims in your December, 1978, issue. I found the "critique" in exceptionally bad taste! As a theatre and journalism enthusiast, I cringed

at such ignorance and obviously subjective reporting. Besides its poor taste, the article was blatantly racially prejudiced and therefore inexcusable. I am not a person who, by any means, thinks in racial terms, but even I could not miss the unmistakable undertones in this "critique." It is very apparent that either your writer has a personal dislike for black-oriented films or she should go back to journalism school, if she went at all. I don't understand what gave her the right to so brutally crush something of tremendous beauty and creativity just because she did not care for it!

Remarks that were made about Ms. Diana Ross, whom I personally consider a fantastic singer and actress, Michael Jackson, Nipsey Russell, and Ted Ross were personally insulting to me. Miss Sims obviously does not recognize great talent even when it is staring her in the face. Other derogatory remarks were made, such as "every black dancer west of Gibraltar is in the movie." What Judith Sims fails to realize is that this film gave a hell of a lot of talented black actors and dancers the exposure that they wouldn't have been able to attain otherwise in such a crowded theatrical world.

I suggest that before Ms. Sims attempts to write another objective critique she learn how to do so, or keep her personal likes and dislikes to herself!

KAREN STEPHENS
GAINESVILLE, FL

Missing Mac

I have tried to find the two books you reviewed, *Fleetwood Mac—Rumours 'n' Fax* and *The Authorized History of Fleetwood Mac*, but I have had absolutely no luck whatsoever.

PAULETTE OLSON
CHICAGO, IL

The publishers of each book—Warner Books for *The Authorized History* and Harmony Books for *Rumours 'n' Fax*—expressed concern over this

problem, but said "Don't call us." Demand that your local bookstore order the volumes for you.

Misc.

What has become of Charlie Martin, the former drummer with Bob Seger's band? His backup singing on "Heavy Music" on *Live Bullet* made me an ardent fan. But when Bob's latest album was released, woe is me, Charlie had been replaced (?) by David Teegarden.

KIM SMILAY
CENTRAL MICHIGAN UNIVERSITY

This is the kind of question that we wish had a happier answer. Martin was hit by an automobile and quite seriously injured before the Stranger in Town sessions. Dave Teegarden, who'd played with Bob on 1972's *Smokin' O.P.s*, was asked to rejoin the band. According to a representative of Seger's management, Charlie continues to live in Detroit and joins Bob during hometown appearances. During this summer's sold-out week at Pine Knob, he sat in on organ for each night's encores.

Bless you, Davin Seay! It's high time someone recognized C.S. Lewis' importance (In Print, November). Lewis was one of the finest prose stylists of this or any other century, and his contribution to the fantasy genre is phenomenal. Thanks, too, for recognizing that Lewis wrote fantasy fiction in the best sense of the phrase, not science fiction, as the Great Unwashed persist in saying.

JANA OYLER
TEXAS TECH UNIVERSITY

Write to Us

Many of you have been writing to your local school papers telling them what a swell publication *Amersand* is. Don't tell them, tell us! Send epistles to *In One Ear*, c/o Amersand, 1680 N. Vine Street, Suite 201, Los Angeles, CA 90028. We need all the affection we can get, but we're also grateful for comments, jokes and nasty cracks.

In Here

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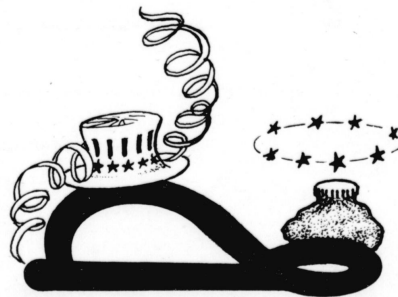
OUR COVER

Handsome British actor Malcolm McDowell stars as H.G. Wells in *Time After Time*, which could be subtitled "Victorian England Meets Modern San Francisco. Score 0-0."

This month's *Amersand* has a hangover, much like certain members of our staff. It was drawn quite nicely by Carl Partridge of San Diego, California, who will receive \$25.00 one of these days.

If any creative artist types out there would

like to contribute to *Amersand* of the Month, follow these rules: draw your spiggies in black ink on white paper, be neat, and print your name and address on the artwork; several nameless *Amersands* are floating around our office. Very embarrassing.



& OUT THE OTHER

First, the Important News

FLEETWOOD MAC'S CHRISTINE McVIE is keeping steady company with Beach Boy Dennis Wilson. Stephen Stills, poised to launch a new band with Bonnie Bramlett, is blissful in Bel Air with actress Susan Saint James. And Bill Spooner, leader of the Tubes, and wife Cindy, a Tube dancer, are expecting their first child any minute. All together now: a test Tube baby! The group's new album, *Remote Control*, produced by Todd Rundgren, is also expected any minute.

Talk About Culture Shock

THE FIRST FILMS requested by China—now that the arts of the western world are available to them—were those made by Charlie Chaplin. The first recent American film the Chinese people will see is . . . *Futureworld*. Because American International Pictures raced to Peking with a contract in hand, that's why.

Transitions

DRUMMER AYSLEY DUNBAR has been hired by Jefferson Starship to replace John Barbata, who is still recuperating from injuries incurred in a serious auto accident last year. Dunbar is not temporary; the group is not even pretending to wait for Barbata's recovery.

J. D. SOUTHER was dropped by Elektra/Asylum after he spent some \$300,000 on his new album—and recorded only five songs. But E/A has gained Martin Mull; his first effort for the label (his third) is titled *Mull Becomes Elektra*. It cost about \$1.98 to record.

CAT STEVENS has reportedly abandoned all personal appearance plans in the foreseeable future; he's living in Rio de Janeiro where he recently joined the Moslem faith, changing his name to Yusef Islam. That's his third name so far; he started out in life as Steven Dimitri Giorgio.

Animal-Hippie-White House?

IN A QUICK MANEUVER to match the megabucks generated over at Universal by *National Lampoon's* *Matty Simmons* and *Animal House*, Paramount Pictures signed *Rolling Stone* editor and publisher Jann Wenner to a three-picture deal to "develop" youth-oriented movies. Obviously, no one at Paramount ever saw *The Rolling Stone Tenth Anniversary TV Special*. The first Wenner project—which Wenner will not produce, so his role in all this is vague at best—will be scribbled by *Stone's* Senior Editor Ben Fong-Torres, to whom we wish bundles of luck. Fong-Torres is not quite a movie virgin; he recently did a brief acting stint in *Americanthor*, in which he plays a Chinese tourist stealing mementos from the White House. "Type casting," says Fong-Torres.

Americanthor—which is not a Wenner project—sounds like a logical successor to *Animal House's* mindless humor. It takes place in 1998 when America is \$400 billion in debt, bankrupt, totally kaput. The Western White House is a condominium in Marina del Rey, all our oil is dry, we're a nation of bicyclers. A



California Rock Party

At a gala fete honoring publication of their new book, *California Rock, California Sound* (which was the source of *Ampersand's* October Joni Mitchell cover story) and also celebrating display of the book's photographs in the Mirage Gallery, author Anthony Fawcett and photographer Henry Diltz watched hungry press hordes devour insufficient quantities of enchiladas and margaritas. Jackson Browne, who is featured in the book, dropped by and apparently surprised Diltz (right).

bunch of crazy, nutty folks present a telethon to pull America out of the hole; Harvey Korman is the smarmy telethon emcee, Peter Riegert (Boon of *Animal House*) is a media consultant, Fred Willard is the dastardly Vice President, John Ritter is Prez. Elvis Costello appears briefly, exhorting the English to pledge money for America. This bit of fun was filmed at Mount St. Mary's College in downtown Los Angeles, masquerading as London's Hyde Park. Proving we don't have to wait until 1998 for a budget crisis.

Remakes, Spinoffs & Copies

AFTER MONTHS OF on-off bargaining, Neil Diamond has finally agreed to play Al Jolson in a remake of *The Jazz Singer*, for which he'll earn \$5 million—\$1 million in cash, \$4 million in soundtrack rights (to be forked over by Capitol, not Diamond's label, Columbia).

STAYING ALIVE, the television series based on *Saturday Night Fever*, is now called *Makin' It*, about a family's survival or, as one spokesperson said, "Happy Days in the Seventies." The parents are played by Lou Antonio and Ellen Travolta, a name we've seen somewhere before.

BARNEY MILLER, one of *Ampersand's* favorite television series, may have one less detective in the squalid squad room: Maxwell Gail, who plays Wojehowicz, will have his own series if an hour-long spinoff segment sells; half of the show will be Wojo at work, the other half Wojo at home . . . with a reformed hooker, no less.

GEORGE HARRISON'S NEW album, so far called *George Harrison*, actually has a song called "Here Comes the Moon."

Do These Plots Sound Familiar?

TAKE DOWN, a new film from Disney starring Lorenzo Lamas (son of Fernando), recounts the hapless adventures of a losing high school wrestling team which is sparked to greatness by the prowess of Lamas, who finds self confidence and respect through superior grappling.

THE RAMONES AND their music are featured in *Rock and Roll High School*, a wild, silly battle of "wits" between the "good" rowdy students of Vince Lombardi High and the "bad" principal, all leading to an explosive conclusion: the high school blows up.

Flick Fax

STEVE MARTIN'S FIRST film, *Money to Burn*, will be directed by Carl Reiner . . . Peter Frampton will star in two films for Orion Pictures, the first described as a "comedy drama concerning a rock star . . . but not a musical." Thanks for small favors . . . Mac Davis makes his acting debut in *North Dallas Forty*, starring Nick Nolte . . . Playwright Sam Shepard, who made his acting debut in *Days of Heaven*, will co-star opposite Ellen Burstyn in *Resurrection*, about a female christ . . . *Monty Python's Life of Brian* is finally finished, and Graham Chapman (the tall one) is now in Los Angeles collaborating on a new film script and planning his first U.S. college lecture tour . . . Ralph Bakshi's next feature-length animated film will be *American Pop*, with 17 musical numbers illustrating the history of American music as witnessed by a ten-year-old boy who arrives in this country in 1910 and bops along to 1980 . . . Bill Murray of *Saturday Night Live* may play gonzo

journalist Hunter S. Thompson in *Where the Buffalo Roam*, also starring Peter Boyle.

Ample Angst

MICHAEL ANGLIO ANTONIONI'S NEXT project is called *Suffer or Die*, appropriate for this angst-laden Italian director; it stars Giancarlo Giannini (in a role turned down by Jack Nicholson, Richard Gere, and Ryan O'Neal) as an architect caught up in the eerie history of a monastery he is hired to convert into a mansion for rich owner Mick Jagger. The screenplay by Anthony Burgess, an angst-laden Britisher, is being rewritten by Buck Henry, who has no angst to grind at all.

You Mean We'll Actually Have To Read Books?

CLASSICS ILLUSTRATED, "great literature in comic book format," a staple with students since the Forties, is out of business. Collectors, take note: an original *Classics Illustrated Three Musketeers* is worth a fast \$75.

Our Heroes

BUDDING HISTORIANS, SOCIOLOGY students and anyone with an abiding interest in rock and roll would be well advised to park themselves in front of a TV set on Friday night, February 9, when ABC will broadcast *Heroes of Rock and Roll*, a two-hour prime-time documentary (9 P.M. nationwide) that is light years ahead of the standards normally associated with TV rock.

Narrated by Jeff Bridges, *Heroes* is a chronological history of 25 years of rock and roll presented in a snappy, fast-paced montage that's highly entertaining, often hilarious and enormously informative. It's the first time the "Big Four"—Presley, Beatles, Stones and Dylan—have been featured on the same show and the action is spiced with rare footage of Hank Williams, Buddy Holly and never-before-seen clips of the Beatles performing at the Cavern in Liverpool in 1962.

The program is particularly strong in detailing the early years of rock, emphasizing its roots in black music and illustrating the social climate of the era from which it sprang. With rock and roll such an integral part of the current cultural landscape, it's both amusing and eye-opening to witness the fear and loathing with which it was originally viewed by the guardians of public morality and decency.

