

Books

Textbook selection depends on reviews, meeting deadlines

By SAIT TARHAN
Staff Writer

Students putting down money for an armload of textbooks are usually more concerned with how much the books cost, not with why the books were selected in the first place.

But, as an essential part of academics, a textbook that is authoritative and easy to understand is important, especially if the courses are tough, or if attendance is poor.

The procedure for selection of textbooks at UK is relatively uncomplicated. Most professors are free to choose their own books — usually from various publishing companies that come to UK at different times during the year.

History Professor George Herring

selects new texts for his courses about every four or five years. He said that books are revised in about the same time span, and sticking with certain texts allows students to buy used books.

"It's a rather long process to select books," said Herring. "I review about eight or so texts and four or five supplementary readings and decide if they are readable and clear."

Herring said he asks students to rate the texts at the end of the semester, along with teacher evaluations. When asked if there was any bias in his selection of a pamphlet on the Vietnam war that he authored, Herring laughed and said, "Let's just say the money made off it is negligible."

Dean of Undergraduate Studies

John Stephenson said the process of textbook selection varies from college to college. Some departments may have the faculty confer and decide upon a particular text to be used by all professors teaching a specific course.

If a professor wishes to use another book, he must get clearance from the chairman. Such conflict is rare, as most faculty members confer on texts in course that are team-taught, and most professors in single-teacher courses are allowed to choose their own texts.

The publishing companies gear themselves to particular subject areas and professors review sample volumes of potential texts. Once a professor has made his choice, several forms are filled out and distributed to the department

chairman and the two major bookstores, Kennedy's and the University Bookstore.

The bookstores order an amount of books based on estimates from professors on class enrollment, along with indications from previous semesters. The deadlines for ordering books are Nov. 1 for the spring semester and April 1 for the fall semester.

William Eblen, manager of the University Bookstore, said that if the books are ordered on time, they will arrive on time — unless the texts are out of stock or out of print. If bookstores haven't received orders from professors, Eblen said, it's not the stores' fault that the books aren't on the shelves.



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University of Kentucky
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Little feet

A youthful Hawk bursts away from the pack as several young soccer players vie for possession of the ball. The Hawks were ultimately defeated by the Eagles, though, in this Lexington Youth Soccer League match. The game was played on the field enclosed by Clifton Ave.



By DAVID MAYNARD
Kernel Staff

Offers lifetime membership

New medical-social fraternity hopes to mix social activity with demanding studies

By MARY ANN BUCHART
Copy Editor

UK has both honorary and social organizations, but there's now a group on campus which may be a cross between the two.

A medical-social fraternity (Phi Delta Epsilon) is now open to medical students only. Extending lifetime membership, it's the first medical fraternity at UK since the School of Medicine admitted its first students in 1960.

The idea of the fraternity (also open to women) was initiated last year when Curt Smith, a fourth-year med student at the University of Louisville, and regional coordinator for Phi Delta Epsilon, presented the idea to UK medical students.

The concept had been presented before, but there wasn't any interest on the part of the students, according to the fraternity's president, Jeff Hoogerheide. The administration

accepted the idea, but the students were wary for fear of losing study time. Hoogerheide found the idea interesting, and got a group of friends to push for it. "We started promoting the idea with signs and word of mouth. We had several rush functions at various times, too."

Phi Epsilon Delta is a national fraternity, and it's given much support to Hoogerheide and his friends in getting the fraternity started, he said. "That's why our dues are so low, because national gives us a lot of help, especially financial. They also help us with placement, loans, life insurance, and more."

UK's chapter received its charter Sept. 9. The national sent guidelines for the members to follow, but these guidelines leave a lot of room for the fraternity members to go in various directions. "I'd say most people in it are in it for good times," Hoogerheide said. He added most plans for the future lean toward social events rather

than medical. Phi Delta Epsilon is not officially registered as a UK organization, said Frank Harris, associate dean of students. Official status allows a group to use campus facilities and participate in UK activities and events, and to recruit on campus, Harris said.

"We try to incorporate the medical with the social," said Hoogerheide. "For example we are planning a Christmas party to which local doctors and lifetime members who attended other schools will be invited." The group will send some members to a convention in Toronto, he said.

Hoogerheide also said entertainment activities were planned. He said the girls wanted to have a hayride this fall, and a sled outing is planned at a doctor's house this winter.

Dr. Arthur Lieber volunteered to be the faculty advisor for the fraternity. "The fraternity system brings people together, and it will mix the students with the community, providing emotional and financial support," said Lieber, who was a member at Louisville in the 50's.

Lieber thinks the fraternity has an interested group of freshmen and sophomore med students. He said the success of the chapter depends on the students and officers, adding that good leadership has been shown so far.

Hoogerheide was hopeful for the success of the fraternity. After the spring and fall recruitment, there are now 38 members, seven of whom are girls. "I expect a lot more interest in the spring for two reasons. The freshmen will have an easier semester and they'll have this semester to get used to med school. Most freshmen are afraid to get involved their first semester."

Placement Center 'link' cited between UK, CIA

By GIL LAWSON
Staff Writer

A former Lexington radio announcer claims he has established a "link" between the University and the CIA.

Nick Martin, in a story in the Oct. 30 edition of the New York weekly *Village Voice*, said the University's placement service has a direct link with the CIA.

Harry Jones, associate director of the placement service, denied any spe-

cial link with the CIA. Interviewed after the *Voice* article was published, Jones said the connection is just like any other when it comes to recruiting students.

In a statement to the Associated Press Tuesday, Martin claimed to have "developed, for the first time, a publicly acknowledged link between the institution and the agency."

The *Voice* article dealt with the arrests of eight Iranians and three Americans at UK last April during a

speech by CIA Director Stansfield Turner.

"Would you call that a link?" Jones said. "They come to visit campus and recruit students, there's nothing hidden about it."

Jones said he talked with Martin about a month ago in a telephone interview.

Jones also said the CIA is treated like any other employer looking for students to hire. "Any organization needs new personnel. The campus is a source of well-trained people — it

happens the same way at other universities," Jones said.

Jones said all the information the placement service has on the CIA is available to students.

"They're just like any other employer," Jones said. He said the 900 bulletins the service distributes on campus includes announcements as to when the CIA will be on campus to recruit.

He noted two recent bulletins, one for the period of Nov. 20-30 and the

other Dec. 1-10.

Listed under Central Intelligence Agency openings are jobs for Agricultural Economy, Geography and Computer Science majors. The CIA is also looking for graduate students to work as Area Specialists in China, Latin America and Russia.

There is also a booklet about working for the CIA available at the placement service. It tells about different jobs at the CIA, what it's like to work for them and how to apply for a job.

today

state

THE STATE OCCUPATIONAL SAFETY AND HEALTH division said yesterday it has begun an investigation of a trench collapse here that trapped one of two construction workers for 10 hours.

Lippman and Arvid R. Metcalf, both of Wilmore, Ky., were trapped when the trench in which they were installing sewer lines for an apartment complex collapsed at 4 p.m. Wednesday.

The ditch in which the two men were trapped was about 16 feet deep. OSHA rules say trenches five feet or more in depth must be equipped with braces or sloped to prevent collapse, according to Bob Harrison of the state OSHA specifications section.

Barry Holder of the OSHA compliance section said penalties for violations could range from \$200 to a maximum of \$1,000.

ONE AND POSSIBLY TWO VACATION FLIGHTS by Gov. Julian Carroll and his party last spring were not covered by insurance, a legislative subcommittee was informed yesterday.

A report by Greg Freedman of the Legislative Research Commission staff referred to two flights of the F-27 between March 30 and April 13 from Frankfurt to Miami and the Bahamas.

"The first flight... may not have been covered... because the command pilot was not one of the three pilots authorized by the policy to operate the F-27," Freedman said in a memorandum to the subcommittee on state vehicles and property.

He said the second flight was not covered because neither the command nor copilot was an authorized pilot named in the policy.

Freedman's memorandum said the F-27 is covered under current policies only when Frank Stanfield, David Holder or Robert Kellogg are the command pilots.

If the commonwealth is sued in any accident involving

nation

WHOLESALE FOOD PRICES rose sharply in October for the second straight month, assuring shoppers they'll see more big price jumps at grocery stores and signaling sustained high inflation for the rest of the year.

The Labor Department said yesterday that wholesale food prices alone jumped 1.7 percent last month, matching September for the highest monthly rise since April.

world

RHODESIAN WARPLANES defiantly ignoring **BRITISH** efforts to build up Zambia's air defenses staged a lightning bombing run yesterday on a black nationalist position outside this capital city, reportedly inflicting at least 100 casualties.

The Rhodesian military said the target was a black

Rhodesian guerrilla camp. The Zambian government contended it was a refugee children's camp, but at least one independent source disputed this.

COSMONAUTS VLADIMIR KOVALENOK AND **ALEXANDER IVANCHENKOV** parachuted on to the steps of Soviet Central Asia yesterday, ending the longest space flight in history — 139 days, 14 hours and 49 minutes, the Tass news agency reported.

The new endurance record surpasses the earlier Soviet-held record of 96 days, set March 16. The longest American space flight, which had stood as a record for four years, was 84 days, set in early 1974 by astronauts Gerald Carr, Edward Gibson and William Pogue aboard Skylab 4.

weather

ANOTHER DAY LIKE THE REST. Today should be mostly sunny and warm, with an expected high of 72.

KENTUCKY Kernel

editorials & comments

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In the Sixth District

Easterly has proven himself to be the best candidate during campaign



STATE SEN. TOM EASTERLY

Tom Easterly is the best selection Central Kentucky voters can make for 6th District Congressman.

It's a selection that should be made with reservations, though. Easterly's overly strong support of defense spending, opposition to government aid for women who need abortions, and opinions on dead issues like amnesty for draft evaders are stands we can not endorse.

Both the Frankfort Democrat and his Republican opponent, Larry Hopkins, have conducted a campaign that may set Bluegrass politics back 20 years. Heaped with generous amounts of mud slinging, the two traded charges and countercharges all summer and into the fall.

But if the long, acrimonious battle between Easterly and Hopkins has shown anything, it is that Easterly has taken more substantive, thought-out stands on the issues than Hopkins, and would work towards practical and achievable goals as a congressman.

The candidates willingly pointed to their records in the General Assembly as evidence of their philosophy. Although he often antagonizes others with his brash approach, Easterly had success in working

on several items, such as no-fault insurance and the right turn-on-red law.

Easterly's record also shows a decided interest in consumer legislation. Witness his efforts to remove state control over milk prices, to reduce the cost of prescription drugs and to abolish the automatic fuel adjustment charge on electric bills. In 1976, he was named the Outstanding Consumer Legislator by the Consumer's Association of Kentucky.

In contrast, Hopkins' record shows that his major concerns were with symbolic stands against Big Government, not with getting things done. Despite his brilliant attendance record, Hopkins has accomplished much less than Easterly in the legislature. He voted against Julian Carroll's budget (and also against funding UK) in a grandstand play against inflationary spending, but gave no proposals on how it could be trimmed effectively. Perhaps being a member of the minority GOP delegation in Frankfort develops a sense of futility.

In his long-running campaign on lowering taxes, Hopkins shows no more originality or hopes of success than he did in Frankfort. His positions are as borrowed from outside sources as the money he has used for campaign funds.

Furthermore, Hopkins' stand on taxes has not even been consistent. At the UK forum recently, he strongly supported one of the key elements of Republican philosophy, tax credits for college tuition. But a few days later, before a coalition of black leaders, he had a different stance: "I'm not set in concrete on that," he said of the measure, which would give aid to students who need it least.

Hopkins' positions across the board seem mostly concerned with helping upper-middle class interests and big business. According to the state Chamber of Commerce, Hopkins voted "correctly" on 14 out of 16 bills (compared to Easterly's three of 15).

And finally, Easterly has shown more interest in serving as 6th District Congressman than Hopkins, who was nominated to the GOP candidacy after Louise Foust abdicated, raising charges that she was forced out by a Republican leader. Easterly fought his way through a tough primary, upsetting incumbent John Breckinridge.

Because of his strong record of sponsoring practical legislation, Easterly deserves to be elected Congressman. His experience in the state legislature and educational qualifications are unquestioned, and he would more ably serve the district than his opponent.

Columnist offers a plug for Nobody, as well as congrats, poem, a farewell

Morning. (It's actually evening as I write this, but through the wonders of the nimble fingered dwarfs over at the Kernel, and modern science at its penultimate, we are yawning at this column in broad daylight a mere three days later. Ah, technology.) I don't really know what to tell you. I'm sort of sad, because Charles Main and David O'Neil are no longer with the Kernel. I hope this paper can maintain some sort of integrity without them, for I know there's a sort of a hole where they used to be, one not easily filled by another.

Speaking of politicians, let's not. There's so little choice in the Sixth Congressional District race that I feel like resurrecting the old Yippie "Nobody for President" slogan. You know, "Nobody makes apple pie like Mom." "Nobody knows the troubles you've seen." "Nobody loves you like I do," and the other promises that made Nobody so appealing as a candidate in 1976.

Both Easterly and Hopkins have such pitiful stands in important issues, like the right to choose an abortion and military spending, that I'm temp-

Perls "I do my thing, you do your thing" poem, that ended up on the walls of a thousand dorm rooms amid accolades of "Oh, that's so deep." Here's another Gasalt prayer:

*I do my laundry, and you do yours.
I am not in this world to listen to your
endless yammering.
And you are not in this world for any
discernible reason at all.
You are you, and I am I, and I got the
better deal.
And if by chance we find each other, it
will be unspeakably tedious.
Kiss off.*

Other late breaking news: The University of Kentucky today unilaterally denied that it had any connections with the Central Intelligence Agency. A spokesman further denied reports that Stansfield Turner has been listed as a second semester sophomore on the registrar's list for the past 30 years.

In other news, John Smiley, who I feel is one of the all-time neatest people around, was forced to take out a \$414.00 advertisement in *The Lexington Herald* and *The Lexington Folio* in order to let it be known that the judge asked him if terrorists had put him up to posting bond for the release of the people jailed in the so-called "disruption" of Stansfield Turner's speech. Steve Wilson, in defense of *The Folio*, claimed that the deletion of those crucial sentences with the most impact was just a coincidence. Ho, Ho, Ho.

Well, I guess that wraps it up. Happy trails, and watch that last step. It's a doozy.

'fitz' by tom fitzgerald

Congratulations are in order for Anwar Sadat and Menachem Begin, our Nobel Peace prize winners for this year. Anwar, for arduous efforts and a great Garret Morris imitation, gets a little piece of Palestine. Menachem, a terrific little sport in anyone's book, gets scale models of the villages he pillaged in his more petulant terrorist days, and a little piece of the Sinai pie with a strip of Gaza on the side. Wonders never cease.

In other news, the thousands of Palestinian refugees displaced and culturally dismembered by these power plays were placed on the American Humane Society's endangered species list, along with honest politicians and peeps.

to abdicate my privilege as a member of this great democratic wet dream of a country we live and die in and not vote. The only problem is that we're stuck with one of these illustrious campaigners for the next couple of years. So, out of self-defense, I guess it'll be Tom Easterly, though believe me, I don't like it.

Hey kids! Old Uncle Fitz has got the cure for the academic hustle. You know how annoying it is to have some turkey laying this elaborate word rap on you about truth and beauty and a higher goal, when all he really wants is to burrow like a wild boar into your bed? Well, here's one person's answer. The personification of the beautiful people shock, for me, was the Fitz

Sen. Hopkins represents consistency

(EDITOR'S NOTE: This commentary was written by members of the staff in rebuttal to the newspaper's editorial endorsement of State Sen. Tom Easterly for Sixth District Congressman.)

Enough is enough! Lets get behind the mud that has been slung in the Sixth Congressional District race and take a look at the men themselves.

and rates middle-of-the-road to moderately conservatively on most issues. His conservatism stamp seems based on what he believes is most advantageous for the country.

On the other hand, Tom Easterly, who runs his campaign via an old Maverick, tends to waver on issues. He rates as a pro-liberal liberal but is sub-

Education is important for any political leader and here Tom Easterly has quite a number of impressive degrees. But education doesn't end there.

A Phi Beta Kappa key on a watch chain doesn't insure a voter of a qualified man. An effective politician knows the issues and where he stands, and Larry Hopkins appears to be more educated in this sense.

Hopkins hasn't borrowed huge sums of money for his campaign efforts, people in the state have been willing to give and so has the Republican party. Money is not a campaign issue unless it has been illegally given, which is untrue of the Hopkins campaign.

Hopkins has disclosed his finances above and beyond what the law requires (a claim his opponent would be hard-pressed to make) and does so ahead of the deadline. The most recent example is the Ethics in Government Act of 1978, signed into law by President Carter on Oct. 26. The act requires candidates to file personal

financial information by Nov. 1 — Hopkins released his information on that day. Easterly has yet to file.

The Democrat is claiming he was never notified, although Hopkins released a letter, dated Oct. 27, from the House clerk notifying him of the law. It seems a bit unreasonable to presume that the clerk would only notify one candidate of the law.

In today's politics, with new scandals being uncovered with greater frequency, it is important to have officials who can act responsibly on all fronts — whether it is on the voting floor or campaigning for office. Judging from past experiences and the concluding campaign it is safe to say that only Larry Hopkins has shown this responsibility.

This country and, more importantly, the Sixth Congressional District need a congressman in Washington they can count on to be consistent. Larry Hopkins seems to fit that description.



Letters to the Editor

Surprise!

Last night (Wednesday), after an intense period of study and teeth gnashing in M.I.K. Library, I made my way to the "student" telephone in the lobby. Imagine my surprise when, instead of the friendly, old fashioned, free black phones to which I am accustomed to finding there, I discovered a sleek, vicious looking pay telephone! There was not even an explanatory note. UK had finally jared me out of my fatalistic cynicism about this place! I am now convinced

that there is no concern for the individual in this institution.

My apartment is five blocks from the very edge of campus and I come to depend on these phones, as I know others have. The phones were indispensable for contacting the Health Center, getting in touch with friends who dwell on campus and a good way to spare 20 minutes and the 32 flights of stairs it takes to ascertain whether your professor really is there in the 19th floor for his/her office hours.

Granted this system was often abused by people who monopolized the phones to make long, personal, off-campus calls, but now we weary, under-funded students must either shell out hard-to-come-by dimes or walk all the way home to use our phones or be 20 minutes late for class to run errands and contact UK personnel whose business hours coincide exactly with our in-class time and whose lunch hours miraculously occur

with the only time I, at least, have free during the day.

I am but one voice crying in this impersonal institutional wilderness. Other victims of this situation — make yourselves heard! Can't anything be done to amend this appalling situation?

Barbara M. Holthaus
Political Science senior

Get Gonged

Fellow students, faculty and everyone except Debby Boone:

The University of Kentucky Gong Show will be held Monday, Nov. 6 at 7:30 p.m. in the Student Center Ballroom. The deadline for entries has been extended to Monday, Nov. 6, since no previous publicity has been released on the event. Come on and join us in this first activity of the 1978 Wildcat Homecoming season.
Gary D. Galbraith
Master of Ceremonies

Letters policy

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

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

The Kernel reserves the right to condense or reject contributions, limit the number of submissions by frequent writers, and to edit for spelling, grammar, clarity and libelous statements.

Contributions should be either mailed or personally delivered to the Editorial Editor, 113 Journalism Building, UK, Lexington, Kentucky 40506.

Letters: Should be 30 lines or less, 60 characters per line.

Concern particular issues, concerns or events relevant to the UK community, or remarks concerning the operation and reporting of the Kentucky Kernel.

Opinions: Should be 90 lines or less, 60 characters per line.

Give and explain a position pertaining to topical issues of interest to the UK community.

Commentaries: Should be 90 lines or less, 60 characters per line.

Are reserved for articles whose authors, the editors feel, have special credentials, experience, training or other qualifications to address a particular subject.

Spotlight series continues

McCoy Tyner brings jazz sextet back to Memorial Hall audience

By WALTER TUNIS
Arts Editor

McCoy Tyner, in contrast to Ponty's electric jazz-rock, is a traditionalist, being a pioneer as far as acoustic jazz artists are concerned, as well as being one of the finest jazz pianists today.

same one that is featured on his new album, *The Greeting* (itself a live recording).

