

# KENTUCKY Kernel

an independent student newspaper

Vol. LXXII, No. 81  
Tuesday, December 11, 1979

University of Kentucky  
Lexington, Kentucky

## In U Senate

Proposal to allow students to major in two different colleges

By CINDY MCGEE  
Copy Editor

The University Senate approved a proposal yesterday allowing students to have majors in two different colleges.

The proposal states that a student may earn a single baccalaureate degree with a double major in two separate colleges by designating one of the majors as a principle major. The departmental and college requirements of the principle major must be completed by the student.

However, only the specific departmental requirements are required for the second major. The student must also complete the University General Studies courses.

A student's diploma will only indicate the degree from the college of the principle major, but his/her transcript will show the student has completed the requirements for two majors.

Because double majors are not available in all departments, students should check with their advisers before applying for majors in two separate colleges.

In other action, the senate also approved the requirements for admissions into the Honors Program.

The new admissions requirements state that entering freshmen must have at least a 3.5 high school grade point average and a composite ACT score of 26 or better. Students entering the program after the freshman year must

have a cumulative GPA of at least 3.0. In the 1979-80 University catalog, there is an admissions statement which was not approved by the University Senate. The statement allows students to enter the Honors Program if they have a GPA of 3.5 or better and a composite ACT score of at least 27.

Dr. Raymond Betts, head of the Honors Program said only 166 of the 524 freshmen who scored 26 or above on the 1978 ACT test enrolled in the honors program.

In addition, the senate passed a proposal to inform the proper authorities when students are suspended or dismissed from the University for academic offenses.

Dr. Joseph Krislov, president of the

University Senate, said the proposal had nothing to do with current differences on American campuses with foreign students. Ombudsman Jean Pival added that the matter had been brought to her attention in June by last year's ombudsman.

Pival said problems had arisen when the director of international student affairs had not been notified that some foreign students were suspended and had renewed their student visas.

Also, students have entered Community Colleges although they have been suspended from the University. As a result, several students have lost enrollment money and credits earned because Community Colleges were not informed of the suspensions.



BENJIE VAN HOOK/Kenel Staff  
Lexington firemen put on gas masks before entering the High Street YMCA. Five people were hospitalized after chlorine gas leaked from a tank under the swimming pool.

## YMCA chlorine leak sends 5 to hospital

By BENJIE VANHOOK  
Reporter

Five people were hospitalized and 30 people were evacuated at noon yesterday after chlorine gas leaked from a tank beneath the swimming pool at the High Street YMCA.

The five people who were treated and released for gas inhalation at Good Samaritan Hospital were Dan Ramsey, general director of the YMCA; Sandy Spencer, aquatic director; Gregory Erwin, lieutenant; and two firemen, Lucian Anderson and Thomas McGurk.

Dale Packer, branch director of the YMCA, said the leak occurred when Spencer was changing the

chlorine tank's filter in the basement. He said she apparently pulled the filter off without closing the chlorine tank's valve.

"I know she was doing something with the gas tank when it let go," he said.

"She was overcome by the gas and it continued to spread through the building through the ventilation system," said Richard Crowe, inspector for the Lexington Fire Department's hazardous materials section.

A paramedic on the scene said, "The chlorine gas affects the lungs and causes a burning sensation in the eyes and nausea."

Firemen used forced air fans to rid the building of the gas.

## Off-campus housing Students state advantages, disadvantages of renting

By LISA LaFALCE  
Reporter

To discover why students age 18 and older choose off-campus housing — what they see as its advantages and disadvantages — and how they cope with bills and landlords, the Kenel interviewed students and landlords from some of Lexington's apartment complexes, houses and duplexes.

This is not a complete listing, nor does it necessarily reflect the opinions and experiences of all students living off-campus.

"You can make your own life and do what you want," said Craig High, an undecided sophomore. "It's better living away from parents and dorms. You can study when you want and party when you want."

Home for some college students is in a house, apartment or duplex and many students say renting is the "only way to live."

Because buying a home or condominium is out of the question for the average college student, many opt for coping with monthly bills, landlords, transportation problems and to and from campus and other "hassles" over rent-

ing a dormitory room from the University or living with parents.

High said he has no problem coping with the expenses of living off-campus; he and his roommates each pay \$115 per month, plus utilities. They also said they have no problems with their landlord — High's father.

Some students aren't quite as fortunate as High, however.

Mike Olliges, business administration junior, rents a house with five other students on Park Avenue.

"When we first came, the landlord, Don Schilling, was congenial," Olliges said.

"Students are usually used to being taken advantage of," said Schilling, who rents to between 140 and 150 UK students. His property is located primarily in the downtown area between the campus and Chevy Chase areas.

Olliges said Schilling admitted the house was a wreck, but he and his roommates decided to rent anyway and help renovate the house since Schilling said he would give them some supplies.

Olliges said Schilling gave them paint for the whole house — one color. Later, he agreed to provide various colors of paint.

Schilling said he only provided one

color because he orders paint in mass quantities. "If you turn these kids loose they use blacks, purples, and oranges, and you can't cover it (easily with lighter colors)," he said.

One month after the five students moved in, the roof began to leak. And, screens were not put on the windows, although Schilling had been asked to do so, Olliges said.

When workers repaired the roof, they stripped the old roofing material and left it in the back yard. The materials remained there several months, he said.

When asked in a telephone interview about the trash, Schilling said, "I was under the impression it had been picked up." He also said the house has been worked on more than is usual. "That's the only one I've had trouble with."

Despite these problems, Olliges said he favors living in a house over an apartment. By living in a five-bedroom house, he and his roommates can have privacy and companionship when they desire it. And, because they established a set of rules before moving in, the five roommates haven't had problems "getting along."

"Our first problem was a lack of communication (with the apartment's

management)," said Mark Baier, an undecided freshman who lives in the Aspen Apartments on the corner of Euclid and Woodland avenues. Tenants moving in now would not encounter the problems he and his roommate faced, Baier said.

There was no building manager at that time — only tenants and they waited between three and four weeks to obtain keys for the apartment, the building's outside door and their mailbox. It was a matter of catching the manager when she was there, Baier said.

Because of these problems, he and his roommate refused to pay the rent. "The manager didn't understand why," he said, adding that the situation improved after the manager moved in.

When paying rent and other bills, Baier and his roommate, business law freshman Mickey Bennett, divide everything equally. One additional cost which they share with other Aspen tenants, pays for the apartments outside security lighting.

Privacy and freedom are two advantages of off-campus living, according to Chris Cameron, a communications

Continued on page 3

## Wildcats 'frightening' in 126-81 win today

By BRIAN RICKERD  
Assistant Sports Editor

"It's frightening to think of how good we can be," said UK guard Jay Shidler after the Wildcats exploded for 26 points and crushed South Carolina 126-81 last night at Rupp Arena.

"It's the limit," Shidler added, "as long as we keep playing together."

"Together" certainly characterized the Wildcats' performance against a Gamecock unit that was not the kind of patsy one normally thinks of when seeing a team beaten that badly.

Nine UK players saw more than 10 minutes of action, and no matter who was playing, the Wildcats never slowed their relentless attack. Kyle Macy led all scorers with 24 points; Sam Bowie had 23; Dwight Anderson added 19; Derrick Hord came off the bench to pour in 18; and Shidler connected on 5 of 6 bombs for 10 points.

"Anyone who wouldn't be pleased with an effort like that... there must be something wrong with them," UK Coach Joe Hall said. "It wouldn't have mattered who was the opponent tonight. South Carolina was a good team, but they just ran into a red-hot team tonight."

As the score indicates, the game was not close for long. South Carolina led briefly in the first three minutes of the contest. But when Hall began inserting the freshmen, Kentucky began to roll.

Freshman Derrick Hord's entrance was the most impressive. Entering the game with 13 minutes left in the opening half, he pumped in 14 of his 18 points in the next 10 minutes. During that stretch UK jumped from a 21-17 edge to a 52-32 advantage.

"I was very pleased with the freshmen tonight," Hall noted. "They

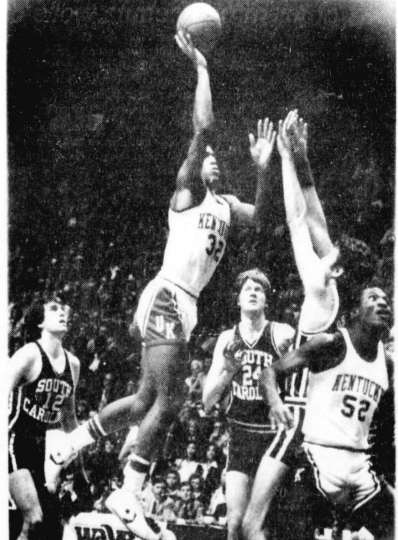
sparked us. Hord had an exceptional game, as did Hurt and Bowie."

Macy, also hot during that period (pumping in 12 points in the first stanza), said the Wildcats' emotion

keyed the spur.

"They've (South Carolina) got a lot of talent, but we just came out fired up and got on top and demotivated them."

Continued on page 4



By GARY LANDERS/Kenel Staff  
Gamecock Coach Frank McGuire said, "I doubt anyone can beat them in Lexington." Derrick Hord made two of his 18 points with this shot.

### local

**THE NATIONAL PREMIERE** of "Steel" was held in Lexington, where parts of the movie were filmed on location in September 1978.

The film deals with a race against time to build a steel skyscraper, and stars former Kentuckian Lee Majors, Jennifer O'Neill, Art Carney and George Kennedy.

Filming of the movie attracted attention nationally when 27-year-old stunt man A.J. Bakunas died of injuries received when he jumped 315 feet from the top of the unfinished Kincaid office tower downtown.

Hollywood co-producer Bill Panzer said the Bakunas jump scene is in the movie. He said there is talk of a fund-raising premiere of the film to be held here in April.

**THE DROWNING OF A PADUCAH MAN** in a Lexington motel swimming pool early Sunday morning has been ruled an accidental death by Deputy Coroner Bill McCarnes.

The victim was identified as Robert M. Connolly. Police were called to the Continental Inn at 1:54 a.m., where Connolly was staying while in town to attend the UK basketball game.

### state

**REPUBLICAN HOWARD BAKER**, seeking his party's nomination in the 1980 presidential race, in Louisville yesterday named the Kentuckians he has appointed to head his campaign in the state.

Appointed co-chairmen of the campaign were U.S. Rep. Tim Lee Carter, R-Ky., Louisville attorney Lawrence Foggy and former U.S. Sens. John Sherman Cooper and Marlow Cook.

Named co-chairmen for finance were Robert E. Gable of Lexington and Charles D. Barnett, a Louisville attorney.

**A 16-YEAR-OLD BREATHITT COUNTY HIGH SCHOOL STUDENT** was killed yesterday in a one-vehicle accident one mile north of Jackson.

Felicia Rae Pelfrey of Van Cleve, the victim, was a passenger in a pickup truck driven by her brother, Russell Pelfrey Jr., 19, also of Van Cleve.

State police said Pelfrey was southbound on Kentucky Route 15 at about 5:10 a.m. when he lost control of the truck and struck a cliff.

Injured were Mrs. Russell Pelfrey Jr., 15, and Mitchell Dunn, 18.

The fatality was the third within two weeks in the Jackson area.

### nation

**THE SUPREME COURT** said yesterday in Washington it will decide whether the federal government owes the Sioux Indian Nation more than \$100 million for land taken 102 years ago after the Battle of Little Big Horn.

The justices thus jeopardized the whopping award won by the Sioux last June in a lower court. Government lawyers argue in the appeal accepted for review that the Indian nation is entitled to only \$17.5 million.

At issue in the Sioux land case is whether the federal government has to pay 102 years worth of interest at 5 percent a year on top of the \$17.5 million value of the taken land.

7.3 million acres of South Dakota's Black Hills country.

**NEARLY TWO DOZEN CIVIC AND RELIGIOUS LEADERS** maintained a singing, praying vigil in the lobby of the school administration building for a sixth day yesterday in Cleveland, demanding an end to a 54-day teachers' strike.

Court-ordered negotiations resume today, but neither side appeared optimistic about an early end to the strike that has kept 92,000 pupils away from classes in Ohio's largest district.

No substantial progress has been reported on settling the one overriding issue — the teachers' demand for more money.

### world

**AYATOLLAH RUHOLLAH KHOMENI**, grappling with the greatest challenge yet to his rule, angrily blamed President Carter yesterday for Iran's internal unrest and advised Americans to vote against the re-election of their "bad president."

Khomeni virtually dared the "brainless" United States to try to organize an international economic embargo against Iran.

The clergyman-revolutionary delivered his blistering attack on Carter as the 50 American Embassy hostages spent their 37th day in captivity. New diplomatic intermediaries believe that some of the hostages may have been moved from the embassy to other, unknown locations.

### weather

**BREEZY AND MILD** with a gradual increase in cloudiness today. High 60 to 65. Occasional light rain expected tonight with lows in the mid 30s. Colder temperatures tomorrow with rain possibly mixed with light snow.

# KENTUCKY Kernel

editorials & comments

Debbie McDaniel  
Editor in Chief

Mark Green  
Associate Editor

Jay Fomett  
Paul Mann

Thomas Clark  
Entertainment Editor

John Clay  
Sports Editor

Gary Landers  
Director of Photography

Cary Willis  
Managing Editor

Lisa Douvard  
Editorial Editor

Richard McDonald  
Cindy McFee

Cynthia DeMarcus  
Assistant

Brian Rickard  
Assistant Sports Editor

David Maynard  
Photo Manager

Steve Massey  
Campus Editor

Teresa Young  
Special Editions Editor

Kirby Stephens  
Copy Editors

Entertainment Editor

'Old fashioned politics in Kentucky?'

## Brown needs to clear up problems with Sturgill, Stansbury

The John Y. Brown administration takes office today. There are already some things Brown needs to clear up.

One is the status of Energy Secretary William Sturgill. Sturgill, also chairman of the UK board of trustees, is a noted member of the coal mining business. He owns strip mines as well mining equipment and insurance firms.

Sturgill is also a director of the Seaboard Coast Lines, the parent company of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad. The L&N hauls most of the coal that comes out of the eastern Kentucky coalfields. And if Seaboard Coastlines goes ahead with its plans to acquire the Chessie System, it will have a virtual coal

hauling monopoly. Sturgill has insisted that despite his possessions and positions, he will be able to serve as an effective energy secretary. We are willing to give him the benefit of the doubt.

But Sturgill must first remove any hint of conflict of interest from his office. Sturgill has been saying since Brown appointed him to the position that he will "make arrangements" for his coal businesses. But he has insisted making those arrangements public would ruin the deals.

That was fine when Sturgill was a private citizen. But he's a public official now and it is his duty to insure the public that he serves their interests and not his own.

Along these lines, it is also imperative that Sturgill resign his directorship with Seaboard Coast Lines. We could hardly expect him to make impartial decisions about a company that he helps lead — something he will be called on to do as energy secretary.

The second matter Brown must deal with is Louisville Mayor William Stansbury. Brown has been calling on Stansbury to resign, saying his personal and marital problems have rendered him ineffective in office and an embarrassment to the Democratic Party.

There's nothing wrong with that; as governor, Brown is the head of his party. It is his job to see that it steers clear of scandal.

What is wrong is the way Brown has gone about the task. Instead of trying to move through political inner circles, he is trying to bludgeon Stansbury out of office.

Brown has vaguely threatened to withhold state funds from the city until a new mayor is selected. One particular target has been \$12 million in funding former governor Julian Carroll promised the city for the new Kentucky Center for the Arts.

Brown was elected on a platform of ending old-fashioned politics in Kentucky. But his actions in the Stansbury matter suggest those of the type of political machine that went out of style at the turn of the century.

## Letters to the Editor

### Gross distortion

I apparently expect a higher standard of journalistic accuracy than you do. Your story concerning the Student Senate meeting last Monday, Dec. 5, was constructed so as to put the Senate in the worst possible light by use of gross distortion.

Contrary to your story, the Senate did not hear any indication whatever that Metcalf and Neal knowingly accepted any free services. We heard that the printer did not charge the market price of some materials and services in order to make a sale. We accepted Metcalf's explanation that he got the best deal he could find by comparison shopping and reported it accurately. We also accepted the explanation that you cannot report what you do not know.

I believe that Metcalf and Neal acted in good faith. I accepted their explanation. I definitely did not dismiss anything as "an honest mistake." There was not any "mistake" that was dishonest, and I think that that was made

clear in the meeting. I made the motion that we drop the matter, and I would do it again.

I think that your use of distortion to stir up controversy is reprehensible.

Robert L. Bolin  
Library Science SG senator

### True method

This is not a rebuttal to Craig Meek's opinion. I only wish to put forth the theory that the theories of creation and evolution of life are, in fact, one in the same.

The theory of evolution states that plant and animal life first formed in the sea. Later, plant life, followed by animal life, emerged from the sea. From the animal life that crawled forth from the sea, man evolved.

The theory of creation (Genesis 1:11-28) states that plant life arose, followed by sea creatures, then land animals, and finally man. This theory follows almost exactly the theory of evolution. If one stops and thinks

about the level of understanding of man at the same time that Genesis was written, is it possible for man, at that time, to have understood the true method that God used to create life upon the Earth? Thus, it is possible that God was implicitly relating the theory of evolution in a way that man, at that time, could understand.

It would follow from this then that all the professors who teach the theory of evolution may unwittingly be teaching the true method that God used to bring forth life on Earth.

Richard G. Davis  
Library Science junior

### Despair and anger

This letter is in response to various press reports about the Who concert and is aimed at clarifying what happened to cause the deaths of eleven people. I'm writing because I feel a great sense of despair and anger at what happened and how the press reported it, because by blaming the deaths on the crowd, no solution to the

actual problem will be found or implemented.

I was standing in the middle of the semi-circle made up of about 5000 people. We were packed in so tight it was hard to breathe, and it was impossible to move in any direction other than that in which the crowd was moving. Unless you were quite tall you could not see more than 10 feet in any direction. The way I understand the accident is that in that shifting mass, some people up front had lost their footing and fallen down and on top of each other, and in order to clear enough room for them to stand up the people who saw them fall pushed back the larger crowd. The groups surrounding them, not knowing what happened, pushed back in that direction, causing more people to fall and be trampled. If one person on the inside security force had gotten on the loudspeaker system and told the crowd that people were being suffocated and were dying, I'm sure the crowd would have moved back. But no one did.

It was not a stampede so much as the lack of control and foresight in handling the crowd that caused the deaths. When the people rushed in it was out of fear, claustrophobia and helplessness on the outside, not a frenzied stampede to get good seats. More likely even the doors opening acted like a valve, forcing people inside from the pressure behind them.

The management could easily have formed a line instead of a mob, if they had had proper security and crowd control. The press and officials have for the most said it happened because of festival seating, but if the doors had opened on time, or half an hour earlier, it probably wouldn't have happened. Management should have everything ready to go good two hours before a band goes on; people who have waited months for a concert should not have to stay out in the cold because of a sound-check. Rather than saying, "Some were drinking alcohol, some were smoking marijuana, and when the doors opened all sense of rationality left the group," and blaming it on people who were generally well-behaved, the press and "authorities" should look into who was really at fault. Rather than ban festival seating, why don't they adopt laws to make sure lines are formed instead of mobs, and doors are opened on time, if not early. Also, it seems idiotic to design doors that open towards a packed crowd, instead of towards the empty lobby.

Besides, the police who were searching people 50-100 yards behind the crowd, I saw absolutely no sign of any crowd control or security the entire hour I was outside, and with no control a concert crowd will become a dangerous crowd no matter who is performing or what the crowd is like.

Greg Hansen  
Theater Arts sophomore

### Neurotic rage

Like a latter-day Jack Nicholson of *Five Easy Pieces* fame, an unnamed student, frustrated by the obstinacy of a food services employee spouting forth *obiter dictum*, exploded in neurotic rage in Monday's incident at Equinox where a valuable cash register plummeted floor-ward as tempers soared skyward. This series of events reveals a compulsiveness of frenzied behavior in the young people of America which has not bypassed the hallowed halls of university liberality and social concern.

The enlightened, "laid back" university student of the late 1970s has presented America with an image of deep social concern and of intense caring for the humanity inherent in each beautiful individual. But somehow our idealism, our liberality, and our sense of equity eludes us as we go about the task of living in a world outside the classroom, in socially enacting those truths we expose in philosophy term papers, religion theses, and in social work dissertation. And how much further those truths lie when we are confronted with personal aggrandizement. The tragic deaths of eleven young people in Cincinnati at the hands of a self-centered and criminal mob clamoring for seats a few feet closer to a rock group, the abuse of Iranian students on college campuses across our nation, and the conspicuous consumption of nonessential luxury goods by students, faculty, and administration alike, exposes our failure to respond through the witness of our own lives, to live up to the ideals we hold up to others as right and proper.

We have arrived at a place in the history of the American experience at which we must put aside the detachment of the past and set about the task of transforming our society into the kind of cultural and social entity to which we as a university community subscribe. Unless this task of social enactment is begun here and now at the University of Kentucky and across our country, we will never have a right to speak out for what is human, what is right and what is good in the world beyond our shores, a world in which we only dabble as amateurs.

William R. Jones  
Social Professions graduate student

### Mr. Bill next?

The picture of the Coneheads on the front page of Thursday's paper was very nice. May I suggest Mr. Bill for next Thursday?

Jon Edwards  
Part-time freshman

### Unpopular stand

Congratulations to Craig Meek for having the courage to take an unpopular stand on evolution (*Kernel*, Dec. 4). Many of his arguments were well taken. However, he gets an "F" in molecular biology for ignoring the demonstrated mutability of DNA. Mutation and natural selection have both been observed in nature, and they are the only preconditions of evolution.

The fact that we have not seen any new species or "missing links" does not mean they will not be found. It may

only mean that we are right to assume that evolutionary changes take a tremendous long time.

To continue Craig's teleological arguments as to what a Creator would want to do, well... if I were Creator, I would sit back to see what evolved. I like surprises. Perhaps He (She?) does too.

Bill McDaniel  
Medicine, second year

### Beyond call of duty

I would like to take the opportunity to publicly thank the staff of the Government Publication Department of the M. I. King Library. I have had several research projects which required extensive use of this facility.

The employees have gone beyond the call of duty in assisting my search for material and referring me to other sources. The use and application of government documents can be confusing. It is comforting to find a department that makes the search of these documents less of a hassle.

Mark R. Hill  
Social Professions graduate student

### Scientific theory

Tuesday's opinion by Craig Meek was well-written and made some very good points with regard to the theory of evolution. However, I think it is important to emphasize that belief in Christianity is in no way based on belief or disbelief in any scientific theory. Members of the American Scientific Affiliation (of which I am a member) endorse the following statement of faith:

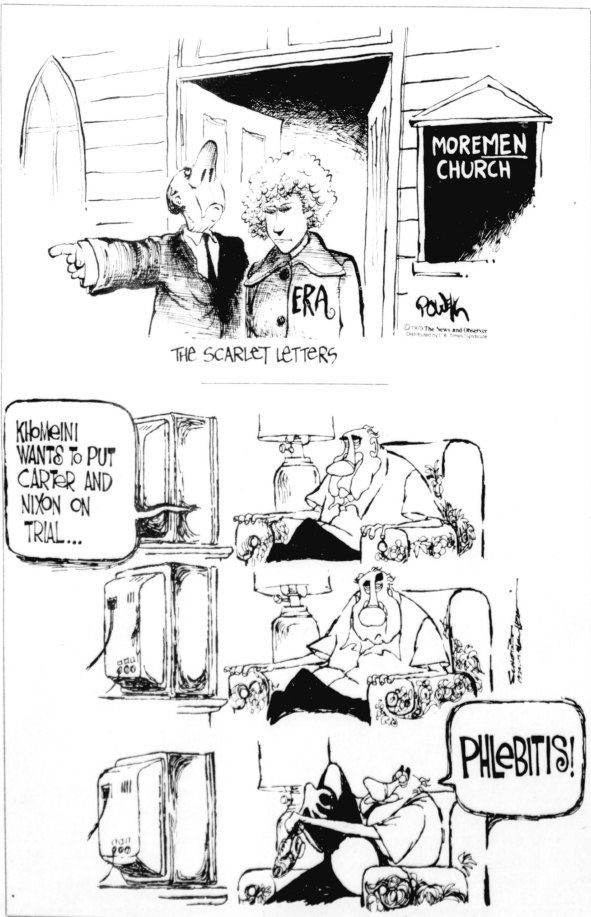
1) The Holy Scriptures are the inspired word of God, the only unerring guide faith and conduct.

2) Jesus Christ is the only Son of God and through His atonement is the one and only Mediator between God and man.

3) God is the Creator of the physical universe. Certain laws are discernible in the manner in which God upholds the universe. The scientific approach is capable of giving reliable information about the natural world.