The least interesting part of the show—and the one containing the most glaring omissions in terms of artistic selection—is the section dealing with the Seventies (which may reflect more on the quality of this decade's performers than anything else). Still, *Heroes of Rock and Roll* is easily the most knowledgeable and thorough look at the subject ever presented on television. Don't miss it.

Don Snowden



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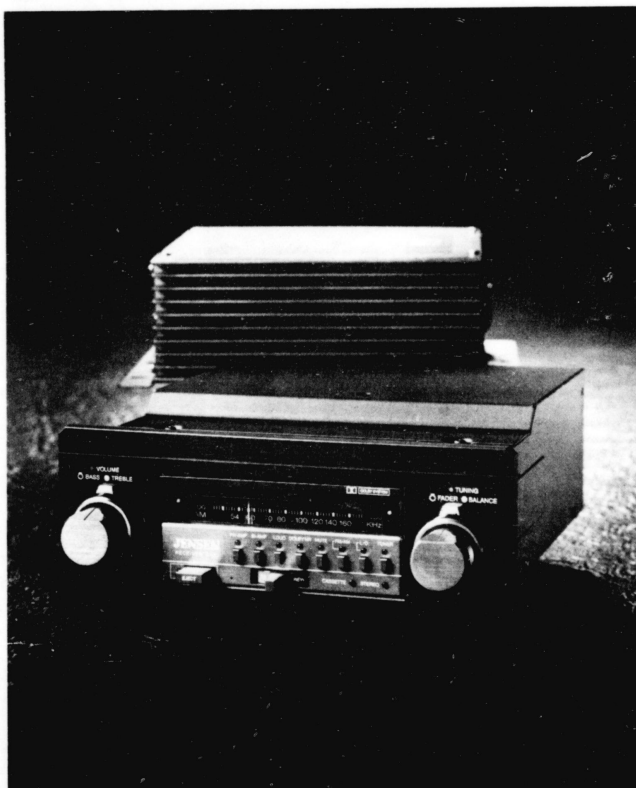
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This Duck Gets Down

BY KENT MURPHY

A couple of years ago a new comic book character introduced himself in the otherwise undistinguished pages of a "creature" comic called *Man-Thing*: a duck, Howard by name, the feathered kind with a rumped, ill-fitting sport coat that didn't quite cover his protruding tail. He carried a cigar and a jaunty air of confidence while, deep in the Everglades, light years from home, he was about to face a gang of goblins summoned by a master villain. Howard, in the manner of all great heroes, attracts trouble like a lightning rod.

The Duck wears his dockworker philosophy on his sleeve, a self-reliant figure in an execrable world populated by, as he puts it, "talking, hairless apes." Howard escaped his first encounter with Earth only to misstep on a celestial pathway home. He fell tumbling through the void, this time into a vacant lot in Cleveland. Depressed by his poor sense of direction, Howard resolved to dive from a height toward the smelly Cuyahoga River, which once in real life caught fire. But near the top of a slender tower on the river's edge, the Duck stumbled once again. This time a voluptuous redhead barely dressed in golden chains sobbed her despair and Howard made his move. Thus began his relationship with the delightful Beverly, a kind of love one who doesn't know Howard cannot hope to fathom.

Maybe four feet tall with wide flat flippers, the comic kingdom's newest hero looks no more the part than Bogey did. But Beverly Switzler, who could be Lauren Bacall's lush baby sister, fell hard for the tough little bird who came to her aid in what turned out to be a mad accountant's castle.

The celebrated first issue of *Howard the Duck* ends on a wan and pessimistic note. Two themes appear on its final page that follow through all his adventures. With Beverly at his side and not a dime in his pocket he listens to her ask "Where will you go now? What will you do?" The existential anguish comes to comics, voiced by a delicious babe dedicated to a duck. Howard's reply would have pleased Camus. "I dunno . . . but I could sure use a good cigar."

At times we all wonder about a parallel universe, some wheeling cosmos spinning next to ours separated by only an eyelash and a few laws of physics.

Howard comes from one of those nearby worlds, flung into our own when the starry nexus rippled for a moment and he was caught in the crack. His must have been a world much like our own, full of wisecracking, acerbic macho types who posture to cover up a soft core that melts for happy dogs and dizzy blondes. Howard makes his way through our world with aplomb, startled only by the occasional observation, such as Spiderman's "Hey! You're a talking duck!" But Howard is not one to let these things pass without comment. "You're not exactly Mr. Normal, either, y'know," he retorts to the webslinger.

Howard is most recently involved with a wasted trio of weakly bred socialites, one of whom is a Barbara Walters sound-alike incapable of articulating an "L." The duck is appalled by the immaturity he finds among them. After a horrific misadventure in which he appears as a circus comedian, the duck delivers himself of a typically stern lecture. "Listen close Iris, cause here's a lesson obviously never taught you: Actions have consequences. All you hairless apes seem so self-possessed, I'm not surprised it never occurred to you, but mess with people's lives—and fate eventually messes back! You'll get yours, Iris."

Steve Gerber, a Marvel Comics writer, created Howard the Duck half a decade ago in his Brooklyn apartment. He was 26 and full of creative frustrations after working as an advertising writer and then a spinner of "sword and sorcery" genre comic book tales. Gerber eventually got together with Frank Brunner, an artist, who also wanted to do comics that appealed to the mind as well as the mindless. They teamed up for a pair of Howard adventures based incongruously in Cleveland, and Stan Lee, Marvel's publisher, knew he had a winner. *Howard the Duck* Number One hit the presses with much fanfare and once on the streets promptly disappeared.

Among comic collectors *Howard the Duck* is already legend. Although on the market for barely two years, issue Number One, featuring the first animal super-hero since Mighty Mouse, commands a mint-condition price of \$15 (if you can find a willing seller). In the South and on the West Coast the price may ease some, but supplies are lower in those places. One archive near Atlanta would say only that *Howard the Duck* back numbers were in stock. They most certainly were not for sale. Another dealer said, "Yeah, I got some. But they're buried. They're going to stay buried." One enthusiast tried to explain the comic's intrinsic appeal as he displayed a rare issue. "The drawing and lettering are high quality. They assign their best

writers and artists to Howard." While he talked he handled the pages as one might examine a fragile medieval manuscript. "It's the kind of book that people who care about comics would do. You get the feeling as you read it that the people who put it together really like what they're doing." A clerk at Fantasy Land Books in Chamblee, Georgia, believed that Howard was appealing because "It has more realistic dialogue than other comics."

But not all collectors are so thoughtful. "I'm keeping it because the price is going up," announced one. A grandmother said that she had bought the entire series for her grandson, now four. "So that he would have something for college." She updates the investment each month at a neighborhood grocery.

Overstreet's authoritative *Comic Book Price Guide*, published annually, pegs mint quality copies at \$75 for most numbers, excluding of course the very early ones. Yet that's more than twice the cover price for comic books only a year or two old. Few stocks or bonds have appreciated so much.

Despite *Howard the Duck*'s high flying collector's reputation, the Duck fell flat on his back as a daily comic page figure. When Howard displaced Steve Canyon last year, in the Macon, Georgia, *Telegraph*, the readers howled. They protested so much that the editor had to respond with a piece defending his decision. "The comics page must keep up,"

he said in essence. The noble experiment was tried at almost the same time in Columbus, Georgia, as well.

The Columbus *Ledger* made room for Howard and promptly felt heat from its readers. Howard endured for two months in Columbus, about three in Macon. A *Telegraph* staffer told the story of Howard's end. "We ran a survey to rank the comics by order of

preference. *Howard the Duck* came in last." Not only was Howard last, he was a distant last. "Folks just weren't ready for him here," sighed a newsman.

The college crowd that reads Howard is a varied one. To keep up with the Duck, it has to be. "Weirded out," complained a pre-med sophomore who had once read *HTD*. "I'll try again in a year or so. See what he's up to." On the other hand, a recent graduate in Political Science felt empathy. "I'm over-educated and can't find a job. So is Howard. He makes me laugh about it."

A self-educated polymath, Howard's a walking diatribe on social ills, but a commentator without a forum, an orator with no soapbox. His on-again-off-again affair with Ms. Switzler is an analogue for the mid-Seventies' uncertain view of affection. It hurts Howard when he thinks himself weak so he periodically shuns the attentions of those who love him and declares for rugged individualism. But he can't operate for long alone, he is by nature gregarious and concerned. These traits show up in his readers, the elements mixed in them in many ways. "People buy this one who don't read any other comics," says one bookseller. "They seem to be mostly college types."

As an anti-hero Howard has the appeal of one treated unjustly by life, a feisty soul down on his luck but determined to make his own comeback. And the women like him. Girls love him, want to mother him, want to make it with a duck. Because regardless of his intelligent bearing and smart mouth, Howard remains a duck. He never steps out of character. Once he was asked, "You rilly a duck? Lemme hear you quack." Howard takes the abuse in stride, the way we all learn to live with large noses or naturally curly hair.

Rumors drifting through the comic book underworld have it that Howard the Duck is dying, that it's a successful cult venture but a commercial failure. These rumors, in turn, spur speculative buying and Howard sales inch upward another month. The managers at Marvel Comics Group, Inc., in New York, Howard's publishers, are playing it close to the vest. Jim Shooter, consulting editor on *Howard the Duck*, said, "I know of no plans to end it," when asked about the rumors. But Gerber, Howard's creator, is gone and the new editor is Bill Mantlo. In the near future *Howard the Duck* will become a bi-monthly black and white publication, larger and more mature, they say.

Just so he sticks around for awhile longer.

Kent Murphy of Atlanta was advised two years ago to purchase all available copies of a new duck comic book. In the future he will take such suggestions seriously.



"A FILM OF GREAT COURAGE AND OVERWHELMING EMOTIONAL POWER. A FIERCELY LOVING EMBRACE OF LIFE."
 — NEWSWEEK, Jack Kroll

"BEST PICTURE OF THE YEAR" — N. Y. FILM CRITICS

★★★★! An emotionally stirring movie that demonstrates real originality. Cimino emerges as one of the most exciting directing talents of the decade."
 — N. Y. DAILY NEWS, Kathleen Carroll

"So real, you can feel it in your bones. DeNiro has accomplished an amazing characterization and the others make you see a world you've never known. Director Cimino has made a picture that resounds and echoes with a true American voice."
 — N. Y. POST, Archer Winsten

"The Deer Hunter' has qualities that we almost never see any more—range and power and breadth of experience. What really counts is authenticity, which this movie has by the ton...An epic."
 — NEW YORK, David Denby

"I hope that this blockbuster of a film wins the Academy Award for Best Picture of 1978. It fully deserves it."
 — AFTER DARK, Norma McLain Stoop

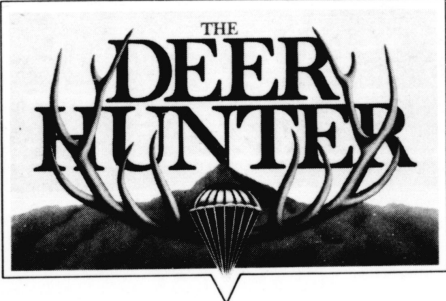
"An extremely ambitious and important film on a crucial theme. It demands to be measured against the classic uses of the screen to illustrate the way we live and die...A savagely strong piece of filmmaking, it is an earnest, serious and impressive work. 'The Deer Hunter' joins a thin company that aspire to greatness."
 — LOS ANGELES TIMES, Charles Champlin

"The Deer Hunter' is the great American movie of 1978. It reaffirms that Robert De Niro is one of the finest actors of our day and it catapults Michael Cimino into the front ranks of our best young directors."
 — HOLLYWOOD REPORTER, Arthur Knight

"An extraordinary new film — a shattering experience. 'The Deer Hunter' has affected me more profoundly than any film I have seen in years. From start to finish this three-hour film is made with consummate skill. Cimino joins his contemporaries Coppola and Scorsese as a major force in American filmmaking. Robert De Niro is superb. The most suspenseful, terrifying sequence of men at war ever committed to celluloid. The images are worthy of Goya. Even now Cimino may not realize that he has made the greatest anti-war movie since 'Grand Illusion.' It's thrilling to see ensemble playing of this quality in an American film. John Savage gives an electrifying performance. He captures naked, animal fear with more shocking intensity than I have ever seen on the screen."
 — NEW WEST, Stephen Farber

"The Deer Hunter' places director Michael Cimino right at the center of film culture. The film dares to say that things have come down to life versus death, and it's time someone said this big and strong without fear."
 — NEWSWEEK, Jack Kroll

ROBERT DE NIRO
 A MICHAEL CIMINO FILM



UNIVERSAL PICTURES and EMI FILMS present "THE DEER HUNTER"

Co-starring JOHN CAZALE · JOHN SAVAGE · MERYL STREEP · CHRISTOPHER WALKEN · Screenplay by DERIC WASHBURN · Story by MICHAEL CIMINO & DERIC WASHBURN and LOUIS GARFINKLE & QUINN K REDEKER · Production Consultant JOANN CARELLI · Associate Producers MARION ROSENBERG and JOANN CARELLI

Music by STANLEY MYERS · Produced by BARRY SPIKINGS, MICHAEL DEELEY, MICHAEL CIMINO and JOHN PEVERALL · Director of Photography VILMOS ZSIGMOND, A.S.C.