In addition to Tyner on piano, the line-up will include Joe Fard on alto saxophone, George Adams on tenor saxophone, bassist Charles Fambrough, and percussionist

which he is probably best known, are recalled in "Naima," a loving Coltrane-penned selection, performed solo. "Fly with the Wind," the title track from a 1976 album, is performed in a 14-minute version, with some incredible interplay between Tyner and

Eddie Gomez, who helped Tyner perform versions of "Take the 'A' Train," "Prelude to a Kiss" and the original studio version of "The Greeting." Last fall, *Inner Voices* unveiled yet another field to his acoustic jazz. With performers like guitarist Earl Klugh, bas-

K

Tyner is making his third Lexington appearance, his second in Memorial Hall, tomorrow night as part of the Spotlight Jazz Series. His last concert here was in February 1977 at O'Keefe's.

Tyner will be bringing a sextet with him, essentially the

Guilherme Franco. The only new member is drummer Wilby Fletcher.

On *The Greeting*, the sextet performed a variety of new and old material from various points of Tyner's career.

The years Tyner served in John Coltrane's band, from

his band.

The acoustic approach has proven to be more suitable to the style of jazz that Tyner prefers to play, as opposed to electric jazz-rock (fusion), as he stated in a *Kernel* interview during his last visit in 1977.

"The acoustic piano is a beautiful instrument. It has an appealing effect... so natural.

"Today, anybody can get a contract. If an artist goes into the studio with the idea to sell a million records, he switches his intention."

Since his O'Keefe's performance, Tyner has varied his approach with each album, all keeping within his acoustic framework.

Following *Focal Point*, a 1977 album with a sextet format not unlike his current album set of trio (piano-bass-drums) recordings aptly titled *Supertrios*.

Featured in the set were Jack DeJohnette, Ron Carter and



arts



In Cincinnati

Jean-Luc Ponty returns to Taft

By WALTER TUNIS
Arts Editor

One of the more successful jazz-rock artists of today, violinist/keyboardist Jean-Luc Ponty, will return to Cincinnati tonight for a concert in Taft Theatre.

The show will be Ponty's third Cincinnati appearance in as many years, and his second in the Taft.

Ponty's newest American tour is to show off work from his new album, *Cosmic Messenger* and his revised band.

Cosmic Messenger features two new guitarists, Peter Maunu and Joaquin Liviano in addition to his past touring ensemble of keyboardist Allan Zevod and bassist Ralphie Armstrong. Drummer Casey Scheurell completes the group.

Ponty is an artist who constantly is touring, giving his material as much exposure as possible. I frequent public appearances are one reason why he and his musicians are so respected in their specific fields.

So much so, that the two previous guitarists in Ponty's band have gone on to become private successes of their own. Allan Holdsworth joined with Bill Bruford, Eddie Jobson, and John Wetton to form U.K. a young, but prospering progressive-rock quartet.

Daryl Sturmes, Ponty's other guitarist, was asked to take Steve Hackett's place in Genesis last winter.

As for Ponty himself, *Cosmic Messenger* is a very positive statement at this point in the violinist's career.

The album has a decidedly more electric approach, in terms of synthesizers and their arrangement to the violin and guitar solos.

The compositions, specifically the title track and "The Art of Happiness," feature more of Ponty's keyboard work, which has been becoming more prevalent with each new album. The songs themselves are also considerably more structured than in the past, but yet still hold enough room for the band members' frequent solos.

Although a performer for more than a decade, Ponty came to attention to jazz listeners in the early 70's as a member of Frank Zappa's Mothers of Invention, as well as performing on Elton John's

Continued on page 4

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Note: Don't count on Parking Near the Building

TUESDAY NOV. 7 & THURSDAY DEC. 7
9AM - 12NOON 1PM - 4PM

For individuals 26 years and older, only one dose of the vaccine is required. Persons less than 26 years of age will require two doses of the vaccine with four weeks or more between doses.

CHARGE: Student with the health fee \$1.00
Faculty, Staff, Spouses and UK Students \$3.00 without the health fee.

IMPORTANT

Annual influenza vaccination is not routinely recommended for healthy adults. However, annual vaccination is strongly recommended for individuals with diabetes, those with chronic heart, lung, kidney and other debilitating disorders. Older persons, especially those over 65 years and persons providing essential community services, are also advised to consider annual vaccinations. Influenza vaccinations will not be given at the Student Health Service for pregnant women or for anyone who is allergic to eggs, chicken, or feathers.

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music reviews

Believable Billy
Joel's 'Street' is almost a 'Stranger'



52ND STREET
Billy Joel
(Columbia)

Probably the best thing that can be said about Billy Joel and his music is that he is human. He has all the grace, talent, pretentiousness, and charm of any normal schmoe. What's the remarkable thing is that he has the guts to get up and show everybody. And what he shows everyone was hardly earth-shattering, but was very real, believable things told in a way that everyone understands. He uses various themes (stardom, lone-

liness, and New York) in getting the point across, but his message is still real, still fun. When he hits home the hardest, he can produce some Records thinks so too, since this is one of the very first \$8.98 list-price albums. The new album really does lack high points like the pre-



dynamic songs ("Captain Jack," "The Entertainer," and "New York State of Mind"). And no doubt *The Stranger* was as big a smash as it was, because so many were able to associate so much with him. Sort of like a next door neighbor.

52nd Street is more of the same. In essence, it is nothing but a continuation of *The Stranger*. Obviously Columbia

viously mentioned songs, but again what wins the listener over is its ardent simplicity. Musically, it speaks in a very fluid, mildly jazz-ish tone as did *The Stranger*.

"Zanzibar" and "Rosalinda's Eyes" fare better. The first sets up the same type of imagery that "Scenes From an Italian Restaurant" did, as well as boasting of a great Freddie Hubbard trumpet solo. The latter is a neat, tight love song. The standout is "Until the Night." Even though there is a definite commercial edge, Joel works better with his hand here than at any other point on the album.

Perhaps *52nd Street* is fashioned too much as a follow-up to a hit album, but so what. This is probably the work he would have released regardless of his sales.

—Walter Tunis

On the Level: The Sea is rising



ON THE EDGE
Sea Level
(Capricorn)

For the third time out, Sea Level has tightened their music considerably.

On *the Edge* then, is the group's most focused album, even though the instrumentals are not nearly as sharp and clear as those on their last album, *Cats on the Coast*.

The biggest advantage though, is that the vocal tracks, which this time control roughly half the album, work more in the jazz-framework of the instrumentals, whereas in the past they sounded like tired rehashings of Southern rock ballads.

In Randall Bramlett, Sea Level has found themselves a polished vocalist capable of carrying out the small duties the compositions ask of him. Even his lyrical approach isn't too bad. In addition, he is an accomplished musician, adding occasional keyboard work and soprano sax.

His talents work the best on "This Could Be the Worst," a song he wrote, sang, and played on. It is a clear, clean, well-executed song, full of sharp instrumental work, exhibiting

the group's modest talent.

Chuck Leavell, the group's stellar keyboardist, still needs to yield to the other band members. While his piano and organ work are still as powerful as ever, his vocal and lyrical style are of throwaway quality.

Right now, Sea Level needs to find the proper mix for the talents of Leavell and Bramlett. Most of *On the Edge* signifies that they're on the right track, even if the glossy highpoints of the past have to be sacrificed.

They have proved they can handle a vocal approach well, and still employ strong, jazz-flavored styles, and should they continue to solve their problem completely, which is indeed possible, this band will be quite a killer.

—W.T.

Director Jackie Cooper puts Garland's early years to film

By JERRY BUCK
AP Television Writer

HOLLYWOOD — Director Jackie Cooper wanted *Rainbow* to be familiar, but not so familiar people would compare the production numbers with Judy Garland's old films.

"We didn't want a lot of stuff people saw Judy do in *Babes on Broadway* or *Babes in Arms*," said Cooper. "People would compare. Besides, we couldn't afford those big productions. So we did things the movie-going audience never saw—nightclubs, auditions, recording studios."

Rainbow is the story of Judy Garland's early years, from the days when she was "Baby Gumm" of the singing Gumm Sisters to the *Wizard of Oz*.

It airs Monday night on NBC, and it's terrific. Andrea McArdle, the star of Broadway's *Annie*, gives an interpretation that is brilliant and appealing. She has that same strong girl-woman voice.

Cooper, who was Miss Garland's first boyfriend and who starred with her in *Ziegfeld Girl* in 1940, directs with a sure hand that is compassionate but never sentimental. It has a sepi-

tone that enhances its "Old Hollywood" look.

Rainbow has a strong supporting cast. Don Murray and Piper Laurie play her parents, Martin Balsam is studio boss L.B. Mayer, Rue McClanahan is his assistant, and Michael Parks is Roger Edens, Judy's studio accompanist and confidante.

Judy Garland died in 1969 in London of what the coroner said was an "incautious self-overdosage" of barbiturates.

Cooper said, "It started with Dexedrine, which was prescribed as a hunger suppressant. No one in those days thought of it as speed. It took years to get her hooked. Dexedrine, sleeping pills, alcohol."

"Judy just drank too much."

Ponty returns

Continued from page 4
Hunk's Chateau album.

His progressive jazz-rock formulas were helped along by a two-year association in John McLaughlin's second Mahavishnu Orchestra.

Feeling the need to stretch out more ideas of his own, Ponty left from under

Cooper said. "And when she couldn't sleep she took sleeping pills. She didn't take it to get high. She loved life; she loved to go to shows. When she was 13 to 19 was the time I knew her best, and I know she wasn't taking drugs that weren't prescribed."

"In the last years I saw her, it would be safe to say she was an alcoholic. She drank a pint or a quart all day long. It was Liebfraumich, German wine. She thought because it was a pretty bottle it made it all right. She was about 34 then and looked 50. She was pretty far gone by then."

Rainbow plants the seed for her later problems. She is moody and at last clearly troubled as the movie ends.

McLaughlin's shadow in 1975, signed with Atlantic Records, and quickly released the first solo album in a brand new career.

Since then he has released four more solo albums, *Cosmic Messenger* being the newest. Tickets are available at Ticketron and at the door.

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Kleptoos, Singapore Slings doing well

Baseball season continues with Strat-O-Matic

By JOHN CLAY
Staff Writer

We've all had enough of the long season, the agonizing playoffs and those damn Yankees buying themselves another World Championship. Nobody cares about baseball in November, right?

Well, you are wrong again, Bowie Kuhn breath. For throughout the far reaches of this campus baseball is being played.

O.K., so it's not real baseball. It is Strat-O-Matic baseball. What is Strat-O-Matic baseball, you ask?

Strat-O-Matic baseball is a tabletop game that uses dice and player cards of major league players to reproduce what it claims is the most realistic baseball game you can buy. Only you can't buy this game in stores; it is only available through the mail. It is usually advertised in sports magazines.

Players are rated by their abilities on everything from bunting to power to fielding

range. Big deal, it's just a game, you say. Well, you would have a hard time convincing Gerald Wald and the various members of the UKSOMA (University of Kentucky Strat-O-Matic Association.) To them it is almost an obsession.

Wald, a fourth-year architecture student from Harwinton, Conn., was in a Strat-O-Matic league for 10 years before he came to UK. Wald loved the game and the league so much that he decided to start one here.

That was three years ago and a form of the league still exists this year. Wald, along with Vincent Peak, a pharmacy senior, are in charge of this year's edition of the league which has 12 teams (last year there were 16). Wald is head of the North Campus while Peak is in charge of the South End.

Wald and Peak put up notices at the first of the school year asking for members, then held an organizational meeting and made up a constitution with the laws of the UKSOMA. The next step was to hold a draft of player cards, then a schedule was made up.

Then came opening day. For any manager who wasn't

satisfied with his team, a four-week trading period was held at the first of the year and another will be held at the beginning of the spring semester.

Each club has 25 players and can keep three extra players on a farm team. Because there are 12 teams, the league is divided into three divisions, with each division winner and a wild card team making the playoffs.

The setup looks like this: Boyd Division-Manager; Vatican City Spirits — Gerald Wald and Dennis Tucker; The Hustlers — John Vincent and Mark Noel Jr.; Acapulco Goldminders — Stephen Lutz, Guamanian Cudas — Doug Smith, Terry Kuhn and pitching coach Charlie Lamphred.

Middle Division-manager; Waddy Packers — Lee Goss; Kleptomaniacs — John O'Neal and Perry Cooper; Paintsville Indians — Dave Kessler; Lawrenceburg Lions — Paul Goss.

Last Division-Manager; Cropper Cretins — Vince Peak; The Zonkers — Eric Edmondson; Singapore Slings — Mark Saurer; Zantale Funkadelics — Steve Osborne.

O.K., so I wouldn't take my kids to see a game between the Singapore Slings and the Kleptomaniacs, either. But the teams' names are just an example of why these

students are in the league in the first place: They are baseball nuts who want to have fun.

Continued on page 7

UK seeks lost pride in game at VPI

By BRIAN RICKERD
Staff Writer

The Kentucky Wildcats play the first of four games for pride tomorrow afternoon at Blacksburg, Va., hoping to pick up the wins that will bring their final record to a respectable 6-4.

UK will take on another team that's also had its troubles, Virginia Tech.

The Gobblers' football efforts have been unstable in the past few years, to say the least.

But Tech made a move in the right direction last year when they hired Coach Bill Dooley away from North Carolina. At Carolina, his teams annually approached each season thinking about which bowl they'd like to go to, not whether they would get a bid.

The Gobblers bring a 3-5 record into the UK game, having dropped their last two games to Virginia and Alabama. However, its doubtful this has been terribly discouraging to Tech, since those three wins equal the number of victories it had in 1977.

Last weekend VPI proved to be an ideal guest at the Crimson Tide's homecoming, as Alabama won easily 35-0.

Looking like the Kentucky team of 1975, Tech blew several scoring opportunities.

The Gobblers moved inside Alabama's 10-yard line three times, but came away empty after a series of penalties and bad plays.

Offensively, VPI features a lot of speed and two running backs that have gained more ground than all the backs at UK.

Tailback Kenny Lewis, a world-class hurdler, has nine touchdowns this season on while averaging 83 yards rushing per game.

Fullback Mickey Fitzgerald bolsters the inside game with 453 yards this year.

At quarterback, senior David Lamie has not quite lived up to pre-season expectations. Lamie has completed 30 of 69 for 453 yards, two touchdowns, and six interceptions.

The Cats might look for freshman quarterback Steve Casey when Lamie was injured early in the year, Casey took over for a couple of games and tallied more than 100 yards rushing and 100 passing in one of three games.

Receivers Ron Zollcofer and Ellis Savage can both run 100 yards in less than 10 seconds.

Defensively, VPI has not fared much better than the offense did last week at Alabama. The defense was tough against the run last weekend, but the Tide rattled Tech through the air.

The Gobblers' defenders have surrendered 25 points per contest against a so-so schedule composed of Tulsa, Wake Forest, Auburn, William & Mary, Clemson, West Virginia, Virginia, and Alabama.

On Kentucky's side of the line, the big question is whether the Cats can come back from the shock of losing to Georgia in the final eight seconds, and seeing the bowl hopes slip away.

"After all the adversities coming off the loss last week, morale is as good as could be expected," said UK coach Fran Curci. "I feel that we have prepared well for VPI."

"It's not easy to come back from something like that," said defensive end Bud Diehl. "We've just got to go out and win these last four games and have a winning season."

The offense last weekend brought back memories of 1977. Quarterback Larry McCrimmon apparently recovered from a case of freshmanitis that plagued him in his first college start against LSU.

Although McCrimmon completed less than half his passes (nine of 20) he consistently hit his receivers in the hands. And the Cat's running game picked up the four and five yards on first down that Curci has desperately wanted all season.

The defense has had trouble handling quickness this year, particularly against South Carolina and Georgia. That could be a big factor at Blacksburg tomorrow afternoon.

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Baseball is board game

Continued from page 6

And if you think the UKSOMA is made up of a bunch of fanatics playing their lives and grade point averages away, you're wrong. Lutz, the Goldminers' manager, who claims to have the hippest team in the league, is a junior in political science; Kessler (Indians) is a graduate student in agriculture and Osborne is a freshman in computer science.

Because there are only 12 teams in the league and each team has 25 players, each manager has an abundance of talent, which makes for some interesting problems.

For instance, Wald must choose between outfield candidates Ken Singler and Cesar Cedeno, Dave Winfield,

Bake McBride and Lyman Bostock (who is allowed to play in the league because cards are based on the 1977 season, even though Bostock was recently murdered as to who will start for the Spiras.

Another problem is that each player doesn't always perform up to his ability, while others are overachievers. For example, Dave Parker was hitting .449 for the Cudas after 50 games. Reggie Jackson is hitting only .225 for the Cudas but still hits for power, claims his manager Terry Kuhn. "He has a hitch in his swing we are trying to work on," said Kuhn.

On the other side of the coin, Adrian Devine, an

obscure relief pitcher with Atlanta, has a 0.70 earned run average with the Lions. Sixto Luzzo, who has only 15 homers this past year for Milwaukee, has hit seven leadoff homers for the Goldminers already.

The league will last until April (each team plays 60 games) when the playoffs and World Series will be held. So far the Spiras and the Cretins are in front in their divisions, while the Lions, Packers and Indians are neck-and-neck in the Middle Division.

So perhaps next spring we'll hear Tony Kubek yelling "We're here in the World Series between the Cropper Cretins and the Guamanian Cudas." Maybe that would wake Curly Gowdy up.

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It was a heavy day of sports activity at the Seaton Center yesterday as intramural championships were decided in fraternity, women's, independent and men's residence hall football.

Alpha Tau Omega was the star of the day, capturing the championship in both the blue and the white fraternity divisions. In the blue division, ATO sid by Sigma Chi, 14-0.

In the independent division, the Advocats, a law school team, tied Blue Steel 13-13, but was awarded the championship because it had more first downs than its opponents.

In the men's residence hall division, Haggan Hall's staff trounced Kirwan Tower, 27-0. Defense was the name of the game in the women's division, with Alpha Delta Gamma shutting out the Blaming Tower Bombers 6-0.



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18 WLEX NBC	27 WKYT CBS	46 KET PBS	62 WTVO ABC
6:30 Eyewitness News NBC News	News CBS News	Zoom CBS News	ABC News Conny Show
7:00 Family Affair	My Three Sons In Search Of...	Kentucky Election Comment On Kent.	Joker's Wild Newsworld Game
8:30 Different Strokes Watching Kids	Wonder Woman	Election '78 Washington Week	Donny & Marie
9:00 Rockford Files	Incredible Hulk	Wall Street Week The Pallisers	"ABC Movie: How To Pick Up Girls"
10:30 Eddie Capra Mysteries	Flying High	Empty Booth	New Reports
11:00 Eyewitness News Tonight Show	"The Omega Man"		Juke Box
8:00 DIFFERENT STROKES Two small black brothers from the ghetto are torn between joy and suspicion when they are suddenly adopted by a millionaire white man, and when they move into an affluent world they never believed possible. Stars: Conrad Ban, Gary Coleman. (Premiere)			
9:00 HAPPY DAYS When some hoodys try to muscle in on Al's Drive-In the Fonz is forced to come to his rescue and do battle against the conical action of millions of the little devils, attempts to force a greedy chemical magnate to stop the manufacture of a deadly, untested new pesticide. Guest stars: Robert Shields, Lorene Latta. (80 mins.)			
10:00 ROCKFORD FILES Rockford is hired to protect a toy manufacturer, who is a mob target because of his heroic exploits when he was a New York City cop. (60 mins.)			
11:00 FRIDAY NIGHT MOVIE "How To Pick Up Girls" Stars Desi Arnaz Jr., Bess Armstrong. New York's most beautiful girls give their innermost secrets and their hearts to a small town boy who is looking for romance. (2 hrs.)			
10:00 EDDIE CAPRA MYSTERIES An aging movie idol turns to Capra for help when a famous Hollywood TV gossip personality is found slain two days after he's claimed with her on her show. Guest stars: Edie Adams. (60 mins.)			
11:30 THE TONIGHT SHOW Host Johnny Carson. Guest: Anthony Newley. (90 mins.)			
MOVIE (SCIENCE FICTION) "The Omega Man" 1971. Charlton Heston, Anthony Zerbe. After gum warfare envelops the lone human survivor has to fight off a plague of vampires. (2 hrs.)			
BARETTA The Bundles Tony Barretta desperately struggles to save the lives of two down on their luck actresses involved in a deadly extortion scheme. (60 mins.)			
THE MIDNIGHT SPECIAL Host: Jerry Lee Lewis. Guests: Lloyd Price, Chubby Checker, Little Anthony and The Imperials, Del Shannon, The Penguins, The Shirelles and Freddie Cannon. (90 mins.)			