Some members believe that God has chosen evolution as a modus operandi or method to bring about changes; others do not. It is only when some proponents of the theory of evolution go beyond the limits of science and enter the realm of philosophy and religion by maintaining that the theory speaks to the problem of first causes and disproves the existence of God the Creator, that Christians in general would unite in rejecting its conclusion.

Fred D. Wright  
Mining Engineering professor



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

The *Kernel* may condense or reject contributions, and frequent writers may be limited. Editors reserve the right to edit for correct spelling, grammar and clarity, and may delete libelous statements.

Contributions should be delivered to Room 114 Journalism, University of Kentucky, Lexington, Ky. 40506.

For legal reasons, contributors must present a UK ID before the *Kernel* will be able to accept the material.

### Letters:

Should be 30 lines or less and no more than 200 words. They should concern particular issues, concerns or events relevant to the UK community.

### Opinions:

Should be 90 lines or less and should give and explain a position pertaining to topical issues of interest to the UK community.





**Slick skier**

Home Economics senior Freddie James participates in "Holiday Getaway '79" at the Student Center Ballroom. The theme of the fourth annual fashion show presented by a home economics class, was ski vacationing.

By TOM MORAN, Kernel Staff

**Off-campus housing has its pros and cons**

Continued from page 1  
sophomore living in the Malabu Terrace Condominiums. "It makes me feel like a responsible adult instead of being under the supervision of parents," he said. "I feel too cramped in a dorm and I don't like to live within stricter regulations than I had when I lived with my parents."

Becky Hayes, an undecided freshman, lived in a duplex until the \$300 a month rent became too expensive for her and her roommates, who have now moved back to their parents' Lexington homes. Hayes said she had no problems with the landlord just with the rent.

Suzanne Dennis, landlord of Village Square Apartments, rents to approximately 35 apartments to UK students. Student renters don't cause many problems "except for partying," Dennis said.

"The students are good at paying the rent," she said. Students renting at Village Square sign agreement forms which

say their parents will provide payment if students "skip" the rent.

Jimmy Carson, an accounting major living in the apartments, said he likes their location and being with other student renters. One of the apartment's disadvantages is that "It's not always quiet and it makes it hard to study," he said.

"Students are good about paying the rent," said Donna Horne, manager of Lamplighter Apartments on Reynolds Road. She only rents to students who can sign a year's lease.

"Usually the only problem is with the stereos, they play the bass too loud," she said. However, she added, "I have no more problems with them than any other tenants."

Jeff Rollins, a psychology senior, lives in a basement apartment at the Lamplighter complex because, "it's inexpensive, convenient, and it's a nice place for the price." However, he said it's disadvantages are

that "it's expensive as opposed to living at home, Nicholasville Road is a bitch and it's far from campus."

He and his two roommates share expenses except for the rent. Rollins pays more because he has the largest of the three bedrooms.

A third apartment complex renting to a large number of students is Larkin Terrace Apartments. "There are 50 students who live in approximately 30 to 35 apartments," according to the Larkin Terrace manager, Kathy Austin.

"There is one building set aside just for students," Austin said. "We receive fewer complaints of noise from that building than any of the others."

There are requirements for living in these apartments.

"Each student's parents are called or sent a letter informing them of the rules and regulations in the apartment," she said. "I personally like to get students to rent here."

"It's close to where I work, it's roomy, and it's away from

campus," said Larkin resident Steve Barnard, a marketing student. "When I leave school, I leave it here. I'm more on my own here."

Some UK students aren't happy with their off-campus housing, however. "I feel that there are more disadvantages than advantages by far," says Philip Heard, an undecided sophomore.

"I live two and one-half miles from campus. My only mode of transportation is a bike or the bus," he said. "Riding (a bike on) Nicholasville Road is taking your life into your hands. I can't wait for next semester (to move into) housing closer to campus."

Living at home has advan-

tages as well as its disadvantages. Mark Sturgill, a telecommunications freshman, lives at home because, "it's cheaper, the food is free, and my house is close to campus."

"Living at home helps me study a little, instead of partying all of the time," Sturgill said. "My parents afford me all the conveniences of home, yet they don't limit my freedom."

"One advantage of living at home is that you don't have to worry about elevator cables slipping," said Jim McClure, a telecommunications freshman. McClure lives at home because he says the location is conveniently close to his job and campus.

**THE CUT**

The precision cut will give free and easy styling from day to day. It falls easily into place and is a breeze to blow dry.

**FREE:** During December, Image Conditioner with hair cuts

**Lafayette Styling Salon**  
1997 Harrodsburg Road  
277-3255 (Closed Mondays)

**Final exam schedule (for all colleges except Law, Dentistry and Medicine)**

DAY	FORENOON		AFTERNOON		EVENING	
	8:00	10:30	1:00	3:30	6:00	8:30
Saturday 12/15/79	Classes which meet first on Monday, Wednesday or Friday at 9 a.m.	Classes which meet first on Tuesday or Thursday at 3:30 p.m.	Classes which meet first on Monday, Wednesday or Friday at 2 p.m.	Classes which meet first on Tuesday or Thursday at 3 p.m.	FI 101, 102, 106, 201, 202 SPI 101, 102 SO 101, 201	MA 113 (all sess) EM 221 (all sess) BA 340 (all sess) MA 108R (excluding sess. 3, 7)
Monday 12/17/79	Classes which meet first on Monday, Wednesday or Friday at 10 a.m.	Classes which meet first on Tuesday or Thursday at 9 a.m.	Classes which meet first on Tuesday or Thursday at 9:30 a.m.	Classes which meet first on Tuesday or Thursday at 10 a.m.	PSY 100, Lecture ECO 260 GER 101 GER 102	ECO 261 ENG 101
Tuesday 12/18/79	Classes which meet first on Monday, Wednesday or Friday at 1 p.m.	Classes which meet first on Tuesday or Thursday at 12:30 p.m.	Classes which meet first on Tuesday or Thursday at 11 a.m.	Classes which meet first on Monday, Wednesday or Friday at 3 p.m.	CHE 102R (all sess) CS 150 (all sess) CS 221 (all sess)	MA 123 (all sess) CHE 230 (all sess)
Wednesday 12/19/79	Classes which meet first on Monday, Wednesday or Friday at 11 a.m.	Classes which meet first on Tuesday or Thursday at 12 noon	Classes which meet first on Tuesday or Thursday at 2 p.m.	Classes which meet first on Tuesday or Thursday at 1 p.m.	MCC 201, 202 SP 101 CHE 115 (all sess)	ECO 941 CHE 105 (all sess)
Thursday 12/20/79	Classes which meet first on Monday, Wednesday or Friday at 12 noon	Classes which meet first on Monday, Wednesday or Friday at 4 p.m.	Classes which meet first on Tuesday or Thursday at 8 a.m.	Classes which meet first on Monday, Wednesday or Friday at 8 a.m., or classes which meet first on Tuesday or Thursday at 4 p.m.		

**Good Luck!**

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 \$13 year, \$6.50 semester, \$2 for summer or one cent per year non-mailed.

Julie Brent  
Production Mgr.

Harry Sherman  
Advertising Mgr.

Lynda Wilson  
Advertising Prod. Mgr.

**PUBLISHING HOUSE GRAPH ARTS STUDIO NEEDS AN ACCOUNT REP**  
Must have transportation. Knowledge of printing. Part-time (approx 20 hrs/wk). Excellent pay for the right individual. apply in person.

**MORRIS GROUP**  
350 Longview Dr.  
Lexington, Ky. 40503  
Located Behind The Shrine Temple

**Kernel classifieds work**

**SUB CENTER**  
SERVING OUTRAGEOUS SANDWICHES

**FREE DELIVERY 269-4693**

**REGULAR SANDWICHES**  
Served on White, Rye, or Whole Wheat Bread  
Lettuce, Tomato, Mayo  
Mustard or Onion on Request 10¢ Extra

**SUBMARINE SANDWICHES**  
Include Lettuce, Tomato, Onions, Cheese  
Seasoning and our own Top Secret Dressing

**WEIGHT WATCHERS SPECIAL**  
"DIET THING"  
A CHEF'S CREATION  
Portions of Roast Beef, Ham  
Turkey, Salsami and Swiss  
Cheese on a bed of Lettuce  
with Tomato Slices and your  
choice of Dressing 1.95

**MINI MONSTER**  
ROAST BEEF.....4.29 MIXED.....1.55...2.25  
BOLOGNA.....1.19 HAM.....1.55...2.25  
TURKEY.....1.29 SALAMI (Genoa).....1.55...2.25  
HAM.....1.29 HOAST BEEF.....1.55...2.25  
HAM & CHEESE.....1.29 TURKEY.....1.55...2.25  
SALAMI (Genoa).....1.29 LIVERWURST.....1.55...2.25  
SALAMI & CHEESE.....1.39 TUNA.....1.55...2.25  
LIVERWURST.....1.19 CHEESE.....2.55...2.25  
TUNA SALAD.....1.29  
CHEESE.....1.19

**DELIVERY MINIMUM \$1.75**  
We Accept Checks

**HOURS**  
MON-THUR 10 A.M. to 12 P.M.  
FRI-SAT 10 A.M. to 2 A.M.  
SUNDAY 11 A.M. to 12 P.M.

**Kernel Crossword**

**CROSS**

11 Quick  
6 Menu  
10 Tower city  
14 Title —  
15 Hussein's 3rd wife  
16 One-eyed god  
17 Luggage  
18 Account  
20 Washstand  
21 Dead drunk  
22 — Khan  
23 Holy one  
25 Three-baggers  
27 Spreads  
30 Saunt —  
Marie  
31 Henry's nickname  
32 Chars  
34 Jazz number  
38 Vipers  
40 Uproars  
42 Vile  
43 German river  
45 Nostrils  
47 WW-II initials  
48 Color  
50 In rags  
52 Temples  
56 Averages  
57 Mellow

58 Deny  
63 Vermin  
63 Forefather  
Arch  
65 Religious art subject  
66 Of aircraft  
67 Discard goddess  
68 Scottish island  
69 Nodus  
70 — we forget!  
71 Trials

**DOWN**

1 Swine  
2 Radio union  
Abbr.  
3 European  
19 Revises  
21 Mock  
24 Pronoun  
26 Rose or  
Seeger  
27 Thicket  
28 Example  
29 Ermine  
33 Most odd  
35 Supervisors  
36 Tick  
37 Trudge  
39 Antitoxin  
for short  
41 Surgical thread  
44 Encored  
46 Ocean liner  
Abbr.  
49 Girl  
51 Healm  
52 Indole  
53 Concur  
54 Cogs  
55 Peak  
59 Battle Cry  
author  
61 Office copy  
for short  
62 Sums  
64 In no way  
65 Apt

**UNITED Feature Syndicate**  
Monday's Puzzle Solved

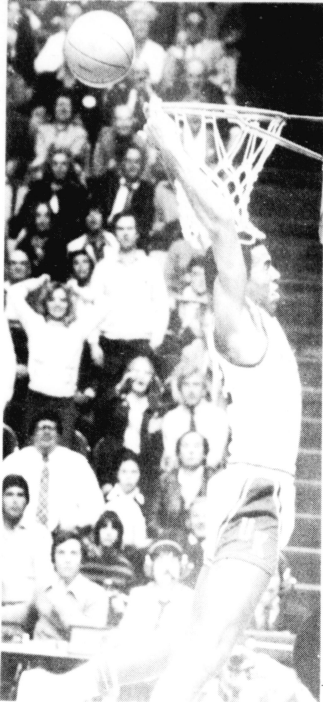
**KINKO'S FINAL EXAM**

- Who has the lowest copy rates around? \_\_\_\_\_
- Who guarantees all dissertation and thesis work to meet University specifications for copy quality? \_\_\_\_\_
- Who can usually do your copy work while you wait? \_\_\_\_\_
- What Copy Service Center also provides quick passport photo service and film processing? \_\_\_\_\_
- What Copy Service will do soft or hardback binding while you wait? \_\_\_\_\_
- What Copy Service is open from 8am to 8pm, Mon.-Thurs., 8am to 6pm Fridays and 10am to 4pm Saturdays? \_\_\_\_\_

Score yourself \_\_\_\_\_ correct  
If you didn't answer Kinko's to every question, then you've probably been getting your copies from the wrong place.

**345 S. LIMESTONE 253-1360**

# sports



## Oh no

UK freshman forward Derrick Hord misses an attempt at a dunk during last night's game against South Carolina at Rupp Arena. However, everything worked out well for Hord and the Wildcats in the end. Jay Shidler followed in the miss and Hord went on to score 18 points. Meanwhile UK went on to a 126-81 rout.

By GARY LANDERS, Kernel Staff

# Wildcats romp past Carolina 126-81

Continued from page 1  
 spirit a little bit."

The Wildcats led 61-39 at the intermission. After that, the only doubt left was whether Kentucky would break the Rupp Arena scoring record set against West Texas State two years ago (when UK tallied 123 points).

In that first half, Kentucky hit 63 percent and in the second half that figure dropped to only 59 percent. 61.3 for the game on 49 of 80. UK also outrebounded the Gamecocks 46-32, a figure that pleased Hall.

"We were very pleased with the aggressiveness on the boards," he said with a smile. "I think the Baylor coach's comments fired us up a little. He said we weren't aggressive on the boards."

Dirk Minniefield, who had only four points, but ran the Wildcat offense and tallied a team-high eight assists, said running may be a continuing trademark for Kentucky.

"Running is our game," Minniefield said. "We try to do that so we can string out the defense and set up our outside shooting as well as our inside game."

Shidler said the Wildcat's balance was the key to the eventense Kentucky attack.

"We just have a lot of fresh people," Shidler noted. "We have nine or 10 guys that are

equal in talent. Everyone is ready to play. There is no sulking about a lack of playing time because everyone knows their time will come."

Carolina Coach Frank McGuire must have felt like Custer at Little Big Horn, as the Cats fired everything but arrows at the veteran coach.

"They are better than their team two years ago (UK's NCAA title team)," McGuire commented. "They just ran us off the court in the first half. Their shooting was sensational, their movement was tremendous, and they hit their foul shots like target practice (UK hit 28 of 34 at the charity stripe.) It is the best I've seen them play in ages."

McGuire said he did not think any team could beat the Wildcats in Lexington. "My advice to coaches coming in is to sit on the ball and stick it in their ear."

Senior Cedrick Hordges led McGuire's team with 20 points, while Jim Strickland added 16 and Kenny Reynolds had 15.

Can Kentucky play better? Hall said he just hopes the Wildcats can repeat last night's performance. Minniefield said Kentucky can improve defensively, while Shidler admitted, "it'll be hard to."

UK must now come back down and prepare for two tough tests - tomorrow night at Kansas, and Saturday night against top-ranked Indiana at Rupp Arena.

Before the game the Wildcat fans gave McGuire an extended standing ovation when the Carolina coach was presented a julep cup for his years of competition against Kentucky.

McGuire, regarded as one of the classiest coaches in the business, is retiring after this season.

He is the only coach to win 100 games at three schools - St. Johns, North Carolina and South Carolina. His 1957 Tar Heel team captured the NCAA championship.

"It'd been emotional I would have cried," McGuire said about the ovation. "I hope the fans don't think less of me after hearing my tail like that."

## Kats in action

The UK Lady Kats will travel to Louisville tonight to face the Lady Cardinals at Freedom Hall at 8 p.m.

Coach Debbie Yow says she has been pleased with the Lady Kats play so far but is afraid that it may be too early in the season for her young team to handle Louisville.

UK enters the game with a 2-0 mark, while Louisville is 3-2.

## SEC schedule

SEC games are in parenthesis.

**Wednesday, Dec. 12**  
 Auburn at Tennessee  
 Georgia at Mississippi  
 KENTUCKY at Kansas

**Friday, Dec. 14**  
 Volunteer Classic at Tennessee

**Saturday, Dec. 15**  
 Finals of Volunteer Classic  
 Vanderbilt at Alabama  
 Auburn at S. Florida  
 Miss. State at Florida  
 Ga. Tech at Georgia  
 Indiana at KENTUCKY  
 Maine at LSU  
 Mississippi at Arkansas

**Monday, Dec. 17**  
 KENTUCKY vs. Georgia at Atlanta  
 Minnesota at Tennessee

**Tuesday, Dec. 18**  
 Auburn vs. Austin Peay at Birmingham  
 Mercer at Florida  
 Miss. State at Iowa State

**Wednesday, Dec. 19**  
 Alabama at Tennessee  
 Erskine at Georgia  
 Mississippi vs. Sou. Miss. at Jackson

**Thursday, Dec. 20**  
 Florida at Florida Southern  
 LSU at Arkansas  
 Texas Tech at Vanderbilt

**Friday, Dec. 21**  
 Alabama at Roanoke Classic  
 Auburn in Bayou Classic  
 KENTUCKY at UKIT  
 Miss. State at Dayton Classic

**Saturday, Dec. 22**  
 Finals of Roanoke Classic  
 Finals of Bayou Classic  
 Finals of UKIT  
 Finals of Dayton Classic  
 Belmont at Georgia  
 Tulane at LSU  
 Mississippi at Memphis St.  
 Tennessee at Ohio State

**Wednesday, Dec. 26**  
 Florida at Gator Bowl Classic

**Thursday, Dec. 27**  
 Finals of Gator Bowl Classic  
 Miss. State at Senior Bowl Classic  
 Tennessee at Vanderbilt

**Friday, Dec. 28**  
 Finals of Senior Bowl Classic  
 Alabama at Sun Bowl Classic  
 Mississippi at Sugar Bowl Classic  
 Tennessee at Cabrillo Classic  
 Boston U. at LSU

**Saturday, Dec. 29**  
 Finals of Sun Bowl Classic  
 Finals of Sugar Bowl Classic  
 Finals of Cabrillo Classic  
 Illinois Wesleyan at Florida  
 Lenoir Rhyne at Georgia  
 Notre Dame vs. KENTUCKY at Louisville  
 Delaware at LSU  
 SMU at Vanderbilt



be a writer for the Kernel

Drop by Rm. 114 Journalism Bldg.

### ST. AUGUSTINE'S CHAPEL (Episcopal) 472 Rose St.

The Rt. Rev. Addison Hosea Bishop of Lexington

Wed. Dec. 12, 5:30 p.m.

CONFIRMATION AND HOLY EUCHARIST AND SUPPER FOLLOWING

(Reservations requested: Call 266-2046)

Buy Large PIZZA get small pizza (Like It) FREE

with coupon only Offer Good All Day TODAY

276-2542

241 Southland Dr.

Sun.-Thurs. 4:30pm-12:00am Fri. & Sat. 4:30pm-2:00am

Free Delivery Carry Out Minimum Delivery \$3.00

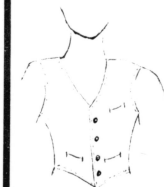
NOW OPEN FOR LUNCH!



Start The Season Right With Down Vests & Jackets From LAN-MARK!

NOW 25% off

Thru Dec. 31, 1979  
 361 W. Main Street  
 Open 8:30-5, Mon-Sat till 8:00 Fridays



HAVE NO TIME FOR CHRISTMAS SHOPPING? Have no fear. You can get all your gifts from THE LAST GENUINE LEATHER CO. We have wallets, caps, belts & buckles, vests & purses.

Or if you're not sure, get one of our leather gift certificates.

Come see us - we're close by.



504 1/2 Euclid Ave. 253-3121

### THE KEYS 4th Annual CHRISTMAS PARTY! TUESDAY NIGHT! Dec. 11, 9pm-1am

... Yes, Christmas is just around the corner, and on Tuesday Santa will again stop in Lexington to, uh, get "Loaded Up" for his Big Trip!

He'll kick off the season at the Two Keys on South Lime

And under the tree He'll leave presents of all shapes and kind

There will be champagne and candy for those who've been good

And high prices and bad service for those that should

But Santa's eyesight is not what it should be

So most of his shopping list reads - Closer to Free

So come join the fun and be with your friends

And Let's tell Santa, 1980 We'll Make Amends

There will be Santa with some

Blonde on his knees

While his eight tiny reindeer wait

outside of The Keys

So Ho, Ho, Ho to the Two Keys we shall go

Where on Tuesday Night the good times will flow!

"...Down To The Sea Again" With Our December Special

1 1/2 pound breaded shrimp, steak fries, cole slaw

**\$325**

225 Southland Drive 276 1029





UK's Kyle Macy (left) prepares to turn the corner on South Carolina's Kenny Reynolds during last night's contest. Macy scored 24 points as UK upped its record to 16-5.

In his seventh year

## Memories abound for Dr. Jackson, the physician for UK basketball

By JEFF HOWERTON  
Reporter

During the winter of 1972, Richard Nixon was preparing for his historic presidential trip to China, many of UK's current freshmen were in the fifth grade, and Adolph Rupp, winding up a long and distinguished career as basketball coach at UK, was forced to miss a weekend road trip to Georgia and Florida due to illness.

Hospitalized in the Albert B. Chandler Medical Center on campus, Rupp was under the care of team physician Dr. V. A. Jackson.

The significance of that weekend may not have been evident then but it would be later to Jackson. Rupp recovered to finish the season and his doctor has remained as the Wildcats' team physician ever since.

Asked why he remembered that particular weekend, Jackson said it was the last time he missed a Wildcat basketball game, home or away. Jackson's attendance string, which now

has reached 282, has included National Invitational Tournament and NCAA titles for the Wildcats and a trips to Australia, Japan, and Tahiti. Those journeys were a bonus for the self-proclaimed "basketball nut."

Trained in general surgery at the University of Louisville, Jackson returned to his undergraduate alma mater fifteen years ago after a medical stint in his native Western Kentucky. He now maintains a four-day-a-week general practice in addition to his team duties.

Jackson's "other office" closes in mid-afternoon to allow him to attend practice sessions. "No man could be a true team physician," he said, "unless he's with the team at practice." He explained that practice presents an extra risk, since over ten players are susceptible to injury as opposed to five during a game.

Jackson's duties with the team, however, do not end with practice. He and his wife have an apartment in the same build-



DR. V. A. JACKSON

ing where the players stay Wildcat Lodge. The doctor said he is "on-call 24 hours a day."

Jackson said his other patients realize he lives with the basketball team, and are likely to wait until after practice to call him.

Thirty-five years of medical practice allow Jackson to make comparisons between treating athletes and other patients. Besides differing visually in

their size, ballplayers require a completely different type of treatment, says Jackson. "You treat a patient who can't go to bed unless he's just beyond going," he said. "You treat them as an out-patient."

The competitive lifestyle of college athletes differs from that of most other patients, he said. Due to their high level of activity and their exposure to disease, athletes are given larger doses of antibiotics. "The more active anyone is, the quicker antibiotics are eliminated from their body," Jackson added.

Constant jumping for rebounds and cutting for baskets means that ankle injuries are the most common for the athletes, Jackson treats. Over the past fifteen years, Jackson says that the season-ending injuries that players sometimes suffer are the "saddest memory" he has.

The pleasant memories consist of practices, road trips, games, and general hoopla or simply "what players have said to me and about me."

# PABST EXTRA LIGHT

PRESENTS UK's INTRAMURAL PAGE

## INTRAMURALS '79

### IM News

#### FINAL IM POINT STANDINGS

SAE 393  
SX 295  
DTD 249  
AGR 213  
KS 173  
ATO 168  
LXA 155  
PKT 155  
SN 151  
PSK 139  
FH 128  
SPE 116  
KA 116  
TKE 74  
PDT 65  
PKA 56  
TX 55  
SP 50  
DX 48  
PGD 38  
TRI 20

#### HOLIDAY RECREATION HOURS

##### SEATON CENTER

Dec. 17-20 close at 9:00 p.m.  
Dec. 21 close at 5:00 p.m.  
Dec. 22-Jan. 1 closed  
Jan. 2-4 open 8:00 a.m. to 5:00 p.m.  
Jan. 5, 6 closed  
Jan. 7-11 open 8:00 a.m. 5:00 p.m.  
Jan. 12 closed  
Jan. 13 open 12 noon to 10:00 p.m.

Alumni Gymnasium will close at 9:00 p.m. on December 20 and will reopen on Sunday, January 13, 1980 at 12:00 noon.

The IM page is compiled by Carole Douglas and Jeff Thomas

The schedule for the coliseum pool will remain the same until December 19. It will close at 10:00 p.m. on that date. The pool will open on December 20 and 21 at 12:00 noon for faculty and staff only. From Jan. 2-20 check the campus recreation office for open hours. The pool will reopen to students on January 13 from 12:00 to 6:00 p.m.