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WARNING
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In Print

Nighttouch

A "nighttouch" is a disturbing message from the unconscious during a dream or nightmare. It is like hearing "a whistler in the graveyard"—frightening, yet enticing.

Nighttouch (St. Martin's, \$5.95) is also one of the finest and most bizarre literary anthologies of the year. Editors Gerry Goldberg, Stephen Storoschuk, and Fred Corberr have arranged five chapters of terrifying prose, poetry, and pictures to correspond with the five stages of nightmare. In a typical nightmare, they tell us, a dreamer is plunged into an extremely threatening situation, is overwhelmed by dread, makes futile attempts to escape, is paralyzed by fear, and, at last, temporarily eludes the nightmare, awakening in a cold sweat.

Each chilling chapter is framed by quotations from Bram Stoker's *Dracula*. Excerpts from the psychiatric writings of Freud and Jung, as well as quotations from the dark journals of H.P. Lovecraft, provide a cold-blooded appositive to each chapter. Science fiction and horror stories by Poe, Guy de Maupassant, Theodore Sturgeon and others, pull the reader into the realm of nightmare. The Rod Serling classic, "The Monsters Are Due on Maple Street," is appended with his closing narration from *The Twilight Zone*. Intelligence and taste are displayed in the selection of poetry by Philip Lamantia, Mark Strand, Ted Hughes, and Louise Bogan, to name a few. Black-and-white stills from *The Mole People*, *Un Chien Andalou* (yes, the razor and the eye), *Nosferatu*, *The Werewolf of London*, et al., provide the appropriate dark and foreboding atmosphere.

Kafka said "a book should serve as the axe for the frozen sea within us." *Nighttouch* is an axe in motion. For the unwilling reader, for those who close their eyes at horror movies, it is frightening, exhilarating, and only to be opened in broad daylight. For those who try to go back to sleep after a bad dream, this book should be kept on the night stand.

Richard Jones

More Rock Chronicles

If any conclusions are to be drawn from the plethora of rock histories that hit the bookstalls in the past year, the most obvious is that rock has hit middle age, firmly and squarely. By middle age, I mean that point at which rock is no longer underground, no longer open to a secret society, even if that society numbers in the millions.

The histories are everywhere, and cover everything, from volumes on punk to quickies on John Travolta, Shaun Cassidy and Peter Frampton. They range from the last word (*Rolling Stone's Illustrated History of Rock and Roll*) to the chronologically pretentious (Ritchie Yorke's *The History of Rock and Roll*). But just about the only history which ranks as seriously comprehensive—the only set which I would use as a reference work—is *The Illustrated Encyclopedias of Rock* by Nick Logan and Bob Woffinden, *Jazz* by Brian Case and Stan Britt and *Country Music* by Fred Deller and Roy Thompson (Harmony Books, \$7.95 per volume).

Between these three lavishly illustrated, coffee-table-sized paperbacks, there are over 1500 separate entries, each neatly cross-referenced so that the progress of, say, John Cale, from Velvet Underground through Brian Eno, Nico, Patti Smith and Iggy Pop, can be followed without need for a scorecard. The books casually list items which can drive a writer mad in their elusiveness, like band members at different stages of a group's development and the all-important discography.

And, amazingly enough, the books read well. Rather than trying to maintain a distance throughout, the authors toss in the occasional point of view, a tendency which keeps the series from turning into a pile of academic mush.

If there is a failing in the *Encyclopedias*, it's also one of the series' strangest strengths—that the books, which are for the most part about American phenomena, are all written by Britishers. This leads to a tendency to speak glowingly of groups like P.F.M. and the Pink Fairies, while Elvis Presley gets much less space than Pink Floyd. The strength of the Britishers, though, is that England had come to appreciate the American underground long before we gringos, and this distance gives our rock, jazz and country scene a clean, fresh perspective.

Who else but a Limey, after all, would ever speak of a witless TV show like *Hee Haw* as "a surprisingly young television show filled with cornpone humor and . . . a lack of sophistication." Now that's what I call genuine understatement.

Merrill Shindler

Robots Everywhere

"The creative act of the human intelligence is but one in art or in science." Jakob Bronowski said that in 1956, expressing an idea that's currently in vogue. An especially copious amount of ink is getting spilled over the "structural fit" between technology and the humanities or arts. Onto this new and still rather untamed frontier come *Robots: Fiction and Prediction* by Jasia Reichardt (Penguin, \$8.95) and *The Robot Book* by Robert Malone (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, \$6.95).

Ms. Reichardt's book, assembled with much imagination and evident love, can be called inclusive in its approach. Not satisfied to trace the concept of the robot back to the 1922 play *R.U.R.* by Karel Capek (which everyone usually does), she pursues it back to the moment when the Maker of Heaven and Earth became the first to operationalize a

man-shaped mechanism. She finds robotics in diverse fields of endeavor: magic, industrial design, charlatany, religion, medicine, computer science, philosophy, alchemy. Her sources range from Descartes and the *Rig-Veda* to *Zombies of the Stratosphere* and Onoff the Wonder Robot, who peddles picture postcards of himself on a California street outside his home museum.

Reichardt's work is as addictive as—and only somewhat more organized than—the Wallace-Wallechinsky *Book of Lists*. The reader is already in its grip when page 11 reports Thomas Aquinas's alleged response to a public greeting from Albertus Magnus's robot. Displeased, the Learned Doctor of the Church smashed the offending automaton to bits. Interest is still high when on page 83 Reichardt stops to meditate on the lack of satisfying fictional love stories involving female humans and mechanical men.

The Robot Book is more straightforward in its presentation. Malone is less excitable than Reichardt and gives short shrift to, for example, the assertions of artificial-intelligence proponents. In his effort to set forth his material logically, he tends to lapse into *Psychology Today* language, e.g., "We have always turned to our artists for a clear picture of who we really are." While he will not win prizes for feverish invention, he does succeed in integrating a good deal of material from popular culture with technological information. For a high-school textbook, Malone's book would be excellent; for restless grownups, Reichardt is the choice.

Naomi Lindstrom

The Jazz Writer

James Collier has written a serious, readable book explaining *The Making of Jazz* (Houghton-Mifflin, \$20.00) in terms of social traditions and instrumentation, musical conventions and individual phrasing. Full of statements like "It's doubtful Blind Lemon Jefferson ever sang a major third in his career," the book explains musical concepts without being boring or overly academic. His biographical research, although secondary, is excellent, with photos I've never seen. Collier also poses intriguing speculations about jazz's ethnomusicological development, but so easily read. A must for the serious jazz DJ or listener, the book, in paperback, should become the standard text for college jazz surveys.

The book is not without faults, the least of which is needless reference to an English fusion guitarist, "John McGlaughlin." For the most part Collier's research and thinking ended five years ago. He writes off fusion too easily. No mention is made of Anthony Braxton, the Art Ensemble of Chicago or other members of Chicago's Association for the Advancement of Creative Musicians. Keith Jarrett is mentioned in passing as a protégé of Bill Evans. Trad jazz pianist Art Hodes, an

important figure in the Dixieland Revival Collier otherwise covers so well, goes unmentioned, as does the magazine he edited, *The Jazz Record*.

These are relatively minor points against the 498 pages that cover jazz, pre-jazz and African music so well. Collier, a musician himself, is to be applauded.

Dave Helland

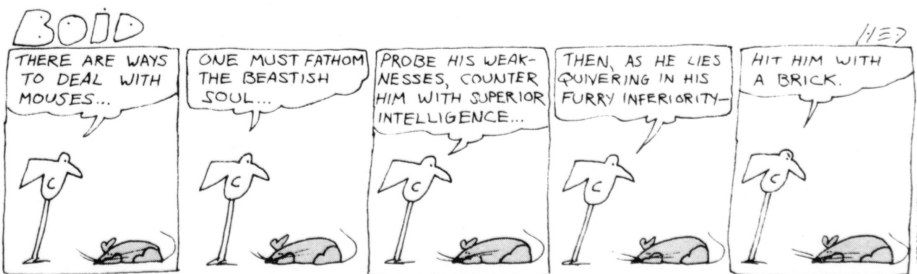
Chivalry Is Still Dead

Thomas Berger's latest, *Arthur Rex, A Legendary Novel* (Delacorte, \$10.95), is a 500-page joke in search of a punchline. Berger, an outstanding prose technician, has more than once had problems with his books' themes and concepts, but the muddle he has made of *Arthur Rex* shows a real crisis of direction in the writer's career. What has worked most strongly for Berger at his best (*Little Big Man*, *Vital Parts*, *Sneaky People*) is a mournful yet incisive irony, delivered with genuine skill and rendering him, in the school of humanistic cynicism, as a sort of thinking man's Kurt Vonnegut. Unfortunately, Berger's sorrowful passion has too often turned sour, his sense of pathos surrendered to a maudlin and contrived prose style.

An attempt to "do" the Arthurian legend as Berger has "done" the Old West (with real success) in *Little Big Man*, *Arthur Rex* includes all the major figures of the original epic *Morte d'Arthur*, which Berger is said to have treasured since early childhood. One can sympathize with his desire to make these giants of fiction—King Arthur, Merlin, Lancelot, the Lady of the Lake, et al.—real to today's reader. The problem is they were never real to begin with, serving instead as distinctly two-dimensional embodiments of the chivalric ideal. Berger's attempt to bring a psychological depth to these cipher-like characters is at best a misconception and at worst a ludicrous disservice to the entire genre of heroic myth. While the Arthurian age offers a wealth of quaintness in language and custom, to which Berger, sometimes quite entertainingly, employs his frolicsome word play, *Arthur Rex* broadly misses the point in its unwillingness to address chivalry and all its attendant virtues and foibles on their own terms.

Berger spends a lot of this overwrought book working in clever, if not exactly diverting, ribaldry and clamour, but to very little meaningful effect. It is funny in an oddly condescending way, which is finally not very funny. With *Arthur Rex*, Thomas Berger has created the literary equivalent of that recent duo of *Three Musketeers* costume comedy films of director Richard Lester: heavy on atmosphere and casting but ultimately soft at the center, it burns itself out from a sheer weight of preciousness.

Davin Seay



The Time After Wells

Into the Time Machine Again,
With Malcolm McDowell as H.G. Wells

BY BYRON LAURSEN

Threading a well-known historical figure into fictional drama is tricky business. Grumblers may pounce on anything less than a mimic's performance. But, luckily for the makers of *Time After Time*, a fantasy film that sends H.G. Wells chasing Jack the Ripper across epochs, most people know precious little about Herbert George Wells, the Victorian Englishman who concocted some forty novels, a raft of Socialist pamphlets and two histories of the world while generating a new field of literature called Science Fiction.

British actor Malcolm McDowell, charged with playing the beaming author of *The War of the Worlds*, *The Time Machine*, et al., tries, on one of the last days of filming, to explain his role's perplexity. We're seated in a cream-and-brown Wintonago parked alongside studio 27A in Warner Brothers' Burbank lot. Not far away three men—a portly black replicant Victorian London street-fighter, "Well, there's always that element"—he begins hopefully, "you are what you are, in a way, except you use—" McDowell stops to laugh. "That doesn't make any sense at all."