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State officials to search for dangerous toys

FRANKFORT (AP) — State officials will be searching the stores for toys between now and Christmas — but only for those that might be unsafe.

State Human Resources Secretary Peter Conn announced yesterday that he is beginning "Operation Toybox" — a joint effort to locate any unsafe toys that might be on Kentucky retail store shelves and to advise people on how to buy toys.

The first part of the program will have eight inspectors from the Bureau of Health Services making spot checks of various

retail toy outlets around Kentucky.

The inspectors will be checking to see if toys meet federal safety and labeling requirements and to see if any toys banned by the U.S. Consumer Product Safety Commission are on sale.

The federal agency has banned some 2,500 toys from the marketplace because of various unsafe features such as hidden hazards, sharp edges and points, protruding wires, small removable parts that might be swallowed and high lead content.

Conn and Health Services Commissioner Robert Stalon said the federal government's regulatory efforts have resulted in the toy industry making safer toys.

"We don't expect to find many banned toys on the shelves of Kentucky stores," Conn said at a news conference. If any are found, he said, they will be confiscated and destroyed.

Conn said his department estimates more than 5,700 Kentucky children were treated in hospital emergency rooms last year for toy-related

injuries, while the total treated by private doctors, health clinics or at home is estimated at more than 15,000.

The toys most often involved in accidents, he said, were skateboards, roller skates, tricycles, fireworks, flying devices, toy cars and toy musical instruments.

"All the inspections still won't prevent unsafe toys from being purchased and children from being hurt if parents don't use some common sense," Conn said.

Thus, a second part of

Operation Toybox will deal with tips on buying toys.

"A parent should fit a toy to his child just as he fits clothes," Conn said. "They should fit the child's age, interests and ability."

He used as an example a box of plastic pickup sticks. "These might be all right for a 10-year-old, but if his three-year-old brother gets ahold of them, they become dangerously sharp instruments that could be stuck in the eye or through the hand," he said.

Conn said price alone should

not motivate a toy buyer. "Consumers should be aware of the quality, durability and design of a toy," he said. "How well it is made and how well it will hold up."

He said parents should look for things that can be easily torn off, noting that children have choked to death on the loose button eyes of seemingly harmless stuffed toys.

Conn said more than half of the toys purchased in Kentucky are during the three months leading up to Christmas.

"That's why we are making a

concentrated effort now to monitor toy sales and alert parents and gift-givers to possible toy hazards," he said.

Edsel Moore, manager of the Consumer Product Safety Branch of the Bureau of Health Services, said particular attention will be directed during the inspection on toys with painted surfaces.

Inspectors will take samples of painted toys with a suspected high-lead content to Frankfort for analysis.

The inspectors will also be looking closely at electrical toys.

Ginkgo to be honored at festival on Sunday

"Everyone is invited to attend and contribute to an absurd celebration." The Ginkgo Committee announced the eighth annual Ginkgo festival on Sun., Nov. 5 at 4 p.m. at the ginkgo tree next to the M.I. King Library.

Events include the reading of the famous "Ode to the

Ginkgo," by Will Gates; the crowning of the bough; and the toast of long life to the ginkgo at the very moment the tree loses its leaves.

The Ginkgo is the oldest surviving species of tree, brought here from China. The most distinctive feature of the tree is its unique bilobed leaves.

UK gets grant to fund arts program for elderly

The UK art department has received an \$11,000 grant from the Governor's Accent on Elderly Fund for an arts program for the elderly in the 17 counties of the Blue Grass Area Development District.

"The Accent on Elderly Fund is a special fund for leisure-time activities of elderly persons," said Donald Hoffman, associate art program and director of the program.

ten fund money is distributed through the Center of Aging services of the state Department for Human Resources.

Six arts learning workshops will be set up for the elderly — two each in music, theater and visual arts — and will result in numerous performances by those enrolled. Hoffman said. Several visiting groups will help conduct the workshops.

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KENWOOD EX-1030 3-head cassette deck. This deck has separate Record, Playback, and Erase Heads for improved high frequency response. The price was \$425.00, now only **\$309.00**.



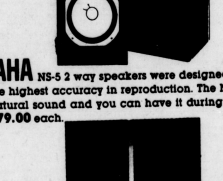
HITACHI -220 dolby cassette deck brings high fidelity cassette recording within the budget of everyone. This deck is **\$149.95**, features dolby noise reduction circuitry.



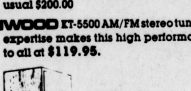
SHERWOOD -7450 is the crisp, clear sounding receiver with 30 watts per channel. This Sherwood receiver is certified so that all specs are true, and will deliver the exact performance. The sale price is **\$219.00**. That's \$106.00 off!



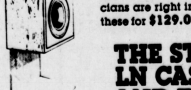
KENWOOD KD-2000 semi-automatic, belt drive turntable has a completely integrated drive system, coupled with a balanced tonearm, anti-skate, and the ridiculously low price of **\$99.95**.



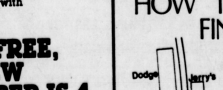
YAMAHA NS-5 2 way speakers were designed to achieve the highest accuracy in reproduction. The NS stands for natural sound and you can have it during this sale for **\$79.00** each.



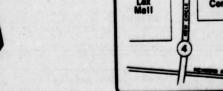
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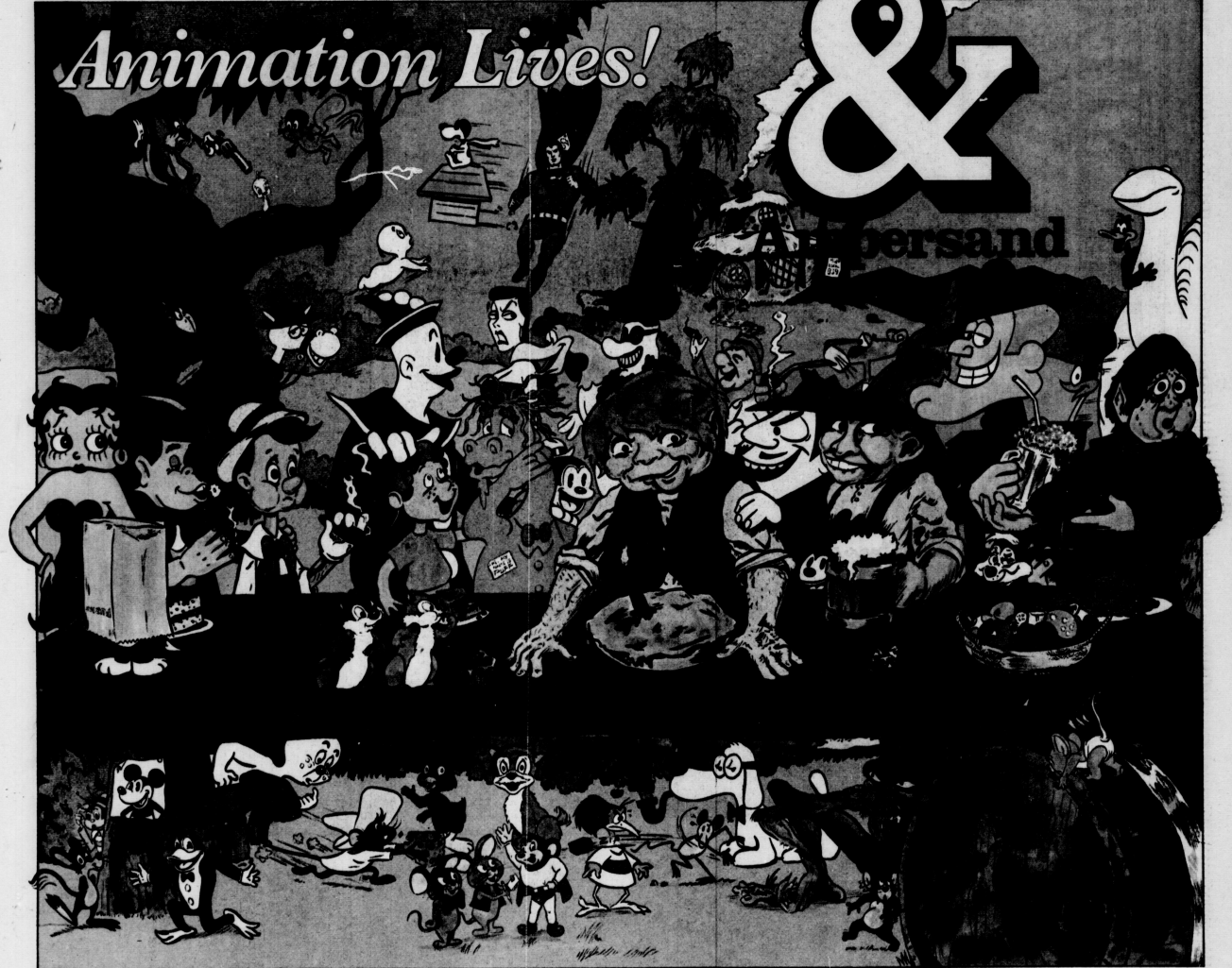


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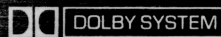
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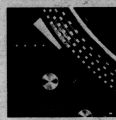
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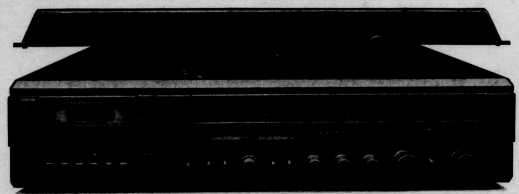
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DAVIN SEAY (In *Pr* cisco Art Institute. natural thriller with a release next year.)

JANE MILSTEAD (A youth since she was and contributor to *7* and dozens more. Since their loss.)

JOEL PATTERSON (O cisco State, but he he's collecting pounds for what reason we c

JOHN DALMAS (O editor of a New York far away from the t

MIKE JOYCE (O University of Maryla number of magazine better."

KRISTINE MCKENNA a working artist, an tions as prestigious a *Magazine of Gourmet*

RICHARD AARON Gotham-based shutt cover of *Frampton Co*

JEFF BURGER (O from the State Unive since squandered his minor music public "musical biography")

SCOTT MITCHELL ogy, at the University

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New Contributors

LEONARD BROWN (In Print) has written for television in the Fifties, radio in the Sixties, and print in the Seventies. Now, he says, he's starting to work his way backwards.

DWAIN SEAY (In Print, On Disc) attended San Francisco Art Institute. His book, *Spark's Leap*, "a supernatural thriller with moral overtones," is being prepared for release next year by Harper & Row.

JANE MILSTAD (In Print) has been writing about youth since she was one, as editor of *Dig* and *Teen Seven* and contributor to *TeenSet*, *Teen Life*, *Date Book*, *Fabulous* and dozens more. She has never met the Beatles; it's their loss.

JOEL PATTERSON (On Tour) once attended San Francisco State, but he escaped to a farm in Virginia where he's collecting pounds of literature on nuclear energy, for what reason we dare not speculate.

JOHN DALMAS (On Disc), a former Yalie, is now an editor of a New York-based music trade publication far, far away from the tables down at *Mercy's*.

MIKE JOYCE (On Tour) is a graduate student at the University of Maryland and a freelance contributor to a number of magazines, "the less-knowns," he adds, "the better."

KRISTINE McKENNA (On Disc) lives in Los Angeles, is a working artist, and contributes regularly to publications as prestigious as *The Los Angeles Times* and *Hit: The Magazine of Current Balking*.

RICHARD AARON (photo, On Tour), is a prominent Gotham-based shutter-snapper. His credits include the cover of *Frampton Comes Alive*.

JEFF BURGER (On Disc) received his degree in English from the State University of New York in Albany. He's since squandered his skills on a number of major and minor music publications, and is now working on a "musical biography" of Bob Dylan for Sire Books.

SCOTT MITCHELL is a senior, majoring in anthropology, at the University of Texas in Austin.

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IN ONE EAR...

Illuminating

While I'm not one to endorse crackpot conspiracy theories, the mysterious disappearance of your illustrator, Hal Veltika, on September 23rd from the *Amperсанд* Sundeck, has all the earmarks of a Bavarian Illuminati caper.

We all remember the tragic death of Sandra Glass, teen-aged journalist, shortly after she exposed the Illuminati in *Tenest Magazine* (which itself died a tragic death in 1969).

And then there was Robert Stanton, who wrote a letter to *The Playboy Advisor* about the Illuminati. Shortly after his letter was published, with *Playboy's* scoffing answer stating that there is no such organization as the Bavarian Illuminati, Stanton was found with his throat torn out, as if by the talons of some enormous beast. No animals were reported missing from the local zoos.

Also, as students of the Illuminati all know, the number 23 is frequently associated with disaster and other mysterious occurrences.

On the other hand, not all these disappearances have a sinister explanation. Some people have been known to get into Illuminati studies and, after heavy doses thereof, just sort of float away. Check the contents of that ashtray and watch the skies over Laurel Canyon.

ROBERT SHEA
(CO-AUTHOR, *ILLUMINATUS*)
GLENCOE, IL

Errant Blame

... My interest in your interview with Richard Dreyfuss (*Amperсанд*, October) all but disappeared in the second paragraph. He obviously thinks of President Nixon as a bad man. But to blame him for the killings at Kent State just shows how much he refuses to listen to facts. The students were killed by the Ohio National Guard, who were sent to Kent State by Governor James Rhodes, who deserves the credit. As for how the people of Ohio feel, Gov. Rhodes was elected to an unprecedented third term in 1974, and by all indications, may be elected to a fourth term this year. People from [Dreyfuss'] half of the generation refuse to look at the facts that Mr. Nixon opened up communications with China and stopped the war in Viet Nam. People like Mr. Dreyfuss blame former President Nixon for everything from the acne they had when he was in office to the hemorrhoids they have now.

FRITZ HARRELL
PURDUE UNIVERSITY

Harumph

As a Sherlockian, I am always glad to see the Master get deserved publicity. Thus I was glad to see that Merrill Shindler listed *The Hound of the Baskervilles* with Nigel Bruce and Basil Rathbone in a list of obscure film classics (*Amperсанд*, September).

But I must take exception to Shindler's rating of the film. It is not "the best of the Sherlock Holmes series." It is not even the best of the Basil Rathbone-starring Sherlock Holmes series.

The best is *The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes*. That is not merely my opinion, but that of many Sherlockians. *Adventures* is set in London, not on the moors. And though it is an original screenplay not directly based on any Holmes story, it captures the Holmes character and milieu better than *Hound*. (The Rathbone *Hound* and the original story are themselves different to a considerable degree, by the way.)

Adventures is commonly listed among the five all time best Holmes films, as well—and there are over 160 now.

JOHN FARRELL
(PRAED STREET IRREGULAR)
CALIFORNIA STATE UNIVERSITY LONG BEACH

Farrell should know; among his other accomplishments, he's author of *The Sherlock Holmes Cookbook*. He doesn't fool us with that "Praed Street Irregular" stuff, though: that group is composed of fans of August Derleth's tacky "Solar Pons" pastiches.

We are writing in regard to your sophomore review of the fine new live album by Thin Lizzy. Did it ever occur to you that some people might be interested in reading a more literate and thoughtful review of the album as opposed to some immature joker's idea of humor? For a magazine supposedly geared toward informing college students of recent musical developments and trends. We find it hard to believe that Chris Clark is not aware of the fact that Thin Lizzy is the number one concert band in England and gaining popularity here in the U.S.

From the comments of Mr. Clark we are led to believe that Thin Lizzy is a cross between a baby (DADADADA... DADA...) and a machine (think, sputter, fizz), and even their mother isn't sure who they are. Instead the band is a group of hard working talented and professional musicians trying to put out the best product they can. For that they deserve at least some semblance of critical respect.

Pan the album if you want but at least let us know in more usable terms why you have chosen to do so, instead of supplying us with cheap, flippant and ignorant remarks which serve as a total waste of time to the reader.

M. PATRICK MONAHAN
KATE MCCALL
UNIVERSITY OF PITTSBURGH

Cheap, flippant and ignorant remarks are hardly ever a waste of time, claims Chris Clark, who stands (and not alone) by his snappy *Thin Lizzy* review in the September *Amperсанд*. Besides, Chris knows how to punctuate and spell, two virtues you would do well to cultivate.

Flash

Whatever happened to the members of Flash, that shortlived but fantastic group formed by Peter Banks, formerly with Yes? After hearing their 1973 *Out of Our Heads*, I was eagerly awaiting their next album, but alas, this has not happened yet... Please help me solve this mystery by relaying some information on what Banks, Colin Carter,

Ray Bennett and Michael Hough are up to these days.

T. THOMAS
NORMAN, OK

Peter Banks, now living in Los Angeles, tells us that he admires your patience and appreciates your concern. "After Flash broke up at the end of 1973, I recorded a solo LP, *The Two Sides of Peter Banks*. I then recorded an album in England with an American girl singer, Sydney Foxx, and it was never released. Two years ago, I moved to Los Angeles, where Sydney and I put together a band called *Empire* and recorded another album, which should be out soon. Sydney has been appearing in the theatrical production *Zen Boogie*, and will be heard on the original cast LP. I've been doing session work with acts ranging from Lonnie Donegan to Craig Mirijian; putting together a new band; and may be in Chaka Khan's backup group for her upcoming tour. All of the other members of Flash are living in Los Angeles, too, so far as I know, but I never see any of them more than once a year."

Lonely? Misunderstood? Misinformed? Snap out of it by writing to In One Ear, %Amperсанд, 1680 N. Vine Street, #201, Hollywood, CA, 90028. We'll put your name in print. Try to be nice; we've never done you any harm, though we've often considered it.

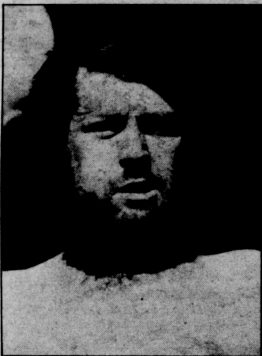
In Here

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OUR COVER	

Our phantasmagoric cover illustration is by Darryle Purcell, who said that it would take too much time & space to identify the fifty-odd (or, fifty odd) characters. Consider this a challenge: if you think that you can identify 'em all, send us your list. We don't promise any prizes, but you never know.
Hint: call a Hobbit a Hobbit.

& OUT THE OTHER

Pass the Soy Sauce, Please



NEXT TIME YOU GO OUT TO DINNER and see Brian Wilson at the same restaurant, you'd better leave fast. Photographer Judi Lesta and her husband were innocently dining on Chinese chicken salad at Madame Wong's, a new hotspot in L.A.'s Chinatown, when she noticed Tom Petty and Rodney Bingenheimer sitting with Brian Wilson, who was behaving in a very loud and obnoxious manner. Wilson came over to Lesta's table and began to scoop up her chicken salad with his hands and shovel it into his mouth. She said, "I wish you wouldn't have done that," whereupon Wilson threw the chicken salad at her. She and her husband left, but not before Bingenheimer apologized profusely, paid for their meal and explained that Beach Boy Brian "just broke up with his wife and he's having problems."

6,000 Miles Too East

GILBERT MOSES, DIRECTOR OF *The Fish That Saved Pittsburgh* (as well as a segment of *Roots*) was arrested in his Pittsburgh hotel room in late September on charges of possession of cocaine and stolen airline tickets. His wife was also arrested, but charges against her were later dropped. Police were reportedly acting on a tip from the FBI, which is involved in cracking the ticket scam; police had earlier been alerted to the possible use of quantities of coke on and off the movie set.

It was just one more in a series of problems besetting *Fish*—like importing actors to Pittsburgh only to have them sit around for several weeks without working, changing the script every day, and going over budget. The film stars real-life basketballer Julius Erving as . . . a basketball star and is a musical comedy, with the basketball sequences filmed to music (by the Sylvers, among others, with original music by Thom Bell). The company needed huge crowds to fill the Pittsburgh Arena but was unable to find enough people for several days of shooting; the mayor of Pittsburgh went on television and exhorted everyone to get down there and cheer, while the mayors of Cleveland and Baltimore sent aside messages saying they'd be happy to fill their arenas if the company would change lo-

cation. In fact, the mayor of Baltimore displayed uncommon wit when he offered to "save *The Fish That Saved Pittsburgh*." But as more than one languishing actor thought while twiddling thumbs in Pittsburgh, "Why couldn't it be *The Fish That Saved Honolulu*?"