### IM Basketball

#### MEN'S RESIDENCE HALLS

##### FIRST PLACE- BLT

Jimmy Lewis  
Neil Taylor  
Jack Baker

##### RUNNER-UP- HAGGIN STAFF

Rob Purkins  
Chris Williams  
Rick Wimpsett  
Rich Crowe  
Willie Spencer  
Don Metry

#### FRATERNITY DIVISION

##### FIRST PLACE- LXA NO.2

Pete Pope  
Ron Kondoff  
Jim Brewer  
Joe Sloan

##### RUNNER-UP- SN NO.1

Rick Griffith  
Steve Ebling  
Chris Meuth

#### WOMEN'S RESIDENCE HALLS

##### FIRST PLACE- KEENLAND NO.2

Sue Adams  
J.S. Hubbard  
Kathy Quinn

##### RUNNER-UP- JEWELL HALL NO.1

Natalie Stratton  
Alison Oberst  
Barbara Johnson

#### MEN'S INDEPENDENT'S

##### FIRST PLACE- DENTOIDS

Robert Henry  
Mike Howell  
Macky Beto  
Jim Hill  
Steve Farmer

##### RUNNER-UP- BLUE STEEL

Greg Bingham  
Stan Zielinski  
Brad Lawless  
Ted Williams  
Ron Sloane

#### SORORITY DIVISION

##### FIRST PLACE- KKG NO.1

Molly McCure  
Molly Moore  
Vivian Abernathy

##### RUNNER-UP- PBP

Jo Hurst  
Sue Burchett  
Jessica Bolinger



ONLY 70 CALORIES • SO HAVE TWO!

# DIVERSIONS

## Music for the Christmas lists

By THOMAS CLARK  
Entertainment Editor

### THE WALL Pink Floyd (Columbia)

The worst thing anyone can attempt to do is try to understand a Pink Floyd album.

The *Wall* is no different. This latest release is a two-record concept album although the concept isn't really stated. What transpires in the four sides, fashioned almost as a continuing song, is the construction of the mental framework of a man from childhood on, ending in a bizarre trial where the man is found guilty of showing human-like emotions.

The punishment is to tear down "The Wall," the barrier this man (could it be Roger Waters?) has constructed around himself as a result of various influences. These influences—the loss of his father, an over-protective mother, a demeaning teacher—are the subject for much of the album. Many of the songs are insightful in their look at life ("The Happiest Days of Our Lives," "Mother") and some are nothing short of bizarre.

The music accompanying this rather distorted but fascinating biography is a little off the mark of quality that has been associated with Pink Floyd throughout the decade. *The Wall* is still a superbly produced album with the Floyd corps performing flawlessly, but the total product misses the pace of their recent *Animals* and is barely in the same ballpark as the classic *Dark Side of the Moon*.

This would be an easy album to dismiss as dismal with only one hearing, but at each sitting the work gains in meaning—a meaning that will differ with each listener.



### SWEENEY TODD The Demon Barber of Fleet Street Original Cast Recording (RCA Red Seal)

Although this album is more than six months old, it deserves attention when listening Christmas music preferences. A musical treatment of an old British horror story of a barber who sliced

up his customers for revenge and then had them served up in his neighbor's meat pie shop. *Sweeney Todd* is still one of the hottest tickets on Broadway, although it opened in March.

Written by Stephen Sondheim, the most innovative composer in American musical theater, this score walks the very thin line between musical comedy and opera and nobody is quite sure on which side of the line *Todd* actually falls. The music weaves throughout the whole spectrum of musical genres, and lyrics often compete in bizarre trios and quartets of sound.

As the above synopsis suggests, the plot is a bit grotesque and its tale of one

man's revenge on the world is not a light subject. But there are light moments, the most memorable being the Act One finale "Have A Little Faith" in which Todd (Len Cariou) and the pie shop owner Mrs. Lovett (Angela Lansbury) discuss the epicurean merits of certain professions (priest is "heavenly," actor is "overdone... but everyone goes down well with beer").

Unlike many stage musical recordings, the involvement of music in the plot of *Todd* is so thorough that it gives the album listener a working understanding of the plot. For the connoisseur of fine music—be it on the stage or otherwise—*Sweeney Todd* can't be beat.



### PHOENIX Dan Fogelberg (Epic Full Moon)

Never make the mistake of trying to pin Dan Fogelberg down to a single category. The man plays too many roles.

In the past he has played the part of mature instrumentalist, L.A. jammer and Nashville country boy. On

this album, Fogelberg has established himself in the Rocky Mountains—far from either location and blends his past experiences into a personal summation of the Seventies.

"Personal" may be the best word for *Phoenix* as Fogelberg undertakes to become a one-man band. On the bookend pieces he is a soloist, singing and playing all parts—including electric and acoustic guitars, synthesizer, some percussion and bass.

In other pieces, he superbly demonstrates his talents on piano and various types of guitars. It is a classic tour-de-force.

What makes all this display of talent successful is Fogelberg's music. All 10 pieces were composed by the

artist and he beautifully arranges his own talent in bringing to reality what he envisioned while writing. It's a variation on the "If you want it done right, do it yourself" school of thought.

But Fogelberg has also succeeded in arranging others' talent to serve his own needs, most notably on the love ballad "Longer." Here Fogelberg contributes vocals and acoustic guitar, but adds a flugelhorn and a harp to instill a wistful, "wish you were here" atmosphere in the piece without being blatant.

The next step for Fogelberg may well be a true solo album. There are few instruments left to master and the result could surpass the beauty of *Phoenix*.



### HYDRA Toto (Columbia)

After a highly successful debut album last year, the question was whether Toto could duplicate the success and still maintain the level of quality established on the first release. With *Hydra*, the answer is yes.

Toto is the result of a col-

laboration between six of Los Angeles' top studio musicians, whose names have graced many of the best selling albums of the year (including Ricki Lee Jones' debut). The purpose behind the group seems to be providing themselves with a forum to break loose and play their own music the way they want to hear it, something a studio musician rarely gets to do.

*Hydra* tends to support this hypothesis with its far-reaching range of styles. The title track and "St. George and the Dragon" spin a tale of a knight, a lady and a dragon in modern New York City. The former is an exciting number, full of rich instrumentation and varied

themes, while the latter slips more toward redundancy in theme and lyrics.

The group, performing the work of keyboardist David Paich, produces a haunting love ballad in "99" (strange, very strange) and seems to parody the style of the new wave rockers in "All Us Boys" and "White Sister," parodies (if so intended) that fall short largely because of the players' technical excellence.

This excellence is the hallmark of Toto. All six members are masters of their individual crafts and the result of their playing is a technically perfect, highly polished, well-balanced album of serious popular music.

turning goopy, and "Who's Right, Who's Wrong," where Loggins' voice runs the gamut from ballad to wall-to-wall ease.

The back-up band, including a few holdovers from the old group, supplies an excellent foundation for Loggins to build upon, especially the reed instruments which do some nice weaving around the melodies.

This is not a great album in the classic sense, but it is a collection with all the trappings guaranteed to please the senses.

upon an album such as *Bread and Roses*. This double album summarizes a 1977 three-day benefit concert at the University of California, Berkeley, which was restricted to acoustic instruments only. The result is a God-send.

The album is similar to the recently released *Muse* album in that each artist has only one song from his or her set included. The cast is wonderfully diverse and, accordingly, the album becomes a collage of the many forms acoustic music can take: ballad, blues, basic guitar picking, gospel and even an Irish reel.

Comedy is also well represented with Arlo Guthrie singing a ballad to a

goose (a goose?!?) and Hoyt Axton joking with the crowd between songs.

But the real joy of this album is the tender and touching ballads which pop up throughout the 22 selections. Pete Seeger, Buffy Sainte-Marie, Mickey Newbury, Joan Baez and Jackson Browne all unleash their talents on tunes that threaten to break your heart while putting shivers through your spine.

The one thought that stays in mind throughout this album is "Are these people playing music the way it was meant to be played?" Whatever the answer, *Bread and Roses* provides us with an excellent reintroduction to our roots.

heard in his last UK concert and others introduced in a solo show at Centre College a year ago.

As always, Chapin spins tales about love and working and life in general while trading quips with the crowd. Ten of the 16 songs debut on this album. The best of these chronicles the death of a town on "The Day They Closed The Factory Down." But the highlights are the performances of several classics not included on the last live album, including "Mail Order Annie" and the

"definitive long version" of "Corey's Coming."

Chapin's magic touch is his ability to utilize a merely adequate voice to construct a story that is both believable and recognizable to his audiences. It is not necessarily a spell that is always successful on Chapin's studio efforts—but it is a hard heart that remains unmoved when Chapin begins the incantation in a live setting. *Legends* succeeds, as did *Greatest Stories*, because it captures the wailing of the magic wand.



### BREAD AND ROSES A Festival of Acoustic Music Various Artists (Fantasy)

In this era, when louder is often equated to mean better in the music business, it is a real blessing to stumble

upon an album such as *Bread and Roses*. This double album summarizes a 1977 three-day benefit concert at the University of California, Berkeley, which was restricted to acoustic instruments only. The result is a God-send.

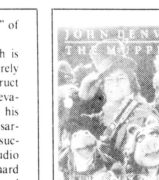
The album is similar to the recently released *Muse* album in that each artist has only one song from his or her set included. The cast is wonderfully diverse and, accordingly, the album becomes a collage of the many forms acoustic music can take: ballad, blues, basic guitar picking, gospel and even an Irish reel.

Comedy is also well represented with Arlo Guthrie singing a ballad to a

goose (a goose?!?) and Hoyt Axton joking with the crowd between songs.

But the real joy of this album is the tender and touching ballads which pop up throughout the 22 selections. Pete Seeger, Buffy Sainte-Marie, Mickey Newbury, Joan Baez and Jackson Browne all unleash their talents on tunes that threaten to break your heart while putting shivers through your spine.

The one thought that stays in mind throughout this album is "Are these people playing music the way it was meant to be played?" Whatever the answer, *Bread and Roses* provides us with an excellent reintroduction to our roots.



### A CHRISTMAS TOGETHER John Denver and The Muppets (RCA)

My how the night have fallen.

Little did this singer know when he began recording that he would eventually be reduced to working with an old stuffed, guitar-picking singer.

Poor Kermit. Actually, this album isn't half bad for a Christmas offering. Granted, the Muppets aren't the Mormon Tabernacle Choir, but the 14 selections offered are an interesting mix of traditional and unknown carols and original compositions by Denver.

Some of the highlights: a piece entitled "Noel: Christmas Eve, 1913," sung by Denver is full of imagery in relating a walk in the woods before the festivities; Kermit singing another relatively unknown piece called "The Christmas Wish"; Rowie upstaging Denver in "Have Yourself A Merry Little Christmas"; and Miss Piggy stealing the show with extended "Five gold rings" throughout "The Twelve Days of Christmas."

Taken in the spirit this album is intended (i.e. Christmas) it is plain and simple fun. Joyeux Noel, ya'll!

### KEEP THE FIRE Kenny Loggins (Columbia)

Since the dissolution of Loggins and Messina, Kenny Loggins has gone on to prove himself one of those artists who plays an easy, mellow style of rock which captures a rather large cult of fans, but never breaks out for superstar fame.

With this, his third solo release, he is definitely working on enlarging that following.

Keep *The Fire* has all the

elements of a popular album. Loggins' talent has matured to the point where he can comfortably release a set of self-written works that flip through many styles and still maintain quality. Upbeat rock, ballads and country-flavored pieces are all dealt with, the best of which are on an equal footing with material from the heyday of his partnership with Messina.

His vocal ability is also confirmed, especially in "Now and Then," which exudes emotion without

turning goopy, and "Who's Right, Who's Wrong," where Loggins' voice runs the gamut from ballad to wall-to-wall ease.

The back-up band, including a few holdovers from the old group, supplies an excellent foundation for Loggins to build upon, especially the reed instruments which do some nice weaving around the melodies.

This is not a great album in the classic sense, but it is a collection with all the trappings guaranteed to please the senses.



### DOWN ON THE FARM Little Feat (Warner Brothers)

This is the last album from one of the finest, most innovative bands on the 1970s American rock scene.

Lowell George, a Hollywood native who made his debut playing harmonica on the *Ted Mack Amateur Hour*, would go through

several bands before finally forming Little Feat in 1970. But through 10 years of albums and concerts, most people have consistently, if unfairly, asked, "Little Who?"

Although not its best, the *Feat's* eighth endeavor, *Down on the Farm*, certainly warrants a place in the stacks of anyone who considers himself a serious rock collector.

Lowell George's vocals are the highlight of this record. He conveys power, emotion and a distinct musicality that very few singers, save Van Morrison, Randy Newman and several others, can even approach.

The album is, from beginning to end, Little Feat. From the C&W feel of "Six Feet of Snow," to the subtle sexual implications and

slide guitar on George's funky "Kokomo," from the Bill Payne rocker "Wake up Dreaming" to the beautiful ballad "Be One Now," band's music knows who he is listening to.

With a few exceptions (notably the mediocre Sam Clayton number "Feel the Groove") this is a fine rock album. Give it several listenings before dismissing it as

too "different."

Innovation (along with humor, subtlety and a good deal of soul) has always been Little Feat's charm.

The album is dedicated to George, who died June 29 of heart failure. The liner notes read: "This is from us all to Lowell, straight from the heart. Goodbye, friend. Be free."

We'll all miss the Rock 'n' Roll Doctor.



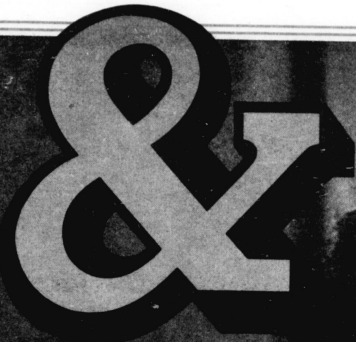


**TOP  
CASH  
FOR  
BOOKS**

**KENNEDY  
BOOK STORE**



A Music, Arts & Entertainment Magazine for College Newspapers



# Ampersand

**BONNIE  
RAITT**

No Nukes Is  
Good News

**HARLAN  
ELLISON**

Reviews the  
Science Fiction  
Encyclopedia  
(How Appropriate)

**JOE  
JACKSON**

New Waver  
Goes Gold



VOL.III,NO.4 DECEMBER,1979

NEIL ZLOZOWER

How do you get more of the things you want in a receiver, without putting more than you want into it? Simply by choosing one of these Technics receivers.

All Technics receivers, like the SA-400 shown below, are big on power, big on performance, big on technology, but not big on price. And that will make you big on Technics.

Stereo Receiver	Suggested Retail Price*	Min. RMS Power Per Channel into 8 Ohms from 20Hz to 20kHz	Total Harmonic Distortion at Rated Power (Max.)	Stereo Separation (at 1kHz)
SA-400	\$360	45 watts	0.04%	45 dB
SA-300	\$300	35 watts	0.04%	45 dB
SA-200	\$240	25 watts	0.04%	45 dB

\*Technics recommended prices, but actual retail price will be set by dealers.

So will hefty transformers, generous capacitors, bridged rectifiers and direct coupling. They're the ingredients that give a Technics receiver everything from the power to punch out deep bass notes, to the reserve power required to float through power-hungry musical passages without a trace of audible distortion. And in any language that spells dynamic range.

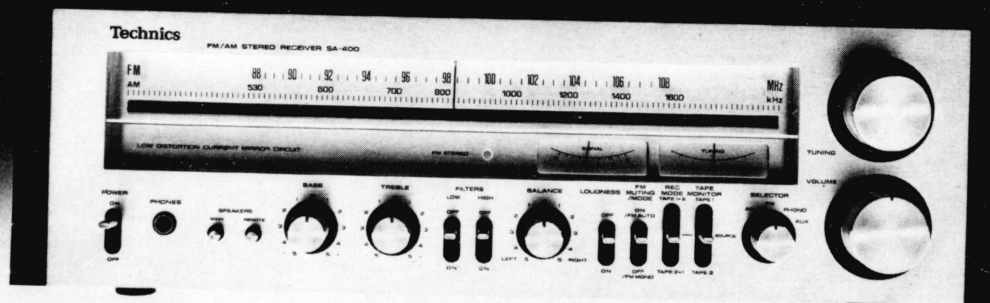
So does our 3-stage direct-coupled phono equalizer section. It gives you a phono S/N ratio of 90 dB at 10 mV (IHF A) and an overload-resistant phono input that will accept virtually any cartridge. So your records will sound every bit as good as they should.

For good FM reception, you'd better have a tuner section sensitive enough to pull in even the weakest and most distant signals. And that's the kind of sensitivity you get: 37.2 dBf stereo, (50 dB IHF '75). That's impressive. That's the result of Technics-developed flat-group delay filters and a Phase Locked Loop IC in the MPX section. It's also why you get outstanding separation, negligible noise and inaudible distortion.

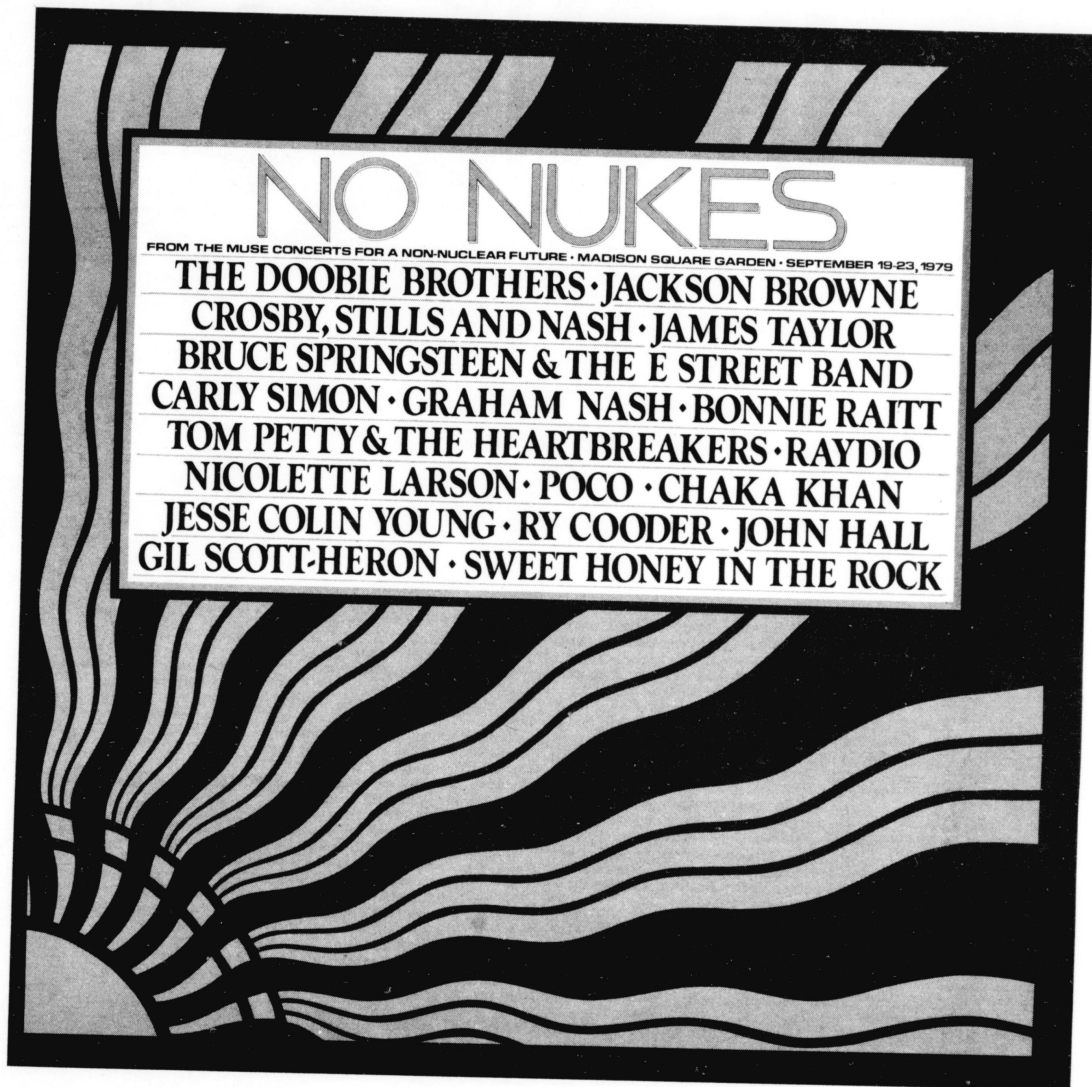
The Technics SA-200, 300 and 400. They're all big on performance. They're all small on price.

## Technics

**When you hear how great they sound,  
you won't believe how little they cost.**







**Coming for Christmas**  
**on Asylum Records & Tapes.**  
A three-record set including a 16-page booklet.  
Produced by Musicians United for Safe Energy, Inc.

# & Ampersand

Publisher  
DURAND W. ACHEE

Advertising Director  
JEFFREY A. DICKEY

Editor-in-Chief  
JUDITH SIMS

Music Editor  
BYRON LAURSEN

Art Director  
CATHERINE LAMPTON

Production  
CHIP JONES, MEL RICE

Typography  
ROSETYPE

Contributing Editors  
JACOBA ATLAS, MARTIN  
CLIFFORD, ED CRAY, LEN  
FELDMAN, MORLEY JONES,  
DAVIN SEAY

Advertising Offices  
Los Angeles & Chicago  
JEFF DICKEY  
1680 N. Vine Street, Suite 201  
Hollywood, CA 90028  
213/462-7175

New York  
WILLIAM P. COOLEY & ASSOCIATES  
299 Madison Avenue  
New York, NY 10017  
212/687-5728

#### New Contributors

PAUL CULLUM (On Disc), claims he's been in pursuit of "that pesky degree" at the University of Texas "going on five years now."

PATTI DEWING (On Tour) lives in St. Louis, but that's not her fault.

HARLAN ELLISON (In Print) is one of the most famous and fortunate writers of fantasy/science fiction, a paragon of talent, a paradigm of handsome virility, a loudmouth and a smartass.

FERRY GORE (On Tour, In Print) is a 23-year-old med student at the University of Indiana whose last name is pronounced Joy. Think of it: someday he'll be Dr. Joy.

LAUREL LANE (Illustrations), a Los Angeles artist, swears that's her real name; that she doesn't have a sister named Lois, and that she likes all supermen.

CHRIS MORRIS (On Disc) is equally generous with his opinions whether the topic is cinema, music or the Meaning of Life: an ex-poet and ex-disc jockey, Morris also writes for *L.A. Reader* and *Rolling Stone*. He recently attended a party with all five members of Devo present, right after he reviewed their most recent L.A. Concert as "undemanding entertainment" that "bore all the orgasmic earmarks of a Nuremberg rally." That's fearless.

BOB WEINBERGER (On Tour) is from Baldwin, NY; he has been a telephone solicitor, record store clerk and disillusioned advertising agency employee.

TIMOTHY YAGLE (On Tour) allows that the *Michigan Daily*, for which he makes sentences, is "the best college newspaper in the country."

© 1979 Alan Weston Publishing, 1680 N. Vine Street, Suite 201, Hollywood, CA 90028. All rights reserved. Letters become the property of the publisher and may be edited. Publisher assumes no responsibility for unsolicited manuscripts. Published monthly except June, July and August. Annual subscription rate is \$5.00. To order subscriptions or notify of change of address, write to Ampersand at the above Hollywood address. Application to mail at controlled circulation rates is pending at St. Louis, Missouri.

# IN ONE EAR...

Regarding Manfred Wolf's review of *Elements of Style*, November *Ampersand*, we may perfectly well understand that our friend hopes he will leave on the noon plane when he says, "Hopefully I will leave on the noon plane," but that is not what the friend has said. He has said that he will leave in a hopeful manner.

Let Manfred Wolf contemplate the meaning of "Hopefully the plane will leave at noon." If he thinks that that means that the speaker hopes etc., does it not strike him as strange that the speaker is not even mentioned? As an adverb, "hopefully" modifies the verb, "will leave." Who or what is leaving? Does Wolf genuinely believe that it makes sense to say of a plane that it will leave in a hopeful frame of mind?

Avoiding this usage is not affectation but coherence and rationality.

HARRY RUJA  
PROFESSOR EMERITUS  
SAN DIEGO STATE UNIV.

I enjoyed your article on Graham Chapman of Monty Python. Thank you for keeping all of us "Pythonmaniacs" up to date. By the way, do you know if the other members of Python are straight? Also, last spring you had a small article that said Graham Chapman was planning it? Or has he done it already? How can I find out?

LISA CANTOR  
UNIVERSITY OF FLORIDA

We've been told all other Pythons are straight. Mr. Chapman has no plans to tour colleges in the near future. Those who want a direct line to Python news may write to Eva Hernandez, Clog Holdings, c/o Warner Bros. Records, 3300 Warner Blvd., Burbank, CA 91510. Tell her *Ampersand* sent you.