"It's impossible to talk about the character because I don't even want to direct it. I think one has to play the script, really. One is bound by the script, ultimately. Research may make you feel a little better, but when you come to do the role, it's always different. It's amazing, isn't it? I don't usually have a clue in my head as to what the hell I'm going to do."

Satisfied, he relaxes back into the Wintonago's passenger seat, looking every inch an earnest scholar-actor from Britain's past, as convincingly as he once became Alex, maleic incarnation in Stanley Kubrick's *A Clockwork Orange*. On the opportunistic smart-alecks *Off... Off... Off* and *O Lady Mac*, or the bombing washbuckler of *Royal Flash*.

"I'm very untrained as an actor," McDowell says. "I don't have any formal training whatsoever and, you know, it's all hit and miss with me, really." His career also seems hit and miss, it's simply because several of his nine previous films are unfamiliar to American audiences (like *Ass High*, *Long Ago Tomorrow*, *Figaro in a Landlord*).

Born in Yorkshire, "which is the 'Ewas of England" in 1963, McDowell came to Liverpool with his family as the age of six and lived there till, at twenty, he set off on a theatrical career. And yes, he was there the same time as John, Paul, George and Ringo. "The Silver Beatles they were called them. When I knew them they were the biggest group on Merseyside. Saw them several times at the Cavern."

McDowell was a coffee salesman—just like his character in *O Lady Mac*—until he was offered a job in a repertory theater on the Isle of Wight, but claims "I played the best part I ever played in an actor before I was a professional. In school I played all the great Shakespearean roles... Cassius, Porcius... There... God, endless parts. I like going back to the stage, now and again."

Although he admitted that "it's partly true" that British actors use film to finance their stage careers, "I don't do that myself. But I think British actors are unshakable about films, which is very uncommercial. I think it's because they're not very good at it. See, there's no real tradition of film in England like there is in Hollywood and America, even like there is in Italy and France. I think British actors tend to look down on it, you know, as being rather inferior to the stage, which is ridiculous."

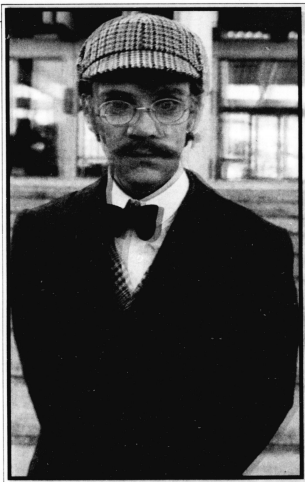
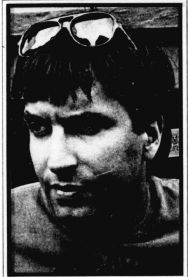
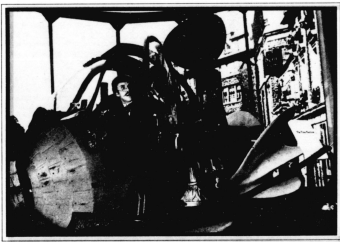
So McDowell is in Hollywood, practicing what he preaches, bound by a script written by the film's director, Nicholas Meyer, after reading Karl Alexander's as yet-unpublished novel, *The Time Traveller*. Meyer himself wrote *The Seven Per Cent Solution*, in which Sigmund Freud shook hands with Sherlock Holmes. Alexander was inspired by Meyer's success—they were classmates in the University of Iowa's writing program—and the storytelling possibilities opened up by the commingling of historical characters.

As Meyer describes *Time After Time*, "It's one of those nice stories in which the implications are all organically based. You don't have to do anything. Put 'em in front of the camera and you've done it. You don't have to reach for it."

The story starts in 1903, with Wells showing off his freshly-invented time machine to a group of friends. Suddash, police-artist, Dr. Stevenson, Wells' friend and chess partner; it turns out, is actually Jack the Ripper. But Stevenson—played by David Warner—stays a step ahead, escaping to San Francisco and 1973 in the machine. Wells follows and the rest of the picture is a combination of manhunt, crime thriller and philosophical clash. Wells is pictured as an incurable optimist who believes the future must be Utopia, while Jack the Ripper represents a view of human nature as "imperfectible, chained to itself forever."

Meyer, young and dark-haired, crosses the Warner lot like a diminutive footballer, the stocky, close-to-the-ground type fans used to call a "grass clipper." A reporter and a publicist come along like blockers hand pressed to keep the runner's pace. Meyer jokes about the relative size of his little piece of Victorian real estate and Stevenson's huge store for 1963, claims that the station wagon rolling slowly by is there to tell him the time of day on request, and demands, through a cigar-stuffed mouth, "Do you believe that?"

Meyer came out to Hollywood in 1971 knowing no one. His quietness, no doubt, won him a job as publicist for *Law Story*, which he parlayed into the writing of a couple of TV movies—one of which concerned the night Owen Welle sprang his radio version of H.G. Wells' *War of the Worlds* on America.



McDowell as Wells in the time machine (top left), hauling a cab (bottom middle) and with co-star Mary Steenburgen (lower right). Director Nicholas Meyer (lower left) with his mouth uncharacteristically shut.



We come to rest on a couch, part of the on-screen living room furniture of Amy Robbins (played by Mary Steenburgen), with whom Wells falls in love in San Francisco. "I read some of Wells' books in the course of my growing up. But as far as deep study... Meyer likes the idea and focuses on his interview. "I'm sure you know more about him than I do. Because Wells was not really worthily important for me other than for what I wanted him to be for the story. Which was... he wrote a book called *The Outline of History* and used it as the Outline of Wells. I read it on certain superficial occasions. That he was a Fabian Socialist, that he was something of a Cassanova, schoolteacher, journalist, those things are all implied or stated. Also, he looks right. The guy I got to play him looks very much like the young H.G. Wells. Beyond that, research was not really important for the story."

Adjacent to the apartment set, crew members in the largest part of the studio are readying for shots of the Argo, the time machine built for the movie. An eighth size of black cloth is suspended from floor to ceiling and the machine sits in front of it on a pivoting pedestal. Scurrying off a junkyard sculpture, the Argo looks like a shortened version of the Nautilus from Walt Disney's *20,000 Leagues Under the Sea*, with a Jacob's Ladder to the nose to arc sparks while the contraption substitutes its way through the plasma of time.

Ask Meyer if *Time After Time* will be as playful as the punning title and carnival-style time machine indicate.

"Well, if it's play, it's serious play," he says. He seems faintly angry, like he seemed earlier when I compared the Argo to a Rock-O-Plane car. "The movie really runs along. It's a really thing and certainly one of the things is comic. But, in contrast to the comic elements, it is also ironic. An ironic fable. And I think, finally, a better fable because he sees the future and it doesn't work. We're regressed, or haven't gone forward. He sees our customs, our mores, our values with the last eye of Victorian rationalism. And the Victorian world wasn't all that wonderful either. But I can get my rocks off about everything I don't like in the twentieth century, which is much."

Wells lived until 1933, far enough into the current century to write a last opus entitled *The Mind of the End of the World*. He was more scaling of progress than even Nicholas Meyer. As a student of Thomas Huxley's, he had a collaboration with Charles Darwin. Wells came to see mankind as just another biological species, subject to the laws of evolution and needing to undergo successful adaptive changes. *The Time Machine*, wherein future generations divide into groups of three stumps and cannibalistic brats, is really a story of retrograde evolution. An epilogue added to one of the later editions said of the story's narrator, "He... thought but cheerfully of the Advancement of Mankind, and saw in the growing pile civilization only a foolish heaping that must inevitably fall his upon and destroy its makers in the end."

Wells was obsessed not only with the future or the eventual perfection of mankind but the readjustment of the social order. He looked at Capitalism ("traditional usage... uncontrolled acquisitive energy... perverted opportunities") and Marxism ("in no sense creative or curative... enslaving") about equally. He dined frequently with his friends among the Fabian Socialists, finding their thinking "outdated." Wells wanted to make a practically applicable science out of history and sociology, an empirical look for strengthening the present, class and collision of the human condition.

"He's rather a simple man in many ways," McDowell says later. "He adapts very quickly and that's what I've tried to do. In Victorian England, where we start the picture, he's really very much at home, obviously. He's in his own house and he has this great secret to tell his contemporaries. He sneaks to them that he's built this time machine. And so where he gets to contemporary San Francisco, it's really that he's very inquisitive about everything, not that he's expelled by it. I suppose that comes from the sort of amateur scientist in him."

"Nick has done a very good script, because it's a multi-layered script written in a way that's a bit naive... I mean that in the best sense. Because for any man to say that within three generations men will live like brothers is just crap, really. I mean, it's an optimistic viewpoint. My own particular viewpoint would be that we're lucky if we're all *in* in three generations."

Back on the set, Mary Steenburgen is padding about her movie apartment in shaggy pink slippers. Her dark hair is drawn back and she wears a monotype sports jacket over a body so delicate and pretty it seems made of porcelain. "The fact that after three months nobody on the crew can say my name doesn't bother me at all," she says, flashing a smile. None all is ready for a scene in which McDowell explains why he won't buy a gun, even with Jack the Ripper on the loose. In underfive his point he jabs an umbrella into an umbrella stand, but it misses. Still on camera, he picks up the umbrella and tries once more, missing again.

"Who put the umbrella on elastic?" he demands. The crew breaks up, except for one man with a clipboard.

"We're laughing our way into Friday," says doleful Mr. Clipboard.

McDowell and Steenburgen retire to the Wintonago to discuss problems with the scene and, eventually, knuckles rap on the aluminum door. A stage hand sticks his head in and says, "We didn't get lower in the shot."

"What a shame," McDowell says, gathering himself to leave for a re-take. "I was hoping for a close-up of the bowtie."

On Screen



THE DEER HUNTER, starring Robert De Niro, John Cazale, John Savage, Christopher Walken, Meryl Streep; written by Deric Washburn; story by Michael Cimino & Washburn and Louis Garfinkle & Quinn K. Redeker; directed by Cimino.

In many ways this is yet another American buddy movie, full of inarticulate but sensitive slob who backslap and drink a lot, but what distinguishes *The Deer Hunter* from the rest of the motley pack is the intensity of emotions, underplayed but understood, provided by a flawless cast. I think the Academy should cancel its annual awards celebration this year and just send all pertinent Oscars to *The Deer Hunter*'s creators. De Niro and Walken, in particular, are awesome in what they bring to their basically underwritten roles.

The film is about friendship and survival and the relationship of the two at home and at war. Three Pennsylvania steel workers—De Niro, Savage and Walken—enlist in the Army in 1968; before leaving Savage is married and the others, with pals Cazale, George Dzundza and Chuck Aspergren, go off on one last deer hunt. The wedding and reception, in full Russian-immigrant splendor, take up about 45 wonderful minutes, during which Walken proposes to Streep, she accepts, and De Niro casts some intense glances at her. In fact, the looks De Niro directs at Streep are more longing, sexy and sweet than many an explicit love scene.

The deer hunt is a bit heavy-handed in its symbolism: the church choir from the wedding, no less, booms away in "heaven" as De Niro stalks his buck and makes his one-shot kill; apparently Cimino wanted to make sure we understood that the hunt is an Allegory. There are other jarring or frustrating moments, as when De Niro, home from Viet Nam, mentions a wound that is never explained; Savage's wife is a speechless zombie in one scene, normal in her next. But these are small carps for a film that is warm and loving and utterly terrifying. The contrast—and connection—between home and distant war is so disturbing I marvel at how returning vets ever adjust, even the strong, silent self-reliant ones like De Niro's character, who almost single-handedly rescues himself and his two friends from a numbingly frightening Russian roulette game staged by their Cong captors.

The final scene, which usually sends audi-

ences out of the theatre in silent introspection, was at first distressing; I couldn't imagine people attending the funeral of a dear friend killed in Viet Nam and then sitting down around a table singing "God Bless America." But there is no irony or bitterness implied, just sadness and the support of surviving friends; they never questioned the war before they went, and perhaps they never will, even though the terrible physical and emotional effects will linger with them all ways.