A provocative aside to Moses' arrest: several years ago Linda Ronstadt was questioned when authorities discovered she and her band had been traveling, innocently, on bogus airline tickets. It so happens that a person or persons involved in Linda's career back then is now involved with *The Fish That Saved Pittsburgh*. Probably just a coincidence.

Free Martin Mull

WHEN MARTIN MULL hit Dallas in the midst of his 40-city tour recently, he was kidnapped. Yep. Two women held him hostage for several hours until he gave them jokes. They were fans, not femmes fatales, who researched the snatch for a month and hauled Mull away in a van (a van?). He eventually kidded his way to freedom and didn't press charges, the sweetheart. Later on the same tour, Mull was awarded the key to the city of Norwood, Ohio, which is supposedly a Fernwood look-alike. When Mull's minions called Norwood City Hall to make arrangements for the ceremony, Mayor Donald Prues himself answered the phone. When Prues presented the key he said, in part, "This is our way of getting even . . ." Mull's *America 2Night* was cancelled, but he'll do a one-man show on Broadway over Christmas and then Mull offers for movies and record labels. In other words, he'll be out of work.

New Discs

MICHAEL MURPHEY'S ABOUT TO RELEASE an album cut "live" at the Palomino in North Hollywood several weeks ago. The well-received set included songs from various stages of the singer-songwriter's career (though not, sad to say, his earliest flings as a folkie with "Boomer and Travis"—he was Travis—or as a commercially oriented country composer) plus rock oldies "Chain Gang" and "Western Movies" and a squeaky ad-lib snatch of "Rocky Mountain High" that will probably never make it to the album. Murphey played guitar and banjo and grinned a lot. Also grinning was producer John Boylan, who'd assembled an all-star pickup band including bassist Bob Glaub, drummer Mike Botts, fiddler Byron Berline, steel guitarist Dan Dugmore and backup singers Katy Moffatt, Tom Kelly and Bobby Kimball. . . . also due for live albums are Richard Pryor and the jazz triumvirate of McCoy Tyner, Sonny Rollins and Ron Carter (see "On Tour," this issue), recorded on their recent tour.

THE ROLLING STONES, planning for the likelihood of Keith Richards' conviction on Canadian drug-related charges, are recording furiously: the Stones have been holed up in Wally Heider's L.A. studios, and Richards has been working on a solo album a few miles across town at the Record Plant. Ron Wood's first solo album for Columbia is somewhere in the works, and Mick Jagger is reportedly making it known he is available for film assignments. All of which should help fill the time—if any—that Keith is in the slammer.

New Deals

DAN PEEK, WHO QUIT THE BAND AMERICA 1½ years ago explaining that "it wasn't God's will that [he] become a superstar," has signed with Pat Boone's Lamb & Lion label where he will record "contemporary Christian music" and, we fearlessly predict, fail to become a superstar.

AUDREY HEPBURN will try to lend some class to Sidney Sheldon's *Bloodline*, which has been screenplayed by Gore Vidal. Audrey's role has been changed, since the character was a 20-year-old girl in the book. Robin Williams, the only watchable part of *Mark & Mindy*, has been signed to a multi-picture deal by Columbia. . . . *The Word According to Garp* will be a movie, and James Bridges, brave soul, will write it; he also wrote *9/30/55* and *China Syndrome* (with Jane Fonda and Michael Douglas, formerly titled *Power* and then *Eyewitness*).

MARTHA VELEZ, who once recorded an album (*Fiends and Angels*) backed by members of seemingly every British band from the Rolling Stones to Fleetwood Mac, has signed with ABC Records, where she will be produced by Mike Appel, trying for his own comeback after his falling-out with Bruce Springsteen, whom he managed and produced. Velez, in an exclusive *Amperand* interview quoted here in its entirety, says that "Appel got a raw deal" from the press.

PHIL MAY, founder and leader of early Brit-rock band, the Pretty Things, is now fronting a new group, Fallen Angels.

Rejects

W.E.B. IS THE FIRST CASUALTY of this wretched TV season, to be replaced by *Man Under Cover*, a *Police Story* spinoff starring David Cassidy. Also gone: *Mary and Apple Pie*. Good riddance.

AUSTRALIA REFUSED to allow Yves St. Laurent's new perfume, Opium, into the country because of their truth in advertising law. There is no opium in the perfume. An oversight, no doubt.

Volunteers

WARREN ZEVON has committed himself to a sanitarium in Santa Barbara for treatment of alcoholism; he will remain there a month, after which he will stay close by in case further treatment is needed. His alcoholism was severely worsened by his last tour, during which he consumed astonishing quantities of Stolichnaya vodka; he does not respond well to the "pressures of the road," according to a friend. He will continue writing songs for his next album while in the sanitarium. We wish him well, and only hope that he refrains from writing an album about his experience. *a la* Alice Cooper.

MARLON BRANDO called up Alex Haley and asked to be in *Roots: The Next Generation* because he thinks it's the most important program ever presented on television. He'll work for scale (compared to his \$4 million for *Superman*), but first Haley and company have to figure out what role to have him play (in the last episode only).

WHILE MANY ROCK BANDS claim allegiance to their fans, Aerosmith recently made quite

a show of it. Noting that members of the audience for a recent Ft. Wayne, Indiana, appearance were being hassled by the local *gendarmierie* (34 adults and 28 juveniles were arrested on various drug and alcohol-related charges), lead singer Steve Tyler stopped mid-song and volunteered to help the audience grapple with authorities. The band wound up paying about \$500 in fines.

Looney Tunes

THIS IS THE YEAR of the songwriter in movies: *They're Playing Our Song* (a Neil Simon Broadway play but soon to be a film) is about two songwriters in love; *Starting Over* stars Candice Bergen as a songwriter who finds success and ditched hubby Burt Reynolds (who comforts himself with Jill Clayburgh) and *#1* is the story of a songwriter who, when his wife leaves him, sets out to search for a woman who's a perfect 10 (on a scale of 1 to 10). This doesn't sound terribly promising by itself, but that's the least of the problems facing this production. The biggest? The absence of the star. George Segal didn't bother to show up for work on the first day of shooting; supposedly he objected to director Blake Edwards' treatment of the script, but Edwards said, in several trade paper interviews, that he was willing to make any changes Segal wanted—he'd even fire his wife, Julie Andrews, if that's what Segal wanted. Still no George. Edwards said that the company had hired Segal's wife as an associate producer for \$40,000, just to please the star. Still no sign of Segal, who also failed to show up for *Lucky Lady* several years ago and recently went A.W.O.L. during filming of *Who Is Killing the Great Chefs of Europe?* British actor Dudley Moore may replace Segal. More later.

IF THE SONG "HELLO WORLD, THIS HERE'S WRONG NUMBER" by The Credibility Gap is indeed pulled from the album *Rhino Regalia* (reviewed in *Amperand*, September '78) to meet country & western single demand, it will have an original never-before heard B side: "Nine False Kings," about a busload of Elvis lookalikes traveling to a gig at Elvis' grave in Memphis. The bus meets with an accident and the chorus, sung in fair Elvis style, goes "Burning bus, burning bus." Pester your local stores and stations.

Merry Musicals

EVITA, THE WEBBER-RICE MUSICAL about the whip-wielding blonde wife of Argentina's former dictator, will of course be a movie someday (with Robert Stigwood behind the project, try to stop it); the two women most often mentioned to play Evita are Bette Midler and Barbra Streisand, no less. Stigwood is dreaming about an All Star cast, with folks like Richard Dreyfuss in supporting roles, just like *Zany*. As for Ms. Midler, we're told she will not remake *Gypsy* after all; at one point she was supposed to play Mama Rose to Brooke Shields' Gypsy Rose Lee.

IF THE FILM VERSION of Bob Fosse's *Chicago* ever gets made, it will probably star Marthe Keller and not Shirley MacLaine in the Chita Rivera role; Keller was originally a dancer until a skiing accident changed careers for her. The Gwen Verdon role is
(Continued on page 23)

Technics

Performance this good really isn't new from Technics. In fact, after all these years it's what you expect.

With its performance, the Technics RS-631 is a cassette deck that's been designed to give you the best of both worlds. It's a deck that's been designed to give you the best of both worlds.

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The RS-631. With all those controls, your performance will match ours.

While the specs show how well the Technics RS-631 performs, its controls show how well you'll perform.



November, 1978

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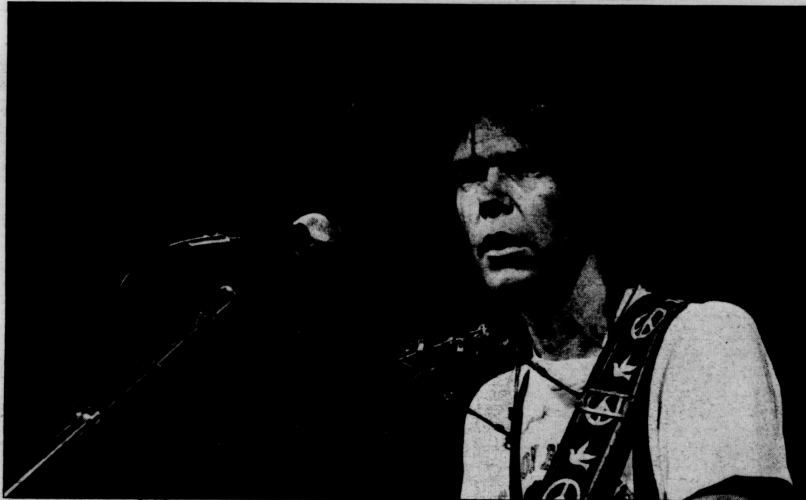
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Neil Young: a media blitz

Neil Young and Crazy Horse, Capitol Center, Largo, MD

It was clear from the start. This wasn't going to be your typical Neil Young concert. As the lights dimmed and Jimi Hendrix's contorted *Star Spangled Banner* reached a feverish pitch, the stage was swarming with creatures in hooded robes scampering about like so many wired gerbils. Dressed as *Star Wars* Sand People, Young's roadies (or road-eyes as he calls them, a reference to their red light-emitting Texas Instrument eyeballs) carried a mock ten-foot microphone to center stage where they struggled to upright it in a scene originally choreographed by Ira Hayes and the Marines on Iwo Jima some years back.

To the left of the stage stood Doctor Deaf and Professor Decibel, the custodians of a bogus MacIntosh amplifier the size of a small car. To the right a couple of Conehead clones formed a chorus of observers who watched intently as the road-eyes began to hoist a number of enormous trunks off the stage. Underneath the trunks lay four fabricated PA speakers and one sleeping Neil Young. Awakened by the applause, Young sat up, stretched out and surveyed the scene. He must have felt like he had stayed overnight at Alice Cooper's place.

As the concert got underway, the only nightmarish aspects to surface were the inordinately high sound levels maintained by the certifiably deaf Professor Decibel and the repetitious narrative from the movie *Woodstock* which ran during intermission. As for Young, his acoustic set was the most effective. His always vulnerable tenor served him well as he nonchalantly strolled around the stage as if he were playing for himself. Seldom did he acknowledge the monstrous props that surrounded him, which occasionally, on songs like "I Am a Child" and "Sugar Mountain," complemented his material. The freedom of movement Young enjoyed on stage, thanks to a wireless microphone, allowed him to transform an inherently theatrical setting into a natural one with remarkable ease. Throughout his acoustic set, Young performed some of his most familiar works, pausing momentarily to change harps or retreat to a nearby piano. The crowd chanted the names of a few favorites but for the most part requests for "Southern Man,"

"Heart of Gold" and the like went unnoticed.

When Crazy Horse mounted the stage, Young displayed a heavy foot on the fuzztone pedal during solos that brought "Cortez the Killer" and "Like a Hurricane" to life despite the distorted levels and a curious backdrop: the flashing drum logo from the old *Skindig* TV show. Crazy Horse's abrasive approach to rock proved to be a perfect vehicle for Young's bittersweet lyrics and tenuous vocals. The group's powerful performance prompted two encores before the inevitable return of the Sand People.

The surrealistic staging with its bizarre allusions to pop culture artifacts was Young's creation; his sense of the absurd was always apparent, and his announcement that he plans to release a disco version of "Welfare Mothers Make Better Lovers" seemed almost plausible, considering the circumstances.

Mike Joyce

Ron Carter, Sonny Rollins & McCoy Tyner, with Al Foster, Civic Auditorium, Santa Monica, CA

There was something vaguely artificial about this ensemble of three Milestone Records "Jazzstars" (plus hardworking drummer), in the sense that these are hardly musicians who would have toured together had they not been "packaged" by some imaginative entrepreneur or other (in this case, label chief Orrin Keepnews). There was also something vaguely wonderful about it, because when it worked it worked superbly.

There were no extraneous musicians and there was no electronic trickery (though Rollins' tenor *was* amplified). The musicians played as a quartet and in various trio, duo and solo contexts. Rollins sounded excellent throughout—joyous, assertive, proud, and seemingly overflowing with his rich, round tone. He was especially effective on the opening song, his own "The Cutting Edge," when he seemed to rip out of the thick ensemble textures like a machete; on his no-nonsense duo with Tyner on "In a Sentimental Mood" (which Rollins seemed to dedicate to Archie Shepp as much as to Ellington); and on a raucous calypso trio, "Don't Stop the Carnival," in which his music seemed to dance all over the stage.

Tyner, of course, is Tyner—a masterful

pianist with a room-filling orchestral sound and technique to burn. (Someone once remarked that he'd be a more interesting pianist if he lost a couple of fingers.) He was particularly beautiful on his own Debussy-like solo composition "A Little Pianissimo"; on Antonio Carlos Jobim's "Once I Loved" (which seems to refer harmonically to "Love for Sale"); he verged on the ponderous.

Carter has a wonderful sense of humor as a soloist and a wonderful sense of placement as an accompanist—and, certainly, the longest, strongest fingers in the world of jazz bass. His own solo, "Blue Monk," worked up to a series of fast, clean barres (or near-barres) that was truly stunning. Foster played sensibly throughout; his subtle comment behind Carter's solo on Tyner's "Nubia" and his own melodic solo on the same song were particularly tasteful.

Colman Andrews

The Blues Brothers Universal Amphitheatre, Los Angeles

Dan Ackroyd and John Belushi debuted their "Blues Brothers" act on *Saturday Night Live* last year. It worked well enough there that they were invited to open Steve Martin's recent Los Angeles engagement and record a live album during the gig. Further appearances may follow, depending on the individual Brothers' schedules. They're not to be missed.

Whether or not you like the brand of Chicago-spawned blues sung and played by the Brothers, they're entertaining. On a basic, visual level, they're amusing: black suits, fedoras, shades; Belushi, the chief vocalist, does a peculiar little dance around the stage while Ackroyd, who plays harmonica, stands to the side and blows.

Only here's the *really* funny part: these men aren't kidding. Chicagoans themselves, they clearly love, respect, and understand the music they're playing. The visual appeal may be there, but Belushi isn't singing Junior Wells' "Messin' with the Kid" because of the tune's comedy potential. This is serious music, played and sung as such. Same goes for King Floyd's reggae number, "Groove Me," (though the delivery was pretty funny, what with Belushi's interjections of gratuitous reggae-related phrases like "Guava jelly!" and "Rastaman vibration!" during

instrumental breaks.) The only totally hilarious number during the entire performance was Ackroyd's sole vocal spot, a reading of the Chips' hopelessly obscure "Rubber Biscuit," which consists chiefly of some bass scattling. Record collectors who hear this one will faint. Anyone who's even heard of the song is clearly no dilettante.

The band hired to back the Blues Brothers included such high-priced L.A. session types as reedman Tom Scott; Matt "Guitar" Murphy, who's played with Muddy Waters and James Cotton; and Steve Cropper, the legendary Memphis r&b guitarist-songwriter-producer.

Laugh all you want to, but these guys may do more for the blues than any band since the days when J. Geils had something to offer.

Del Porter

Jerry Brown, East Plaza, San Francisco State University, San Francisco

He's pretty. He does it with Linda Ronstadt. He smokes drugs, maybe, and he wants to be your President. How can you refuse?

If elected in 1980, Jerry would be the nation's first rock and roll Chief Executive. (Jimmy by that time having crumbled to dust, if we're lucky.) But for now he's got to convince those old odious Powers That Be that he won't really change things, or else he'll get himself shot.

But they could let him ease us into the alternatives. In that necessary part in presidential politics called Knowing the Country's Destiny (Without Ever Quite Being Able to Say What It Is, and therefore Please As Many People As Possible), Jerry takes it in the first beat. His spaced, coherent rhetoric reads like a travelogue of the future—fantastic changes in store for us all.

But before he can be President he must be re-elected Governor.

Jerry kicked off his second gubernatorial campaign in California at a noon-time rally at San Francisco State. We flocked to it like drones. Our chance with the Shell Answer Man.

These meetings—they're forums where various kinds of people beat their meat. Jerry does it in a three-piece suit. He does it by appealing to the best in people: "If I try to boil down what it is I've tried to do... it's to open up the government. Not in some vague, abstract way, but in a very specific way." He spoke of more minority, and women appointments than ever before. He rattled off a list of state-wide innovations that left the rest of the world in the dust. But he was realistic.

"These aren't problems we solve once and we're done. It's a process to be lived, to be struggled through, to be enjoyed. And I'm asking you to give me a chance to suffer for another four years (laughter), to enjoy another four years... As I said four years ago, we need a new spirit in Sacramento, and now I say there's no substitute for experience.

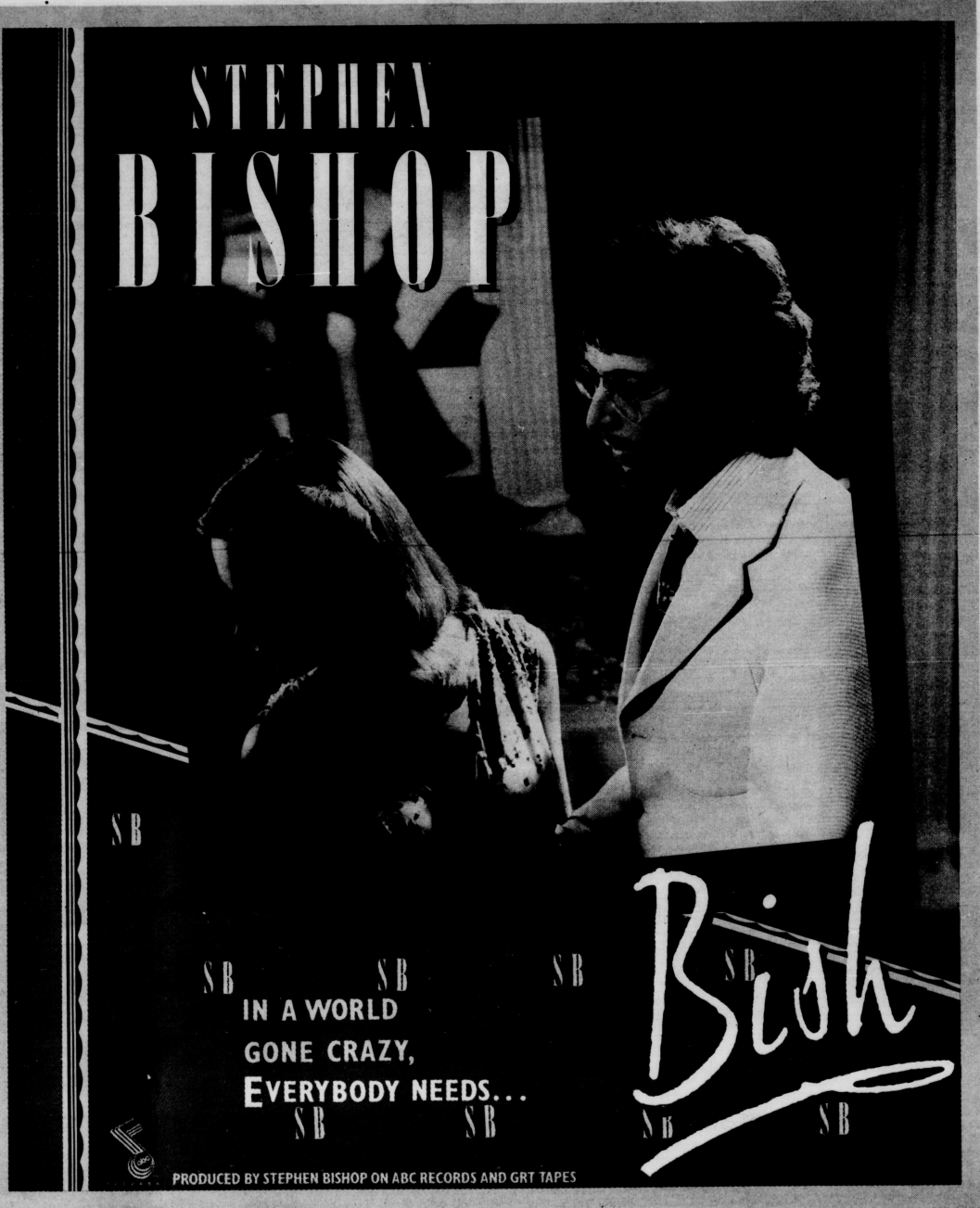
"You know, sometimes I hear it said that it's all style and no substance. Well, I would only call your attention to that list of things, and reply by saying I'm running against five (Republican contenders) who have neither style *nor* substance. For that reason alone you ought to elect me!"