Whatever happened to *Crawdaddy*, one of the better music mags? Last issue I can remember was May. Someone told me it folded but I haven't seen an official obit.

CHARLES P. FINN  
CHARLOTTESVILLE, VA

PS.: I like *Ampersand*, which brightens up an incredibly dull student newspaper around here.

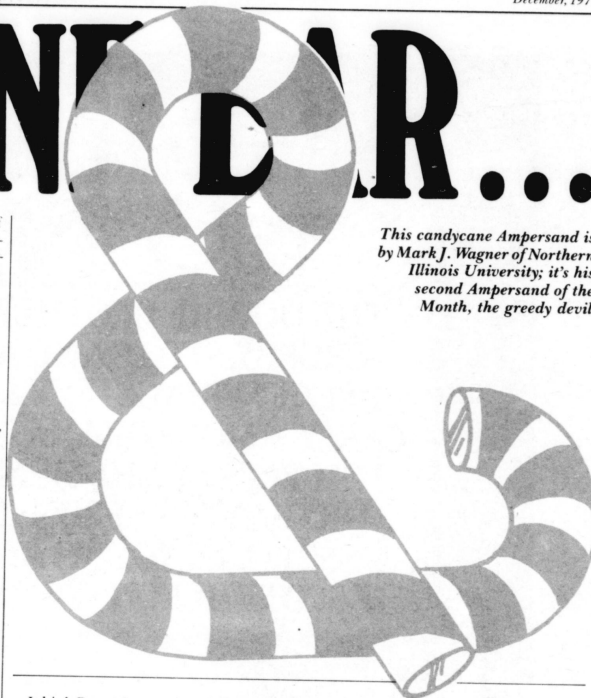
*Crawdaddy* was renamed *Feature* several months ago; it folded after three issues.

I'm writing to comment on the "On Disc" article on Bob Dylan.

You must first of all understand that Dylan is now a 100% Jesus person, just like millions of us — God's true children.

I'm glad *Ampersand* admitted the veracity of Dylan's conversion of heart, whereas *Rolling Stone* tried its darndest to refute that "ugly rumour."

Yes, Jesus is now the center of Dylan's life. I think Davin Seay was honest in his approach, even though trying to understand this new Dylan. I myself had doubts about his conversion until I heard the album for myself. Dylan's music is "Jesus music." I rejoice.



This candycane *Ampersand* is by Mark J. Wagner of Northern Illinois University; it's his second *Ampersand* of the Month, the greedy devil.

letters, missives, epistles, belles lettres, bon mots, comments, complaints and kudos. We're grateful for dumb questions and nasty cracks. We have no shame. Write to *In One Ear*, *Ampersand* Magazine, 1680 N. Vine Street, #201, Hollywood, CA 90028.

## IN HERE

### FEATURES

Bonnie Raitt <i>The Redhead's All Right</i>	16
Willie Nelson <i>Making It All Look So Easy</i>	18
Classics to Keep <i>Best New Classical Recordings</i>	22
Joe Jackson <i>Portsmouth-to-London via Pop</i>	26

### DEPARTMENTS

In One Ear <i>Letters</i>	4
& Out the Other <i>News &amp; Gossip</i>	6
In Print <i>Sci Fi Tome, Gillespie, Baldwin</i>	9
On Screen <i>Rose, Running, etc.</i>	13
In Both Ears <i>Turntables</i>	19
On Disc <i>Eagles, Blondie, Jackson, etc.</i>	20
On Tour <i>Morrison, Braxton, etc.</i>	26

### OUR COVER

The Ravishing Ms. Raitt was snapped by ever faithful, getting-more-expensive-all-the-time Neil Zlozower.

I think Byron Laursen's review is that of the worldly biased mind — the mind of America and the world — the mind of death.

Dylan's songs "disquiet" Laursen because God's holy spirit is convicting him of his sinfulness and need of a Saviour. To him I can honestly say, without a doubt, that there is no neutral ground. Either you're with Him or against Him. Either heaven or eternal damnation.

I hope you find the only truth — Jesus.  
MANDO CANALES, JR.  
EL PASO COMMUNITY COLLEGE  
PS.: Yes, I'd buy a bible from Bob — and in a way I did, and so did a million others.

I was thinking of subscribing, but was offended by your acceptance of crude contraception ads. I will not subscribe, but I have an ideal form of contraception in mind for you — go f—k yourselves!

ANONYMOUS

Your October issue with its Jimmy Buffett cover story was super! The Buffett article was especially well-written, and it gave a concise look at one of the greatest southern musicians around. I have followed Buffett's musical career since the release of his debut ABC album in 1972, and I am a fellow Mobilian, so it is good to see "a home-town boy" get the recognition he has richly deserved for years. His laid-back style is unique to all of rock music, and he has contributed to many good times, both here on campus and at home. The article and pictures will take their place on my wall of handmade "Jimmy Buffett wallpaper." Thanks for the great issue, and keep up the good work.

JACKI DAVID  
MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

Write to *Ampersand*! We're lonely out here in the entertainment capitol of the world; we want

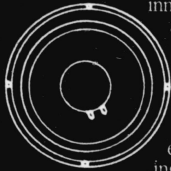
COLORED PRINT

# JBL'S NEW L150: ITS BOTTOM PUTS IT ON TOP.

JBL's new L150 takes you deeper into the low frequencies of music without taking you deeper into your budget.

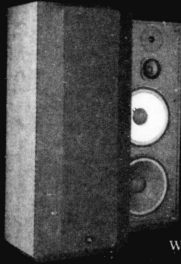
This short-tower, floor-standing loudspeaker system produces bass with depth, power and transparency that comes incredibly close to a live performance.

A completely new 12" driver was created for the L150. It has an



innovative magnetic assembly, the result of years of research at JBL. It uses a stiff, heavy cone that's been coated with an exclusive damping formulation for optimum mass and density.

And it has an unusually large 3" voice coil, which aids the L150's efficiency and its ability to respond to transients (peaks, climaxes and sudden spurts) in music.



There's even more to the L150's bottom—a 12" passive radiator. It looks like a driver but it's not. We use it to replace a large volume of air and contribute to the production of true, deep bass. Bass without boom.

If you're impressed with the L150's lows, you'll be equally impressed with its highs and mids. Its powerful 1" high-frequency dome radiator provides wide dispersion

throughout its range. And a 5" midrange transducer handles high volume levels without distorting. The maximum power recommended is 300 watts per channel.

The L150's other attributes include typical JBL accuracy—the kind that recording professionals rely on. Maximum power/flat frequency response. High efficiency. And extraordinary time/phase accuracy.

Before you believe that you can't afford a floor system, listen to an L150. While its bottom is tops, its price isn't.

James B. Lansing Sound, Inc.,  
8500 Balboa Boulevard,  
Northridge, CA  
91329.



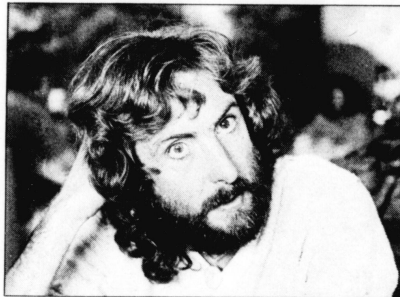
**FIRST  
WITH THE  
PROS.**





# 8. OUT THE OTHER

## Idling By



**MONTY PYTHON'S** Eric Idle was in Los Angeles recently on business/holiday, during which time he told *Amperсанд* there would not be an American Python TV series. "Who would do it?" he asked. PBS? we ventured. "They don't have any money," he scoffed. There will be a fresh new Python record on Arista to fulfill the group's obligations to that label. "We're doing a farewell to Clive Davis album, give him a little boost before he goes off and becomes an insurance salesman again." The next Python film is still in discussion stage and won't appear on screen until, gasp, 1982: "We'll write the script all of next year, that's what takes a long time, to get the stuff funny." Idle confirmed there would always be Python individual projects, "always stuff to be done. Working in a group you can't satisfy all the things you want to do. The balance is the most important thing. Individual freedom, liberty, peace and prosperity for all." No more Rutles TV shows?

Writing a book? "No."

Idle did reveal the source of my all-time favorite Python routine, Four Yorkshiremen (on the *Live at Drury Lane* album): "Graham Chapman and John Cleese wrote it, but it may have been Chapman/Cleese/Marty Feldman," he said. The bit was created 12 or 13 years ago for a British TV show called *At Last It's the 1948 Show*.

Idle and his wife Tanya, who live in the south of France with their 6½-year-old son, had a nice surprise in Los Angeles: *Weekly Variety* listed *Life of Brian* as that week's biggest moneymaking film. It earned an even tougher acclaim a short time later, when a member of the censor board in Provo, Utah — notoriously tough on R-rated flicks — asked the local district attorney to ban *Brian*. But when the D.A. saw the film, "he laughed throughout," according to one observer, and that was that.

Judith Sims

## Extra!! Rock Magnates Pimple-Free

**RESOURCEFUL JOHN LIEBRAND** of the Oklahoma University *Oklahoma Daily* probed catering service employee Karrie Williams for the inside stuff following a recent Kiss performance in Norman, Oklahoma. "I've never seen so many cosmetics in my life," said Williams. "Stridex pads everywhere. Kiss has no complexion problems, even when you look at them close up. They like Chinese food and they have a real passion for pre-sweetened cherry Kool-Aid." Corollary to their Kool-Aid choice, Kiss held court for a bevy of 15-year-old groupies, according to Williams. Said groupies "were really stylish," she told Liebrand. "Lots of make-up, Calvin Klein jeans, clear plastic raincoats and pasties." 4-H badges would seem more appropriate for Norman, Oklahoma, but times change. Also entrusted with carting the groupie civvies to an Oklahoma City hotel, Williams reports, "They had really nice clothes. Fashionable stuff, right out of *Gentleman's Quarterly*. A lot of tweeds."

## Don't Crush That Dwarf, Buy My Record

**AFTER THREE YEARS** off the record, Firesign Theatre — namely Phillip Proctor, Peter Bergman, David Ossman and Phillip Austin — is back on wax with *The Firesign Theatre's Nick Danger in the Case of the Missing Shoe*. "We want a high profile again," say the boys, whose surrealistic

humor was de rigorous with head phones and dope in the early to middle Seventies. Probably encouraged by the success of similar projects like *Tunnelvision* and *Kentucky Fried Movie*, Firesign plans a movie, *The Madhouse of Dr. Fear*, with Don Adams of *Get Smart* fame and *Firesign Theatre Campaign 80*, three-minute satirical election year bits to go out over radio. The new *Nick Danger*, a 12-inch EP, can be bought in stores or from plucky little Rhino Records, 11609 W. Pico, Los Angeles 90064 for \$3.75.

## Plants in the Key of Pain

**A HARDENED LOT**, L.A.'s music journalists needed every ounce of their cynicism for a recent party previewing *Stevie Wonder's Journey Through the Secret Life of Plants*, Steveland Morris' first release since the Xmas-of-'76 *Songs in the Key of Life*. Bussed from the Sunset and Vine headquarters of Motown to a ranch on Malibu Canyon Road, the press corps was led to a clearing dotted with four tents, one for each side of the album, and a profuse spread of... fruit juice, cheese and potted plants. The evening's highlight, according to one grizzled vet, was watching an unsupervised kid mangle the leaves of a large rhododendron.

## Vinyl Cheesecake

**HUGE ADVANCE ORDERS** answered the announcement in England that Britt Ekland, famous for her affair with Rod Stewart, is releasing a nude picture disc of her upcoming single "Do It to Me." Though a publicist insists the shot will be "tastefully revealing, not porno," it's not yet known how they'll solve the perennial picture disc problem — where to locate the hole.

## Reel Life

**NOT AGAIN:** There will be a *Rocky III*.

**FRANCIS FORD COPPOLA**, who kept telling us he used his last dime to finance *Apocalypse Now*, still had enough greenbacks to buy Producers Studio in Hollywood, which he will renovate for his film projects and where he hopes to establish a film school for high school students (not unlike Interlaken in Michigan).

**MARTIN SHEEN** was down in Austin, Texas recently talking to Roy Orbison about portraying the rock & roll legend in a proposed biopic. Meanwhile, Orbison, who moaned his way to the top of the Fifties charts with "Only the Lonely," "Pretty Woman," "Evergreen," and many more, plays himself in *Roadie* — along with Alice Cooper and Blondie.

**HAROLD AND MAUDE** go to Broadway... the cult film is now a play, to star Janet Gaynor (Esther Blodgett in the original *A Star Is Born*) as Maude; Harold has not yet been cast.

**MATTY SIMMONS**, co-producer of *Animal House*, admitted recently that his scheduled *Jaws 2/People 0*, a parody of Universal's *Jaws*, will not be made. Creative differ-



Kiss: Kool-Aid, Tweeds & Stridex

ences between Simmons and Universal, supposedly... these differences may or may not affect Simmons' other projects there: *Lemmings*, *The National Lampoon Kicks*, and *Dacron USA*.

**LAURENCE OLIVIER** has been cast as Neil Diamond's father in the remake of *The Jazz Singer*. Diamond, who's supposedly been writing songs for this magnum flick for 18 months, will stage a concert at the L.A. Forum this December, footage to be used as the grand finale in the movie. We can wait.

**THE VILLAGE PEOPLE**, America's best joke on itself in years, are wondering how to keep those mass-market bucks tumbling in. "How many of us want to be up there wiggling for teenagers when we're 35?" ponders cowboy Randy Jones. "I don't want to be wearing a loincloth when I'm 40," adds Indian Felipe Rose. Now spending \$15 million of EMI's money to make *Can't Stop the Music*, their entry into film, the Village People will be shown walking on water during one of the movies many production numbers. But not, one assumes, stepping out of the closet.

**The Chase Is On**

**WWTW**, THE PBS affiliate in Chicago, has picked up the 21 existing episodes of *The Paper Chase*; other PBS stations may also buy rerun rights, and, 'tis rumored, several such stations may put up real cash so that more episodes can be filmed. If you were one of the several thousand viewers who mourned CBS' cancellation of this

good show, write to your local PBS station; bribe them with money, they like that.

**The Charge Is Changed**

**ACTRESS CARRIE SNODGRESS** told a Los Angeles court during the preliminary hearings on Jack Nitzsche's rape by instrumentality charge (November *Ampersand*) that Nitzsche, record producer, musician, songwriter and her one-time amour, had not raped her with a gun barrel as she had previously claimed. Now she says he just put the barrel between her legs. Nitzsche still faces assault charges.

**Taking Powders**

**OBSERVERS REPORT** that teen idol Leif Garrett, 17, dining out one recent evening in Hollywood, came back from a bathroom trip to find a companion had arranged lines of white powder on a plate before him. Garrett supposedly snorted it up. The tantalizing substance: Sweet 'N Low, the sugar substitute that comes in little pink envelopes. (Do you believe this? Wanna buy a gold watch?) On another evening, Garrett was approached at one of those swell Hollywood parties by a lissome lass who asked the cute kid if he had any cocaine. Garrett whipped out a packet of white powder — this time, Beecham's powder, a loose non-aspirin painkiller imported from Britain — openend it and scattered it all over, Woody Allen style. The lissome lass went loco.



**What Must Their Mothers Think?**

**THE PLASMATICS**, in their headlong thrust towards becoming the most lewd, morbid and silly act in rock & roll, recently trashed a "shiny Cadillac" onstage at the Palladium in New York. Previously, lead singer Wendy Orleans Williams (WOW) was content to play peek-a-boo with her labia majora on record jackets and perform with thin strips of black tape over the nipples of her exposed peaches. Most people thought she'd calmed down, compared to her ex-career as a live sex show performer on 42nd Street, even if she did like to cap a

typical Plasmatics set by chainsawing an electric guitar in half. Even if their show included a videotape of W.O.W. masturbating while the rest of the group put a victim's feet in concrete and tossed him in the river, all this to the tune of "Concrete Shoes," one of their non-hit singles. Even if lead guitarist Richard Stotts chose to play in transvestite gear, with a mohawk haircut died bright blue. Rod Swenson, the Plasmatics' "creator and manager" reports that they decided to obliterate the luxury car at the Palladium "because it's a big stage." The Plasmatics records, which are still somewhat hard to find and come pressed on translucent gold and red vinyl, are uniformly awful.



**fact: there's a Shure cartridge that's correct for your system —and your checkbook:**



**V15 Type IV**—The perfectionist's pickup—overcomes such ever-present problems as warp, static electricity, and dust. Ultra-flat response. Reduced distortion. Unprecedented trackability ¾ to 1¼ grams tracking. Premium-priced.



**V15 Type III-HE**—Second only to the Type IV. Now with distortion-reducing Hyperelliptical stylus! Super trackability ¾ to 1¼ grams tracking. Best-buy pricing.



**M95HE**—New mid-priced cartridge with distortion-reducing Hyperelliptical stylus. Flat response. ¾ to 1½ grams tracking.



**M95EJ**—Superb performance for heavier tracking (1½ to 3 grams) systems. Bi-radial (Elliptical) stylus. Moderately priced.



**M72 Series**—Impressive performance from an attractively priced cartridge. Lower effective mass stylus assembly gives greatly increased trackability 1½ to 3 grams tracking. Bi-radial or Spherical stylus.



**M3D**—The low-cost cartridge that began it all nearly two decades ago! 3 to 6 grams tracking. Replacement stylus still available, as they are for virtually all Shure stereo cartridges ever made.

**fact: the phono cartridge is the heart of hi-fi...**

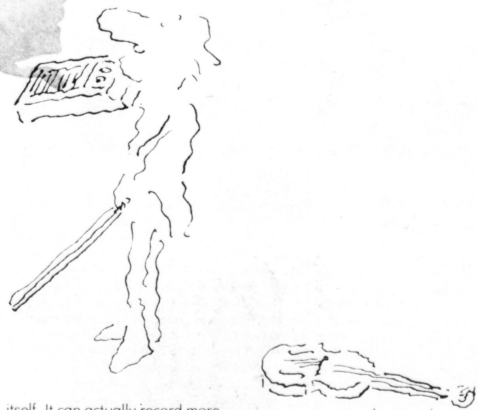


The hi-fi phono cartridge functions as the *source of sound* (the point at which the recording is linked with the balance of the hi-fi system)—therefore, its role in high fidelity is absolutely critical. Just as the camera can be no better than its lens, not even the finest hi-fi system in the world can transcend the limitations of an inferior cartridge. The cartridge represents a relatively modest investment which can audibly upgrade the sound of your entire record playback system. Consult with your nearby Shure dealer who will help you select the Shure phono cartridge that is correct for your system and your checkbook. We especially recommend that you audition the Shure V15 Type IV. Discriminating critics throughout the world praise this cartridge as the new standard for faithful sound recreation. It overcomes such ever-present problems as dust, static electricity, "hot" signals, and record warp that cause "clicks" or "pops," and distorted record reproduction. May we send you our brochure?



Shure Brothers Inc., 222 Hartrey Ave., Evanston, IL 60204. In Canada: A. C. Simmonds & Sons Limited. Outside U.S. or Canada, write to Shure (Dept. J6) for information on your local Shure distributor. Manufacturers of high fidelity components, microphones, sound systems and related circuitry.

# SONY TAPE. FULL COLOR SOUND.



Sound has color. And Sony audio tape with Full Color Sound reproduces every shade of color that's in the sound

itself. It can actually record more sound than you can hear. Try it, and listen to all that color!

SONY is a trademark of Sony Corporation. ©1979 Sony Industries. A Division of Sony Corp. of America.



# The Science Fiction Encyclopedia

BY HARLAN ELLISON

Every specialty and ingroup coterie has its bible. For physicians it's *Gray's Anatomy*; for attorneys it's Blackstone's *Commentaries on the Laws of England*; for tillers of the soil it's *The Farmer's Almanac*. Nut-cases who believe in Atlantis have Ignatius Donnelly's *Atlantis: The Antediluvian World*, and it's the seminal lunacy pursuant to that particular irrationality, even though its sum-and-substance is merely feverish but-scratching based on two brief mentions of "the lost continent" in Plato's essays "Timaeus" and "Critias."

Semiliterate college students have *Cliff's Notes*; artists and photographers concerned with movement and the human form have Muybridge's *Human and Animal Locomotion*; Geneticists have McKusick's *Mendelian Inheritance in Man*. Astronomers have Flammarion, evolutionists have Darwin, mythologists have Bullfinch and organic chemists have Pauling.

But until publication date of October 5, when Dolphin Books, a division of Doubleday, released *The Science Fiction Encyclopedia*, the clone-children of Wells and Verne and Poe had nothing but unregenerate dreck as The Ultimate Source.

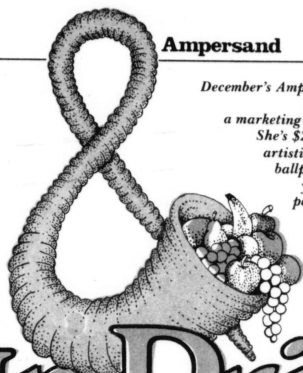
There have been fan-oriented attempts at compiling all the biographical detritus and arcane incunabula of the science fiction genre, many of them, stretching back to the mid-Twenties when the first scientific aficionados began chattering in secret conclave over their passion.

In 1952 a fan named Don Day published the first index to the science fiction magazines, and it was a start. Between 1974 and 1978 an Australian fan named Donald Tuck amassed the first *Encyclopedia of Science Fiction and Fantasy* but it took him so long to get it published, and its sources were so fogged by their own prejudices, that the two-volume work was about as useful as the knowledge that the last person to marry a duck lived four hundred years ago.

In the last decade, to the horror of those of us seeking a one-volume reference work that would unify all the history and current information, there has been a plethora of crippled, spastic, hunchbacked, astigmatic offerings purporting to be the answer. An Austrian named Franz Rotensteiner who, I'm convinced, operates without both oars in the water, did a dirty deed titled *The Science Fiction Book* in 1975. If one accepts the view of Herr Rotensteiner, there is only one acceptable sf

## Ampersand

December's Ampersand of the Month, a holiday cornucopia, is by Jane Briggs, a marketing major at Ohio State University. She's \$25 richer. We welcome inspired, artistic Ampersands, but we sneer at ballpoint doodles. Send examples of your genius (black ink on white paper, name and address clearly printed on the artwork) to Ampersand of the Month, 1680 N. Vine Street #201, Hollywood, CA 90028.



writer in the world, the Polish novelist Stanislaw Lem. All the rest are merely *manqués*. Well, maybe Phil Dick is okay, but he's probably a groveling lackey of the Imperialist Capitalist slavemasters, too. In 1977 the Swede, Sam Lundwall, assembled *Science Fiction: An Illustrated History*, which was full of old taintypes and movie stills, but as far as providing a ready reference, it was possibly as exciting as watching a septuagenarian prying the cotton out of a Midol bottle with a tuning fork. Jacques Sadoul in France did *Histoire de la Science Fiction Moderne* and, as best I can tell with my limited ability to read French, he felt everything worthwhile was written in the genre before 1956. Colin Lester's *The International SF Yearbook* was expensive but dry, nonjudgmental and diffuse. Last year Rob Holdstock in England did yet another *Encyclopedia of SF* but it was just a cheap excuse for Octopus Books to assemble more of those banal four-color airbrush paintings of Brobdignagian starfishes zipping overhead a la the opening shot of *Star Wars*.

I won't even describe the faceless horrors of lesser efforts such as the Tynn/Schlobin *Year's Scholarship in SF & Fantasy* or Sieman's *SF Story Index*. There are some things God never intended Man to discuss, Professor.

All of which brings me to this here now book I'm going to suggest you rush right out and buy at once, don't give me no lip, weass.

It is called — oh the originality of it all — *The Science Fiction Encyclopedia*, and it costs a thumping \$12.95 in the high-class, sturdily-bound paperback edition... or a throat-constricting, eye-watering, gorge-flooding \$24.95 in hardcover. You would no doubt advise me that Luca Brazzi sleeps with the fishes if I hustled you onto the \$24.95 version, so I won't. But you should. It's that good.

Notwithstanding the cost, let me assure you that the book has finally been published on science fiction. If James Gunn's excellent *Alternate Worlds* is the correct history of sf to own, then *The Science Fiction Encyclopedia* edited by Peter Nicholls and John Clute (and divers hands) is the only encyclopedia to own.

It is, not to be too wishy-washy about it, the best goddam reference work ever assembled on the subject. It is very nearly perfect; and which of us can claim the same?

What it is, seekers of enlightenment, is a great yawping beast of a book, 672 pages long, beginning with A-for-Aandahl, Vance... ending with Z-for-Zulawski, Jerry... and containing between first and last entries over 2,800 entries covering (as the front flap copy puts it) science fiction authors, themes, films, magazines, novels, stories, illustrators, editors, critics, playwrights, film-makers, publishers, pseudonyms, series, television programs, original anthologies, comics, sf in foreign coun-

tries, terminology, definitions, awards, fanzines, sf conventions, important scientists allied with sf, and a positronic parsnip in a pear tree. There are over 700,000 words of text and hundreds of photos and illustrations.