By the end of this three-hour (but never dragging) masterpiece I cared about these people as if I'd grown up with them; I sometimes catch myself wondering how they're doing, and I have to remind myself that it's only a movie.

Judith Sims

KING OF THE GYPSIES, starring Eric Roberts, Sterling Hayden, Shelley Winters and Brooke Shields; written and directed by Frank Pierson.

Here he is again: that street-wise, dark-haired, lusty, excitable, charming Eastern city boy—full of his subculture's passionate, life-loving ways, but seething and finally exploding with inarticulate rage at the stupid cruelty of almost everyone else around him. You loved him in *The Godfather*, *Mean Streets*, *Saturday Night Fever*, and *Bloodbrothers*—at least *somebody* did—so no wonder he's back. Only, for variety's sake, he's not Italian this time. He's a gypsy, played by the heralded new actor Eric Roberts, who looks, sounds and pounds his fist against the wall pretty much like all the other heralded new actors of this star-hatching genre.

The gypsy angle is about the only thing that distinguishes this movie from others of its kind—except for its inferiority to the rest. *Gypsies* is nothing more than a sort of poor ethnic joke. Someone could and maybe

someday will make a film that conveys the alternating color, darkness and humor of America's gypsies, who contemptuously hang onto their customs and delight in spitting on the 20th Century.

But Frank Pierson made *this* film. There was once some hope that his career would bloom into something interesting—though he directed the last *A Star Is Born* and committed other minor crimes, he had previously scripted *Dog Day Afternoon*. *Gypsies*, though, crushes any hope for him; it was made with slick, cold calculation and little else. The plot was "suggested by" the 1974 non-fiction book of the same title by Peter Maas (*Serpico*, *The Valachi Papers*). The characters and events have been changed, omitted, added, romanticized and hyped-up to fit the *Godfatherish* mold.

The film's Dave Stepanowicz (Roberts' part) possesses all the good qualities of Steve Tene (the book's protagonist) and few of his faults. The fact that our hero in the book financed most of his teenage years by being a homosexual prostitute somehow gets left out. Wonder why? He remains, though, the reluctant chosen heir to his grandfather's "royal" title, still in conflict with his brutish father over rights to that honor, with vague ambitions about leading his people from larceny to learning.

It's all only mildly ludicrous until the film's climactic convulsions. The events in the book were unresolved, so Pierson wraps things up with the bloody deaths of two characters. Both scenes are stunningly crass. One copies the *Mean Streets* car crash scene almost shot-for-shot, the other unnecessarily has our hero made to look like a cold-blooded murderer (they could have at least given the other guy a gun). "It's almost his time," the ads say. Oh great.

Terry Atkinson

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SUPERMAN, with Christopher Reeve, Gene Hackman, Marlon Brando, Margot Kidder; written by Mario Puzo, Leslie Newman, David Newman & Robert Benton; directed by Richard Donner.

Four years and \$45 million since producers Alexander and Ilya Salkind announced they would make an epic movie about Superman, the film has flown into theatres across America. The ads say "you'll believe a man can fly," which curiously is beside the point in this sweet, almost ingenuous film about the world's favorite super-hero. If you go expecting another dazzling special effects movie on the order of 2001, *Star Wars* or *Close Encounter of the Third Kind*, you'll be dreadfully disappointed. However, if you go expecting throw-away sophisticated acting, a lovely romance and a little high adventure, *Superman* can do no wrong.

The film's major saving grace is 25-year-old Reeve. Good looking, athletic, he also possesses a charm and sweetness that can't be faked. He plays Superman very straight-ahead and with enough subtle grace to make him believable. Unlike the comic books on which this movie is based, what makes our screen Superman work is his ability to relate to the world—and the people around him, most notably Lois Lane, played by Margot Kidder.

Reeve and Kidder have an on-screen rapport that's quite remarkable and their scenes together, although in this part-one of the two-part movie saga quite chaste, are oddly romantic.

Where *Superman* gets grounded is in building to a viable dramatic climax. It's as if the filmmakers were so intent on making two separate films (the next to be released in '79), they had no idea how to finish this initial venture. And the sequences from the planet Krypton to earth never quite mesh in style. When we're on Krypton the attitude is pure fantasy; when we come down to earth, Donner and company try for realism, a mish-mash of styles that's quite distracting. The best way to watch *Superman* is simply to give yourself over to the flight of fancy and come in for an easy landing.

And oh yes, Brando is in this film as Superman's daddy, although he's hardly worth the marquee value of the \$4.5 million he received for 12 days work. He is, however, his usual accomplished Super-self.

Jacoba Atlas

MOVIE, MOVIE, starring George C. Scott, Trish Van Devere; written by Larry Gelbart and Sheldon Keller; produced & directed by Stanley Donen.

A woman in one of James Thurber's short stories scalded her hand on purpose, just to see if the salve she'd bought at the county fair was any good. It was only so-so.

Movie, Movie, a two-segment burlesque of Thirties films, aims to be funny by being awful on purpose. It's only a little bit funny.

Part one, "Dynamite Hands," takes a delivery boy into the fight racket in order to pay for his sister's needed eye operation. He's sidetracked by a blonde floozie and duped by a crooked manager, but he wins in the end, thanks to a trueheart girlfriend, a loyal family and his gruff but lovable first manager. Part two, "Baxter's Beauties of 1933," traces the birth of a Broadway hit, the last one for dying producer Spats Baxter, whose daughter, away at school so long neither she nor her father know each other, takes over the lead role after the bitch who was to star breaks a leg on opening night. Spats fades right after closing curtain on their triumphant opening night, of course, saying, "One minute you're in the wings, the next minute you're wearing them."

Perhaps the affectionate stance of its

humor is what limits *Movie, Movie* to being a cute failure, because every joke is harmless and yawns outpace laughs by three to one. As a project, it seems to have been lots more fun for its creators than it is for its audience. Writers Larry Gelbart (*Oh, God*) and Sheldon Keller (*Buona Sera, Mrs. Campbell*) enjoy most of the giggles themselves. Accomplished wiseguys, clever to a fault, they turn their take-off into a jerk-off, mixing and over-extending metaphors as if they believe groans are better than laughs. But their supply of comic effects goes no farther than warm-hearted exaggeration. When writers want to draw laughs from the obvious—and *Movie, Movie* is an exercise in inevitability—they should bring more than just the obvious into play. Marshall McLuhan aside, the message is something bigger than the medium.

Director Donen has musical and light romance credits going back to *Singing in the Rain* and *Charade*. His camera movement is *Movie, Movie*'s best source of momentum. And nearly all the actors, young and old, are praiseworthy in their hammy-beyond-belief roles. It's the concept that stinks.

Byron Laursen

MOMENT BY MOMENT, with John Travolta & Lily Tomlin. Written & directed by Jane Wagner.

It's dangerous calling any film "the worst movie ever made" because someone can always come up with an alternative disaster, but *Moment by Moment* is surely one of the worst films ever made, filled with lofty pretensions and feeble-minded literalness. It's a perfect example of the lack of creative leadership in Hollywood. The movie looked good on paper, teaming John Travolta, America's hottest sex symbol, with Lily Tomlin, America's hottest comedienne, in a trendy older woman-younger man romance set in the glittery world of Beverly Hills. But somewhere between signing the contracts and shooting the movie, everything went wrong.

Writer-director Wagner (Tomlin's good friend and a co-creator of the Tomlin style) has not bothered to write believable characters in a realistic setting. Lily is supposed to play a rich, bored matron who has a fling with a slightly dangerous street kid, Travolta. It's an okay notion, especially since the creators wanted to deal with the very interesting issue of role reversal, where it's the man who's needy, romantic and anxious for love, while the woman is cautious, realistic and anxious for sex. But Wagner, a screen novice, simply isn't up to the task. Lily's character is so superficial she'd be thrown out of Gucci's and John's about as dangerous as Perrier water, although to be fair, the sheer power of Travolta's screen presence at least makes us care about him.

Lily is all wrong; she is simply too hostile, too cold to make us believe her character; she is a performer without passion, so her desperate sexual need for Travolta becomes a laughing matter. I watched the love scenes embarrassed for the actors, and it's ultimately this lack of sensuality that kills *Moment by Moment*. The movie needs to be the screen equivalent of Anais Nin's *Delta of Venus*—a women's point of view of erotica, a movie about how women perceive raw passion, unencumbered by sex and romantic love. But Wagner and Tomlin don't seem to know very much about that aspect of life; at least they don't know how to put it on screen. There's a great deal of Travolta flexing his muscle and offering his body, and a great deal of Tomlin reaching out to take what's offered, but very little desire. I hope Travolta fares better in his next movie, *American Gigolo*, and I also wish Tomlin and Wagner better luck with their next film, appropriately titled, *The Incredible Shrinking Woman*.

Jacoba Atlas

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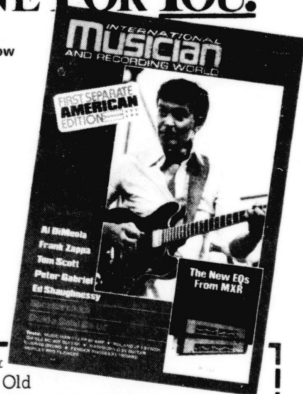
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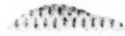
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This is Debbi Morgan



BY DAVIN SEAY

The producers and directors responsible for the second television installment of Alex Haley's outrageously successful genealogy, *Roots*, saw something not immediately apparent in the cherubic allure of Debbi Morgan, a twenty-two-year-old native of Dunn, South Carolina. In *Roots: The Next Generation*, scheduled to air Feb. 18th through the 25th on ABC, Debbi will portray Haley's Great Aunt Elizabeth, one of the two family elders who passed the saga down to the young writer. She is the only actress in the fourteen-hour-long mini-series to play her character from beginning to end, ages eighteen to seventy-five, a remarkable achievement if only because of Debbi's startlingly youthful good looks.

"I grew up around a lot of older women as a girl in the country," Debbi answers, responding to the question of how she prepared to play a seventy-five-year-old woman. "I knew how they spoke, how they walked, the dignity that they have." Aside from that, she allows, there was really very little time to research the part, as "I didn't know I would be playing Elizabeth's whole life when the filming started. They just kept feeding me the script as I went along. Actually," she recalls, "playing the old woman was a lot easier than the middle-aged period. To be forty-five you can't depend nearly as much on makeup and stylized movements." The casting decision apparently was as spontaneous and instinctive as Debbi's grasp of the character.

Stan Margulies, producer of both the original *Roots* epic and *Roots II* remarked: "In doing this project we were faced with a variety of characters who would age; not all these parts were central, yet certainly much of our casting search entailed finding actors who would age well. The part of Elizabeth is a vital one to the story, with the most important periods of her life being at a young age, 17 and 18. Her biggest impact was as a young woman. Debbi was far and away the best actress who read for the role, she is a hell of a performer, and when we discovered how well she adjusted physically to becoming an older person, it was an added bonus we never expected."

The network powers-that-be have pinned heady hopes on Debbi resulting in this auspicious and, by all accounts, plum assignment, as well as a development deal with Warner Bros. Television for a pilot and possible series. Very few young actresses inspire such generous confidence.

A former protegee of the Negro Ensemble Company and the New Federal Theatre workshop, Debbi has logged a respectable number of hours in numerous Off-Broadway productions, including the Joseph Papp staging of *What the Wineseller Buys*, which wound up on Broadway and later as a roadshow with Debbi in the lead role. Other credits include a bit part in the exploitation extravaganza *Mandingo* and a starring spot in something called *The Monkey Hustle*, an abortive attempt to ride the *Coolley High* bandwagon. A bit of TV work followed a move from New York to Los Angeles, but nothing in her career seems to have portended the truly complex demands and obvious creative rewards of playing Elizabeth in *Roots II*.

Although she admits a part like Elizabeth may come but once in an actress's career, Debbi sees in the character a certain sadness mixed with the woman's pride and purpose that gives the budding performer pause. "Elizabeth never marries, and the reasons behind that are really tragic. She was denied the chances in life she deserved, and although she was a strong and powerful figure in the family, there was a great deal missing from her life. I'd like a chance to play someone who has really lived, who hasn't been cheated by circumstances." Age qualifications certainly won't stand in her way. &

JOAN ARMATRADING
To the Limit (A&M)

Armatrading's past four albums have garnered considerable critical acclaim and laid the foundation for her growing cult of admirers, but none carried the punch and accessibility of *To the Limit*.