True... there are these creepy *deja vu*s to Adolph H., say circa 1924. Young, charismatic, hits you in the gut with your pride... but they pass. It *feels* like Brown's on your side.

And a Brown Administration would be an improvement over the present keepers of the castle. Come to think of it... I voted for JB for President in '76 in the primary, and never did get around to voting for James Earl Carter.

Joel Patterson

STEPHEN BISHOP



SB

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 IN A WORLD
 GONE CRAZY,
 EVERYBODY NEEDS...
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PRODUCED BY STEPHEN BISHOP ON ABC RECORDS AND GRT TAPES



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BY MICHAEL GLYNN

"Something's wrong in there."
 Jerry Casale, a.k.a. Jerry Devo, points to his head and rears back in laughter. The topic is mad scientists, which he and his four fellow Devo-teens can instantly identify with. As self-appointed Boris Karloffs of modern music, they enjoy creating a little mayhem of their own.
 "Our music is mutations, combinations, fusions and pieces put together in a new way that completely alters the picture of the songs they were removed from. Kind of scientific."
 Devo (short for "the de-evolution band") has a message to its madness. Responding to the tug of genetic destiny, the "spud boys," as they describe themselves, got together at the inception of the Seventies in Akron, Ohio. Although they shared little in terms of musical style at the time, their attitudes toward life around them provided a common ground. They could all tell that . . . things were falling apart.
 Living in the Rubber City had provided the impetus for such ideas, but articulating them in some concrete fashion was another thing. In 1972, Devo began to take form.
 "It just got more and more organized. Things started moving in one direction. It was like water changing to ice."
 Devo became not only the name of the group but of the human condition on the planet as well. The masses were known as "spuds" because of their rather ordinary nature. Devo could accept this fact of life but the other spuds could not. Egos tended to get in the way, as they often do. The apes were in command.
 Meanwhile, Devo, feeling more than a little alien themselves, continued to observe. The information which they gathered was put into song.
 "People aren't in control. The forces that drive them are biology, fear of death, sex and food. That's devo. They develop these elaborate, lofty ideas about why they are doing things and they ignore the gut level information about themselves and the world. It starts some psychotic reality because nobody will admit the truth."
 Finding gigs became considerably harder for the band. No one in Akron wanted to hire a group that wore yellow factory suits and grotesque masks onstage. It didn't help that their songs were about pinheads, mongoloids and paranoia accompanied by jerky, quirky metallic sounds. Like good little apes, however, they persevered.
 "The fittest shall survive but the unfit will live."
 Two other aliens from other regions of the planet, a Bowie and an Eno, found some merit in what these spuds were doing. Luckily for Devo, these were two influential beings. The boys were duly rewarded for their efforts with a recording contract.
 The saga of Devo, however, neither begins nor ends here. It's all just part of the ongoing process as they continue to follow the commands of Mr. DNA. Like most other normal bands, they must follow certain conventions to support their recently released album. This means rehearsing and touring. After meeting the guys at their manager's office, it becomes very clear that these spuds ask for no particular favors. In fact, they see it as their duty to spread the word of Devo around, albeit a pleasant one.
 "Let's put it this way, if you do it in a basement, it doesn't matter how hip you are. The nature of society is corporate. The nature of art is popular. We're a rollerball team for the corporation. We're a musical rollerball team. We have both limitations and freedoms like everyone else. You just do your bit as best you can to fulfill your function."
 Despite the obvious rhetoric which surrounds the concept of de-evolution, the band members themselves seem ingenious and honest. They readily admit that while they are Devo, they are also individuals and remain as such outside of the group set-up.
 "Individuals manifest their identity rather than presenting it a priori. In any system, an up front person develops. Devo started out a lot more anarchic than it is now but for the sake of communicating with people it had to become a lot more ritualized."
 If anything, the band sees their ideas as being realistic without being cynical. There is no need to get uptight over the fact that many of the notions we hold so near and dear can be shattered as easily as glass. Jerry offers an example.

"There is no reason to believe that we can't accept the idea that people aren't equal. The only reason we can't is because we put a bad value on that way of thinking. Everyone seems to feel that they have to be the martyr/hero, like in the movies, where it's you against the world."
 This line of thought extends directly into their music, naturally. "Shrivel Up" satirically pinpoints the problem in taking commonly held ideas as the last word.
*well it's a god-given fact (that
 you can't go back)
 it's a god-given law that
 you've gonna lose your maw
 it's a god-given fact you gotta
 buy 'em by the sack*
 ©1978 Devo Music/Virgin Music, Ltd.
 By reducing everything to such an absurd level, it becomes a little easier to get past the protective defenses we will inevitably create. Conspiracy through comedy, perhaps? Humor becomes a technique, one of many in the Devo arsenal.
 Don't get the impression that they're out to attack or put one over on you. They prefer to look at what they do as an alternative or "a parallel reality." They are not so pompous or pretentious to believe that everything they say should be taken literally. Then again, Devo doesn't sweep things under the rug.
 "We are the guy floating around in the Ty-D-Bowl tank. Devo is king of the clean-up squad for the flaccid Seventies. As long as there are dirty bowls there will be a use for us. Who doesn't need a maintenance firm?"
 They smile at each other silently agreeing that the janitorial position is fine with them. After all, they tend to dress the part, even offstage, favoring Army-Navy surplus clothing and mechanics' coveralls. The style, they claim, had been dictated by a financial reality back in Ohio. More importantly, however, is the fact that their inexpensive antifashion visually reinforces the band concept of anonymity and similarity. They point out that it is also quite comfortable.
 Devo music, like their ideas, may be demanding on the surface but they hope that it doesn't scare anyone away. Although they do incorporate a variety of electronic effects, it remains primal at the core. The crux of the biscuit is to stimulate the sensibilities rather than attack.
 "We have at least three levels of reality happening at once. As long as we're playing at the same time, in the same key, it doesn't matter that you're hearing different expressions musically. Without the jungle beat, any of the layers wouldn't matter."
 The responsibility, they insist, lies in our willingness to decide things for ourselves. Self-determination, though they don't use that particular phrase, is key in promoting a new level of awareness.
 "People, rather than being passive receptacles, should embody a principle within themselves. That's what Devo is all about. We don't want anybody to listen to us because we're commercial but we don't want anybody to not listen to us because we're not. Those are both stupid. We should always be able to make distinctions, eat information and spit it back out. Don't take anything as religion. We invite people into the process. We encourage imitation."
 The cavemen seem restless at this point. Alan, the drummer, fidgets in his chair and Jerry gets up to visit the men's room. Mark, lead singer in charge of genetic special effects, leans over the tape recorder and hollers into it.
 "Do you hear me! He went to take a pee!!!!"
 Jerry re-enters the room with a large stuffed animal resembling Wile E. Coyote. He's holding it like a divining rod.
 Breaking his concentration as he looks for water under the rug, he says:
 "Anybody who's honest with themselves will like us."
 "Who's honest?"
 "We don't know . . . Those who still get off on the enema, fart or the belly laugh . . . whoever is in touch with the poot mechanism." &

Mike Glynn first saw Amperсанд while attending Northwestern University last year. He waited until graduating with a major in English lit and creative writing before moving to Los Angeles and contacting us, else you'd have been hearing from him sooner.

THE SPUDS WHO ATE AKRON

On Screen

THE BIG FIX, starring Richard Dreyfuss, Susan Anspach and Bonnie Bedelia; written by Roger Simon; directed by Jeremy Paul Kagan.

Ah, those fabulous Sixties! Viet Nam, tear gas, protest marches, sit-ins, assassinations, Kent State. Those were the days, right kids? If you too are feeling sentimental about political and social upheaval, then this movie is for you. It has the political sensibility of an amocha, but it pretends to deal with the problem of a displaced Sixties radical, one Moses Wine, detective (Dreyfuss), trying to survive in a culture that ignores or rejects everything he once stood for. A perfectly legitimate subject for a film, but this bastardized piece of mush treats the "glorious" Sixties like fondly remembered backseat sex in Golden Gate Park.

The plot, like all good detective-story plots, is convoluted and somewhat confusing: dirty tricks in a California (where else?) gubernatorial election. A Sixties radical figurehead resurfaces from a long nap underground to "endorse" a candidate who doesn't want to be endorsed. There's also a Cesar Chavez type, an Abbie Hoffman type, and a nasty rich right winger, not to mention two stupid candidates for governor. Dreyfuss has an est-bound ex-wife (Bedelia), a rekindled old flame (Anspach), and two cute kids. Throughout this morass, Dreyfuss is relentlessly adorable, except for his unfortunate tendency to choke and twitch and cry whenever he's struck by an emotion more serious than joy. There are many nice touches: his relationship with his sons; his solitary, intense and continuous game of Clue; his ever-changing story of how he broke his arm; and his wonderful Aunt Sonya, an unrepentant communist who tells stories of workers and mass production instead of Mother Goose. But these are isolated sketches and fail to make the whole any more wholesome.

The blame for much of this is on Dreyfuss, since he co-produced the film and has said in several interviews (one in the October *Amperсанд*) that he too was a passionate Sixties radical. He apparently believes this is a serious look at how the Seventies have co-opted the values of the Sixties; when the Abbie Hoffman-type quips, "It's hard to be a radical in this country, it's hard to say no to all the goodies," he says it while cooking hamburgers on a barbecue beside his pool which he acquired after changing his identity and making a good living as . . . an advertising executive!

Sharing the blame with Dreyfuss are director Kagan, who gave us the blighted *Heroes*, and Roger Simon, writer (of the book, too). If this is the best these self-appointed radicals can do, it's enough to make me a conservative.

Judith Sims

A DREAM OF PASSION, starring Melina Mercouri and Ellen Burstyn; written, produced and directed by Jules Dassin.

An internationally famous Greek film actress, Mercouri, returns to her native land to star in a stage production of *Medea*. Euripides' epic tale of marital infidelity and revenge; as a publicity stunt she arranges to visit an American woman imprisoned for killing her three children, a woman dubbed "the modern Medea" by the press. Mercouri, haunted by Burstyn, returns later and in subsequent visits tries to understand

Burstyn's mind and motives, an exercise that becomes much more than mere research for the role of Medea.

The scenes between Mercouri and Burstyn are so powerful they make the rest of the film almost disappear, but even under the best conditions the supporting players would sound and look phoney. Perhaps director-writer-producer (and Mercouri's husband) Dassin wanted to emphasize the parasitic posturing of the theatrical crowd, but he didn't have to do it with such completely unconvincing actors, namely Andreas Voutsinas as the director and Yannis Voglis as a BBC interviewer. In one uncomfortable scene, the theatre folk are hanging around chatting about acting, as is their wont, and about actors who put themselves into their roles: Mercouri cites Brando's monologue in *Last Tango in Paris* as an example of self-revelatory acting, and then proceeds to a little self-revelation of her own in front of the handy BBC camera. Are we to imagine this is Mercouri being Mercouri, or Mercouri as Maya the actress? The introspection is unconvincing, shallow; when she raves about beating her unwanted child from her 18-year-old body, it's pure histrionics.

But Burstyn, god, she's amazing. Her character, Brenda, is a mad woman, buried in religion to ease her pain and remorse; she's compelling, riveting, and utterly believable. Her eyes wander off, unfocused; she's touchingly grateful for attention and flowers, suddenly violent and brutal when thwarted in any way. The re-enactment of her children's murder is one of the most painful things I've ever watched . . . and we don't actually see the murder. The irony is that simple-minded Brenda, whose handwriting is like a child's, who built her whole life around her husband and could not forgive his infidelity, is immensely more tragic and dramatic than Medea, the epic figurehead. I don't think it was planned that way; I think Burstyn made that happen.

This is, ultimately, a film about woman's rage against man, and one woman's vengeance, as terrible as her pain; another woman, from an entirely different world,

comes to understand that pain. Thanks to Burstyn, we all understand.

J.S.

SOMEBODY KILLED HER HUSBAND, with Jeff Bridges and Farrah Fawcett-Majors; written by Reginald Rose; directed by Lamont Johnson.

Somebody Killed Her Husband is a lethal dose of ridiculousness, contrivance and sheer stupidity. While trying to recapture the charm and suspense of an old Audrey Hepburn lady-in-distress film, *Husband* turns into a travesty instead of a *Charade*.

The plot is incredibly familiar. A misunderstood wife, Fawcett, meets an understanding man, Bridges, and they fall in love at first sight (this being a movie) right in the toy department of Macy's. He is an aspiring children's book writer and she once dabbled in illustrations; not that either pursuit is pursued once they fall into each other's arms. The story begins when Fawcett's husband, an insurance executive, is murdered moments before she is going to tell him about Bridges. For reasons that never make sense, Bridges and Fawcett decide they can't go to the police (who will think they did it); instead they put the dead body in the deep freeze (the benefits of a well-equipped kitchen) and set out to find the killers.

There is the usual array of predictable plot twists and a few quirky supporting players for spice. Bridges struggles valiantly to be as adorable as Richard Dreyfuss in *The Goodbye Girl*, but the *Husband* script, by the once-competent Reginald Rose (one of the glitter boys from TV's golden age) is pathetic. And Farrah? Well, she's quite nice. I'm not sure movie superstars are ever made by being quite nice, but at least she doesn't have to be embarrassed, even if she may have to stick to television.

The real mystery is why an actor as talented as Jeff Bridges would be involved in this sort of tripe. Especially after *King Kong*, a dramatization of Eugene O'Neill's *The Iceman Cometh* and *Fat City*. Right now he seems intent on throwing away his career.

Jacobs Atlas

WHO IS KILLING THE GREAT CHEFS OF EUROPE? starring George Segal, Jacqueline Bisset and Robert Morley; written by Peter Stone; directed by Ted Kotcheff.

The book on which this film is based (titled *Someone Is Killing the Great Chefs of Europe*) and the movie itself promise all sorts of gluttonous, epicurean pleasures with a plot about the systematic murder of haute chefs in the manner of their specialties: Pressed Duck becomes Pressed Chef, and so on. But none of the promises are fulfilled; we're left with a Chinese dinner, after which we hunger for a real movie.

George Segal, as a junk food tycoon, is doggedly cute, mugging, snuggling and smirking at his ex-wife and Great Desert Chef, Bisset. She is awesomely gorgeous, but her treatment of light comedy is to raise her voice to shrillness and exaggerate her English accent, although she plays an American. This is no *Tomb of Class*, alas, except for Morley who, as an overbearing epicure, waddles away with his scenes; he's the only one who sounds completely at ease uttering the convoluted epithets that pass for dialogue. Said dialogue occasionally descends to abysmal depths, as when Bisset remarks, after the death of one chef who was roasted in his own oven, that he would "never overlook meat that way."

Director Kotcheff, who gave us the small jewel, *The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz* and the unwieldy rhinestone *Fan with Dick and Jane*, directs *Chefs* as if listening to a private symphony of rimshots and laugh tracks—nothing is underplayed.

The grand tour of European locations consists of several hotel entrances and restaurant interiors; they might as well be sets for all the trouble taken to identify such palate palaces as Tour D'Argent or Maxim's. Bisset's clothes (by Judy Moorcroft) make her look as if she's auditioning for the lead in *Nanook of the North*, while the soundtrack alternates between shrieking loudness and unintelligibility. Even the food is disappointing; supervised by hotshot chef Paul Bocuse, the feasts are visually overwhelming but not really appetizing. Bisset's specialty, La Bombe Richelieu, is laughable; it looks like an enormous igloo. It was more fun reading the recipes in the book.

It'll be mightily surprised if several reviewers don't call this "a witty soufflé" or at least "a glittering concoction," what with all the food, but it's really just a smidgeon of Brie on a giant Ritz cracker.

J.S.

Morley, Bisset & Segal and a chocolate bombe in Who's Killing the Great Chefs of Europe?



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November, 1978

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RITA MAE BROWN, author of Rubyfruit Jungle, has written a new novel.

Sweeping through three generations and the years 1909 to 1980, *Six of One* tells the stories of "the women who, in any small town, become the subjects of a lot of gossip and legend, both affectionate and malicious." It is a celebration of life itself, and Rita Mae Brown writes with "the same effervescent yet secure trust in her local characters that Eudora Welty feels for hers."

"The jaunty, naturalistic tone that made Brown's earlier novel *Rubyfruit Jungle* such a success is at work again. This is a lively and very lovely book."
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1. *New York Magazine*
2. *Kirkus Reviews*

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on disc

BLONDIE
Parallel Lines (Chrysalis)

Strange forces are at work here. In the wake of the predictable media focus on Deborah Harry as sex kitten, there's been a publicity campaign to the effect that Blondie is a group and not just Debbie Harry and . . . so you figure *Parallel Lines* would be more of a group showcase, right? Well, producer Mike Chapman has buried the instrumental backing in the mix, thus masking its power and throwing even more emphasis on Debbie's lead vocals (which sound just fine and are more varied than on past efforts). Worse still, Blondie's blend of Sixties pop innocence and street-wise Seventies sensibilities has a decidedly cold, calculated feel to it here. "Picture This" and "Pretty Baby" have a certain mechanical charm but the only non-original, Buddy Holly's "I'm Gonna Love You Too," is the one song that captures the feeling of fun that made the band's first two albums so inviting. There's a distance to the material that doesn't bode well for the future and I just hope that Blondie hasn't become so concerned with making it big that they've forgotten why they wanted to make music in the first place.

bloated red-orange sun to one side. It gets my vote for tastefully understated album cover of the year. Too bad the man had to utilize a visual alias for his listeners. At least he seems to have done his career some good.

John Krout

CHRISTLIEB/MARSH QUINTET
Apogee (Warner Bros.)

This album deserves some sort of award as Unusual Jazz Idea of the Year. Warner Marsh was one of the most imaginative jazz improvisors of the Fifties and early Sixties; his match, his soul-mate, was Lee Konitz, and both played with the remarkable pianist Lennie Tristano in what amounted to their own strange, wondrous little enclave of the avant-garde. Pete Christlieb is younger, and a prominent studio musician (he's in the house band on *The Tonight Show*) with a ready versatility of style and, at best, a rough, fluid, Southwestern reed sound. All the two men would appear to have in common at first is that both play tenors. The second and third things they have in common become obvious soon, though: both are supremely fine and confident players, and both—for whatever reasons—know their way around bop music inside and out. This is a hard-driving, mostly up-tempo set of wonderfully old-fashioned but fresh music. There are plenty of long unison passages, themes and otherwise, for the horns (two bop reedmen playing in tandem is, to me, one of the most beautiful sounds in music), and the rhythm section—Lou Levy on piano, Jim Hughart on bass and Nick Ceroli on drums—stalks and struts and kicks with calm professional confidence. Levy (who is hardly a major jazz pianist) sounds particularly inspired and swings particularly hard. Walter Becker and Donald Fagan, of the rock group Steely Dan, produced the LP and even wrote one respectable bop chart, "Rapunzel" (based on the changes to the Bacharach/David song "Land of Make Believe").