But it is hardly its cyclopean monolithic size that commends this book to your rapt attention. It is the *quality*!

In this Age of Ineptitude, wherein the locating of a decent auto mechanic who won't put the wrong plugs and points in your junker assumes the proportions of a Holy Quest not unlike that of Diogenes seeking an honest man in the streets of Athens, being able to left a codifying enterprise this adroit, this loftily crafted, this intelligently produced, is a wonder beyond describing.

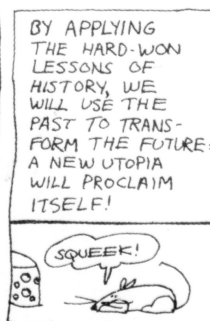
Let me pick just a sample at random. And not a sample calculated to prove the argument by loading the gun; in other words, I won't pick one of the perfect entries for Asimov or Clarke or Heinlein or Moorcock or Bradbury. I'll open at random...uh...here:

JAKOBER, MARIE (1941-). Canadian writer whose first, most promising sf novel, *The Mind Gods* (1976), confronts a materialist, tolerant society with a repellent spiritual creed on another planet. With some subtlety the outcome is shown to be not altogether, morally, on the side of the liberals; various ironies take place. SEE ALSO: politics; religion.

That "see also" is the best part of this encyclopedia. The cross-referencing includes 175 topics, ranging through Absurdist SF, Alternate Worlds, Androids, Biology, Children's SF, Conceptual Breakthroughs, Devolution, Eschatology, Gothic SF, Invasion and Magic to Metaphysics, Money, Overpopulation, Psi Powers, Robots, Scientific Errors, Taboos, Time Paradoxes, Weather Control and Women. Almost every entry, no matter how miniscule, has a fistful of alternate referents, thus solidifying authors and works not only in terms of themselves, but in the greater context of the development and history of the sf genre.

Yes, of course, there are oversights and errors; but how could there *not* be a few creeping in, on all sixes and eights, in a work of this scope? Yes, they attribute the "shaggy god" story to Michael Moorcock in two places, rather than to Brian Aldiss, who coined it; yes, they omit mentioning Philip José Farmer's *The Lovers* in *Conceptual Breakthroughs* under the topic of sex, though they list virtually every subsequent reworking of Farmer's materials; yes, they haven't discovered the real identity of the writer who wrote in *Fantastic Universe* magazine during the Fifties

## BOID



under the pseudonym Jean Jacques Ferrat; yes, those few and no doubt others that will be snuffed out by fans and academicians prone to the picking of nits. But...!

No doubt about it: this is the indispensable sf reference work. Exhaustive, accurate, scintillatingly written, and cross-indexed so clearly it will supersede all previous volumes of its kind. It is a terminological and historical wonder; but nothing less could be expected from Nicholls, the guiding intelligence behind England's *Foundation* magazine, and Clute, probably the finest sf critic alive today. An extravaganza of invaluable information. It is to stand in awe at its excellence. I cannot recommend it highly enough.

But then, you figured that out for yourself, right?

## King of Bebop

What more apt title than to *Be or not... to Bop* (Doubleday, \$14.95) for the memoirs of John Birks "Dizzy" Gillespie? Here is a man whose history is largely the history of bebop (he is credited with coining the onomatopoeic word suggestive of the staccato phrasing often found in the "new" music), whose cascading eighth notes and rhythmic inventions propelled jazz from the Armstrong era to the Coltrane era and whose work with Charlie Parker, Kenny Clarke, Thelonius Monk and others defined both a musical era and a cultural phenomenon.

The book moves swiftly through his pugnacious younger years to his involvement in the bands of Cab Calloway, Earl Hines, and Billy Eckstine and finally to Gillespie's own remarkable career as trumpeter, bandleader, and composer. Diz and coauthor Al Fraser display a rare talent for developing an intimate portrait — when we're not on the bandstand, we're no further than the first table away.

The first person narrative is interspersed with reflections on Gillespie's accomplishments by musicians and relatives (where never is heard a discouraging word). The names alone are dazzling, a pantheon of jazz legends: Miles, Thelonius Monk, Kenny Clarke, Ella Fitzgerald, Sarah Vaughn, Max Roach, et al. Only once does the parade of names pause long enough for the reader to see the fairytale-like atmosphere of those magic times blown away, the paths become palpable: Charle Parker — altoist, genius, and heroin addict near death imploring "Save me, save me" to a helpless Diz.

A ladies' man ("like a bee... not stopping anywhere but always buzzing") with a tendency to be in the wrong place at the wrong time that makes Leon Spinks look blessed by the Fates, Gillespie did little to belie his nickname. Random knifings, hoax paternity suits, close calls with drugs, and tricks like slipping Benzadrine into bandmembers' drinks managed to keep life interesting.

Cognizant of his own contributions to music ("If he's younger than me and playing trumpet, he's following in my footsteps"), cut by racism but never scared, Gillespie remains at 62 a remarkable musician, teacher, and humanitarian. Some men grow old like coins, wearing away until only the outlines are visible, but Diz... "I hope to live to be about 160 so I can get some of that money back that I give these jive people for my social security." Berets off to this man and his book.

Terry Glos

## Baldwin: Bearing Witness

During the Fifties and early Sixties, James Baldwin stood among the nation's leading young writers, offering an articulate re-



LAWRENCE LORRE

construction of black experience in America, and — as one critic put it — serving as "a kind of measuring rod for the nation's social conscience." With the rise of the black nationalism throughout the mid-Sixties, Baldwin's preeminence as the voice of black American literature faltered considerably, giving way to younger, more outraged, and more conspicuously political spokespersons. In *Soul on Ice*, Eldridge Cleaver gave his due to Baldwin's talent as a "personal" writer, but roundly criticized his fiction for a near-total lack of "political, economic, or even social reference." Of course, literary lights have shifted once again, and while Eldridge Cleaver has orchestrated one of the most public spiritual conversions in recent memory, James Baldwin has continued to write and speak, fulfilling his own designs to serve "not [as] a spokesman exactly, but as a public witness to the situation of black people."

The concept of "witnessing" is again key to Baldwin's latest novel, *Just Above My Head* (The Dial Press, \$12.95). This long work (nearly 600 pages) strives to follow the destinies and conditions of a half-dozen black men and women over a period of about thirty years. The story — an epic reminiscence in the first-person — is propelled by the fate of one Arthur Montana, gospel singer, as he moves from the streets and churches of Harlem to Birmingham in the Sixties ("If there was one righteous man here he had to be in an asylum"), to cosmopolitan stardom and a bad end in the restroom of a London pub. In the terms of the novel's pervading gospel imagery, Arthur's journey is a long one and the road is not smooth: friends and family variously succumb to (or survive) the perils of incest, heroin, madness, murder, and a state of constant anger and pain that Baldwin submits as being the standard of Black life in America.

In some sense, Baldwin has come full-circle as a novelist. The black church, its music, homosexuality, and the crucial though often deadly relations between parent and child have all been themes central to his fiction since *Go Tell It on the Mountain* (1953) and *Another Country* (1962). But whereas the earlier work revealed youthful characters who were about to embark upon the dangerous trek into a world beyond the ghetto, *Just Above My Head* is the chronicle of a man who has already made that journey and has returned with the judgement that things are even worse than he had suspected. The tenor of this entire novel might best be summed up by a description of the South as seen by the teenaged Arthur Montana and his quartet, the Trumpets of Zion. "Here" writes Baldwin, "they are confronted by the devastating reality of their youth. Here they begin to suspect, for the first time, that the world has no mercy and they have no weapons. They have only each other, and may, soon, no longer have that." Given such

discoveries, there is little wonder that the most heartfelt singing can produce no joyful noise.

Fred Setterberg

## Slow Train Going

Paul Theroux has his own approach to travel writing. Getting there isn't just half the fun; it's all of it. *The Old Patagonian Express*, subtitled *By Train Through the Americas* (Houghton Mifflin, \$11.95), is the follow-up to *The Great Railway Bazaar* (1975), his first and best book about long, exotic train trips. By coincidence, I read *Bazaar* and loved it enough to buy several copies for friends. Alas, this will not be the case with *Old Patagonian*.

The premise was the same in both books — that he boarded his local commuter train and just kept going, but it's less wonderful the second time around. Theroux boards the train in Boston, his childhood home, in the teeth of the most vicious winter, and heads south — way south: Patagonia by way of all the Americas. The America he leaves is icy and bleak. The Americas he encounters are largely hot, stark and poor. There are few exceptions. The journey is nasty, brutish and long. It is possible that the listlessness of his surroundings made Theroux more introspective and querulous. The exuberance in *Bazaar* was real. Here, on the few occasions when it surfaces, it feels forced. Considering it was his idea to make the trip in the first place, he is palpably homesick a good deal of the time. The further he gorges into the single-tracked wastes, the more domestic his imagery — hills "like failed soufflés" and deserts "like kitty-litter."

The book's 22 chapters take their names from the trains he rode — the Aztec Eagle, the Balboa Bullet and such. The train was often the poor people's transport, busses and planes being preferred by those with a choice. Scenery is dutifully described, although he sleeps through some of the best, he says. The characters aren't special, which is bad luck as much as anything else. This is less a book of scenery and characters than one of sheer observation, rumination and philosophy about Theroux's two chief interests — travel and writing. We hear all about the books he's taken with him, so Twain, Conrad and Boswell are strewn amongst the cactus, played off against the responsibly gathered snippets of historic, socio-politic and economic data about the places passed through. He's done his homework. There is emphasis on the Catholic church. Theroux was raised Catholic and finds much to say about the architecture and practice in the solidly Catholic territories he traverses.

There is a solitude/loneliness on this expedition that seemed not to plague the Theroux who wrote *Bazaar*. Although the worst that befalls him is rats in his room, altitude quease and a gashed hand, he admits to the fear of death so far from home. And that rings true. Theroux does succeed in making us feel what he feels and see what he sees. He is strong on physical detail. What disappoints is the way this good writer is, here, too self-consciously a writer. The stuff is workmanlike, fastidious, but not flowing.

He coyly makes the point, too early and then far too often, that this weird trip started out on the Boston commuter train. He even uses it as his closing sentence, by which time it is blanched of all irony; there's no punch left in the line. Read *The Great Railway Bazaar* instead. It's terrific.

Shelley Turner

## The Beats Go On

It's hard to know what Jack Kerouac would have thought of this party held in his honor on October 21st. There we were at the Old Spaghetti Factory in San Francisco's North Beach, a hangout of the "beatific generation" Kerouac rendered so brilliantly twenty years before. Only now there were streamers in the doorways, and video crews, and a three-piece combo playing "Polka Dots and Moonbeams" and "Our Love Is Here to Stay." In fact, it looked like one of those scenes Kerouac assiduously avoided.

The date was the tenth anniversary of Kerouac's death, but the real purpose of the gathering was to publicize *Jack's Book: An Oral Biography of Jack Kerouac* by Barry Gifford and Lawrence Lee which has just been published in paperback, joining several other biographies and some half-dozen critical studies and a soon-to-be-released film which have emerged about this most elusive of authors. Those who knew him well were there — longtime friend Victor Wong, poet/critic Kenneth Rexroth, and Carolyn Cassady, whose book *HeartBeat* records the tempestuous ménage she lived with both Kerouac and her husband, Neal Cassady. Carolyn Cassady told me how *HeartBeat's* first draft of 863 pages was eventually whittled down by the editors to 92 pages and she feared even more would be cut from the upcoming film version "because they think it's been done before. That's the tragedy," she said, "they think they have the whole story; they only have a part, and they don't even know what that part means."

Still, authors Gifford and Lee were on hand to sign books, and they showed the Robert Frank film *Pull My Daisy* which Kerouac narrated, and everyone had a good time. Kerouac's daughter, Jan, came closest to summing up everyone's feelings when she told how she learned of her father's death: "I was up in Little River, and one day this friend of mine came running down to the cabin, she'd heard about it on the radio. She said to me 'Your father's dead' and then she looked at me with this really expectant expression, like she was waiting to see what I'd do. Finally, I said 'Oh, wow — gee — that's too bad' because I'd only met him twice in my life, you know? But I like to think I know him — in spirit, at least — through his books. I think we all feel like that."

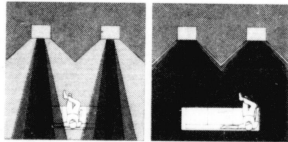
Mark Bacich

# How Audio History is made.



Mantaray Horn

Has American ingenuity taken a back seat to cheaper foreign labor? Not at Altec Lansing, where we've been inventing and building high-quality speakers for well over 42 years. Like the Model 14. It's so unique, that before we could create it, we first had to invent a whole new family of components.



Conventional beaming narrows listening area. Mantaray expands listening sweet spot.

We began with a new type of horn. The Mantaray.<sup>™</sup> It's the first "constant directivity" horn ever created. Conventional horns, cones and domes (including so-called omnidirectional and reflective speakers) tend to "beam," that is, narrow their angle of sound radiation at higher frequencies. This effect causes the stereo image to lose strength off the center axis and to actually wander.

Mantaray, on the other hand, delivers a clearly-defined sound wedge that keeps its strength regardless of the music's changing frequencies.

\* U.S. and foreign patents pending  
\*\* U.S. Patent No. 4050541

You get the full spectrum of sound and the most solid three-dimensional stereo image you've ever heard. And since the sound doesn't diminish off center axis, the Model 14 enlarges your listening area, your "stereo sweet spot."

As an extra benefit, Mantaray's precise sound focusing means your music goes in your ears — not in your drapes,

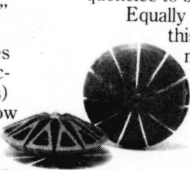
walls, and ceilings. Consequently, it's more likely than other speakers to sound the same in your home as it does in your dealer's showroom.



Power Control

Then to give you even higher highs, we developed the first radial phase plug, the Tangerine!<sup>™</sup>

In contrast to conventional phase plugs with two equidistant circular slots that block some frequencies, the Tangerine's tapered slots permit a free flow of high frequencies to beyond 20 KHz.



Tangerine

Equally important to all this is our new Automatic Power Control System.

Unlike fuse-type devices or circuit breakers, the system keeps track of the power pumped into the speaker, lets you know with a blinking light when power exceeds safe limits, and then reduces overloads automatically, but without shutting the speaker off. It's quite a system.

In addition, the Model 14 offers you super-efficiency, highpower handling capacity and exceptional dynamic range, plus a new vented enclosure with a 12-inch bass driver for a tighter, crisper low end. So that's how audio history is made. And it's all yours at a price that means the best sound value available for your home today.

So the next time someone tries to tell you that American workmanship is taking a back seat, play your Altec Lansing speakers for them and prove how wrong they are.

For a free brochure and the name of your local dealer, write:

Altec Lansing International,  
1515 South Manchester Avenue,  
Anaheim, CA  
92803.

**ALTEC LANSING**

The Choice of Professionals



Altec Corp.



# NEW!....

People get ready,  
there's a ship coming!

## JEFFERSON STARSHIP "Freedom At Point Zero"

Appealing to their widest audience ever, the new Jefferson Starship takes rock to heights unheard of. Nine new songs... "Freedom At Point Zero." The first album from the new Jefferson Starship.



Includes  
the single,  
"JANE."



Manufactured and Distributed by RCA Records



Produced by Ron Nevison for Gadget Productions, Inc.

"BUY IT ONCE. ENJOY IT A LIFETIME.  
RECORDED MUSIC IS YOUR BEST ENTERTAINMENT VALUE."

# JEFFERSON STARSHIP

THE ROSE, starring Bette Midler, Alan Bates and Frederic Forrest; written by Bill Kerby and Bo Goldman; directed by Mark Rydell.

Midler as *The Rose* plays a late Sixties superstar, hard-drinking, high-living, a pathetic creature buffeted by fame and fortune, unable to cope with the pressures of stardom and her own insecurities, a loud-mouth who disguises her fears with trashy talk. But Midler claims she's not playing Janis Joplin. Flapdoodle. The only significant difference between Joplin and the Rose is that Midler (and the script) are occasionally quite funny. But even her clothes are flashier recreations of Joplin's feathers and furs; in fact, Midler's clothes offer one of few clues to the period of this film (along with the light show pulsing behind her concerts and "The Rose '69 Tour" emblazoned on the nose of her plane). The entire movie looks as if it were filmed last week on a budget of \$103,000—\$100,000 for Midler's clothes and \$3 for everything else.

The exception to the generally muddled tone is the concert footage: Midler's moves and voice are captured with a clear eye and a keen ear; we feel the siren appeal, the suscitation of getting up on a stage and symbolically stroking several thousand people at the same time. Almost as good as being there.

The weakest link is Alan Bates as Midler's Machiavellian manager, a man so nasty and exploitive it's impossible to understand why or how they ever got together. They shout at each other for two hours; she not only shouts at Bates, she roars, throws bottles, gets drunk, screws around, cries, screams and hollers. It's enough to wear a poor reviewer out. There are only two or three quiet moments in the film, played with her AWOL G.I./chauffeur (Forrest, who's excellent), a beacon of calm masculinity in the showbiz madness. But Midler goes for the jugular most of the time; nuance escapes her (and director Rydell, not known for his subtlety). As one unimpressed patron noted, "It's just two hours waiting for her to OD." It's not surprising that the most affecting moments are the understated ones: while driving through her old neighborhood, she sees her father and mother in the front yard, and immediately hides herself from them; when she finally faces her hometown audience, the Rose returning triumphant, she just stands in the applause for a

# On Screen

moment, enjoying sweet—and brief—revenge for her unappreciated childhood.

*The Rose* will no doubt send hardcore Midler fans to another dimension of ecstasy; it sends the rest of us home, to our Joplin/Hendrix/Quicksilver/Dead/Airplane albums.

Judith Sims

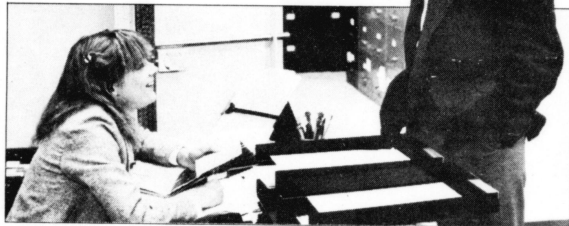
RUNNING, starring Michael Douglas and Susan Anspach; written and directed by Steven Stern.

The plethora of poorly conceived and amateurishly executed movies to which American film-goers have been subjected lately has grown by one: if *Rocky* had puppies, *Running* would be the runt of the litter.

It's like this: Michael Andropolis (Douglas) is a dropout from grad school, jobs and a 14-year-old marriage to Janet (Anspach), leaving all behind to do what he really wants to do—run. And not just from his hole in Manhattan to Janet's house in Brooklyn, but in the Olympics in Montreal. Encouragement comes from everywhere, including Janet's new boyfriend Howard, a car dealer, who gives Michael a job washing cars. Douglas prepares for the Olympic pre-trials, but when our hero trains, he doesn't sweat.

One of the pre-trial winners suffers a leg fracture, Douglas makes the team, and the rest of the film is devoted to: one, getting his marriage back together (we hear a lot of "I love you's"); and, two, running, with many slow motion scenes backed by the most florid, rococo piano since Ronnie Aldrich. The composer, Andre Gagnon, must be deaf.

In Montreal Douglas encounters his former coach, who reminds him and us that Douglas once didn't try hard enough during the Pan Am Games and that if he's to prove he's a man, then he'd better finish this race, first or last. To make all this fit the scenario, writer Stern has Douglas drop face down into a pile of leaves, seemingly out of the race with a dislocated shoulder (so Jim McKay, the voice of the Olympics,



Mary Beth Hurt & John Heard in *Head over Heels*

tells us). But, no, hours later he arises like Lazarus and trudges into the Stadium, collapsing into the arms of his waiting compatriots, including a smiling coach and an expressionless wife Janet. The end? *Running* never really began.

Zan Stewart

ORCHESTRA REHEARSAL, with Baldwin Baas, Clara Colosimo; screenplay by Federico Fellini and Brunello Rondi; music by Nino Rota; directed by Federico Fellini.

Through the lens of a TV camera (we never see the crew), we see a 13th-century oratory, a burial place of popes and bishops, but best known for its fine acoustics. An aged copyist gives us a brief history of the place while he sets up the music on the stands. The players begin to filter in, speaking to the camera; they ramble pretentiously about the merits of their own instruments while disparaging the others. Some musicians complain to the union rep because they aren't being paid extra for appearing on TV.

At last the conductor (Baldwin Baas), a German guest artist, comes on to start the rehearsal. It is little short of a fiasco. There is no rapport between conductor and orchestra, and his increased efforts to assert control only serve to make matters worse. Finally the union rep calls a break. The younger players complain bitterly about wasting years in conservatories and call their own instruments ridiculous. The old copyist speaks with rapture about the days when the orchestra had a permanent conductor, a taskmaster who would strike the players' hands with his baton. The conductor speaks idealistically of making music, far removed from the practical matters involved in running an orchestra. In the meantime, the building is periodically shaken by mysterious tremors...

Obviously, this short (72 minutes) feature isn't intended to be taken literally. Fellini has included just enough realistic detail here to suit his purpose. Just what that purpose may be is open to debate: is the orchestra a metaphor for modern Italy heading towards fascism, Western civilization heading towards collapse, human endeavor in general, or something else entirely? One can even read into it the history of Federico Fellini, filmmaker. The first half of the movie, with its deft depiction of human follies, is strongly reminiscent of the young humanist Fellini of *Vittelloni* and *The White Sheik*. The second half, in which the conductor returns to finish the rehearsal

only to discover revolt and anarchy running rampant, gives us the Fellini of *Satyricon*, where big gestures and melodramatic images are the rule and humanity the exception. It is Fellini as Doom-Sayer of the Western World.

But don't get me wrong: *Orchestra Rehearsal* is delightful. This time, Fellini has managed to keep proper artistic distance from his material, so that the movie never gets any bigger than the little parable it's supposed to be. He is aided immeasurably by his large cast—a fine menagerie of grotesques—and by the score of Nino Rota (his last; he died in April), which, as usual, is a perfect match for Fellini's intentions.

Witty and provocative, *Orchestra Rehearsal* is surely the most entertaining movie Fellini has made in years.

Sol Louis Siegel

HEAD OVER HEELS, starring John Heard, Mary Beth Hurt and Peter Riegert; written and directed by Joan Micklin Silver from the book *Chilly Scenes of Winter* by Ann Beattie.

Endearing as John Heard is, his arsenal of cute smiles and "please love me" looks can't save this movie. We're supposed to accept his undying, all-consuming passionate love for Hurt (who played the middle sister, the whiner, in *Interiors*), and that's the first problem; Hurt's OK, if you like indecisive neurotics, but she's about as sensuous and provocative as Ralph Nader, and dressing her up like Annie Hall only underlines Hurt's—and the film's—shortcomings. Heard (last seen as Rev. Dimmesdale in PBS' *The Scarlet Letter*) plays a nonentity in a boring government job, his mother is crazy, his stepfather is not such a bad guy after all; his sister is in love with a putz, his best friend gets fired and moves in with him, and Hurt, the woman of his dreams, is married to another man—but she can't decide whether to stay married or not. That's the plot, those are the players, and I couldn't care less. I've been assured that this film "tested very well" on college campuses across the country. Depressing thought.

Joan Micklin Silver also directed *Between the Lines*, a meaningless scrap of counter-cultural-journalism trivia, and the well-received *Hester Street*. With all the talented and qualified women who could and should be directing films, it's annoying that someone as clumsy and unimaginative as Silver gets all this work.