Producer Glyn Johns provides *Limit* with a lean, unimposing tenor, leaving Armatrading free to play her music without excess backing or distractions. What develops is a potpourri blending the best of Armatrading's widespread musings—from ballads to scat to straight-ahead rock.

One of the major blocks in this English (nee West Indian) musician's career has been her unusual vocal and rhythmic stylisms. On *Limit*, it appears that Armatrading's presentation has solidified; the result is music so infectious that it has to sound natural.

Like her last two albums, *To the Limit* will probably show up on many of the "best of the year" charts in major music publications. Before then, it should make a well-deserved appearance in your record collection.

Glenn Abel

HECTOR BERLIOZ

Royal Hunt and Storm from *Les Troyens* and Suite from *Romeo et Juliette*. Second Part: Orchestre de Paris, Daniel Barenboim, conductor (Columbia)

Berlioz is a difficult composer to conduct. His music is the very quintessence of romanticism, lush to the point of being overripe, full of snares for the self-indulgent conductor or orchestra. Linger too long on one passage and Berlioz becomes bathetic; play him a shade too loud and he becomes bombastic. But perform his music with restraint, eschewing excess, and it can be vastly rewarding.

Sometime pianist Daniel Barenboim continues his exploration of the orchestra repertoire with just enough reserve, holding back when others rush forward. He conducts in a style reminiscent of that most controlled of Englishmen, Sir Thomas Beecham, whose Berlioz a generation ago was the model for everyone. Highly commended.

Ed Cary

CINDY BULLENS

Desire Wire (United Artists)

Cindy Bullens has sung backup for Elton John, done studio work with Bob Crewe, and may have been on the Rolling Thunder tour with Dylan. Since I didn't know this, I viewed yet another album with a mean-looking female with an electric guitar in her hands as more exploitation, but decided to listen to it anyway. And, underneath a brutal sludge of overproduction, I heard a pretty talented singer/songwriter.

Working in a fairly standard rock mode, Cindy Bullens writes good, clean, hard-rocking songs with catchy hooks and okay lyrics. Occasionally, as in "High School History," the lyrics even stand out, but more often, as on "Survivor," it's the melody that works best. Unfortunately, decoding this information from the layers of overdubbing Tony Bongiovi and Lance Quinn have poured on her basic tracks isn't easy, and I'd recommend seeing her in person over buying the record, on the hunch that she's probably got an equally mean rock and roll band, and on the certainty that no stage I've ever seen can hold as many people as play on *Desire Wire*.

Ed Ward



n disc

JOHNNY CASH
Gone Girl (Columbia)

God bless John Cash. In his own quirky way, he's keeping country music honest. Given a choice between several trends, as any country performer always is, he seems to pick the one that hews closest to tradition. He rarely puts out albums of stone genius (although he sometimes does), but he almost always puts out good ones, and *Gone Girl* is one of the better good ones.

The trend he's chosen this time is the one exemplified by "Cowboy" Jack Clement, an old pard from the Sun label days, who just put out an exceptionally quiet and peaceful album on Elektra that is characterized by a loping, insistent beat, kind songs, and minimal production, that gives us such goodies here as the title, "It'll Be Her" and "A Song for the Life," a Rodney Crowell tune that shows up yet another thing I love about Cash, his ear for young writers. The *crazy* side we hear on an amped-up version of "No Expectations" that works against all odds. And, of course, there's the clunker side, with "The Diplomat," yet another overly-sentimental song about old men and trains.

I'd even go so far as to say that you don't have to be a country fan any more to like John Cash—he's got most of the singer/songwriters beat in terms of material and delivery, and he's got enough roots that you feel it when he sings it.

Ed Ward

STEVE FORBERT

Alive on Arrival (Nemperor)

Steve Forbert looks real young on his album cover, like a kid from the sticks on his first meeting with a big city. Which, apparently from his lyrics, he is; but he sings like an old bum from Tom Waits country, only smoother, smooth as hell, and his lyrics betray maturity and wisdom way beyond his naive appearance. With the expected Gibson acoustic and harmonica in hand (he plays both very well), this 23-year-old from Meridian, Mississippi, has written some killer songs on this folksy debut.

Like the debut album from Aztec Two Step, Forbert combines sardonic wit with concise vision in songs like "Thinkin'" and "Big City Cat," while, like Bruce Springsteen, he combines a keen street awareness and rich lyricism in "Steve Forbert's Midsummer Night's Toast," "Goin' Down to Laurel" and "Grand Central Station, March 18, 1977." The outstanding centerpiece for the album is the ballad "It Isn't Going to Be That Way," where he dumps all his wisdom out in a perfectly believable "I know what it's like, kid . . ." tone. Maybe he has seen it all, but the difference between him and someone like Tom Waits is that Waits is world weary and dwells on the seamy American underside, while Forbert has seen it all and has come away undisillusioned, the Billy Budd of rock. He is an irresistible hero, and I found myself wanting him to be okay at the end of the album. And in the end he is okay, too, so I breathed a sigh of relief that he's made it in the big city. Then I thought of the future and hoped he doesn't end up in John Prine's society of real good writers who can't quite

make themselves noticed by the public. Forbert, like Prine, deserves better.

Gilbert Asakawa

GRATEFUL DEAD
Shakedown Street (Arista)

It's too bad. Last year's *Terrapin Station*, a flawed but generally satisfying effort, seemed to point a new direction for America's oldest dinosaur band. Produced by Keith Olsen, the group's first outside producer in over a dozen albums, that LP at least attempted to correct some of the flaws that have been plaguing the Dead since their first Acid Test: ragged vocals, endless guitar doodling and catch-as-catch-can arrangements. Olsen, whose work on Fleetwood Mac's *Rumours* made him an exemplary choice to bring the band to a wider audience, managed in the main to keep songs under eight minutes' duration and off-key struggles to a minimum.

That was last year. *Shakedown Street*, a truly abysmal album, demonstrates several new and seemingly insurmountable problems to replace the old ones. Little Feat's Lowell George, listed as producer, appears to have been asleep for much of the proceedings. The somnambulant quality of *Shakedown Street* seems to suggest that the Dead may have finally run out of steam. Aside from a horrendous selection of completely forgettable tunes, this album suffers overmuch from Bob Weir's God's-gift-to-women vocal style and a desperate reliance on the group's once-

famous double drummer sound. But what hurts more than the mangling of the Rascals' classic "Good Lovin'," which opens this Dead on Arrival collection, is that the reworking of "New, New Mingwood Blues" is cut to ribbons by the original version from their first album. The Grateful Dead, with *Shakedown Street*, are marching boldly into a past they can no longer even find.

Davin Seay

PAUL HINDEMITH

Concerto for Trumpet, Bassoon, and String Orchestra; Mario Guarneri, trumpet; David Breidenthal, bassoon; Los Angeles Group for Contemporary Music, William Kraft, conductor (*Crystal*)

The passage of 20 or 30 years has transformed the once impossibly avant-garde Hindemith into a composer both witty and accessible, one not all that way out, after all. Or maybe it is the playing of people such as Guarneri, Breidenthal and their Los Angeles Philharmonic colleagues, who make it all seem so—there are a lot of Hindemith records which still sound like knotted perplexities not worth the effort.

The performances here, and especially Breidenthal, in Paul Chihara's evocative "The Beauty of the Rose Is in Its Passing" on the flip side, are engaging examples of small ensemble playing. This record has all the earmarks of a much-loved, much-rehearsed project.

Ed Cary

JOE "KING" AND EL MOLINO
(Lisa)

What do the *hepcats de Tejas* listen to over a lota of *llesca* and a bottle of *ceresca*? Willie y Waylon? Ay, caramba, no! That stuff was over



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years ago. The move now is towards blues, as performed by Austin's legendary but unrecorded Thunderbirds, and the *conjunto* sound of San Antonio's fabled West Side. Now, one thing that gives a *gringo* like me pause is my complete inability to appreciate *conjunto* all the way because I don't understand the lingo of El West Side, and that's why I was so happy to hear that El Molino, headed by the irrepressible Joe "King" Carrasco, had finally recorded: they're a hip, young, Tex-Mex *conjunto* band (the phrase is redundant: *conjunto* means band) that has its music in Mex and its lyrics in Tex.

Horribly recorded, in true Tex-Mex fashion, this album nonetheless has more kick per groove than 90 percent of the stuff that's come out this year, whether it be straight-ahead rock and roll ("Just a Mile Away," with the Sir Douglas Quintet's Augie Meyers on blazing piano); blues ("Every Woman Crazy About an Automobile"); or their own unique Tex-Mex sound ("Mezcal Road," "Rock Esta Noche" or "Jalapeno con Big Red"). Joe's crazy singing and some amazing sax by West Side legend Eracleo "Rocky" Morales are just the frosting on a very tasty, and melodic, cake. *Con jalapeno*, of course.

Ed Ward

BOB MARLEY AND THE WAILERS

Babylon by Bus (Island)

PETER TOSH

Bush Doctor (Rolling Stones)

Marley and company have been coming under fire recently from "roots" reggae fans for abandoning the illusion-burning rebel music of yore for straightforward love songs that can appeal to the crossover market. The key element to these ears, however, isn't the lyrical themes but whether Marley infuses his singing with genuine intensity (the strong *Exodus* LP) or sounds detached from the material (the bland *Kaya*).

Babylon by Bus, a two-disc live set covering most phases of the Wailers' career, falls somewhere between these poles. It's a solid, workmanlike effort and the Barrett brothers remain the best reggae rhythm section extant. But for truly transcendent—and that's the proper phrase—live Wailers, check out the earlier, single LP.

Many people figured original Wailer Peter Tosh would be the one to make a truly radical statement through reggae—apparently the Jamaican cops who busted his head open recently still think so—but his LPs have never delivered the goods. Mick Jagger's presence on "Don't Look Back" may make Tosh the designated chic wildman of the Gucci set but *Bush Doctor* is his worst album to date. The lyrics read well, but lame melodies and uninspired performances make one wonder about the effects of extensive ganja smoking on musical creativity.

Don Snowden

STEVE MARTIN

A Wild & Crazy Guy (Warner Bros.)

I hate Steve Martin. He's the sort of sniveling bimbo who sticks a lamp shade on his head at a party and thinks it's funny. Only problem is, everyone else does too. Now, I realize these statements may not accurately reflect the common consensus, but I would rather watch the combined episodes of *Get Smart* than put up with ten minutes of an album by this mondo-retardo self-propelled

ventriloquist's dummy. So there. And if this review has ruined your breakfast, well, EX-CUUUUUSE ME!!

Chris Clark

BARRY MILES

Fusion Is (Gryphon)

Fusion Is features the regular quartet of keyboardist Barry Miles, a solid unit that has worked together for several years. The six selections were all composed by band members. Although there are several fine improvisations, the main strength of this album is the tightness of the group and the musical communication between its members.

Miles, originally a precocious drummer who jammed with many jazz greats before he was ten, switched to keyboards in his teens. Now, at 31, he has developed a personal sound on the synthesizer while his work on the acoustic piano reflects the influences of McCoy Tyner and Bill Evans. The other main soloist, guitarist Vic Juris, has numerous speedy flights while bassist Jon Burr displays a good deal of versatility.

But it is the total group effort on these pleasant modern jazz melodies that is remembered. Nothing startling occurs and it is not really a "fusion" date, but is instead a fine showcase for the Miles quartet.

Scott Yanow

QUEEN

Jazz (Elektra)

So now they're on the radio and the walls of fourteen-year-old nymphets across the world. Too bad. Before "Bohemian Rhapsody," Queen was a creditable bunch of castrated rockers who could actually sing, but now the chipmunk yodeling sounds amazingly affected amidst the tinkerty ragtime clutter and classical plagiarism. Pomp without circumstance, and even the Brian May guitar-grind has been reduced to wet sandpaper. Freddie Mercury still sings with all the authority of Jerry Lewis in a tutu (or is that Toto?) and drummer Roger Taylor continues to cover the latest rock fads (last year it was the Ramones, this time he clones "Fun It" from the Cars), but not even the Sweet would stoop as low as "Bicycle Race" to get on the charts. And "Fat-Bottomed Girls" do not make the "rockin' world go 'round," they just eat more lettuce. So it goes. We will we will schlock you . . . thomp thomp clunk.