BOS & BOB
(M.I.T.B. Records)

The second album by this L.A. duo goes Jonathan Richman one step better in eulogizing the mundane aspects of life. In a classic *faux naïf* comic tradition, Bob & Bob attempt to make some sense out of this crazy world with songs like "Take Pride in Your Accomplishments," and "If You've Got Free Time Use It Well." You get the feeling they really would like to help, and there's an undercurrent of affection for the things they lampoon that infuses the album with heart as well as humor.

Musically, the album is a stylistic grab-bag that ranges from sophisticated scatting to the skating rink Muzak of the mighty Wurlitzer. Like most artists who refuse to concede to obviousness, Bob & Bob will no doubt skim over the heads of many listeners and will probably remain unsung geniuses. That's too bad, because they sure are funny.

Available by mail only; \$6.00, P.O. Box 6461, Beverly Hills, CA 90212.

Colman Andrews

DAVID COVERDALE
Snake Bite (United Artists)

David Coverdale, a former lead singer with Deep Purple, has put out this album with a side of "solo" material and a side recorded with his new band, Whitesnake. The songs are mostly blues-rock with the predictable heavy Deep Purple bass line, punctuated by Coverdale's fine voice—it's reminiscent of Paul Rodgers', but more like a student than an imitator. Coverdale may not have Rodgers' vocal range, but his phrasing is every bit as timely and precise.

BOBBY CALDWELL
(Clouds)

I don't know why it strikes me as strange. Caldwell has put together a smooth set of laid-back soulful tunes which, on the whole, owes a debt of inspiration to the Commodores and George Benson, among others. It's definitely music for the times and moods which usually coincide after midnight: very romantic. It's even been chalking up respectable airplay on black radio stations around the nation. Caldwell tosses in his own licks on guitar, bass and keys proving he's not just another pretty larynx. The strange part is, nowhere on the album is there any indication that Bobby Caldwell is of the Caucasian persuasion. The cover features a man in silhouette on a park bench and a beautiful

Although some of the songs are particularly original, they are all performed well and make up, on the whole, a very pleasant album. There's nothing too complicated; just nice, simple rock music to sit back and relax to.

The emotions set forth in the lyrics are identical to those in just about any other hard rock album of the last decade. And the lyrics are just about the same, too: forgettable. Why hard rockers can't seem to write about anything other than sex and love is a question for a bigger mind than mine.

Coverdale's voice seems especially suited to blues-rock, and his solo work has given

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him the opportunity, missed in Deep Purple, to show off his talents. He hasn't wasted the chance.

Michael J. Backus

ANDRAE CROUCH AND THE DISCIPLES
Live in London (Light)

Crossing the teachings of the Holiness Church with, frequently, the contemporary r&b feel of Marvin Gaye and Earth, Wind & Fire, Crouch has come up with something that's both modern and ageless. The singer-pianist has a sense of humor; that's welcome, too. This two-disc set is fairly well edited, handsomely packaged, and as good an introduction to Crouch and his talented troupe as could be imagined.

Ray C. Robinson

DAVE EDMUNDS
Tracks on Wax 4 (Swan Song)

You may know Dave Edmunds for his best-selling single, "I Hear You Knocking," some years back, or as part of the Rockpile band that backed pure popster Nick Lowe on his recent tour. He's an English singer-guitarist with an abiding passion for the pure teen romance found in rockabilly, classic rockers like Chuck Berry and early Sixties pop. Usually he does one of those three-years-in-the-studio, one-man-band perfectionist numbers, but this time Edmunds has chosen to record with Rockpile (he and Lowe share the leadership duties, so on Rockpile's current tour, *Dave* gets to stand in the middle and make all the announcements) and feature mostly original material by band members rather than loving re-creations of vintage classics. The results are mixed, with some ordinary songs and a somewhat one-dimensional sound that lacks the stylistic variety of last year's excellent *Get It* being the chief drawbacks. Still, fully half of the songs here are choice cuts, and the verse of "What Looks Best on You" is almost worth the price of the record alone. *Tracks on Wax 4* isn't the best album Edmunds has ever made (*Get It* probably is), but the vitality of his lean, hard-rockin' approach makes it worthwhile.

Don Snowden

ROBERTA FLACK
(Atlantic)

Nine songs—three moods. There are dancing tunes, sobbin' songs, and easy-listening mellows. The danceable numbers clearly stand out as the best. In Donna Summer-style, Flack really flaunts her voice on "What a Woman Really Needs," "Independent Man" (terrific alto sax), and "Baby I Love You So."

The sobbin' songs represent the second mood, headed up by Flack's rendition of "You are Everything," an old Stylistics heartbreaker revisited. "If Ever I See You Again" is a good song, and it would be even better if it weren't affiliated with the movie of the same name. "When It's Over" has a sad piano style that gives it a true blues feeling.

The remaining three mellows could be melted together and played backwards and they would make about the same impact. They don't have the definite mood or emotion that Flack needs to pull at our hearts or work up the sweat, yet in all the songs, class and exactness are apparent. The main goal seems to be diversity with intensity. Nice try.

Amy Fletcher

WAYLON JENNINGS
I've Always Been Crazy (RCA)

The album has enough moments, chiefly instrumental, to qualify it as one of Jennings' better recent efforts. But he would have shown some real "outlaw" class and imagi-

nation if he'd released the material in the "Buddy Holly Medley" four years ago when he recorded it. Coming out now, it smacks of cheap trendiness and capitalizing on someone else's efforts, neither of which speaks well for Ol' Waylon. And I don't know what to make of his five-year-old slowed-down version of "I Walk the Line." Ralph Mooney, Jennings' steel player, was probably on Merle Haggard's original recording of "The Bottle Let Me Down," which gives this new version some historical interest.

Todd Everett

PETER C. JOHNSON
(A&M)

This unexpected offering by totally unknown Johnson comes close to being my choice as

album of the year. It was ostensibly recorded at Peter C.'s home; fortunately, he was able to convince talented pals like Nils Lofgren, Andy Pratt, Freebo, and the Batteau brothers to drop by for punch, cookies and overdubs. But the chief talent here is Johnson's, as he sings, plays (keyboards and guitars), and writes some quite astonishing, truly original material. What's it sound like? Imagine Donovan during his best years, brought into the mid-Seventies, and you'll be partly there. "Snowblind" is the only drug song I've liked since "Eight Miles High." (Oh. That *wasn't* a drug song? Sorry.) The album's first two cuts are the weakest; give it a chance past that point and you'll have something new to tell your friends about. Promise.

T.E.

NICOLETTE LARSON
(Warner Bros.)

There are a lot of contenders these days for the turf Linda Ronstadt once had all to herself. The latest is Nicolette Larson, a full-voiced country rocker who got her foot in the door singing backup for vocalists including Hoyt Axton and Neil Young. Her debut album kicks off to a rousing start with the Holland-Dozier-Holland classic, "Baby, Don't You Do It," a song so great it's virtually unworkable. Things then proceed to get a little confused as she leaps to a country tearjerker by the Louvin brothers, whereon she sounds exactly like Emmylou Harris. The album goes on to include a variety of

(Continued on page 28)

The Big Kiss-Off of 1978

Along with every other publication to have printed less than fawning reviews of The Band Critics Love to Hate, we at *Amperсанд* have received our share of angry letters from outraged soldiers in the Kiss Army. They say that we're unfair; that we don't give Ace, Gene, Paul and Peter a fair shake. OK. Here's the fairest chance that Kiss is ever going to receive; totally unprejudiced reviews, based solely on the albums' musical merit.

All of this was brought on by the simultaneous release of solo efforts by each member of the band. We selected four reviewers representative of *Amperсанд's* extensive college readership: two male, two female; one from the East Coast, one from the West, and two from the Midwest, two in college, and two just out. All have expressed an affinity for hard rock, though not expressly Kiss.

John Krout lives and works in Arlington, Virginia. His first work to appear in *Amperсанд* was a concert review, last year, while he was still in college. Amy Fischer is a journalism major at Northern Illinois University, and adds that she's currently flunking French 102. Shelly Fisher organized a teen-oriented column for a Reno newspaper when

she was fourteen. Since then, she's attended the University of Utah and settled in the same valley as Robert Redford and the Osmonds. And Michael J. Backus, whom some of you may remember from his feisty letter to "In One Ear" last issue, is a journalism major at Purdue. All except Krout are here making their first assigned contributions to *Amperсанд*.

To ensure that opinions be unbiased, we sent each reviewer an unmarked "white-label" test pressing of one album, before its official release, eliminating any chance of seeing it in stores or hearing it on the radio. So that the reviewers wouldn't suspect what we were up to, we supplied a fictitious artist's name for each album, explaining that the artist was "a new band from New York," and a list of correct song titles; nothing more. The results follow.

(The first, John Krout's assessment of Ace Frehley's album, appears as we received it. "Robin Strange" is who he thought he was listening to. In the interest of clarity, the singers' actual names have been substituted for the pseudonyms in the other three reviews.)

ACE FREHLEY (Casablanca)
[ROBIN STRANGE]

First the bad news, then the good. The bad news is that somebody has secretly cloned Cheap Trick, those zany crunch-rockers from Chicago, and hired out the full-grown results. Cheap Trick probably isn't too happy about that since their own musical identity is none too firmly rooted in the minds of American vinyl consumers. The good news is that breeding alone does not a band make: Robin and his cohorts have inherited none of their forefathers' talent for melodies or satirical wit. And they haven't learned any tricks of their own, either. No amount of fuzz-chord thrashing can disguise the fact that Robin Strange reduces minimalist music to the trivial. So... America is still safe for Cheap Trick. Back to the test tube, Robin.

John Krout

GENE SIMMONS (Casablanca)

Ah, where do I start? The album suffers from several things, but lack of cohesion is as bad as any of them. Some of the songs contain Who-like guitar riffs, some of them sound like a latter day Kinks song (with [Simmons] doing his own interpretation, imitation, or whatever of Ray Davies) and some of the songs sound sort of like ELO. But there is no single cohesive force, no certain style to tie the songs together.

The 11 cuts on this album share only one thing and that is wretched overproduction. Every song is heavily laden with unneeded orchestral strings, choir backing, synthesizers and anything else you can think of. The strings don't add to the music, they fight against it. And [Simmons] also suffers

from a lack of good material. There isn't one outstanding cut on this album and all but maybe one or two are totally forgettable. The best cuts ("Burning up with Fever," "See You in Your Dreams") are hardly original but feature a nice, thumping base line and riffish guitar work.

[Simmons'] lyrics are nearly as forgettable as the music. He does make a stab or two (and misses) at humor in a song called "Living in Sin" and a couple of others that I've forgotten (see).

[Gene Simmons] seems not to know what he wants to do and unless he finds out quickly, he's in a lot of trouble.

Michael J. Backus

PAUL STANLEY (Casablanca)

[Stanley's] lack of novelty intimates that if he played warm-up at a concert, he wouldn't be encored. Misusing the album concept of pleasing both rockers and sleepers, he clumsily retreats to the acid rock of early Seventies, locking himself into a time warp of imitation. His song titles display void cleverness that is also found in his lyrics, and the instrumentation competes with itself and the vocals.

He's not stupid, though; amidst remnants of rock rubble sweetly sit the Eagle-istic "Ain't Quite Right" and Manilow-ic "Hold Me, Touch Me," likely candidates for AM hit singles. The rest is bad, loud rock.

[Stanley] hasn't a style uniquely his own: he begins side one with "Tonight You Belong to Me," a "soft" that's barraged by R.E.O.-ish rock, followed by a Montrose-saic piece called "Move On." "Wouldn't You Like to Know Me" might find its way to Nugent-

mentality fans, but even that appeal is suspect. The clincher for the side is "Take Me Away," a dreamy starter, but it too explodes like a rowdy guest at a quiet party. The second side continues with macho-egotism; "... want me to stay satisfied, It's Alright." Next, a Sieppenwolf-ish howler called "Love in Chains" uses the worn, unrequited, drooling-passion theme. Finally, it's a Grand Funk kiss-off with "Goodbye"; a most welcome thought, indeed!

Overall, this album fails to reflect the blending and expansion of techniques and styles in today's music. More importantly, it does not present us with a clear picture of who or what [Paul Stanley] is. The album really isn't that bad; it's just nothing!

Shelly Fisher

PETER CRISS (Casablanca)

Joe Cocker did it with "You Are So Beautiful." Rod Stewart does it all the time. But [Peter Criss] doesn't do it enough. The husky voice sings the tender love song. It starts out slow and soft. Intensity builds. The voice scrapes for a high note. Then it is tender again. Like a good steak—tender but meaty. Three cuts on this solo album, "Easy Thing," "Kiss the Girl Goodbye," and "I Can't Stop the Rain," have that elusive combination. If only the remaining songs had some redeeming quality. But they don't. As for originality, the lyrics sound like they could have come off of any Boston, Foreigner, or Stones album. When does all the work get done if everybody's in the back room making love? Still, there are definite possibilities for [Criss] if he decides to go with the toned-down style. Three of the songs on the disc prove it.

Amy Fischer

Hand-Made Movies

What's Up, Doc?

BY DANIEL PURCELL, SANDY BAKER & BECKY SUE EPSTEIN

You spend hours in front of the television as a child, watching Mickey Mouse and Rocky and Bullwinkle. Your mother took you to see releases of *Flash and Pussycat* on a Saturday afternoon. When you moved out of the house, you went, stoned, to *Flash and Pussycat*. Now you look at TV on an occasional Saturday morning and you can't believe that anyone could be mesmerized by that junk. Today it seems that the only acceptable premise for the Saturday morning animated film is one in which a group of teenagers who have no-entertainment parents travel around the country with their dog performing as a rock group. Occasionally the group will be chased by mad scientists. Most of the gags used in the programs are gags that radio turned down in its infancy, and the only action is "Look out! Here comes a mad scientist!" Unless something changes soon there seems to be no hope.

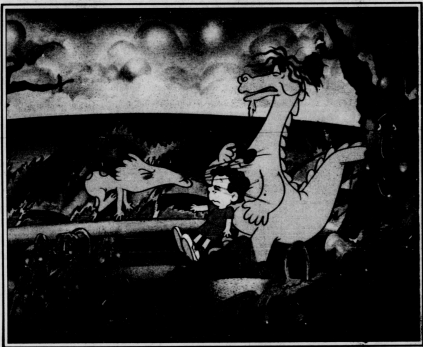
But there is hope. It won't be found on Saturday morning television, but there are rays of light peeping through the Hama-Barber wilderness. Ralph Bakshi's full-length version of *Lord of the Rings* will be released soon, and *Watership Down* (based on the best-selling rabbit parable) is just out; television commercials (*Lois*'s "Cherries, etc.") and specials (*Off the Magic Dragon*, *Reggie Ann & Andy in the Great Santa Claus Cape!*) are more dazzling than ever. Perhaps the best news of all: Warner Bros. has once again commissioned short cartoons to be shown in theaters. Bugs Bunny and Roadrunner. How we've missed them.

Ralph Bakshi (*Pete the Cat*, *Heavy Traffic*, *Comets and Meteors*) has filmed the entire story of *Lord of the Rings* in location (in Spain) and trained a group of 300 animators for the transformation of this reality through the use of the computer, into his version of Middle Earth.

In the past, Bakshi has been attacked for just about everything he's ever done. His early films were criticized for their sex, violence and dirty words; his later ones were panned by fellow animators as having less than complete animation (Bakshi integrated some live-action footage into his films) and for being unentertaining in plot. Sitting in his Hollywood office, Bakshi gave the impression that he wouldn't have been there unless his publicist had dragged him in (in the case of publishing *Lord of the Rings*), and that if the publicist hadn't stayed, Bakshi would have bolted.

In a somewhat banal, bewhiskered fashion, he understated all the great releases set out on the new film, and then he contradicted his own earlier statements, as if he felt like a poor-but-honest animator caught in the big-money game of Hollywood film production. Though Bakshi claims to plan to direct a live-action feature sometime soon, he claims that "animation can do films stronger than live action." Paradoxically, the very animators who criticize Bakshi are hoping *Lord of the Rings* will be a hit, that would mean more work for everyone.

Merkam-Wolf-Sveinsson Films is another member of this new crop of animators, and the company behind *Puff the Magic Dragon*, a half-hour special for television. Chuck Swenson is an animator, not a businessman, and took him a while to admit he was actually one-third of the business, with his name on it, *Puff*, which was the combined force of two different background designers (for mood changes), in one of the most spectacularly modern and innovative use of half an hour of television time that you're likely to see—animated or otherwise. Supervised by Peter Yarrow (and based on the Peter, Paul & Mary song of several years ago), the film deals



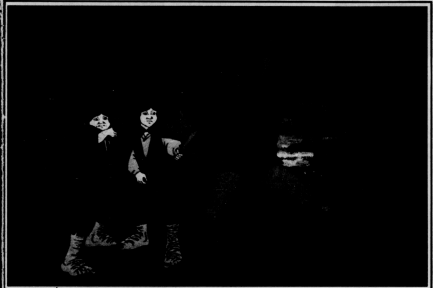
with the real problems of young Jackie Paper by introducing therapy in the form of a dragon. Through it all are the lovelies, most well-designed backgrounds seen since the early days of Disney.

Verlan Warner Bros. animator Chuck Jones, who helped develop Bugs Bunny, Daffy Duck, Wile E. Coyote and Roadrunner, has just signed to do the first theatrical short cartoon made in years. It will be a Daffy Duck (highlight), a report on an old Buck Rogers parody, *Cool Dudes in the 24th Century*. Currently Jones is working on *Reggie Ann & Andy in the Santa Claus Cape* for television.

Other than these paltry advances, animation techniques today are much the same as they were back in the dark ages—1909, to be more precise, when Winsor McCay produced *Gertie the Dinosaur*. This early feature was actually a vaudeville act with McCay appearing on stage as a trainer while Gertie responded to his commands on film. Since the film was prior to the invention of the clear plastic cel, McCay had to retouch the background with every frame, which involved over 10,000 drawings.

The Max Fleischer Studio was also founded in the early days of animation. It was here that Max and his brother Dave created their famous "out of the inkwell" idea. This concept was a combination of live action and animation and became the basis for their first successful series—*Koko the Clown*. The Fleischer's *Fada* concept went something like this: Max would be at his drawing board and *Fada* would climb out of a bottle of ink and start to perform. *Fada* was actually Dave in a clown suit; Dave was filmed while performing the clown's tricks and then, through the use of rotoscope, the film was projected—one frame at a time—onto the animator's table to be traced and formed into Koko. The same process was

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Bakshi: Punk or Visionary?

BY NAOMI LINDBROM

Whatever they see you say Ralph Bakshi, he made an animated film. Inevitably the Disneyized realm of animation with new themes (social criticism, sexual mores, adult cynicism) and techniques (the juxtaposition of live action footage with cartoons). Bakshi has taken his lumps. Richard Schickel complained in *Time* of the "wretched excesses and artistic ineptitude" of Ralph Bakshi, he of the *X-rated* films. Frank Rich opined in his review of Bakshi's *Heavy Traffic*, claiming it pandered to racial bias. *The Village Voice's* Tom Allen classified Bakshi as basically a "stagnant" "punk," incapable of "higher vision." Now we learn this supposedly career pioneer is at work on an animated version of that Holy Writ of Comic-Bookology, J.R.R. Tolkien's *Lord of the Rings*. Does this mean the epic *Rings* falls a sacrifice—or a revitalization?

The first clue to Bakshi's rethinking of animation came in the form of an advertising slogan: "Pete the Cat—his animated and X-rated!" Law Fritz after he'd been tided up to an R of respectability, but the point of the jingle stayed valid. We're brought up associating animated film with sweetness, childlike, conventional and selling documen. Bakshi's *Pete*, had more of the above. It had, instead, girls with pigtails and wildly bouncing breasts covering with a horny cat in the bathroom of a dilapidated apartment. In Bakshi's early animated world, the stoned lay in heaps or rood around in hyperrecession; walls peeled, there was room for the spewy dead-end to work their will. Crude and nasty, Bakshi also revealed himself as a modern artist—something that didn't go down too well with the underground-comix readers who got satisfied.

Fritz went on, crass and nasty, in mass animated adventures. Then word came that Bakshi had really done something crude. His new work, *Comets*, was supposed to be so full of stereotyped images of blacks that it couldn't be released unopposed. There was talk of junkies, hookers, mafios, double-breasted—and worst of all, crows. The film was condemned to public burn.