Judith Sims





UNIVERSAL PICTURES PRESENTS  
 AN ASPEN FILM SOCIETY  
 WILLIAM E. MCEUEN - DAVID V. PICKER PRODUCTION  
 A CARL REINER FILM

STEVE MARTIN in  
**The JERK**

also starring **BERNADETTE PETERS**, **CATLIN ADAMS** and **JACKIE MASON** as Harry Hartoulian in **THE JERK**  
 Screenplay by **STEVE MARTIN, CARL GOTTLIEB, MICHAEL ELIAS** Story by **STEVE MARTIN & CARL GOTTLIEB**  
 Produced by **DAVID V. PICKER and WILLIAM E. MCEUEN** Directed by **CARL REINER**

READ THE WARNER BOOK | A UNIVERSAL PICTURE | © 1979 UNIVERSAL CITY STUDIOS, INC. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

**Opens Everywhere Friday December 14th.**

For information on delivery of "The Jerk" posters, transfers, T-shirts, please write to:  
 The Jerk, P.O. Box 77505, San Francisco, Ca. 94107





William E. McEuen presents

1977: "STEVE MARTIN LET'S GET SMALL" WINS A GRAMMY FOR THE BEST COMEDY ALBUM OF THE YEAR  
...A PLATINUM RECORD

1978: "STEVE MARTIN A WILD & CRAZY GUY" WINS A GRAMMY FOR THE BEST COMEDY ALBUM OF THE YEAR  
...A DOUBLE-PLATINUM RECORD

# 1979: "STEVE MARTIN COMEDY IS NOT PRETTY" ...THE GREATEST COMEDY ALBUM EVER MADE

Produced by William E. McEuen,  
Aspen Recording Society



8-TRACK STEREO

Coming for Christmas: **STEVE MARTIN'S FIRST MOTION PICTURE, "THE JERK."**  
AN ASPEN FILM SOCIETY PRODUCTION FOR UNIVERSAL PICTURES RELEASE



Retailers: For information regarding Steve Martin merchandise, please write:  
Aspen Merchandising, 890 Tennessee Street, San Francisco, CA 94107



## Red-headed Rock e3 Roll Rabble Rouser



BY JUDITH SIMS

**“A combination of music and politics is something I’ve been dreaming about for a long time,” Bonnie Raitt says earnestly. Her dream is suddenly a reality, a major media event: Raitt was a driving force behind the recent MUSE (Musicians United for Safe Energy) anti-nuclear concerts in New York City which drew 286,000 people to 6 shows and earned nearly half a million dollars for the various no-nuke factions. Raitt is now off on her first tour in more than a year to help nudge her 7th Warner Bros. album, *The Glow*, higher up the charts — and, at the same**

time, spread more no-nuke sentiments; she recently finished a brief appearance in John Travolta’s next film, *Urban Cowboy*; and if all this weren’t enough to keep her happy, she owns a nice house in the Hollywood Hills, her love life is strong and stable, she just turned 30, and she looks terrific — slim, trim, blue-jeans chic. Look out world.

But the anti-nuke campaign is uppermost in her mind and conversation these days, a subject she’s been discussing nonstop for the past several weeks. “I’ve been doing benefits for years, but this is the first time I helped organize one,” she says, putting on a gee-whiz face. “I looked around that airplane and there were 80 rock and rollers on their way to New York, and I looked at Jackson [Browne] and said, ‘We did it, this is really going to happen.’ Those concerts were the Monterey Pop of the movement, focusing national attention on the ever-growing fear of meltdowns in our backyards, nuclear waste underfoot, radiation in the air and water, doom waiting everywhere. “Humanity is the issue,” Raitt says simply. “This movement appeals to Democrats and Republicans, young people and old people. When we first started organizing, we were told that we’d never get all these different radical groups to cooperate, work together, but they did. Maybe because the artists organized it, it has more credibility. If these various groups want the money, they’re gonna have to get along,” she says, shaking her finger teacher-style.

“It turned my life around, even though I’ve been political all my life. We all had an emptiness in our lives, we were having a generally good time, but because of the coming together on this issue, it’s made everybody’s lives better. I’m much more disciplined. The response from other musicians has been unbelievable. Suddenly we’re growing up, all these independent politicians, rock and roll people, activists, scientists and artists, never in the history of the civilized world has there been an alliance like this.” She says all this in a rush of words; while she’s clearly said it all before, her conviction is apparent.

When the war in Viet Nam ended, there were no more major causes, nothing that could unify our country. Hundreds of thousands of people were out there with the training, the desire for a cause, for something to do and believe in. Three Mile Island handed it to them. “We’ve worked with people locally; the response all across the country is overwhelming,” Raitt says. The success of the New York concerts was so gratifying, so encouraging, there will no doubt be more of them in other places. On a less grandiose scale, Raitt’s own concerts will have tables in the lobbies doling out anti-nuke information.

Raitt’s activism has been a constant throughout her career — the result, she says, of being raised a Quaker. “I was taught that you shouldn’t be working just for yourself, you shouldn’t just work for your own satisfaction.” The idea was, and is, to help others, and her commitment to this ideal is not limited to her many benefit performances. “I’m interested in a more cooperative way of organization among

musicians — God, that makes it sound like I’m a Communist — instead of all these musicians having their own independent studios in their own houses, their own buses, maybe they should get together and use each other’s, have a community; I’d also like to have a production company, to find musicians who aren’t having an easy time in the business now, and give them a chance to make a record.”

Some commercially astute industry observers might have thought Warner Bros. was taking a chance on Raitt back in 1972. Untried, unfamous, daughter of one of America’s most successful musical comedy stars, John Raitt, she was a cute redhead with freckles and a wholesome smile who, incongruously, sang de booze and played guitar just like-a ringin’ a bell, lowdown slide guitar and finger picking with the dexterity of a lacemaker. She is probably the best female guitarist in this country, or this business, or both. Her choice of music sometimes seemed to dictate her personality of the moment, from intelligent white rock & roll by Jackson Browne, Joni Mitchell and Raitt’s East Coast friends Joel Zoss, Eric Kaz and Chris Smither, to the tough and easy country blues, black music from Sippie Wallace, Fred McDowell, Mississippi John Hurt. Half of the time Raitt was a bawdy boozier, the other half she was a bright, committed responsible artist. But whatever she was, she never seemed too impressed with herself. Even now, she points out the zit on her forehead in a photograph, laughs at her “sausage-roll arms” and casually remarks, “I have always hated my voice; I like it more now, it’s deeper, everybody’s voice gets better in time. I don’t consider myself a great artist in the league of Jackson Browne or Joni Mitchell; it doesn’t bother me, it’s an art to be able to interpret other people’s songs.”

Although she says “I’d rather be off the road than on,” Raitt has some definite goals in mind right now, and they don’t all include anti-nuclear activities. She’s out there promoting her new record, the first produced by Peter Asher (hitmaker for James Taylor, also an anti-nuke activist, and Linda Ronstadt). Raitt wants a hit. Her recent appearance in *Urban Cowboy* — she plays the girl in the band at the Texas nightclub where Travolta shakes his stuff — was more calculated. “I did it just to get some money for the movie I want to make about me and Sippie, you know [this delivered in a singsong bored debutante voice]: ‘... two strong independent women, their friendship crossing racial and generational lines...’ Sippie Wallace is the black Detroit woman whose boisterously sexy songs Raitt recorded on her first two albums: “Woman Be Wise,” “Mighty Tight Woman,” “You Got to Know How,” Wallace’s songs, perhaps more than any others, characterized Raitt’s good-time, let’s-hit-the-booze-and-then-the-sack earlier image. But Wallace is now 81 years old; “Time is running out,” Raitt says. She needs about \$400,000 to make the film, a miniscule budget by Hollywood standards, but no one has come up with the cash yet. So Raitt wants a hit record, a movie, anything that will let her get Wallace’s music made. “But I wouldn’t do a disco song just to have

a hit record," she qualifies. As for *Urban Cowboy*, "It wasn't a particularly obnoxious project."

When I first met Raitt seven years ago, she said she didn't want to be a superstar or have zillion-selling records, she just wanted to sell enough so she could keep making more records and live her own life. So far, her album sales have cooperated: *Sweet Forgiveness*, her biggest, has sold 470,000, not quite gold; her first, *Bonnie Raitt*, clocks in at 185,000. Only one song, "Good Enough" from her *Home Plate* album, ever came close to FM hitdom. "I'd rather spend my time and life being a whole person, a good mate; getting up on stage is not my entire life, even though I really enjoy it." Jane Fonda has been a role model for Raitt lately: "Her meshing of the roles of motherhood and wife and politician and artist, I admire greatly." But Raitt realizes that if she is to accomplish some of the more ambitious goals she's set for herself, from solar energy to Sippie Wallace on film, she must sell herself more, which may or may not have had some influence on her choice of Peter Asher as producer for *The Glow*.

Asher, who's been snugly tucked into the best-selling album charts for years by producing James Taylor and Linda Ronstadt, once told *Rolling Stone* that he would be pleased to work with Raitt. Years later... *The Glow* turned out to be a change for Raitt and Asher. "It's the rawest, funkier record Peter and Val [Avery] ever made," Raitt says. "Everybody played their butts off." Asher himself, who says he's been a big admirer of her singing for a long time, "thinks *The Glow* is simpler than her earlier albums; it's white rock & roll as opposed to black R&B." Raitt hastens to add that "I was happy with my records with [former producer] Paul Rothchild, but I just wanted a change. *The Glow* was the most pleasurable record I've ever made, we did everything live, everything was done on the first or second take with almost no rehearsal. That doesn't mean the other producers didn't treat me with respect — Rothchild probably would have recorded me live, but my voice wasn't as good then. My voice wasn't together in the past like it was for this record. I think I've grown as a singer." Her voice has always been sweet and sexy, now it's confident too. Even the album cover shows a new Raitt: no more self-conscious poses where she looked like a cornfed hippie; this is stylish womanhood, glamorous cascades of hair. And on the back cover, the hair is tossed over her face, like those slow-motion shampoo commercials.

Not a prolific songwriter by any standards (her seven albums contain only six Raitt originals), she makes solid, personal, likeable songs. "Standing by the Same Old Love," the only Raitt tune on *The Glow*, is a hymn to her 7-year relationship with Garry George, a tall red-headed Texan who, when they first met, was West Coast Director of Publicity at WB. "After six years together, Garry and I split up for awhile, but when I had a year off the road we were able to get back together. I really wanted to make a commitment to being home, but now I'm about to go on the



road, and trepidation is setting in. Gee, only three more loving days... on the road, I can't love someone I don't even know, I'm very old fashioned about that."

George now toils for Travolta's management company, and that's the reason Raitt is still in Los Angeles. "I have some property in Mendocino, I'd love to live there, but Garry still needs to be in L.A. for business." It's a rather wistful admission, but her house shows a much stronger acceptance of life in the smog: custom-made sofa and wing chairs, and one of the world's largest beds — on its own platform, no less, so large it threatens to burst out of the average-sized bedroom. Whole families could live in that bed and never meet each other. Around the corner, the bathroom has a new coat of rust-colored paint, with towels to match. "For the little redheads," she squeaks in a little-girl voice.

Two fluffy orange cats — Fred and Ethel by name — pussy-foot down the hallway. "Even our cats are redheads," she says with a big grin. "Isn't that cuuuute?"

# FALL FASHION '79

## THE SHIRTS

Their electrifying new album of rock 'n' roll

## STREET LIGHT SHINE



© 1979 CAPITOL RECORDS, INC.

### ★ Identification Bureau ★

Now you can have your state I.D. almost overnight! No waiting three weeks to 9 months for delivery! Your I.D. card will be processed by the same method most states use for their driver's licenses. Your actual I.D. will be produced in full color and will be wallet-sized.



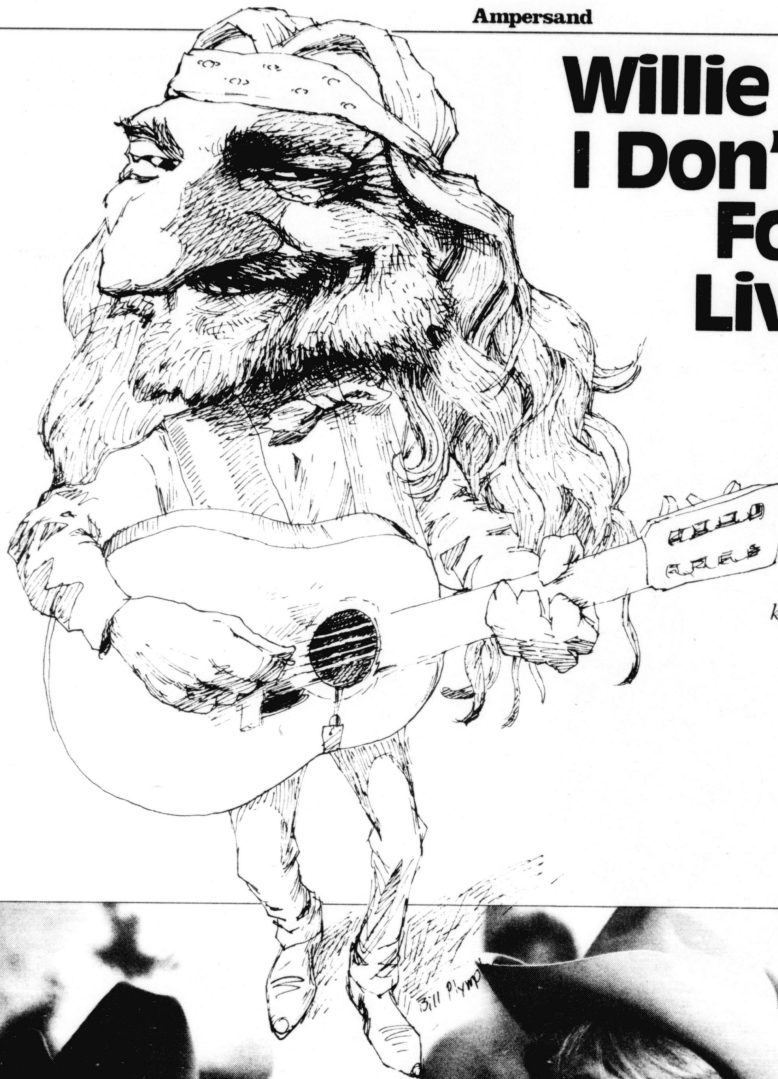
All other states not listed also available.

PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY! Send to: I.D. Bureau, 929 University Ave., Berkeley, CA 94710 (The following information will appear on your I.D.).

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_  
Sex \_\_\_\_\_ Height \_\_\_\_\_ Weight \_\_\_\_\_ Hair \_\_\_\_\_ Eyes \_\_\_\_\_  
Date of Birth \_\_\_\_\_ Soc. Sec. No. \_\_\_\_\_

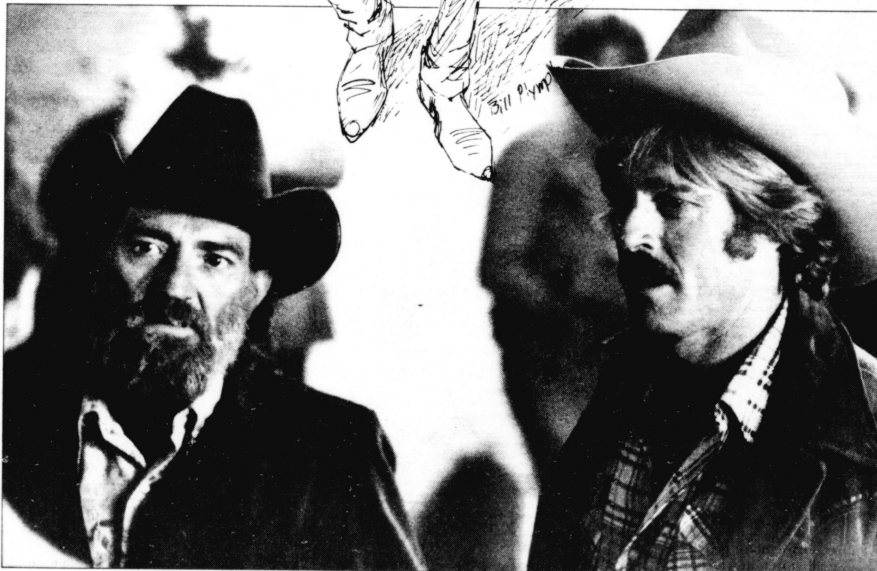
I certify that the above information is correct. (Sign inside Box) X \_\_\_\_\_  
Please send \_\_\_\_\_ more order forms.  
Send one photo per I.D. Write the name on the back of the photo. We can reduce photos, but passport photos, photo booth and year book pictures all work very well. Color pictures are preferred, but black and white pictures are okay. The clearer the photo the better the I.D.  
I.D. cards are \$13. (cash or money order only). Use a blank sheet of paper for additional I.D. information. Only \$10 more for each additional I.D. ordered at the same time.  
Dear I.D. Bureau: Please send my I.D. within 12 hours of receiving this information. Enclosed is \$ \_\_\_\_\_ for \_\_\_\_\_ I.D. cards. Don't forget your photo and return address!  
Send application to: I.D. Bureau, 929 University Ave., Berkeley, CA 94710





## Willie Nelson: I Don't Work For a Living

*"Willie was like working with your favorite shoe." Redford says. "comfortable, durable and special. Any man who can ad lib a line on camera like 'I'm gonna get me a bottle of tequila, one of them Keno girls who can suck the chrome off a trailer hitch, and kick back' deserves to be in movies, writing songs or in jail."*



BY KATHERINE ORLOFF

**T**he El Inca is a combination restaurant, bar and casino about one mile in distance and sixteen light years in ambiance from the Las Vegas Strip. The house band, a semi-ragtag collection, calls themselves the Salt Lick Outlaws. With a solid rhythm section and the harmonized vocals of the leader, J.J., and his blond wife, Darby, they're as fine a house band as an American bargoer could wish for.

Tonight the El Inca is packed with University of Nevada students, local cowboys, and a large contingent of movie people, including director Sydney Pollack, who leads a cheering section of actors, production staffers and technicians. The smoke is dense and there is an air of expectation when J.J. quiets the room at the end of the first set. "Ladies and gentlemen," intones the bandleader, "the best there is in country music, and our good friend—Willie Nelson." The audience picks up the phrase and it becomes almost a chant, until Nelson gets on stage and down to business.

Two long sets later, after the crowd has had enough tequila and St. Pauli Girl beer to float the QE2, Nelson, 46, is both tired and jubilant, his audience excited and drunk, and the cool, rainy Las Vegas night suffuses the room with fresh air.

Nelson is in Las Vegas to make his first motion picture, *The Electric Horseman*. The film, directed by Pollack, stars Nelson's pal Robert Redford and recent Oscar-winner

Jane Fonda. Nelson will also contribute songs to the film.

The impromptu session at the El Inca gives the rookie actor a chance to play for his new friends and jam with the Salt Lick Outlaws, an Austin band he has known for years.

For Nelson, transition from music to movies was somehow inevitable, and made in its own time. After decades of kicking and scratching, he has (at what might be considered a ripe old age for such success) made it big in the music world. And, it seems, he has made the transition with inordinate ease and grace.

"I've always been a movie fan," Nelson says, "ever since I was a kid and used to go to the Saturday movies and watch the cowboys." But why did Nelson wait until this stage in his career to become an actor?

"Because no one ever asked me before," he deadpans. Actually, Nelson had previously turned down several parts that didn't interest him. "But this time," he states simply, "it was Robert Redford who asked me. Who can turn down Robert Redford?"

Not Willie Nelson. "It was mainly being in a movie with Robert that interested me. It didn't matter what the movie was about. I didn't care," he says, smiling.

*The Electric Horseman*, to be released at Christmas, concerns itself with an aging former rodeo champion (Redford) who makes his living, such as it is, endorsing breakfast cereal for a huge conglomerate. He is drugged, drunk and buying time. The company owns a \$12 million race-horse which represents their logo, and at their convention in Las Vegas the cowboy realizes that the horse is in pretty sorry shape, too. In a moment of lucidity, he steals the horse, rides it down off the stage of Caesar's Palace and out through the casino, and disappears into the Las Vegas night, pursued not long after by Jane Fonda, playing an inquisitive television newswoman (yes, again).

The film follows the fugitive cowboy across the breathtaking expanses of southern Utah (around St. George and Zion National Park), as he slowly regains his self-respect and those values which his longtime friend and manager Wendell (played by Nelson) calls "the best part of himself." Wendell is the sidekick and moral support, making sure the cowboy is dressed and ready for his personal appearances, that he's conscious when he needs to be, drunk when it's time, and happy when it's possible.

Redford and Nelson have been friends for some time. They met at record producer Billy Sherrill's house in Nashville at a time when the actor was setting up some benefit concerts for the Consumer Action Fund. Eventually Nelson played Washington, D.C. for CAF and a summer concert at Redford's resort at Sundance, Utah.

Nelson isn't nervous about his acting. "I felt like I knew what to do," he says. "I felt like I knew what acting was about a little bit because music is not that much different. The cameras don't bother me." He has said that memorizing dialogue is easier than memorizing songs. On the set, he takes direction from Pollack in an open, almost ingenuous way.

Pollack, a former actor and a director accomplished at coaxing superb performances from his players (*The Way We Were*, *They Shoot Horses, Don't They?*, et al.) appreciates Nelson for his intelligence and for his unaffected cooperativeness. Pollack gives him a great deal of room, guiding rather than pushing. The director credits Nelson with bringing the "same kind of relaxed confidence he has on stage" to his

role in *The Electric Horseman*.

"He's just wonderful," Pollack says enthusiastically. "He doesn't complicate things. He doesn't get in the way of his part. He told me once that when you sing you say the words and sing the melody. He approaches his role the same way. Willie has a simple, concentrated elegance that is truly unique." Pollack is a classic worrier, but Nelson's easy attitude, quiet enthusiasm and sense of calm relaxes everyone.

"I really didn't know what to expect of films," says Nelson, "so I was kind of open for anything." What he found was an almost languid pace. "It's been a lot different from what I've been used to on the road, doing one-nighters. This is really kind of a vacation for me. I've enjoyed it very much. I think I'd probably get restless if I had to do this forever."

During *Electric Horseman's* filming, Nelson put finishing touches on an album of Kris Kristofferson tunes which will be released after the first day of the year, and he

found time to go into the studio with Leon Russell and record over 100 songs in six days, a collection released as the double album *One for the Road*. And how did Nelson choose which tunes out of the 100 to include in the album? "I let Leon do it," he says with characteristic aplomb. There is also some work with Booker T. Jones coming up, an album Nelson refers to as *Son of Stardust*. Jones, formerly of the Memphis pop-funk group Booker T. and the M.G.'s, produced Nelson's *Stardust* LP just over a year ago. A Christmas album, *Pretty Paper*, was just released.

All these albums are squeezed between expanding film commitments. Nelson is to star in *Honeysuckle Rose*, which is about an aging country singer. "That's another one that won't take much acting," he says good-naturedly. "I could relate to that one pretty good." Afterwards comes the much talked-about production of *The Red-Headed Stranger*, which Universal will finance through Bay Pony Productions, a

company set up by Nelson and his friends Gary Busey and Jan-Michael Vincent. Nelson would like to see Robert Redford play the lead.

At the end of the film company's long and difficult stay in St. George, Utah, Nelson turns his final two days' work into a huge party. J.J. and the Salt Lick Outlaws play hooky from El Inca for a night and drive north to join Nelson at the St. George Elks lodge for another rousing show.

Nelson's peers recently paid him a deserved tribute when the Country Music Association voted him Entertainer of the Year. To a broad segment of Americans, Willie Nelson is an inspiration—a man living his dreams. He appears gloriously unafraid of his age, of his talent, of the creative challenges he faces, of remaining a kid and a fan.

"I don't work for a living," he joshes. & Katherine Orloff, author of *Women in Rock*, owns a very large sheepdog named Chelsea and a very small car named Honda.



### Choosing the Right Turntable

Since most of the music reproduced over a stereo system originates in the grooves of phonograph records, it's important to choose a turntable system wisely. If the tiny signals translated from those wiggles in the disc's grooves are distorted before they enter the electronics system, there's nothing that amplifiers, receivers or speakers can do to clean them up.

It has been said that all a turntable system has to do is spin discs at a constant speed (33 $\frac{1}{3}$  or 45 rpm) and allow the cartridge, with its stylus or "needle," to trace the wiggles in the record groove with precision. Sounds simple, but look at all the types and models of turntable systems available. Why are there so many claims and counterclaims by so many manufacturers, all of whom maintain that their way of accomplishing these fundamental requirements is better than anyone else's?

#### Belt Drive vs. Direct Drive

While the last decade has witnessed the popularization of direct-drive turntables, there are still a good many makers of turntables who insist that a belt-drive system is superior. The truth is that each system has advantages and disadvantages. In a direct-drive system, a slow-speed motor's turning shaft is connected directly to the turntable's center spindle. No linkages are required between the motor and the platter itself, so there are fewer bearings and less friction to worry about. Direct-drive motors are generally driven and controlled electronically, rather than by direct connection to the AC power source. Therefore, fluctuations in home voltage have no effect upon speed of rotation, which can often be adjusted by means of a simple front panel control. The slow speed of the direct-drive motor generally results in less overall vibration which, translated

to audible terms, means less audible or sub-sonic rumble emanating from your loudspeakers.

On the other hand, a poorly designed direct-drive motor may be subject to a condition called "cogging," in which the motor revolves in discrete, pulsing motion rather than in a smooth continuous manner. This type of cogging is translated to increased wow-and-flutter, or wavering of musical pitch in the reproduced music. Recent studies have also shown that in all but the best direct-drive turntable systems, the same electronic circuits that control speed accuracy can also cause the turntable to "hunt" or rise above and fall below precise speed.