Chris Clark

TODD RUNDGREN

Back to the Bars (Bearsville)

This double live album is a Todd Rundgren, er, retrospective. The trouble with it is not that Rundgren's material is half-witted. As shown by an occasional schlocker like "Hello It's Me," half-wittedness can be charming and even an asset, if it's really all you've got. The desperately aggravating thing here is repetition: even when Rundgren's musical ideas are interesting, they have usually lost most of their momentum by the eightieth time around. "Black Maria" manages to be a little captivating despite being dragged out like the rest of them, but on the whole this is a pretty dismal spectacle.

Scott Mitchell

FRANZ SCHUBERT

Quartet No. 15 in G: The Guarneri Quartet (RCA)

If one needed proof of the virtually unanimous ranking of the Guarneri as the premier string quartet in the world today, it would be here. (There are musicians who insist this is the greatest of all string quartets, Beethoven, Haydn and Mozart notwithstanding.)

It is hard to recall a recording that so riveted the listener's attention.

Ed Cray

RALPH SHAPEY

String Quartet #VII: Quartet of the Contemporary Chamber Players of the University of Chicago (CRI)

Shapey is either a madman or a genius, perhaps both. How else explain the juxtaposition of freeform fantasies with a rigid passacaglia in the same string quartet? How else explain the hyperkinetic frolic of the first movement and the gravity of the third?

Whichever, however it might be, this University of Chicago professor of music is a singular voice, a man not easily assigned to any of the currently fashionable factions of contemporary music. It is a bit silly to say of a man of such rank and years (57) that he is a "comer," but if this recording is a fair sample of his output, he deserves a far wider audience than he has received.

Ed Cray

CAT STEVENS

Back to Earth (A&M)

If you don't have a Stevens album in the old stack, and were thinking of adding one to the collection for those quiet evenings by the fireplace, then consider *Teaser and the Firecat* or *Tea for the Tillerman*. Either of them will give you traditional Cat at his best.

On the other hand, if you are a devoted Cat-lover and already have one or both of the two aforementioned discs, then, yes, this album is worth the dough, and even one of your best marbles.

There isn't much that can be labelled "new" on the disc, for Stevens is his same old self, playing the same sort of guitar and piano. He does dabble in jazz a bit, and is all the better for it. But the Cat is up to number 12 now, and he may feel as though he is running out of words to say and chords to play. It hasn't happened yet. He is still cranking out fresh music.

Amey Fischer

RICHARD AND LINDA THOMPSON

First Light (Chrysalis)

Eclecticism is the keynote of this moody, somber-toned offering from seminal British folkies and avowed Moslems, Richard and Linda Thompson. While the musical balance of *First Light* consists of a rather disarming folk/rock blend, as evidenced on numbers such as "Restless Highway" and "Sweet Surrender," its real strength lies in the use of soaring traditional English harmonies and ballad structures, on sterling and stirring selections like "The Choice Wife," "Died for Love," "Strange Affair," and "House of Cards," all Richard Thompson originals. Throughout, Linda Thompson's crystalline pure vocals and thoughtful delivery recall the best moments of Ian and Sylvia, Richard and Mimi Fariña and, in one marvelous interlude titled "Pavanne," vintage Judy Collins. The tune sounds precisely like a discarded track from Collins' groundbreaking mid-Sixties *In My Life*, while the rousing chorus on "House of Cards" and the title track are reminiscent of the heyday of Fairport Convention, a group the duo cut their musical teeth on and, in Richard's case, in. Throughout this subtle, convoluted album a wide stylistic reach forms a cohesive base which makes it one of the stronger efforts heard from this genre in some time. Assistance from Julie Covington, Andy Fairweather-Low, Ian Matthews, and the ethereal Maddy Prior add to the charm of this understated minor masterpiece.

Davin Seay

IN BOTH EARS

More On Little Big Sound

Last month I examined the pros and cons of buying a compact hi-fi system as against mixing-and-matching your own components. Had I been asked to discuss compacts just a couple of years ago, I would have turned down the assignment, since so-called hi-fi compacts of the late Sixties and early Seventies were little more than low-fi table radios with record changers perched on top. These days, compacts have come of age and you can get pretty good sound out of them. Unfortunately, that's not true of all the compacts around. There's still a lot of junk out there and the odds of ending up with a poor sounding system are greater when you turn to compacts than they would be if you chose hi-fi components. So, how do you know what's good? You read on, that's how. . . .

Many of the same manufacturers who produce separate components also make compact systems. Some of these are Aiwa, "Centrex" (by Pioneer), Fisher, Hitachi, Optonica, Panasonic, Sanyo, Sharp and Superscope (who also make Marantz components). While it would be impossible for us to list and describe all of the models made by these and other reputable manufacturers in this brief overview, we have selected a few systems for a more complete description. Note that in some instances, speaker systems are not offered as part of the compact system, but can be selected by the purchaser in much the same way as they would be if separate components were being bought.

Aiwa's Model AF-5080A, with a suggested retail price of \$570.00, combines a belt-driven, single-play semi-automatic turntable (equipped with a Shure M-91ED cartridge) with a Dolby-equipped cassette recorder/player and an AM/FM stereo receiver. The amplifier section is rated at 22 watts per channel, continuous power, from 40 Hz to 20,000 Hz, into 8-ohm speaker loads, with no more than 1 percent total harmonic distortion.

Fisher Corporation's ICS-430, with a suggested retail price of \$400.00, includes that company's MC-4030 stereo receiver with a built-in front-loading cassette deck including Dolby noise reduction. A Model 225XA record changer equipped with a magnetic cartridge is included but is mounted in its own separate base, and a pair of Fisher MS-115A wide range speakers having relatively high efficiency are included.

The Centrex (by Pioneer) KH-767 combines an AM/FM stereo receiver, cassette recorder/player, and a three-way speaker system. Receiver power is 12 watts per channel continuous into 8-ohm speaker loads, from 40 Hz to 30,000 Hz at 0.8 percent maximum total harmonic distortion. Ten-inch woofers are the bass-reproducing elements of the three-way speakers which are supplied in walnut-finish cabinets. This model carries a suggested price of \$370, but for another \$80.00 you can purchase their KH-7766, which includes a three-speed changer equipped with a magnetic cartridge.

Hitachi's SDP/9600 compact music system combines a record/play stereo cassette deck, AM/FM stereo receiver, BSR record changer with an ADC magnetic cartridge

and two three-way speaker systems (8-inch woofer, 8-inch passive radiator for increased efficiency, and 3-inch tweeter). The tape section has two VU meters, five function-indicator lights, a pause control, and a three-digit tape counter, among its many other features. All of this for a suggested price of \$300.00.

Optonica's SG-400, at a suggested cost of \$500.00, incorporates a 4-band receiver of 15-watt per channel power rating (4-ohms, from 60 Hz to 20,000 Hz with no more than 1.0 percent harmonic distortion), a semi-automatic belt-driven turntable and a record/play cassette deck with Dolby noise reduction system. The two-speed turntable boasts a wow-and-flutter spec of 0.08 percent while that same specification for the cassette section is 0.08 percent. Speakers are *not* included in this model.

Panasonic's Model SE-5508 features an AM/FM stereo radio with stereo cassette recorder/player, a three-speed automatic record changer, and two panasonic Thrusters multi-driver speakers. Power output of the receiver is quoted at 10 watts per channel continuous, from 70 Hz to 20,000 Hz, 8-ohm loads, with distortion rated at 2.0 percent. This combination carries a suggested retail price of around \$430.00.

Sanyo's top-of-the-line compact system is their model GXT5000, with a suggested price of \$650.00. It consists of a four-band receiver, a stereo cassette deck with Dolby included, a turntable fitted with a magnetic cartridge and a pair of their SX830 acoustic suspension speakers. Power output is relatively high for a compact, at 25 watts per channel continuous, 20 Hz to 20,000 Hz, and 1.0 percent harmonic distortion.

In addition to the manufacturers normally associated with separate components who also now make compacts, there are a few "mass consumer product" makers who also do a competent job in this area. Included are such well known names as Magnavox and Zenith. Some major department store outlets, such as J.C. Penney, Sears and Montgomery Ward, sell compacts under their own brand names, but in nearly all instances, the units are actually manufactured by some of the various name-brand makers we have already named. For example, much of Sears' compact merchandise is actually designed and built by Fisher Corporation.

Some of the prices we have cited for the better compacts suggest that the serious audiophile on a limited budget might do just as well assembling his or her own component system from separates, but that's not always true. Remember, each of the compacts includes some form of tape deck, whose minimum value (if purchased separately) would run well over \$100.00. Ten to fifteen watt receivers these days are selling at around the \$150.00 to \$200.00 mark. Add in the speakers and even a minimal quality turntable and magnetic cartridge and you quickly see that, in most instances you are ahead (financially at least) with a good compact system. But the emphasis here remains on the word *good*. An inferior compact system, in the \$150.00 to \$250.00 list price class, can't possibly match even the most inexpensive component system assembled for about \$300.00 to \$400.00. And, of course, with any compact system you are relying upon the manufacturer's ability to do a better job of matching the components than you can. Most audiophiles would never acknowledge a manufacturer's talents in this area, but there seems to be enough of us who don't want to get involved in all those decisions to justify the growing number of available compacts that are sold annually.

Len Feldman

AMPERCHART

ROCK

- 52nd Street**
Billy Joel/Columbia
- A Wild and Crazy Guy**
Steve Martin/Warner Bros.
- Greatest Hits, Vol. II**
Barbra Streisand/Columbia
- Briefcase Full of Blues**
The Blues Brothers/Atlantic
- The Best of Earth, Wind & Fire**
Earth, Wind & Fire/Columbia
- Jazz**
Queen/Elektra
- Backless**
Eric Clapton/RSO
- Double Vision**
Foreigner/Atlantic
- Blondes Have More Fun**
Rod Stewart/Warner Bros.
- Greatest Hits**
Barry Manilow/Arista
- Toto**
Toto/Columbia
- Living in the U.S.A.**
Linda Ronstadt/Asylum
- You Don't Bring Me Flowers**
Neil Diamond/Columbia
- Pieces of Eight**
Slax/A&M
- Some Girls**
Rolling Stones/Rolling Stones
- Live Bootleg**
Aerosmith/Columbia
- Grease**
Soundtrack/RSO
- Greatest Hits**
Steve Miller Band/Capitol
- Dog and Butterfly**
Heart/Portrait
- Minute by Minute**
Doobie Brothers/Warner Bros.
- Wings Greatest**
Paul McCartney & Wings/Capitol
- Greatest Hits**
Steely Dan/ABC
- Greatest Hits**
Commodores/Motown
- Totally Hot**
Olivia Newton-John/MCA
- Stranger in Town**
Bob Seger & the Silver Bullet Band/Capitol

RECOMMENDED RECENT RELEASES

- Dire Straits**
Dire Straits/Warner Bros.
- Live Spirit**
Spirit/Potato
- Every 1's a Winner**
Hot Chocolate/Infinity
- Head First**
The Babys/Chrysalis

SOUL

- C'est Chic**
Chic/Atlantic
- The Best of Earth, Wind & Fire, Vol. II**
Earth, Wind & Fire/Columbia
- Motor Booty Affair**
Parliament/Casablanca
- Chaka**
Chaka Khan/Warner Bros.
- The Man**
Barry White/20th Century
- Cheryl Lynn**
Cheryl Lynn/Columbia
- Live and More**
Donna Summer/Casablanca
- Bobby Caldwell**
Bobby Caldwell/Clouds
- Is It Still Good To Ya**
Ashford & Simpson/Warner Bros.
- Wanted**
Richard Pryor/Warner Bros.
- Crosswinds**
Peabo Bryson/Capitol
- Get Down**
Gene Chandler/20th Century