Heavy Traffic came out, looking nothing like what had gone before in cartoon or live action. Often the film wandered into the interstices between media. Its nightmare cityscape was a mosaic of still photographs, drawings, live footage and animated cartoons. These novel juxtapositions gave Bakshi a new language to say ideas; something writers like Nelson Algren and William Burroughs had already said about the city. *Rings*, punk, the stylization of ghetto culture and its terrible violence: there was a new way to show it. When the hero got it between the eyes, something most of us have seen in the movies, the screen was filled with animated bits of brains and skull floating out toward the edges in horrifying slow motion while the hero's cartoon face still held the shock of *hey-this-happens-too-often*. Even audiences jaded by blood-bath westerns had to feel the jolt of street violence head-on.

Technical innovation, crudely and satiric vision were again in the forefront, but credit goes the most attention. When the hero's estranged Jewish mother got mad at her husband, she sent a meat cleaver to lodge between his legs (near miss). The irony, though, was there all the time: The whole film gave a mocking negative reply to the American adolescent dream of magically solving all life's problems by identifying with a minority culture. Conventional styles of martial battling, teenage rebellion and cop authority were mimicked with devastating accuracy.

Last spring, Bakshi took in a new direction with *Watership Down*. But where was he going? His willingness to experiment technically was still with him, even in the market parts of this fantasy ramble. The horde of wild rabbits swarming across the plains were a clever use of footage from *Alexander's Nestle*, integrated into the surrounding animation; old prints, sometimes with modifications, often served as building blocks for gags. In inventing a cast of good creatures and a cast of bad ones, Bakshi has drawn stylistic lines from Frank Sinatra and the whole *Heavy Metal* crew. Borrowing can be a valid point of departure for artistic invention.

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Little Jackie Paper and Puff the Magic Dragon (left) got a whole 'nother kind of life in a upcoming animated television special; *Comets* (right) depicts *Heavy Traffic* and *Watership Down* animated by Tim Cox, created by Martin Rosen (see page 29).

Jimmy Cricket matches *Pussycat's* new group one more time in this (left) re-release of the Disney classic. Another animated feature coming to theaters soon: *Watership Down* animated by Tim Cox, created by Martin Rosen (see page 29).

Boop Boop a-Doop

An almost terminal attack of morbid curiosity found me, not many days ago, in a virtually empty theatre staring in rank disbelief at a godforsaken piece of excrement called *Tarzoan—Shame of the Jungle*.

Really, it was horrible beyond even my wildest expectation, and it's damned unfortunate that the Burroughs estate chose to dignify this cow pie by taking action against it. But there is one worthwhile purpose that *Tarzoan* served, besides helping me to avoid spending \$3 on something wasteful, like food or shelter. The animation made me long for the golden age of the cartoon—and the king of that age who was not Walt Disney, but Max Fleischer.

In his fine book, *The Fleischer Story* (Nostalgia Press, \$12.50), Leslie Cabarga chronicles the rise of the Fleischer empire, from 1915 when Max invented the rotoscope (a simple device which allowed animators to trace the movements of humans and turn those movements into animation) through Betty Boop, Koko the Clown and Popeye the Sailor, right up to animation features like *Gulliver's Travels* and *Mr. Bug Goes to Town*.

Cabarga, a 23-year-old San Francisco illustrator, approaches Fleischer with all the reverence of the true believer before his guru. Normally, this would lead to a fawning, and false, book, but in this case Cabarga's research is so extensive, his history so exhaustive and the book's hundreds of drawings so remarkable, that Fleischer's godlike status becomes believable. Here was one of America's great originals, laboring in the shadow of Disney, quietly creating characters who are as much the mythology of America as is Mickey Mouse.

As I tried to scrub the mess of *Tarzoan* from my consciousness by gazing longingly through *The Fleischer Story* one other thought occurred to me: For all the nudity, randiness and general lewdness that pervaded *Tarzoan*, there was nothing in the film to compare with the tantalizing sexiness of Betty Boop, who's always been G-rated. Not bad for a little flapper who's just reached her 46th birthday.

Merrill Shindler

Reflections of Calamity

Depressed by inflation, crime, low morals and rampant violence? Yearning for the good old days? May I suggest a romp through the 14th Century in Barbara Tuchman's marvelous new book, *A Distant Mirror* (Knopf, \$15.95)? Subtitled "The Calamitous 14th Century," this exhaustive work paints an unrelenting portrait of human greed, avarice, rapacity, lust and stupidity against the backdrop of one of the most perplexing and frightening periods in western man's history.

There is little to be faulted in Tuchman's self-propelled narrative style; she has proven (with *The Guns of August*, *Stillwell and the American Experience in China*, etc.) her singular ability to weave facts, dates and individuals into compelling historical reading. In *A Distant Mirror* she has provided us with a measure of that age and our own as well. The overriding similarity between the two, she tells us, is change. Both epochs were marked

by tremendous, inexplicable change—in society, government and consciousness. Faced with a profound altering of theological and political precepts, coupled with the unbridled excesses of the dying order and a series of natural and manmade catastrophes of staggering magnitude, medieval man's reaction to his own case of future shock was madness. If enlightened self-interest is the mark of rationality, Tuchman comments, then no age was "more naturally mad."

The period treated in *A Distant Mirror*, the latter half of the century, was one fraught with those precise terrors which have become, for modern minds, symbols of the time. The 100 Years War, a conflagration that engulfed five generations; the Plague, which killed a third of the world's population; the endless petty bickering of feudal potentates; an absurdly corrupt yet all-pervasive church, replete with lascivious friars, bejeweled popes and hysterical nuns; rampant brigandage by armies of bloodthirsty mercenaries; inbred nobility, squalor, fanaticism and that cruelest of all grand illusions, chivalry. Chivalry dies a terrible death in Tuchman's 14th Century. As an ethical code, personified by the Arthurian legends of 600 years before, chivalry by the 1300's had become the foundation of a ruthless class structure, an intricate and duplicitous excuse for rapine and repression. Whether as a result of the hybrid growth of capitalism, the innate hypocrisy of the canons of "nobility" or simply the bizarre logic of the times, the chivalric code of honor as it was practiced by knights of the 14th Century is uniquely indicative of the perversity of the age.

Tuchman, as usual, shines in her depictions of battles and campaigns. Swords clash, arrows fill the air, and tremendous military blunders are committed throughout the book's pages. *A Distant Mirror* is, however, more interesting and more important in its descriptions of everyday life at all levels of society. What was it like to be a child at that time? What of women's life, the peasant's lot? Tuchman takes great care in bringing to the reader the totality of the epoch, and within it creates a picture of life that is inspiring if only for its tenacity. In writing of the latter years of the century, her message seems frightfully clear: the human spirit has limits of endurance.

As a narrative vehicle and representative of the time, Tuchman employs one Engurrand De Coucy, the Sire De Coucy, related through birth and marriage to most of Europe's ruling houses. Through his life as a

noble, his pivotal role in the politics and intrigues of the Hundred Years War, the reader is allowed an intimate glimpse of the medieval mentality. Embodying the folly and failing strength of the 14th Century, Engurrand becomes, through Tuchman's detailed and sympathetic unraveling, a singular sort of hero. She renders him in full context to the time and succeeds in understanding the man as completely as 600 years' distance will allow.

Davin Sooy

Equal to His Time

Leon Trotsky was one of the great romantic figures of the 20th Century: a dedicated revolutionary, a concise thinker, an impassioned orator, he, as much as anyone, forged the Soviet Union from the iron grip of Czarist Russia, only to be vilified by his own countrymen and condemned to wander in exile until a Stalinist assassin ended Trotsky's life in 1940. Irving Howe, a fine analyst and historian who gave us *World of Our Fathers*, which included perceptive passages about the Leftist tradition among Eastern European and Russian Jews, honors the romantic in Trotsky and dissects the politician in this slim volume titled simply *Leon Trotsky* (Viking, \$10.00). While not the definitive Trotsky biographer—that distinction still belongs to Isaac Deutscher—Howe offers an extended essay that is nevertheless a fascinating, provocative and insightful view of the architect of permanent world-wide revolution.

Howe knows his subject well and respects the man for virtues not often eulogized by the Left: his passion for literature and the arts; his devotion to his second wife, Natalia (and vice versa); his sense of humor and his sense of honor. Whatever one may think of Trotsky's politics, there is something grand, if not downright grandiose, about a man who refuses in the face of extreme adversity to bend to the will of a dictator; to say nothing of a man who held tight to his convictions even after watching his dream (the new Russia) destroyed by the very seeds he helped to sow.

Howe, briefly a Trotskyite in his youth, treats his subject as one of the major thinkers of the 20th Century, rather than simply as a political figure. It's a fortuitous choice, because it enables Howe to bring in Trotsky's clear-minded analysis of literature and culture. As a critic, Trotsky was far more successful than as a revolutionary.

The volume is a masterful piece of organization and perception. Howe writes with an ease and accessibility that puts many historians to shame. It's impossible not to admire a writer who in the middle of a complicated analysis can write, with humor, "there appears to be some evidence that the young Bronstein (as Trotsky was born) picked up a few smatterings of Jewish Education. After all his parents would not want to think of themselves as ignoramuses. Later in his

autobiography, Trotsky skipped this part of his youthful experience. Revolutionists do not care to remember their Bar Mitzvahs."

There is much sweep and grandeur here: an escape from a Siberian prison camp reads like a passage from a Dovchenkov film; the sacrifice of health and will that stalks the exile; the struggle to defend his honor against Stalin's slander (Stalin accused Trotsky in the Moscow trials of being a Fascist); Howe's conjecture as to what the wandering exile—thrown out of every country in which he settled (denied passage to America)—would have made of Israel, with its "right to return" law, available to every Jew, or what Trotsky would have thought of that other great Russian moralist, Solzhenitsyn.

Trotsky's life was one long struggle. In a time when holding on to consciousness seems almost an exercise in futility, there is much to be admired in a man who aligns himself with the underdog and refuses to surrender. Writes Howe, "his greatest books transcend political dispute: they are a part of the heritage of our century. For Trotsky embodied the modern historical crisis with an intensity of consciousness and a gift for heroic response which few of his contemporaries could match: he tried on his own terms to be equal to his times." And Howe, fortunately for us, is equal to his subject.

Jacobs Atlas

For Christ's Sake

Macmillan has billed this boxed set of C.S. Lewis essays as "six spiritual classics" by "the most original Christian writer of our century," and indeed from the evidence of these slim volumes, Lewis can rightfully lay claim to being one of the most clear-headed, reasonable and sympathetic of Christian apologists. Addressing his readers in an intimate and wholly rational tone, Lewis presents a breadth of subjects for a diverse audience in an effort to illuminate Christian themes in contemporary society. The fact that four of these books were written in the early-to-mid-Forties attests not only to their continued relevance but to the ongoing problems facing Christian thought and doctrine in the modern world.

As the author of *The Chronicles of Narnia* and *Space Trilogy*, C.S. Lewis has long occupied a venerated position in the hierarchy of fantasy fiction. While it may seem odd that an author so skilled in escape literature could produce essays of such persuasive insight, the fact that Lewis was brought to the faith by the undisputed master of the English fantasy genre, J.R.R. Tolkien, indicates that Christian belief and an active imagination are not mutually exclusive.

There is nary a hint of dogma in Lewis' logical and theological constructions, nor is there the Socratic obscurity of much modern religious writing; in its place, a sense of play prevails, a sense deriving from his familiar



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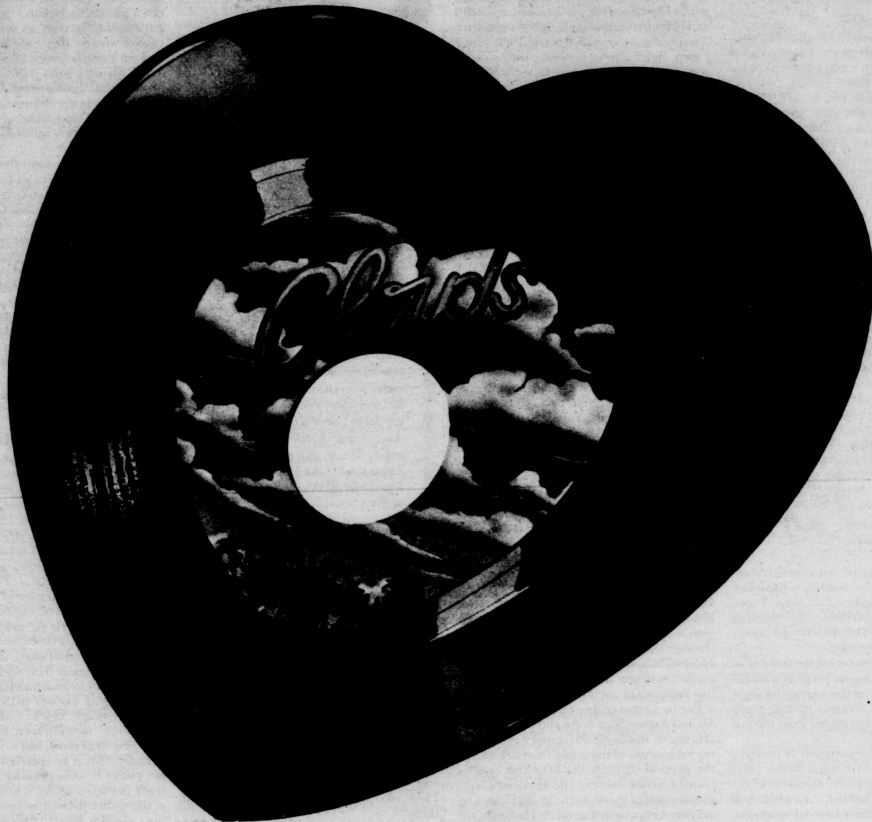
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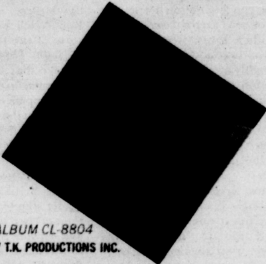
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The single that gets to the heart of the matter.



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InPrint

(Continued from page 18)

and unencumbered style. Much of this material falls into the category of "light religious reading," making the term for once not a complete contradiction.

Of the six books in this set (\$9.95), *The Screwtape Letters* is the most widely read. Questions of faith, temptation and human consciousness have rarely been more entertainingly resolved. The same may be said of *The Great Divorce*, Lewis' answer to Blake's *Marriage of Heaven and Hell*, involving a bus trip to the nether regions that recalls Lewis' best fiction. *Miracles* presents Lewis' case for divine intervention in human affairs, and, as with its companion work, *The Abolition of Man*, presents compelling insight into a committed Christian's concepts of morality, education, logic and its attendant thought systems, the personality of God and the reality of the devil.

Mere Christianity is the set's focal piece and certainly Lewis' most powerful treatment of religious themes. Originally delivered as a series of radio broadcasts, the essays establish formidable progressions in logic and rational deduction toward the proof of God's active involvement in human affairs. Together with *The Problems of Pain*, which brings new insight to the ancient puzzle of human suffering, Lewis gives his readers a solid foundation on which to judge the relevance of Christianity in this half of the 20th Century.

Davin Sassy

Daytrippers

I think I'm the wrong person to review these two books about the Beatles—*Paperback Writer* by Mark Shipper (Sunridge Press, \$5.95) and *The Beatles Forever* by Nicholas Schaffner (McGraw-Hill, \$8.95)—because I remember the real Beatles.

I realize that remembering the Beatles, or pretending to, for fun and profit is what it's all about these days, on the screen, the stage, on paper, but Christ, nobody's making it easy or even possible to understand what the fuss was all about.

Paperback Writer, for instance, is indeed a spurious (look for this word in the title) (bring a magnifying glass) chronicle of the life and times of the Beatles. As a product of the imagination, it does have its moments, particularly in the "Beatles" attempt to co-author a song with "Bob Dylan" (titled "Pneumonia Ceilings"), and perhaps the first meeting of the fab foursome following their calamitous decision to reunite. The dialogue in this and several other scenes, though it may seem like something out of an X-rated *Lavigne & Shirley*, is often good for a giggle. Providing you don't mind being in on the butchering of your sacred cows.

I did and I didn't. I was forced to admit, between snits of outrage and snorts of merriment, that this highly fictionalized account of the Beatle reunion could happen. Still, I figure it could happen about as easily as I could be elected mayor of Shanghai. If a book about the disastrous reunion of the Beatles can be a success, and I hear it is in some circles, can you imagine what a real reunion would produce?

Speaking of those circles, a lot of the critics loved *Paperback Writer*. It's been called everything from "the finest novel ever written about rock and roll" to "deviously funny." But then isn't it always hilarious to play off every single weakness? Aren't Dean Martin's roasts always just a gas? What the heck if you tack a three-honed sneeze into a

cheek already over-crammed with tongue. Especially if you know what really happened.

If you don't know, you can always find out by reading *The Beatles Forever*, providing you are paralyzed, on a desert island, or in jail, which are the only conditions under which I would even consider finishing this tome-lette. The photos are large and reasonably unpublished, but the print is teensy, the prose utterly varicose, and the end interminably far from the beginning. Yet it remains, at least, a purplish encyclopedia of what happened, complete with record lists and album covers and assorted memorabilia. It sure doesn't "celebrate the Beatles" as the accompanying press release blatted hopefully, but if it doesn't totally remember them, at least it doesn't dismember them.

I said I thought I was the wrong person for the job at the outset of this "review." Now I'm sure of it. Sitting here, I remember it all, from the day "I Wanna Hold Your Hand" began to lead us out of the muck of Dick Chamberlain and Connie Stevens to the day "The Long and Winding Road" sneak-previewed the fact that it was all over.

But it wasn't and still isn't. Books like these are only the end of the beginning. There will be more, lots more, and many of them will be jokes, which, by the way, is what author Shipper called rock and roll in the forward to his spurtiness(?)

I can't help but think that of all the Beatles "nostalgia" that has been and is to come, the cruelest joke of all is that you just about had to be there. It's the "just about" that keeps me hoping, because the Beatles were so special, somebody has got to get it down on paper as it really was. Somebody just has to, for all of us.

Jane Miletod

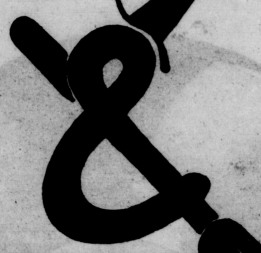
Big Mac Attack

When a group achieves the success that Fleetwood Mac has attained in recent years, that's a story. When that same group, through a myriad of personnel changes, has endured in pop circles since 1967, that would easily constitute the makings of a book. In this case, two books. *Fleetwood Mac—Rumours n' Fax* by a team of British writers from *New Musical Express*, Roy Carr and Steve Clarke (Harmony Books, \$5.95), gives a record-to-record analysis of the group from day one to the present through the eyes and ears of trained music critics, and their editorial guesses about the influences that came to play from era to era. The other, *The Authorized History of Fleetwood Mac* (Warner Books, \$7.95) by Samuel Graham, is evidently the image that the present-day Fleetwood wants to project to their adoring fans, at least on this side of the Atlantic.

Graham's history is easy to read and contains lots of never-before-seen publicity photos. Interestingly, the author relies heavily on direct quotes from former members Bob Welch and Danny Kirwan about the state of the band as each of them passed through. This book would have the reader believe that both these guitarists were as influential on the sound and consciousness of the group as original member Peter Green. Rumors, vibes and positive intentions permeate the official history, making it an annotated "biography" of the Mac of 1978 and how they grew to be the rockers we read about in *People* every week.

The British Mac biography takes the reader step by step, yearly, through each of their albums: who played on them and why, and capsule reviews of each entry and how they related to the band at the time, rather than why they were only means to the supergroup's current status. Carr and Clarke also rely heavily on photographs (some of which

Ampersand of the Month



This month's squiggly is the appropriately seasonal *Ampersandwich*, sent by Deborah and Philip L. Hughes of Columbus, Ohio; she studied medical technology at Ohio State University; he is the video tape librarian for the Ohio Educational Television Network. They're \$25.00 richer. You too may earn as you learn; send us your original *Ampersand—black ink on white paper, please, and do be neat—Ampersand of the Month, 1680 N. Vine Street #201, Hollywood, CA 90028.*

Fleetwood never would have authorized to print) as well as reproductions of English newspaper stories, concert tickets and flyers and other assorted "local" memorabilia. But the color photos printed with all the guitarists backwards (even the name Gibson glares off the page at you in reverse order) are annoying. Otherwise, this book is informative and easy to read either quickly or for reference.