The modern belt-drive system can also be operated with a relatively slow-speed motor which may also be electronically controlled. The rubber-like belt, if precision made, tends to damp out or absorb any irregularities of rotation, imparting a smooth and consistent rotation to the turntable platter itself. Of course, not all belt-drive systems use such sophisticated motors and one cannot deny the fact that eventually the belt can wear out and have to be replaced. On the other hand, in a belt-drive system the motor can easily be isolated mechanically from the turntable platter itself, so that less of its inherent vibration is transmitted to the platter and from there to the phono pickup.

The best way to decide, as in all hi-fi purchasing decisions, is by extensive listening tests coupled with a reading of the relevant technical specification—which, in this case, would be the rumble spec, quoted in dB. The higher the number of dB, the lower the rumble and noise.

#### Modern Tonearm Design

Recent trends in tonearm design have been towards lower and lower mass without sacrificing rigidity or stiffness. The so-called S-shaped tonearm, popular a few years ago, has given way to more and more straight tonearm designs.

Of course, any tonearm must be judged in terms of the cartridge which is going to be installed in it. Equipping an ultra low-mass tonearm with a bulky, heavy pickup which has poor compliance (inability for its stylus to move with little force applied to it) negates the advantages of the low mass of the tonearm itself. It is the total effective mass of the tonearm/cartridge combina-

tion that determines the natural resonance frequency of the combination. If that resonance falls too low, any rumble components inherent in the turntable itself will be accentuated audibly. If it falls too high, resonance can affect low-bass musical reproduction, causing sound coloration. Ideally, the tonearm/cartridge resonance should fall somewhere between 8 Hz and about 12 Hz.

#### Are Record Changers Obsolete?

Turntables range from totally manually operated systems (in which the tonearm must be set down on the first groove and removed after the record has been played) to totally automatic multiple-play changer systems which will play six or more records in sequence. Most common among audiophiles are machines that play only one record at a time, and lift the tonearm automatically. The myth about record changers mishandling your precious discs is true only if you are talking about low-fi, cheap record players in the \$29.95 to \$49.95 category. Since record changers depend upon the tonearm initiating the change cycle, most of them do require cartridges that track at slightly heavier downward forces than do single-play machines, and that may be an important consideration in terms of record wear.

#### Buying Tips

In choosing the right turntable for your stereo system, never treat the cartridge as an afterthought. Choose it (and listen to it) at the same time that you buy the turntable. Tap lightly on the base of the turntable, while it is playing, to see how susceptible the system is to mechanical jarring. Turn up the music to loud levels to insure against howling feedback. Keep the turntable as far away from your speaker locations as possible to avoid this form of feedback. If possible, listen to the turntable and cartridge combination by connecting them to the actual amplifier or receiver and speakers with which they will ultimately be used. Phono cartridges, like speakers, are electro-mechanical transducers and, unlike the purely electronic elements of your hi-fi system, are subject to the greatest amount of variation from model to model. In the last analysis, only your ears can tell you which one is, only best.

Len Feldman

XTC  
Drums and Wires ()  
THIS HEAT  
This Heat (Piano Records)

XTC is/are a gang of four happy English people who manage to confuse all the labels pasted on them past the point of any real relevance, but who would probably fall safely someplace in-between categories like Amyl Pop and Power Reggae. Their appeal is basically catchy melody lines dressed up with witty synthesizers and a whole circus of techno-toys. The

*XTC: catchy melody lines dressed up with witty synthesizers and a whole circus of techno-toys.*

closest comparison is Bill Nelson's Red Noise, but the connection could all be through producer John Leckie, co-producer of Red Noise and before them Be Bop Deluxe, who also did the first two XTC albums.

The third XTC LP, *Drums and Wires*, marks a change in direction. They've lost Leckie and their keyboards, and they're getting more serious about the music. (Serious may not mean better; remember the costume numbers in Marx Bros. movies?) But whenever the rock posing doesn't get in the way—"Real by Reel," "Ten Feet Tall," and the single "Making Plans for Nigel"—everything is pleasant. Whenever it does, like in the overblown "Complicated Game," the music is scarcely bearable.

On another hand, we have the album *This Heat*, by appropriately, the band This Heat. While XTC giggles at outright rock, This Heat takes rock music to a logical and well-deserved conclusion. If you were one of those who thought an album like *Evolution* by a group like Journey could qualify as "World's Largest In-Joke"; if you thought Lou Reed's *Metal Machine Music* had a good beat but you couldn't really dance to it; if you rented the Rubinoos' single "Rock and Roll Is Dead" only after they tried for a follow-up hit, then hot damn, is this an album for you. With all your fave musical components—hooks, drum fills, power chords... They're all right here, laid out on the table like surgical instruments.

Mainstay in producer David Cunningham, also responsible for Flying Lizards and the solo "Grey Scale." What bands like Throbbing Gristle and Chrome, and probably even Cousin Eno, are doing to extend the range of music, This Heat does to exaggerate its limits. Examine the snappy "24-Track Loop," or the haunting, yet lyrical, "Fall of Saigon." The music drones and breaks—in it twists, it shouts. This is music which pumps embalming fluid in place of passion, which offers all the charisma of a generating machine: iron lung rock-and-roll, music for a grateful and dying generation.

Paul Cullum

THE WHO (AND OTHERS)  
Quadrophenia (Polydor)

Basically a soundtrack-plus, this album loses a little impact without the film, but there is still enough vital

Blondie's Deborah  
Harry



music to make it interesting in its own right. The Who were the archetypal Mod band during the early Sixties Mods vs. Rockers confrontations, so they bear expert witness. Some of *Quadrophenia* evidences the group in their heyday, prior to Townshend's latter-day operatic tendencies. Side Four contains some of the influential (non-Who) records of the period, notably James Brown's classic "Night Train," itself almost worth the price of this evocative and not-so-nostalgic album.

James Anger

THE BUZZCOCKS  
Singles Going Steady (I.R.S.)

A chronologically arranged collection of the group's first eight singles (hence the title), *Singles Going Steady* offers a rare look at the development of a band from its first rough efforts to a more accomplished attack.

One of the first English punk bands, the Buzzcocks' strength is in two- to three-minute pop gems delivered with energy and melodic flair. "What Do I Get?," "I Don't Mind" and "Ever Fallen in Love?" are excellent songs; though some of the group's excursions beyond the three-minute barrier fall flat, this is an album well worth picking up.

Don Snowden

THE POLICE  
Reggatta De Blanc (A&M)

An Anglo-American trio likely to be the first new wave band to hit it big, the Police offer a fresh, technically accomplished rock 'n' reggae blend

that's already produced a radio hit, "Roxanne," from their first album. Vocalist/bassist Sting's Aryan good looks and striking, high-pitched singing makes him perfect for the glossy celeb magazines. All the Police lack is the ability to come up with an album's worth of good material.

*Reggatta* contains three stand-out tracks—the single "Message in a Bottle," the reggae-influenced "Walking on the Moon" and "This Bed's Too Big Without You." The rest ranges from pretty good to pretty lame.

Production is fuller and busier than on the first release, closer to the band's live sound, and the influence of 'dub' reggae is more evident. But it's that basic rhythmic thrust—centered around the surging, active Sting-Stewart Copeland rhythm section and topped by Sumner's spare, effective guitar playing—that makes the Police enjoyable even when their playing isn't up to snuff.

Don Snowden

STYX  
Cornerstone (A&M)

While some may consider synthesizers, looping melodies, keening three-part harmonies and gee-whiz mysticism the bane of rock and roll, Styx, along with Supertramp, Kansas and a host of other earnest practitioners, continues to mine the genre with sometimes satisfying results. *Cornerstone* has its share of insufferable pretenses, but careful craftsmanship and emphasis on ringing riffs fuels *Cornerstone* for an impressive

run at Top 40 dominance. Despite Styx' thirst for "significance," the group adroitly exploits its crass pop formulas.

Davin Seay

BLONDIE  
Eat to the Beat (Chrysalis)

I give up. After four albums, a boffo single, *People* magazine and *Saturday Night Live*, I've gone soft on Blondie. Resistance began to melt when "Heart of Glass" swept the airwaves. Something so transparent couldn't be all bad. *Eat to the Beat* proves conclusively that Blondie really isn't bad at all. Vapid? Yes. Silly? Of course. Cal-

*"I give up. I've gone soft on Blondie."*

culated? What else? Deborah Harry as Blondie is probably here to stay, like Cher, Dolly Parton and Ethel Merman.

This album careens around like a big rig in a sleet storm, yet is so overblown and bark-worse-than-bite bombastic that the inevitable collision only sends it spinning off in a new direction. Surprise! No one's hurt, it's all for laughs, what a thrill. Producer Mike Chapman deserves much of the credit for creating this aural equivalent of a hot air balloon. Chapman, who also produced the Knack, is frequently credited for bringing punk and disco together. Actually, Chapman's art is to sneak in snippets of Phil Spector's Girl Group vocabulary (witness "Dreamin'") plus a few licks

from his real idol, Richard Wagner ("Victor"). This cute-as-buttons band can be endorsed only with a note of caution: eating to this beat will give you a tummyache like no one's business.

Davin Seay

CHEAP TRICK  
Dream Police (Epic)

Cheap Trick built its audience through incessant touring. On the evidence of *Dream Police* (actually recorded prior to the breakthrough *Budokan* LP), the constant roadwork has taken its creative toll. Only the title track, a passable though inferior rewrite of "Surrender," and "Need Your Love," Robin Zander's vocal showcase, measure up to past Trick standards. The remaining material is energetic but undistinguished and banal. "Voices" is intriguing because it sounds like ELO and Cheap Trick has always been reminiscent of the Move, the great English band that spawned ELO out of a combination of hard rock power and pop melodies. But if the *Dream Police* show up at your bedside don't be alarmed. They're firing blanks this time out.

Don Snowden

ELTON JOHN  
Victim of Love (MCA)

Neither John nor his longtime partner Bernie Taupin wrote any of this album's tunes. Also, John doesn't play piano. That can hardly be called dealing from strength. An eight-minute disco version of Chuck Berry's "Johnny B. Goode" gets things off to a hazardous start. The remainder, six disco tracks written by producer Peter Belotte and others, offers little more than John's familiar voice over a repetitive beat.

John and Taupin are reportedly in the process of making a new album. Maybe it'll be the return to form that *Victim of Love* didn't achieve.

John Trausch

OREGON  
Roots in the Sky  
(Elektra/Asylum)  
GLEN MOORE  
Introducing ((Elektra/Asylum)  
PAUL MCCANDLESS  
All the Mornings Bring  
(Elektra/Asylum)

Reedman Paul McCandless, sitarist-tablaist Colin Walcott, guitarist-pianist-trumpeter Ralph Towner and bassist-pianist-violist Glen Moore, the talented gentlemen who make up the musical group Oregon, are responsible for three new offerings, one group and two solo, all notable.

*Roots* is Oregon's second for Elektra and it shows again the group's ability to intertwine classical and jazz forms at will. The tracks on *Roots* have more rhythmic punch than antecedent discs. "June Bug" is propelled by guitar and tablas, over which McCandless's oboe cries its airy line, which soon rises to a wild shout over inflating support. "Vessel" is space. Towner's piano and the tablas arrange a canvas to work on, and Moore's bass and McCandless's gothic bass clarinet arrive with the colors. "Ogden Road" features Towner's piano again, here embracing the narrow, spindly, romantic sound of Keith

BEST COPY AVAILABLE



MEMOREX HIGH BIAS TEST NO. 2.

# WHICH HIGH BIAS TAPE WINS WITH "LUCILLE"?



The legendary "Lucille" is a Gibson ES 355 made specially for B.B. King.

Select any blues solo where B.B. King really lets "Lucille" sing, and record it on your favorite high bias tape.

Now record the same solo on MEMOREX HIGH BIAS tape, and listen to the two tapes back to back.

We're convinced you'll have a new favorite for two important reasons:

1. At standard record levels, no high bias tape has a flatter response across the entire frequency range.
2. The signal/noise ratio of MEMOREX HIGH BIAS is unsurpassed by any other high bias tape at the critical high end.

In short, you can't find a high bias cassette that gives you truer reproduction. And, after all, isn't that what you buy a high bias tape for?

Is it live, or is it  
**MEMOREX**



## MEMOREX 90

**HIGH BIAS**

Memorex's

minutes  
ation



For unbeatable performance in a normal bias tape, look for Memorex with MRX Oxide in the black package.

## Classics to Keep

BY ED CRAY



One of the nice things about reviewing — aside from the princely wages and ego satisfaction — is that one may keep the records. Which is how I have come to make the following recommendations. These were the records from among the new releases played for the last few months for personal pleasure.

- Bach: Complete Flute Sonatas, etc. (*Seraphim*) — Flutist Voorhorst and harpsichordist Littenbosch endow these with an earthy, no-nonsense quality.
- Bach: Cantatas 140, 148 (*Seraphim*) — Ameling, Baker, Altmeyer, Sotin. An embarrassment of riches.
- Bach: Chaconne, etc. (*Sheffield*) — Guitarist Michael Newman's debut on records marks him as a young man of great capacity. The direct-to-disc sound is stunning.
- Beach & Foote: Violin Sonatas (*New World*) — Mrs. Beach's unjustly slighted sonata gets a silken performance from violinist Joseph Silverstein and pianist Gilber Kalish.
- Beethoven & Mendelssohn: String Quintets (*RCA*) — Pinchas Zukerman joins the Guarneri Quartet, demonstrating how much fun friends can have making music together.
- Beethoven: Quintet for Piano & Winds, Serenade (*Turnabout*) — Relaxed music making, notable for its easy charm rather than its virtuosity.
- Brahms: Violin Concerto (*Columbia*) — Isaac Stern and Zubin Mehta have played this together for years. Not often do soloist and orchestra blend so felicitously.
- Bruckner: Symphonies No. 7 & 9 (*Vanguard*) — Kurt Masur's Leipzigers raise these works, and Bruckner, to religious passion. A great argument for the transcendental.
- Bruckner: Symphony No. 9 (*Angel*) — Eugen Jochum provides a well-recorded, intellectual reading that lets the listener draw his own conclusions about the enigmatic composer.
- Copland: Symphony No. 3 (*Columbia*) — Copland conducts one of the few contemporary works to have gained a foothold in the concert hall; a grand, accessible composition.
- Dowland & Byrd: Lute Pieces (*Nonesuch*) — Paul O'Dette tosses off these 15 tuneful works with great élan, never making too much of too little.
- Haydn: Symphonies 44–49 (*Vanguard*) — Antonio Janigro conducts brisk performances on three separate records of the best of Haydn's middle symphonies.
- Mennin: Symphony No. 7, Piano Concerto (*CRI*) — The symphony is one of the more engaging, if dark, works in contemporary music. John Ogden's piano on the flip side of this former RCA disc overwhelms.
- Mozart: Symphonies No. 25 and 28 (*Odyssey*) — Remastered mono recordings by the Mozart conductor of this century. If anything in music is definitive, this is.
- Mussorgsky: *Pictures at an Exhibition* and Haydn: Sonata No. 52 (*RCA*) — Well remastered mono recordings of Vladimir Horowitz at titan power. Be grateful such men grace our times.
- Rivers of Delight* (*Nonesuch*) — American shape note hymns sung by the Word of Mouth Chorus; raw, intense, moving. The sort of thing one expects from enterprising Nonesuch.
- Saint-Saëns and Lalo: Piano Trios (*Turnabout*) — French confections whipped up by the Caecilian Trio proving even serious composers have fun now and then.
- Schumann: Sonata in G minor, *Fantasiestücke* (*Orion*) — Pianist Susan Starr is a gifted lady of no little sensitivity, a combination of assets much too rare.
- Subotnick: *Liquid Strata*, etc. (*Townhall*) — Though not a Subotnick partisan, I'm still awed by pianist Ralph Grierson's capacities. The Lesemann and Kraft pieces seem more rewarding on a second hearing.
- Thomson: *Four Songs from William Blake*, etc. (*CRI*) — Virgil Thomson was the quintessential American intellectual in Paris, in New York (a fear-some critic), in hometown Kansas City. This rechanneled Columbia release represents all three places.
- Webern: Complete Works, Vol. 1 (*Columbia*) — Recorded under the direction of Pierre Boulez, all-star casts deliver lucid, precise performances. A Grand Prix du Disque/Grammy winner or there ain't no justice.

Jarrett. A bass and piano line are central to "House of Wax," on which Wakcott's sitar is the primary voice, accented by the breathy flute of McCandless. The title track really burns, and Towner has a dandy 12-string solo.

For *Introducing*, Moore stuck to small groups with no overdubs, or solo bass and piano devices. His bass gets a woody, thumping sound that fills rooms and bounces easily, while his piano is ruminative and sparse. The quartet pieces show a different coat again, with Zbigniew Siefert, the late Polish violinist, and Jan Hammer playing pin-pointed, exuberant drums on two rock works. There are also quiet trio opuses with cellist David Darling.

All the *Mornings* utilizes two ensembles, a trio with Art Lande, piano, and Dave Samuels, vibes and marimba; and an elegant woodwind octet. Both units achieve an open, outdoorsy quality that is most attractive. The trio is a better study in interaction among improvisers while the octet displays McCandless's depth as a composer and arranger.

Zan Stewart

*Note: This record contains only 26-1/2 minutes of music.*

Sly AND THE FAMILY STONE  
Back on the Right Track  
(Warner Bros.)

Sly Stone's return to vinyl after a lengthy hiatus is a mixed bag, neither the work of a cocaine casualty — as many feared — nor a smashing triumphant comeback.

Sly's brand of funk doesn't sound

dated in the least. His vocals are on the mark, as is the horn section and backing vocals that always made the Family Stone so distinctive.

However, the music and production is altogether too slick and smooth, lacking any sort of dynamic variation; none of the songs really stick in the memory. A flawed, inconclusive effort, the album nonetheless indicates that Sly can't be counted out yet. *Consumer Note:* This record contains only 26½ minutes of music.

Don Snowden

*The material on "Restless Nights" cries to be milked of its pathos.*

KARLA BONOFF  
Restless Nights (Columbia)

Famous for her own and for Ronstadt's versions of "I Can't Hold On" and other originals, Bonoff exhibits her usual flair on *Restless Nights*, with special emphasis on evocative, heart-rending melodies. Yet, while not bloodless, Bonoff's voice lacks emotional precision. Good songs all, the material on *Restless Nights* cries to be milked of its pathos. Bonoff just doesn't have the chords.

Davin Seay

SONNY ROLLINS  
Don't Ask (Milestone)

Rollins has endured a lot of negative comment, much of it unfair, for his journey into pop-jazz, and though his detractors may not think his material worthy of the preeminent saxophon-

ist of our time. Sonny nevertheless stays true to himself; he always swings, he plays with a never-ending energy and enthusiasm that makes even the weakest song happen, and his almost-human tenor sound gets rougher, warmer, more personal as the years are logged. *Don't Ask* has lots of music: the funky "Harlem Boys"; "Disco Monk," a hot and cold item with a storming Larry Corvell guitar solo; the melodious "My Ideal"; and the straight-ahead title track. One can't help but smile at these genuinely affectionate sounds.

Zan Stewart

FUNKADELIC  
Uncle Jam Wants You (Warner Bros.)  
MUTINY  
Mutiny on the Mamaship (Columbia)

In its original, undiluted form, Funkadelic was the most original and amusing black music concept of the Seventies. George Clinton, P-Funk mastermind and chief booty polisher, took hard James Brown/Sly Stone soul and gossiped it up with a heavier bottom and lyrical and musical conceits that incorporated science fiction, Frank Zappa, the purest streetcorner jive and the most complicated cosmogony this side of William Blake. The result was daffy, extravagant dance music — looney and mindless and lots of fun.

Unfortunately, to borrow a phrase from the P-Funk lexicon, the butt pleasures have waned considerably, as amply demonstrated by Funkadelic's new release, *Uncle Jam Wants You*. Nothing on the new album comes close to achieving the rhythmic delights of the unshakable "One Nation Under a Groove." *Uncle Jam's* magnificent opus, "(not just) Kneec Deep," is

Sonny Rollins





*daffy, extravagant  
dance music — looney  
& mindless & lots  
of fun*

built on a lick so stale that one's toes barely twitch by the end of its enervating 15-minute course. The bulk of the second side is occupied by Clinton's shrill drill instructor's exhortations to join Uncle Jam's groove maneuverers.

Lovers of Da Funk may discover some positive groovativity on Mutiny's *Mutiny on the Mamaship*. Mutiny is led by former P-Funk drummer Jerome "Him Bad" Brailey, and the thick, kicking sound of his group is a testimonial to some well-learned lessons. Brailey will never win a Grammy for his lyrics; the music is almost strong enough to compensate, however. When this band battens down and sails, one experiences the joy of the purest funkification. The impact of the playing on *Mutiny on the Mamaship*, combined with George Clinton's current lassitude, may lead veteran P-Funk fans to jump ship.

Chris Morris

**THE EAGLES**  
*The Long Run (Asylum)*

The Eagles are responsible for some of the Seventies' most memorable AM hits: "Lying Eyes," "Take It Easy," "Tequila Sunrise," in addition to one awesome pop album, 1976's *Hotel California*. Even people who don't cotton to that glossy, homogenized L.A. country rock sound had to admit that *Hotel California* was a layer above the smog; punchy, ambitious and bristling, pulled up by the bootstraps with Joe Walsh's searing electric and slide guitar runs, an infusion of reggae rhythms and shimmering melodies.

Well that was then, this is now. *The Long Run* already boasts one massive hit single, the rowdy "Heartache Tonight." It took four people — Eagles Don Henley and Glen Frey, plus Bob Seger and J.D. Souther — to compose this ditty. (New joke: How many Eagles does it take to write a song? Five. One to play the guitar and four to hold the Frisbee.) Unarguably, the song has hooks: some handclaps, a rousing a cappella chorus. Folks have gobbled it up.

Henley and Frey wrote the title track (with Don Felder), "Teenage Jail" (with Souther), "The Greeks Don't Want No Freaks" and "The Sad Cafe" (with Walsh and Souther). Of all these, only "King of Hollywood" and "The Greeks Don't Want No Freaks" stand out. The former is a well-honed, lengthy look into the world of a movie mogul and his casting couch coterie of starlets (the song sectioned off by three guitar solos, respectively Frey's, Felder's and Walsh's). The latter is noteworthy only for its upbeat silliness, which delivers relief from the slumbering sentiments of its neighbors, "Teenage Jail" and "The Sad Cafe."

Ex-Poco bassist Timothy B. Schmit coughs up "I Can't Tell You Why," an insipid MOR-shaded ballad, the same sort of syrup that gave his ex-group their first hit, last year's "Crazy Love." And Joe Walsh takes a turnoff from "Life in the Fast Lane" to park his mid-tempo piece entitled "In the City."

One imagines the Eagles being dragged from the beach or their pool and into the studio, trying desperately to muster up *something, anything*. If the Eagles hover into the Eighties making mush like this, extinction isn't far around the next bend.

Steven X. Rea

*"The Beat" is  
everything "Get the  
Knack" was supposed  
to be.*

**THE BEAT**  
*The Beat (Columbia)*

Undoubtedly the best chunk of vinyl the vaunted Los Angeles New Wave scene has yet delivered, *The Beat* is everything *Get the Knack* was supposed to be, minus the misogyny and ham-fisted posturing. Endearing, furious, the songs of singer/songwriter Paul Collins filter an extensive catalog of vintage Sixties riffs through the revved-up, stripped-down Eighties rock consciousness. The band bristles with energy and a sense of rollicking good fun.

Davin Seay

**HALL & OATES**  
*X-Static (RCA)*

Daryl Hall and John Oates have yet to equal the success of the "Sarah Smile" era, and Lord knows they've tried. Few sales resulted from the starry line-up on the previous *Along the Red Ledge* album (George Harrison, Rick Nielsen, Todd Rundgren). This time they're relying on their talents as stylists, attempting to touch several bases. "Number One" flirts with reggae, "Bebop Drop" is a classic rocker with a Devonian intro and automated beat, "Woman Comes and Goes" is Little Feat funk and "Wait for Me" is vintage Rundgren balladry.

Unfortunately, not all the bases they touch are enjoyable. Most of the rest of the album sounds either repetitive or calculated. *X-Static* is very much like its theme, the radio; a small amount is excellent, some is passable, the rest is intolerable.