RECOMMENDED RECENT RELEASES

- Grey and Hanks**
Grey and Hanks/RCA
- Kingsman Dazz**
Kingsman Dazz/20th Century
- Here My Dear**
Marvin Gaye/Tamla

JAZZ

- Touchdown**
Bob James/Columbia
- Reed Seed**
Grover Washington, Jr./Motown
- Children of Sanchez**
Chuck Mangione/A&M
- Flame**
Ronnie Laws/United Artists
- Mr. Gone**
Weather Report/Columbia
- All Fly Home**
Al Jarreau/Warner Bros.
- Secret Agent**
Chick Corea/Polydor
- Intimate Strangers**
Tom Scott/Columbia
- Secrets**
Gil Scott-Heron & Brian Jackson/Arista
- Pat Metheny**
Pat Metheny/ECM
- We All Have a Star**
Wilton Felder/ABC
- Cosmic Messenger**
Jean Luc Ponty/Atlantic
- Step into Our Life**
Roy Ayers & Wayne Henderson/Polydor
- Patrice**
Patrice Rushen/Elektra
- Images**
Crusaders/Blue Thumb
- Feels So Good**
Chuck Mangione/A&M
- Return to Forever Live**
Return to Forever/Columbia
- Thank You for . . . F.U.M.L.**
Donald Byrd/Elektra
- Cry**
John Klemmer/ABC
- In Concert**
Milestone Jazzstars/Milestone

RECOMMENDED RECENT RELEASES

- Weavings**
Charles Lloyd/Pacific Arts
- Other People's Rooms**
Mark Almond/Horizon
- Crosscurrents**
Bill Evans Trio/Fantasy
- Alberta Hunter**
The Thirties/Stash

COUNTRY

- Willie and Family**
Willie Nelson/Columbia
- The Gambler**
Kenny Rogers/United Artists
- I've Always Been Crazy**
Waylon Jennings/RCA
- Let's Keep It That Way**
Anne Murray/Capitol
- TNT**
Tanya Tucker/MCA
- Stardust**
Willie Nelson/Columbia
- When I Dream**
Crystal Gayle/United Artists
- Profile/Best of Emmylou Harris**
Emmylou Harris/Warner Bros.
- Greatest Hits, Vol. I**
Larry Gatlin/Monument
- Heartbreaker**
Dolly Parton/RCA
- Elvis—Legendary Performer, Vol. I**
Elvis Presley/RCA
- Totally Hot**
Olivia Newton-John/MCA
- Moods**
Barbara Mandrell/ABC
- Burgers and Fries/When I Stop Leaving (I'll Be Gone)**
Charley Pride/RCA
- Living in the U.S.A.**
Linda Ronstadt/Asylum

RECOMMENDED RECENT RELEASES

- Human Emotions**
David Allan Coe/Columbia
- Every Which Way But Loose**
Soundtrack/Elektra
- Jerry Lee Lewis and Friends—Duets**
Jerry Lee Lewis/Sun

GET FREEBIES!

We've approached several of the entertainment oriented industries about providing us with new products for evaluation by a limited number of *Ampersand* readers. If you're interested in possible preliminary showings of new films, previewing new records, getting free posters, etc., just answer these questions below and we'll place your name on the list we're compiling for such invitations and freebies. Please answer each question, fill in your name and address and mail to *Ampersand Magazine*, 1680 N. Vine St., Suite 201, Hollywood, CA 90028. (Ignore the small numbers: they're for the computer.)

Name _____

Address _____

University or College _____ (7-9)

Male _____ Female _____ Age _____ (13-14)

Year in School: _____

Freshman _____ Sophomore _____

Junior _____ Senior _____ (15)

While attending school, what are your living arrangements?

Dorm _____ Apartment _____ House

rental _____ House owner _____

At home with parents or family _____

Other _____ (16)

Please list in order of preference the radio stations you listen to most often during the school year?

1. _____ 2. _____ 3. _____ 4. None, don't

listen regularly. (17-22)

During an average weekday (Mon.-Fri.) for how many hours do you listen to radio?

None _____ Less than 1 _____ 1 _____

1½-2 _____ 2½-3 _____ 3½-4 _____

More than 4 _____ (23)

Which of the following most clearly describes the kind of music you listen to most often?

Progressive/hard rock _____ Top

40 _____ Mellow rock _____ Beautiful

music _____ Disco _____ Country _____

Classical _____ Jazz _____ Other _____

(24-25)

Do you currently own a car stereo unit?

Yes _____ No _____ (26)

If yes, is it:

AM/FM radio only _____

Cassette tape player _____

Radio and cassette _____

8-Track tape player _____

Radio and 8-Track _____ (27)

What brand is your car stereo? _____ (28)

If you do not own a car stereo, are you considering purchasing one within the next 12 months? Yes _____ No _____ (29)

Do you own a home stereo or Hi-Fi system? Yes _____ No _____ (30)

If yes, is it:

Separate component system _____

Compact unit _____

Other _____ (31)

Are you considering upgrading your stereo system within the next 12 months? Yes _____ No _____ (32)

Approximately how many of each of the following have you purchased in the past 90 days?

Record albums _____

Pre-recorded 8-Track tapes _____

Pre-recorded cassette tapes _____ (33-35)

Is there a particular music/record store where you usually purchase albums or tapes? Yes _____ No _____

If yes, which one: _____ (36)

How many movies have you seen within the past three months? _____ (37)

During the average weekday (Mon.-Fri.) how many hours do you spend watching television?

None _____ Less than 1 _____ 1 _____

1½-2 _____ 2½-3 _____ 3½-4 _____

More than 4 _____ (38)



Linda Ronstadt, Livingston Taylor Civic Center, Tucson, Arizona

Livingston Taylor was bland and brief. At times sounding like James, he wandered through several songs before his AM hit, "I will Be in Love with You," and then trailed off through several more sagging country and hard-rock tunes.

It was early still when hometown girl Linda Ronstadt delivered the Litte Feat song, "All That You Dream" to a sold-out (11,000 plus) Tucson audience. Following with "Blue Bayou," which was strained at first but swelled when she switched to the Spanish lyrics, she promised an energetic and special performance for her hometown. Another broken promise . . .

Ronstadt did some exciting numbers: "Willin'," which mentions Tucson, and "It's So Easy" got enthusiastic response. "That'll Be the Day" almost had all the oldsters rocking, and "Tumbling Dice" came close; still, Linda didn't connect with her rock and roll, but with, as ever, the torch songs. "Someone to Lay Down Beside Me" and "Allison" were two of her best. Her voice, which tended to fade wispily, was strong and clean during "Desperado."

In her only talk with the audience, Ronstadt joked about the embarrassment of having to perform for her parents and their friends; this, as well as a tired voice and her near absolute refusal to do any country songs, hurt her performance.

With the help of saxophonist David Sandborn, Ronstadt, who wore a blue silk

dress slit to the thigh, was sad and sexy as she slid through her version of the old Motown song, "Ooh, Baby Baby." The band was controlled and competent, with particularly good guitar work by Waddy Wachtel and Dan Dugmore during "You're No Good."

Ronstadt ended her second encore with a jumping "Living in the U.S.A.," which was the liveliest, rowdiest song of the evening. And then she was gone, after only 70 minutes. A lot of the audience seemed satisfied, but many of us didn't quite get what we had expected from the prodigal daughter.

David Hancock

Philip Glass, Roxy, Los Angeles, CA

A year ago, composer Philip Glass had a hard time filling 500 seats at U.C.L.A. This year, in a bold attempt to expand his audience, he booked four shows at 450-seat L.A. rock showcase, the Roxy, and played to enthusiastic crowds both nights.

A frontrunner in the school of modern "serious" composers that includes Steve Reich and Terry Riley, Glass' innovations in repetition and the layering of static tones were long dismissed by both classical and pop worlds as obscurely avant-garde. But, if the response at the Roxy is any indication, audiences are finally catching up with him.

With a refreshing lack of fanfare, the unassuming Glass and his ensemble of six (who played reed and woodwind instruments, voices and synthesizers) appeared onstage and abruptly plunged into the first of four selections from Glass' score for Robert Wil-

son's progressive opera, *Einstein on the Beach*.

Zooming along in a finely pitched hum akin to the flutter of hummingbird wings, Glass' compositions are more like weather than music. The pulsating monotone of his pieces effects subtle shifts in mood and environment, and—depending on what the listener brings to it—can be either meditative or wearing.

Structurally, Glass' music is striking primarily for what it does not contain. There are "parts" to his "tunes," but he constructs such a tightly woven cloth that it's difficult to dissect his pieces. Melody and harmony, as we traditionally know them, are absent. One has the sense of being in the middle of something that's moving, yet there's no discernible linear direction. Rather than progressing from beginning to end, his pieces tend to expand and contract.

Written description leads one to expect Glass' music to be dry, cerebral and academic, which it is not. Although the mood it evokes does have a certain solemnity, at the same time there's an undercurrent of light-hearted exuberance that makes hearing it an energizing, giddy experience, comparable to being pelted with feathers.

For ears ravaged by rock on an average of four nights a week, Glass' music was clear water, and, like a silent dog whistle, it makes us cock our heads and listen for more.

Kristine McKenna

Jerry Rubin, Central Michigan University, Mt. Pleasant, MI

As the anemic Seventies creep to an end, there seems to be a growing envy among the young for the up-against-the-wall radicalism of a decade ago, with the aging militants of the Sixties regarded as something between nostalgia figures and folk heroes. While others have downplayed their radical aura, former Yippie and Chicago hell-raiser Jerry Rubin is fast becoming the elder statesman of wild-eyed revolutionaries.

Of course, Rubin is no longer the crazed radical who once struck fear into the hearts of paranoid conservatives. He is now a polite, clean-cut author and lecturer who speaks on—what else?—political activism.

For most of his talk, Rubin traces his career as a rabble-rouser: from demonstrating in Berkeley to the "guerrilla theater" with Abbie Hoffman, from pissing on the Pentagon to rioting in Chicago and more. Although the adventures of Jerry the Radical are interesting and well told (and certainly what we political vegetables paid to hear about), they offer little more than militant nostalgia. As for life today, Rubin is mercifully brief.

"Not only am I an authority on the Seventies," he modestly states, "I am a creator of the Seventies." Apparently Rubin enjoys his "creation"—he is now into est, yoga and other self-indulgent fads of the "me decade."

While most of the audience was respectful, Rubin was obviously upset when a handful of hecklers attacked him for "grabbing the glory and cashing in on a leaderless revolution."

"I am being treated as an image," Rubin replies, "not as a person. It's as if people don't expect me to grow as an individual." Perhaps, but it is hard to work up much sympathy when Rubin himself, with his books and lectures, both perpetuates and exploits the image he complains about.

In all, Rubin's speech was vaguely disturbing, but not because he has sold out. Who hasn't? Most disturbing is that at age 40 (don't trust anyone over 50!) all he has left to offer is a radical stroll down memory lane. He may still be interesting, but the Jerry Rubin of today seems sadly irrelevant.

Brad Flory

McGUINN, CLARK & HILLMAN

INDIVIDUALLY, Roger McGuinn, Gene Clark and Chris Hillman are much-loved and respected artists who have shaped rock music for more than a decade, beginning with the Byrds, rising through many well-known groups and finally launching their own distinguished solo careers.

COLLECTIVELY, McGuinn, Clark & Hillman harmoniously continue in a spirit of camaraderie and musical kinship, drawing upon their experiences to create an album of new American music.

Produced by Ron and Howard Albert for Fat Albert Productions.



BEST COPY AVAILABLE



Steely Dan / greatest hits

Side 1

**Do It Again
Reeling In The Years
My Old School
Bodhisattva**

Side 2

**Show Biz Kids
East St. Louis Toodle-oo
Rikki Don't Lose That Number
Pretzel Logic
Any Major Dude**

AK-1107/2

Side 3

**Here At The Western World†
Black Friday
Bad Sneakers
Doctor Wu
Haitian Divorce**

Side 4

**Kid Charlemagne
The Fez
Peg
Josie**

Produced by Gary Katz

†Previously unreleased