Jeff Silberman

# Stevie Wonder

"Journey Through The Secret Life of Plants"

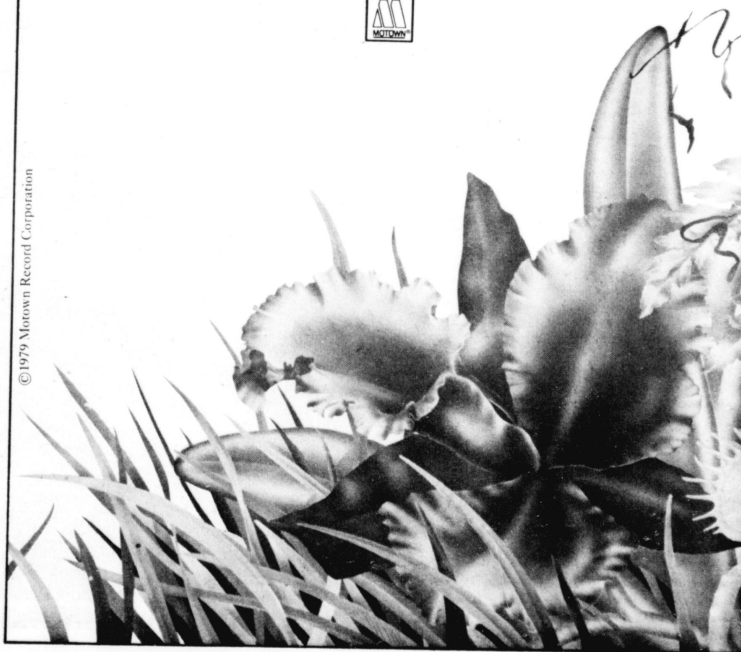
A deluxe two-record set.

Available now.

On Motown Records & Tapes



© 1979 Motown Record Corporation







She gave...  
 And gave...  
 And gave.  
 Until she had  
 nothing left  
 to give.

**BETTE MIDLER**  
**ALAN BATES**  
 A MARVIN WORTH / AARON RUSSO PRODUCTION  
 A MARK RYDELL FILM  
**THE ROSE**  
 PRODUCED BY MARVIN WORTH & AARON RUSSO  
 DIRECTED BY MARK RYDELL  
 SCREENPLAY BY BILL KERBY AND BO GOLDMAN  
 STORY BY BILL KERBY  
 EXECUTIVE PRODUCER TONY RAY  
 DIRECTOR OF PHOTOGRAPHY VILMOS ZSIGMOND, A.S.C.

**R** RESTRICTED  
 ALL PARENTS STRONGLY CAUTIONED  
 SOME MATERIAL MAY BE INAPPROPRIATE FOR CHILDREN UNDER 17

COLOR BY DELUXE™ - ORIGINAL SOUNDTRACK RECORDING AVAILABLE ON ATLANTIC RECORDS AND TAPES  
 READ THE WARNER BOOK - IN 70 MM **XX** (DOLBY STEREO)™ IN SELECTED THEATRES

**Now Playing at Select Theatres. Check Your Local Newspapers.**

**COLORED PAPER**



## Joe Jackson: Pop-Punk with Reggae Roots

BY BYRON LAURSEN

**P**ortsmouth, England, the dreary naval and shipping town south of London, spawned the prodigious novelist Charles Dickens in 1812 and lost him to London very soon thereafter. Joe Jackson, 25, another Portsmouthian-turned-Londoner, might easily pass for a Dickens creation. Thin, of working-class stock, well over six feet tall, dyspeptic, his rubbery, high-crowned visage topped with tufty reddish-blond hair, Jackson's a dour apparition in the blue-gray November light of a Vancouver, British Columbia afternoon. But on the same night, singing like a loon at Vancouver's turn-of-the-century Commodore Ballroom, backed by a scrappy, economical, reggaefied three-piece English rock band and hopping to the beat like a semaphoring scarecrow, Jackson transforms himself into the center of enormous fun. Had Dickens ever sketched a new wave rock star, an angular, improbable guy blessed more with conviction than good looks, that rocker might be Joe Jackson.

"I just want to come across as sincere, just doing what I want to do," Jackson says before the show. "It's a mixture of 'Let's have a good time' and 'Listen to this because I've got something to say to you.'" His top twenty single "Is She Really Going out with Him," off *Look Sharp*, a gold-selling debut released by A&M Records in February 1979, established Jackson in some circles as among the most listenable and engaging of the new wavers, but others call him a less luminescent follower of paths cut by such English rockers as Elvis Costello and Graham Parker. All three lace pop, R&B and reggae influences with spiteful lyrics, though Jackson comes off as the least complex and demanding of the group. One critic assumed his ambition was "to be the life of the party."

"That's a bit frostrating," Jackson responds. Clad entirely in black from his socks to the buttoned cuffs of his shirt, he

sits cross-legged at the foot of his Vancouver hotel bed, self-consciously rubbing an itchy wrist against a skinny kneecap. "There's just as much anger in my music as Costello's. It's just that with him, that's all he can do. That might sound arrogant on my part, I suppose. But most of the writers I respect — and there's very few of them — seem to like me."

Arrogance might be forgiven one who escaped a terminal gig like musical director of the Portsmouth Playboy Club, as Jackson did, and the embittering breakup of an incompetently-managed little pub-rock outfit called Arms and Legs. Wariness, too, suffuses Jackson's manner. His lyrics, accordingly, pass a cautious eye over relationships, crappy pop culture and contemporary loss of innocence. *I'm the Man*, Jackson's recently released second album, entered the charts in the top 100 and has climbed steadily. But the single release, "It's Different for Girls," has not caught on so quickly. Usually it takes a hit single to put an album in gloryland. While Jackson had wanted the new album's title track released first, as it was in England and Canada, A&M said that American radio stations wouldn't touch the satiric, frenzied rocker with a ten-foot tonearm. Though extravagantly opinionated, Jackson acquiesced. "I'm probably the worst person to pick a single," he says. "Which among his songs does he like best, then? 'Well, all the songs that went on the album, I suppose. They're all important.'"

Though he studied music at London's Royal Academy, there's none of art-rock's classical pilfering on Jackson's cleverly, sparsely arranged albums. "Basically, everything I've learned about music that's of importance to me has been what I've found out for myself," he says. "And I've always ended up doing things my own way, whatever was happening." Reggae, long popular in England and currently gaining a wider American audience thanks largely

to the works of apostles like Jackson, Parker and Costello, is an inseparable part of Jackson's way with music. Blues and R&B are much less prominent in the stylistic blend. Backstage, while his tape of little-known reggae musicians entertains the waiting audience, Jackson says he plans to open his next tour with a Jamaican band.

**T**he Commodore crowd, well over a thousand strong, responds raucously when stagelights go up on Jackson and the band. "Listen," he teases them. "If you don't shut up you'll go out of here as ignorant as when you came in." Guitarist Gary Sanford, a visual mix of Roger Daltry and Harpo Marx who mastered reggae rhythm chops while teaching guitar to Jamaican students in south London, meanwhile scratches out the chords to "Look Sharp." Jackson's episodic advisement on life. Alternately half-swallowing the round microphone and dancing a floppy-limbed pogo, Jackson leads the ensemble through a thirteen-song set of mostly reggae-tinged pop rockers. Fans jammed up at stagefront tug mindlessly at monitors and electrical leads until Sanford's Les Paul Gibson is silenced. Frustrated, he lofts it neck first in a thirty foot arc, grabbing his weathered blond Telecaster from a stand as head-shaking roadies retrieve the Gibson's splintered corpse. "Listen," bawls Jackson, suddenly every inch a fed-up schoolmaster, "if you can't behave like reasonably mature ten-year-olds we'll stop playing." Nonetheless, the band answers a lusty encore call with three songs, one of them a quirky Jackson solo on "Life Is Just a Bowl of Cherries."

Vancouver is among the last stops on a tour that winds up in Los Angeles, to be followed by a British tour. "Then it'll be Christmas and we'll all get drunk," Jackson says. Dickens, always happy to see a poor boy make good, fond of lively working-class types, would probably approve.



David Johansen, *Mississippi Nights*, St. Louis, Missouri

Not a note had been sounded, but it was already clear that the energy crisis was not to be David Johansen's problem. Along the north wall he raced with his young, mascaraed band, crying "rock and roll" as soon as he bounded onto the low, darkened stage. Then, a white-blazered back to the audience — right arm up — left arm down — and as the lights flashed on, he spun around and cut loose with "Cool Metro," from his first album.

Now he had a problem. Apparently hoarse to begin with, Johansen was shouting, not singing his lyrics as he does on his smooth, new *In Style* LP.

Theatrically, he was faring a bit better. Johansen's resemblance to Mick Jagger (who, too, has been yelling his lyrics of late) is a strong one, especially his fist-on-hip swagger. It is also true that Johansen remains the more sympathetic performer of the two — a clown whose control veers askew of automatic and whose stare is not Jaggeresque steely-blue devilry, but rather more that of a friendly but slightly disturbed cocker spaniel.

Johansen did have his serious moments, however, and because they emphasized flow over drive, they became the night's best. Building from the sixth song, the formidable "Flamingo Road," he arrived, five steadily-improving entries later, at his masterpiece, "Frenchette."

"Is anybody here suffering from intellectual starvation?" he asked, dubbing the

many who responded in the affirmative, "my people." "This song is especially dedicated to you and anyone else who's on a diet."

Indeed, "Frenchette" was as meaty as one could wish, developing from an acoustic opening that, like all of the set's better pieces, included Johansen on guitar, into a gorgeous tapestry of tortuous trills and turns that featured the tandem efforts of guitarists Thomas Trask and Fred G. (Giardinello), and ending in a cooled-down, talking-bluesy coda. "Frenchette" imparts a new sense of direction to the realm of extended rock music.

Unfortunately, Johansen soon lost his honing instinct in a rah-rah version of The Four Tops' eternal crowd-mover, "Reach Out, I'll Be There," incidentally in the current "live" set of another former

the country. "Your lives are so dreary, so serious. You arrive at the office first and you are the last to leave. You face everything from sexual harassment to watching the young kid you trained get promoted over you." Her new film, aptly titled *9 to 5*, would be an attempt to document these traumas. "The only way I can tell your story," she said, "is to do it as a comedy. I think it will bring out howls of recognition."

Fonda urged a coalition of women to ban together and fight for their well-deserved pay increases, job security and promotions. "It won't be easy and it won't happen overnight," she reminded. "But I've been called everything from a lesbian to a communist for speaking out for what I believe in and you will be called names too." And then, with what seemed like an afterthought, Fonda declared, "In time, history will prove you right."

Bob Weinberger

## ON TOUR

*Triumph, Royal Oak Theater, Detroit*

Heavy metal music doesn't want to die, even if detractors say it sounds that way. The bone-crunching rock of Van Halen has been one of the most successful of recent rock & roll mutations, a beacon for new groups wanting to make it on the rock circuit.

Triumph, a relatively young Toronto-based trio, proved to a packed audience in hard-rock Detroit that they're contenders for a slice of the persistent metal market.

Triumph's focus, both musically and visually, is lead guitarist and vocalist Rik Emmett. Dazzling the mostly high school-age crowd with his lightning speed and impressive versatility during an extended solo, Emmett showed a style that merits the term "attack," trekking repeatedly from one end of the tonal spectrum to the other. Whatever Emmett chose to do set the mood of the evening, whether it was strumming a soothing ballad on an acoustic guitar alone on stage with lights dimmed, or assaulting his electric Gibson.

Triumph also trotted out some spectacular, blinding special effects. The appreciative crowd was treated to everything from flash pots, flames and explosions to dry ice smoke and the band's name in bold, towering letters at the back of the stage. Overwhelming the audience is the name of the heavy metal game, and Triumph goes at it with the energy of a neophyte band and the professionalism of a seasoned ensemble.

Tim Yagle

*Anthony Braxton, Kingston Coffee Shop, Portland, Oregon*

At best an unaccompanied solo-musical performance is a parlous endeavor; at worst it involves a musician playing completely for himself, stark, cold and private. Saxophonist Anthony Braxton's recent sets in Portland illustrated those risks, pointing up the dangers that dog all soloists, but Braxton in particular. Braxton says his aim is to establish a "spiritual and composite vibratory affinity-arena of world culture," but his playing is all too often detached, impersonal and abstracted. As an instrumentalist and an improviser, Braxton descends from Coltrane, Dolphy, Ayler and Coleman, but while their playing had strong melodic underpinnings — Coltrane's fervent lyricism, Coleman's roots in the blues, even Ayler's passion for folk forms, gospel and

marches — Braxton's music is more austere and keeps its antecedents more concealed. The result is that Braxton plays a jazz in which the soloing is a monologue while his predecessors engaged in dialogues with their accompanists and the received tradition.

Most of Braxton's compositions are identified by symbolic mobiles, complicated-looking designs full of geometric shapes, numbers and swooping arabesques, rather than song titles. They are disconcerting, an Apollonian reserve and introspection in a Dionysian landscape, but they're also appropriate; Braxton's preoccupation is with experimental inquiries into the structural possibilities and textures of his writing rather than with melody, rhythm or mood. Much of his playing was based on displacements of rhythm and silence, dissonance and counterpoint.

Braxton is capable of warmth and emotion; his formalism is a matter of choice and conviction. Braxton strives to combine the improviser and the composer, to reconcile freedom and form. His sets at the Kingston could have used a lot more anarchic intensity and less constraint.

Peter Sistrom

*Van Morrison, SIU Arena, Carbondale, IL*

His tubby appearance in *The Last Waltz* should convince the public that Van Morrison is challenging Paul Simon for the "musical artist most likely to be mistaken for an insurance salesman" award. One honest listen to "Caravan," Morrison's contribution to the Band's swan song, should likewise convince them of the accuracy of German film director Wim Wender's assessment of his music: "I know of no music that is more lucid, feelable, hearable, seeable, touchable, no music you can experience more intensely than this."

How then does one explain the fact that there were several empty seats in this 10,000 seat arena? That question nagged me right up to the moment Morrison began "Kingdom Hall," that most perfect of opening songs. As he sang "So glad to see you, so glad you're here..." the question gave way to abject pity for those not present. Backed by the band from his latest WB release, *Into the Music*, Morrison fired off a ninety minute reaffirmation of his ability to arrange horns, write tunes with more than three or four chunky chords, and deliver vocals with the kind of "soul" that makes the word seem ludicrous in any other context.

The set included six songs from the new album, from the uptempo, infectious "Bright Side of the Road" to the haunting "Troubadours." But the crowd was most attuned (and what crowd isn't) to the songs they had lived with for years, and when backup vocalist Katie Kissoon took a verse of "Moondance" or Pee Wee Ellis and Mark Isham leaned into the horn riff on "Into the Mystic" one sensed the appreciation before the applause began.

"Wavelength" faded into "Tupelo Honey" to officially close the show, and then the transcendent moments of the evening began: encores of "Brown-eyed Girl," "Wild Night," and 1965's "Gloria." As the crowd jammed the stage chanting G-L-O-R-I-A and keyboardist Pete Wingfield did an impromptu jig on his Steinway, I noticed a mid-thirtish professorial type in a state of devotion-cum-ecstasy doing what could only have been the frug. It was that kind of night.

Terry Gioe

'glam' rocker, Tim Curry. Johansen literally lifted the song to the rafters, trekking out into the audience and scaling a roof support; but comparing this exhibition to Curry's heady vocals and overwhelmingly sexy presence — and Johansen's band, who couldn't stay together once their leader had left the stage, to the seasoned Curry crew — the Johansen rendition finished a sophomore second.

Patti Dewing

*Madeline Murray O'Hair, Social Sciences Auditorium, University of Arizona*

You haven't beheld the quintessence of dry sarcasm til you've seen *Atheist Woman Extraordinaire*. Madeline Murray O'Hair recite a prayer. A big, dowdy grandmother, she hardly changed expression whether lecturing or acknowledging applause.

But when O'Hair got to the meat and gravy, tax-funded religious practices, or the self-deception of prayer, she was gleeful, animated, merry.

And her summary of the ridiculous irrelevance of prayer was undeniable. From war victory prayers to football victory prayers — God stops in his cosmic duties to enter the locker room and pick a winnah.

But Murray O'Hair gets mired in following her principles completely: no more carols in schools, no more decorations on city-maintained streets, no religious music for state university orchestras.

No Christmas? That's going toooo far.

David Hancock

*Jane Fonda, Hotel Roosevelt, New York City*

Jan Fonda strode into the ballroom of the Hotel Roosevelt to a standing ovation of 500 wildly applauding women. The occasion, Fonda's support of Women Office Workers (WOW), was part of a nationwide tour the actress and husband Tom Hayden had constructed as spokespersons for their political organization, Campaign for Economic Democracy.

With nods of recognition and periodic applause in the ballroom, Fonda recounted what she had learned while speaking to women office workers across



# Panasonic introduces the Double Alarm clock radio.

No matter which one of you gets up first, the new Panasonic AM/FM digital clock radio with Double Alarm (RC-95) means you won't have to reset the alarm in the morning.

Just set the first alarm for 6:30. Then set the second alarm for 8:00. Now forget it, but get set to get up at 6:30. Or 8:00.

You can awake with a buzz or with a beat. You two may have to compromise on the station, but we'd never ask you to compromise on the sound. Even at 6:30 AM our 3" dynamic speaker sounds like dynamite.

Since sometimes you want to get going a little earlier, our fast-reverse button makes it easy to set



back an alarm, say, 1/2 an hour, without going through 23 1/2 hours to get there. Our fast-forward makes it easy to set the time ahead, too. And it's so easy to see the time you've set on our fluorescent digital display with dimmer.

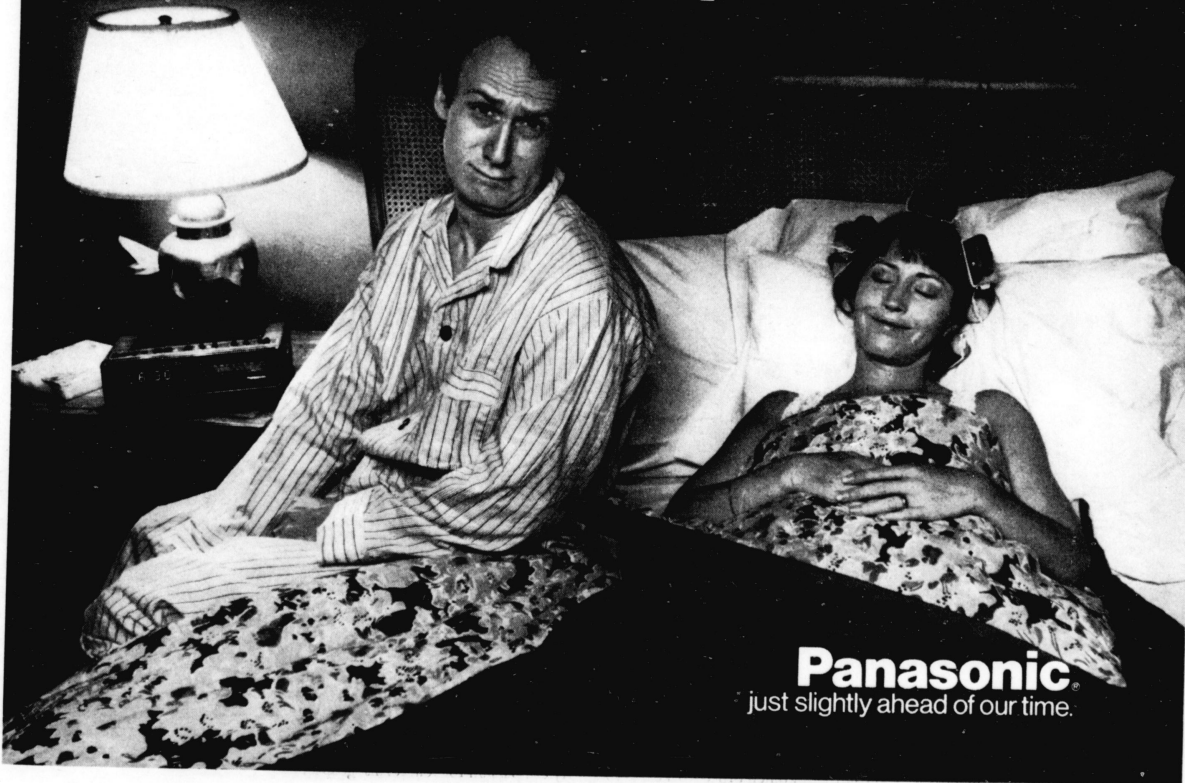
A quick squint will tell you the time, the date and even whether it's day or night.

Day or night, you also get a power failure indicator, childproof controls, a 59-minute sleep timer, a doze control and a 2-year limited warranty.\*

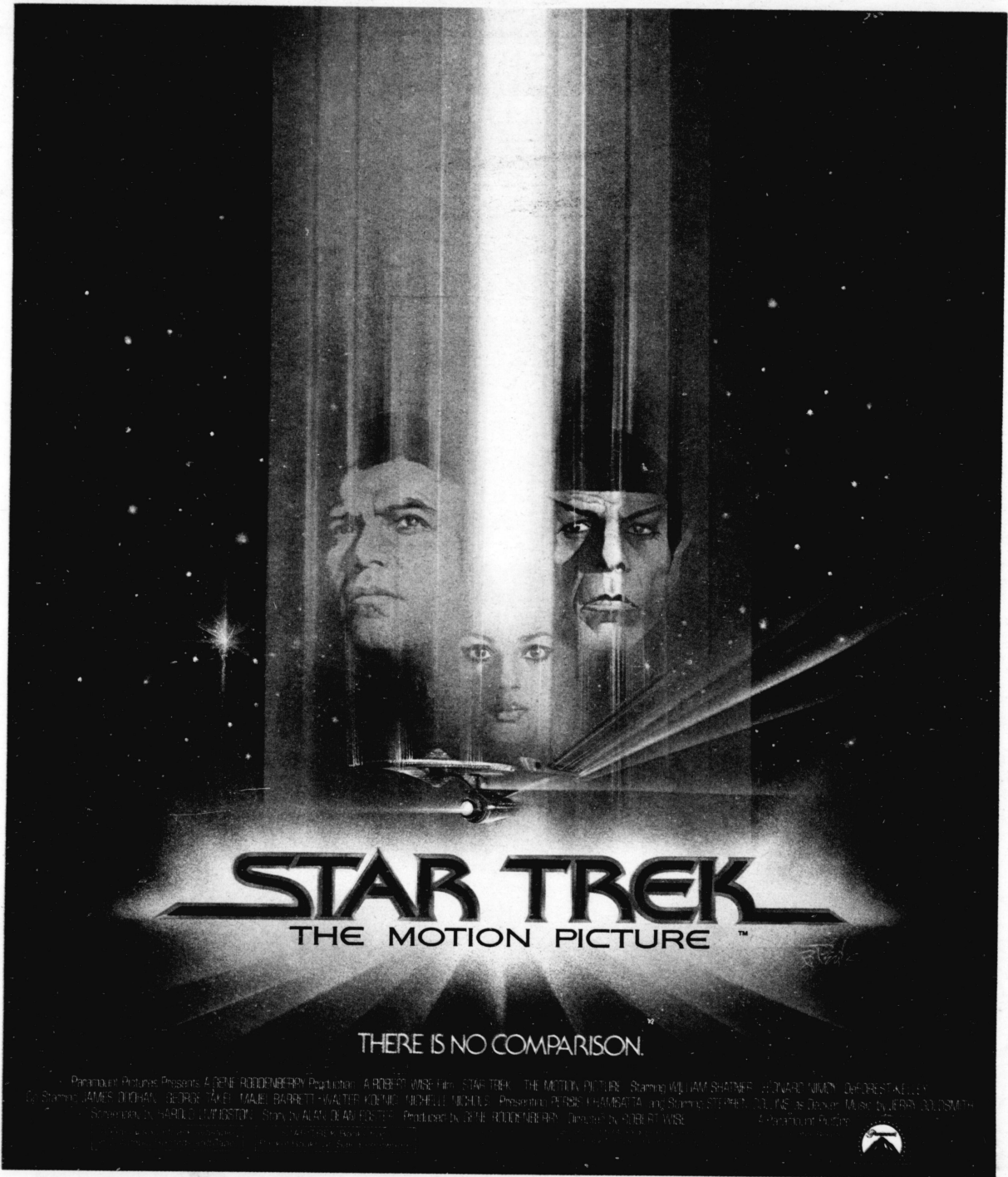
The new Panasonic AM/FM digital clock radio with Double Alarm. It's the one thing you two need. (Now if we could only get it to fry eggs... for two.)

For two years after purchase, Panasonic will repair or replace parts if purchased in the U.S.A. You must bring the radio to an authorized service center with proof of purchase. Warranty does not cover damage from abuse, misuse or commercial use. Cabinetry is simulated wood.

## Because he gets up at 6:30 and she gets up at 8:00.



**Panasonic**  
just slightly ahead of our time.



**STARTS DECEMBER 7th AT A THEATRE NEAR YOU.**

**COLORED PAPER**