So here we have a case of two new books with separate views of the same super-stellar figures and what made them that way. To a real Fleetwood fan, both are indispensable and vital reading. To the rest of us (and we know who we are), we'll pass on both of them.

Flo & Eddie

Geronimo Rides Again

Geronimo's legend is as mysterious and vague as it is potent; we all know who and what he was, but few of us know what he did. In *Watch for Me on the Mountain* (Delacorte, \$9.95), Forrest Carter fills in the gaps with rich lore, some of it documented, much of it fanciful.

Geronimo's Indian name was Gokhlayeh, but when he and his warriors conquered a Mexican village on the feast day of St. Geronimo (Jerome), he was forever after known as Geronimo. He was never a chief, but a War Shaman, a mystic who liked to stand up in battle and taunt the soldiers, "You'll never catch me shooting." And they didn't; he was captured only once, by treachery; he surrendered, alone, in 1886 after fighting for forty years, and died on a reservation in 1909.

Carter (who wrote the Josey Wales novels and the autobiographical *The Education of Little Tree*) tells fascinating stories of Apache

guerrilla warfare: Geronimo dressed cactus plants in uniforms, completely befuddling the cavalry that dashed to the rescue; a woman warrior deceived and led a rescue of two captured Apache women (the Mexicans ran a profitable Indian slave trade) by disguising the warriors as soldiers and more captive women; they rode straight into town and left devastation in their wake.

It is Carter's fancy that Geronimo surrendered so that the white man would not find a secret valley in the mountains where Apache children were hidden and where, supposedly, their descendants still live, ready to rise again.

Carter is so persuasively chauvinistic he makes us wish we were all Apaches; certainly the whites in this book, as in history, are corrupt and disgusting, but Carter never tells of a single Apache fault. Even the Apache scouts, who hunted their own kind for the Army, are forgiven; they were only doing it to feed their families. Nor is Carter very believable when his Apaches chat with the deity, which they do, often.

But these are minor carps. Carter has redrawn a legend in living colors, and it looms all the larger. It's a familiar tale of defiance and defeat, but Carter tells it as if for the first time.

I hope there is a secret valley somewhere. Judith Sims

Kirsch Collected

So you have vagrant thoughts about becoming a book reviewer? A productive first step would be to pick up a copy of *Lines, Works & Transformations* (Capra Press, \$10.95), a selection from Robert Kirsch's 25 years of daily book columns in the *Los Angeles Times*. There is more, it seems, to this branch of journalism than fascinating freebies and space to air your opinions.

For one thing, Kirsch will show you that it is possible to keep one's head in the hullabaloo of hype which is the raucous accompaniment to some 82,000 new and reprinted titles each year. He is, himself, an astonishingly eclectic and energetic reader, with that probing curiosity by which an inspired journalist is lured along various paths, whether free-ways or byways. Much of what he reviews is nonfiction, biographies, histories, *belles-lettres*, books of ideas, and so on. He demands of fiction that it be entertaining, and one of his pieces is about taking a sabbatical to study the novel before it became a reflection of life rather than of imagination. He finds time to write novels of his own.

He explains in his introduction how he got to be a book columnist (he needed a job to supplement teaching income), and he stipulates his own biases (books about talking animals or with Florida background). He states his professional obligation "to give my space to a deserving book for which it may be the only review," and defines his commitment to his readers. Even though he is not always as he says he would be, there is a quality of rectitude in his approach which deserves to be copied.

What is to be gained by this sampling of his erudition, some of it dated and ephemeral as might be expected of any such journalistic overview? The answer is that Robert Kirsch has raised the level of book reviewing substantially, thereby setting an example to stretch the standards and range of interests both of his readers and of others in his profession.

Linda Rolens edited this collection from more than seven and a half million words written during the quarter century of Kirsch's tenure at the *Times*. Her achievement is a balanced and diverse summation of literature in our era.

Leonard Brown

IN E

Metal Cassette

Sometimes by lightning take it periodations as examples as never made and the Eds with material

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IN BOTH EARS

Metal Tape & Giant Cassettes

Sometimes being successful is like getting hit by lightning: the odds are against it. Don't take it personally, for it applies to large corporations as well as to individuals. Typical examples are four-channel sound, which never made the grade despite all the hoopla, and the Edsel, which furnished comedians with material for years.

More than a year ago, a new tape format known as the Elcaset was introduced at the Consumer Electronics Show. Hailed as a direct competitor to cassette, and possibly a replacement, the Elcaset, or "large" cassette, had many things going for it. Standing behind the Elcaset are some electronic giants—Sony, Teac, Technics and its sister company, Panasonic. The Elcaset is as easy to load as a cassette. Measuring 6" x 4 1/4" x 3/4", almost four times the volume of a cassette, Elcaset operates at 3 3/4 ips, twice the speed of a cassette. The higher speed is significant for it means the tape has a better signal-to-noise ratio capability and better high-frequency response. Elcaset tape is wider than cassette, 0.25 inch compared to 0.15 inch, meaning about a 3db reduction in noise. The dynamic range is much better than cassette.

A cassette is mono/stereo compatible, meaning you can use it to record either, but then so is Elcaset. The greater width of Elcaset also means there is room on the tape for control tracks, suitable for sound synchronization, or for any other control purpose.

Aside from their obvious intention to edge cassette out of the market and substitute Elcaset, what were the manufacturers up to? One of the causes of the non-acceptance of four-channel sound was the suspicion on the part of audiophiles that it was a rip-off. It is possible that some of the same thinking was applied to Elcaset. Yet, Elcaset makes a lot of sense, and so does four-channel sound.

Prior to Elcaset you only had two options in tape recording: either open reel or cassette. Open reel supplies much better high-end response, has a lengthier recording capability, is easier to edit, and has a better signal-to-noise ratio. But a cassette is more convenient: you can pop it in and out of a deck as fast as a slice of bread into a toaster. Eight-track tape, also known as cartridge, is mostly for playback, although you can get blank 8-track tape. The problem is where to find a quality 8-track unit that can record as well as play back.

One of the difficulties that immediately faced Elcaset was that it required the development of a new tape deck, one that would accommodate the size of the larger Elcaset housing. While a few manufacturers such as Aiwa, Sanyo, JVC all made plans to produce such a deck, we once again had the old and still unanswerable chicken-and-egg problem. Which comes first? It really meant that Elcaset and Elcaset tape decks had to be manufactured and promoted simultaneously, something extremely difficult to implement.

In the meantime, cassette wasn't sitting back waiting for Elcaset to take over. At the last Consumer Electronics show, the 3M

Company introduced a new cassette, known as Metafine IV, having electrical properties far superior to ordinary top-line cassettes.

Metafine IV has metal particles having a much higher magnetization capability than ordinary cassette tapes. The new "pure metal" tapes cannot use existing cassette tape decks for recording, but for playback only. To handle the new tapes, manufacturers are in the process of designing new cassette decks. Tandberg has just released its Model TGD 340 AM cassette deck having metal particle tape capability. The unit has a signal-processing capacity (headroom) more than 20db above the level of any tape system available on the market today, and is equipped with 100 percent electronic logic control.

Price-wise, the key word is "up." Someone must pay for all that research and development and that someone is the consumer. The new pure metal tapes will be more expensive than the top of the line cassette tapes. No prices have been set as yet and 3M won't be the only manufacturer, for Ampex has already announced it will also have such a tape. No word yet, though, from TDK or Maxell. And since manufacturers are innovative, they will probably have a cassette deck that will be able to accommodate regular cassettes as well as pure metal cassettes.

One of the possibilities of the new pure metal tape is that it may lead to cassette decks operating at only 15/16 ips instead of the 1-7/8 ips presently being used. We do have 15/16 ips recorder/players but these are voice grade units only, not hi-fi components. The advantage of the slower speed is that it means twice the playing time of present cassette tapes. Since the maximum we now have is a C-120 supplying a total playing or recording time of two hours, this will mean an extension to four hours, suitable for recording anything except some 6-hour operas. Also, with 15/16 ips tapes we may move more strongly in the direction of mini cassettes, battery operated and not much larger than some hand-held calculators.

Presently, though, cassettes seem to dominate the tape market and because of the introduction of a pure metal formulation, seem to have a firmer grip than ever. This is a bit unfortunate because Elcaset does have much to recommend it. Elcaset is a logical intermediate step between open reel and cassette, and if the pure metal formulation could be applied to Elcaset, it would really give tape recording and playback a tremendous boost.

Elcaset seems to have been a victim of poor timing. Had it been introduced 10 years ago when cassettes were struggling to get away from their "voice only" designation by audiophiles, it might well have the near-impregnable position cassette has today.

The lack of acceptance of Elcaset doesn't mean audiophiles are unreasonably obstinate and stubborn. Having invested in cassette tapes and cassette decks, they cannot be faulted for not wanting to make their equipment obsolete. Unfortunately, there was no way to make Elcaset compatible with cassette. Further, one of the early arguments against cassettes was the scarcity of pre-recorded titles, an argument now being applied to Elcaset.

In the meantime, phono records keep twirling happily, still using basic techniques originally developed by Edison and Berliner. With tracking forces having about the weight of a postage stamp, it is hard to see how present techniques can be improved, except incrementally. However, for records there is a competing threat looming in the future, with a variety of methods suggested, but whether radically new approaches will succeed is a big question mark. Elcaset has supplied a warning: better doesn't necessarily mean automatic acceptance.

Martin Clifford



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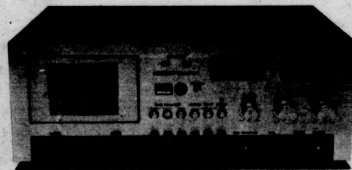
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- IF YOU FEEL IT · TEXAS (When I Die)
- IT'S NICE TO BE WITH YOU

*Produced and Arranged by Jerry Goldstein
A Far Out Production for Tanya, Inc.
on MCA Records*

& C



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Murphy's right

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From left: Michael Murphey; Katy Moffatt; Tom Kelly; Bobby Kimball. Lurking over Murphey's right shoulder: Byron Bertine.

(Continued from page 6)

Chicago will be attempted by Liza Minnelli, who hasn't had a hit movie in three tries: *New York, New York*, *Lucky Lady* and *A Matter of Time* all died well-deserved box office deaths.

SPEAKING OF DANCERS, Mikhail Baryshnikov, the twinkle-toed cutie, has formed a production company so he can film the life of great dancer Nijinski. Starring himself, no surprise. Two other Nijinski films are planned (the producers of which are probably slashing their wrists after Baryshnikov's announcement): one to star Nureyev, the other, starless, written by the *Turning Point* team of Herb Ross and Nora Kaye.

For What It's Worth

MOTOWN ARCHIVISTS HAVE DISCOVERED a number of tapes cut in 1965 by a little known band called the Mynah Birds, and they're more than a little excited. The band was headed by Rick James, now on the label with a hot album under his own name, but the Mynah Birds' personnel also included Neil Young and Bruce Palmer before they founded the Buffalo Springfield with Richie Furay, Stephen Stills and Dewey Martin; playing on the sessions was organist Goldie McJohn, later a founding member of Steppenwolf. Now, Motown's only problem is that of figuring out what to do with the (admittedly primitive) tapes; there aren't enough selections for an album. Best bet: a promotional extended-play sent to disc jockeys and such, to see if any enthusiasm gets stirred up. Speaking of drummer Dewey Martin, he recently let word slip, via a music trade paper column, that he's in Hollywood and looking for work.

Prime Pairs

GARY BUSEY, WHO JUST SIGNED with A&M Records, was on location in Minneapolis making his next film *Foolin' Around*; on several different nights he jammed with visiting musicians Stoneground; sat in with John Raitt and daughter Bonnie, who did a rock and roll version of *Oklahoma!* and after that Busey joined in with Tom Petty. Things must be pretty dull in Minneapolis.

NEIL DIAMOND AND BARBRA STREISAND are recording together for the first time on

"You Don't Bring Me Flowers Anymore," a song each has recorded separately. Disc jockeys, never known for their taste, kept juxtaposing the two versions, so Columbia, conveniently the label for both, put them in the studio with the same old song (lyrics by Alan and Marilyn Bergman, music by Diamond).

ALAN ARKIN AND VALERIE PERRINE co-star in *Yentle*, *The Yeshiva Boy*, shooting in Berlin; it's the first film based on an Isaac Bashevis Singer novel; it's also the first romantic leading role for Arkin, and about time. The film also stars Louise Fletcher and Shelley Winters.

THIS CHRISTMAS SEASON CBS plans a tribute to Bing Crosby, a compilation of many moments from his 17 years' worth of Christmas shows; one of the segments will be the Bing Crosby-David Bowie duet on "Little Drummer Boy."

Wax Fax

FORMER EMMYLOU HARRIS HOT BAND lead guitarist (and legendary English picker) Albert Lee signed up with A&M... *This Boot Is Made for Funkin'* is the entirely appropriate title of Bootsie's Rubber Band's next album, due in January... Eddie Van Halen accepted his first platinum record from four strippers and Milton Berle at the sleazy Body Shop on the Strip. Van Halen contributed that searing, uncredited guitar solo to Nicolette Larson's album track, "Can't Get Away from You"... Mavis Staples is recording in Muscle Shoals, Jerry Wexler producing, hooray... The Runaways, off Mercury, cut an album on their own and are now label-shopping it; in addition to several originals, the platter includes updatings of the Beatles' "Eight Days a Week" and Slade's "Mama Weer All Crazee Now"... Jerry Lee Lewis signed with Elektra... Paul Simon's first album for Warner Bros. is expected to be a film soundtrack affair, though one with (according to an unimpeachable source) "several songs." But are they *new* songs?... Al Stahaley, once with Spirit, is making his solo album with Steve Cropper on guitar and Marty Balin on vocals, and that ain't bad... Sly Stone has signed with Warner Bros. Why would anyone want the unreliable Mr. Stone? According to one Industry Pundit, "It's a dirty job and someone has to do it."

Break into the

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Last year *Ampersand* paid out some \$10,000 to free lance contributors—writers, artists and photographers—and this year we'd like to double that sum. This is *real* money, not Monopoly paper; we pay 10¢ per published word, \$25 per black & white photo, more for color. Think of it, your name in print. Your mother will be so proud.

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Music in Motion

BY SOL LOUIS SIEGEL

Since the American release of Bruno Bozzetto's *Allegro Non Troppo* coincided pretty neatly with the latest release of *Fantasia*, comparisons seem appropriate. There's just one problem: the peculiar mixture of animation and classical music is about the only thing the two have in common. Where the Disney-Stokowski classic is big and serious (even its attempts at the antic fall squarely within the bounds of good taste), Bozzetto's opus is brief, satirical and wildly caricatured.

In fact, the purposes behind the two films are entirely different. *Fantasia* was, and was intended to be, a "landmark" film which would awaken large segments of the public to the true potential of the animated film as well as to the beauties of "serious" music. Although it took longer than its creators expected, it succeeded in this to a very large degree. Forty years later, partly because of Disney's pioneering work, Bozzetto was able to do anything he damn well pleased, and used his art to rip at the foundations of Western Society and culture—and, while he was at it, at *Fantasia* itself.

Bozzetto has another advantage in that he was able to learn from Disney's mistakes. The biggest of these was the attempt to utilize large-scale classical works as backgrounds for animation. Unless there's a clear-cut story line, lengthy animations tend to get monotonous pretty quickly. The Beethoven "Pastoral" Symphony, even played in a mutilated edition, is just too long; one can only take so much of Disney's cute seraphim and centaurs and unicorns and the like.

Bozzetto therefore expends his energies on the type of short character pieces which Disney used to score his greatest successes. Where Disney's realizations are straightforward, however, Bozzetto's most decidedly are not. A prime example is Debussy's *Prelude to the Afternoon of a Faun* which in *Allegro Non Troppo* becomes the background to the sad tale of an aged faun struggling vainly for a chance to prove he can still get it up. A Dvorak Slavonic Dance becomes a comic fable about leadership and conformity; a Vivaldi concerto serves as elegant counterpoint as a bee is frustrated in its attempt to have a nice, leisurely supper by a human couple's lovemaking.

Perhaps the most telling contrast between the two films is in their treatment of evolution. Disney's, set to Stravinsky's *Rite of Spring*, is a reasonably accurate rendition of the age of dinosaurs. Bozzetto has the first amoeba emerge from a Coke bottle

discarded by astronauts, then metamorphosizes it into a wide and wild variety of creatures who move across the screen in a continuous left-to-right progression, set, in a masterstroke, to the *Bohème*, whose 15-minute crescendo matches the animation perfectly.

The visual styles, of course, contrast as much as the treatments. Disney was an almost fanatical realist, carefully basing his animated creatures on what they looked like in real life and keeping his settings recognizable. Bozzetto, on the other hand, resorts to caricature that is often spectacular. Disney is generally soft-hued; Bozzetto's imagery is much sharper, although he modulates it to match the music. Bozzetto likes to put bright hues on the screen whenever he can, and some of the contrasts are stunning. In the *Waltz of the Flowers*, which deals with memories of lost happiness, the contrast between the bright colors of the past and the grey, dismal present almost literally brings tears to the eyes.

If I have given the impression that *Allegro Non Troppo* (title translation: "Fast, but not too fast") is a vastly superior work to *Fantasia*, I'd like to dispel it now. Brilliance and satire have their limitations. Bozzetto takes up fully a third of his movie's 75-minute running time with black-and-white live-action scenes concerning a harried cartoonist who is persecuted by a sadistic conductor of a motley orchestra composed of old women; these play like second-rate Monty Python. I much prefer Deems Taylor's "respectable" introductions in the Disney film. More important, many of Disney's segments, such as the marvelously loony *Dance of the Hours*, the delightful *Nutcracker Suite* and the still-scary *Night on Bald Mountain*, retain all of their ability to amaze and delight.

Finally there is the matter of the music itself. Bozzetto uses Deutsche Grammophon recordings, mostly by Von Karajan and the Berlin Philharmonic, and they're very good. But the Stokowski soundtrack for *Fantasia*, recorded in multi-track stereo (in 1938!), gives a better idea of what the Philadelphia Orchestra sounded like in Stokie's heyday than just about anything else; it was and remains something special.

Fantasia remains one of the outstanding achievements in the history of the animated film. Bozzetto's movie is fully worthy to stand beside it... or at least very near.

Sol Louis Siegel's classical concert reviews have appeared in several past Amperсандs; he lives in Philadelphia and studies at Temple University.

What's Up, Doc?

(Continued from page 16)

used to add the live action portion to the animated cels when photographing the final product.

When sound was added, Max and Dave scored high with *Betty Boop* and *Popeye*. Then, from 1941 to 1943, the Fleischer Studio produced one of the finest action cartoon series ever made—*Superman*. Through the use of rotoscope and a number of excellent artists, the Fleischers' "Man of Steel" performed feats of spectacular special effects. One such amazing visual was the use of backgrounds and foregrounds that changed in perspective as the camera angle changed. This same effect was also used in the *Popeye* and *Betty Boop* films of the late Thirties and early Forties.

Walt Disney and Ub Iwerks met in a Kansas City art studio in 1919. Together they gained experience at the Kansas City Film Ad and eventually moved to California where they started making short animated films in a garage. Iwerks—whose name sounds like a character in a W.C. Fields movie—was Disney's right hand man.

The Disney outfit went through several ups and downs until Al Jolson sang in *The Jazz Singer* and kicked off the age of the talkies. Shortly after this Disney and Iwerks put together the first animated film with synchronized sound—*Steamboat Willie* with Mickey Mouse. Ub did the animating.

Mickey was a hit. His personality was well defined in *Steamboat Willie* and this set the trend for all future cartoon characters. No matter how good the story lines or gags, the personality of each character had to be defined. The audience needed to know in advance that if Goofy moved a piano he would screw it up, Donald Duck would always lose

his temper and Sylvester would forever try to make a meal out of Tweety.

Disney fared better than anyone else in the art, probably because he surrounded himself with the best talent. Disney thought nothing of hiring great artists like Rico Lebrun and Salvadoré Dalí to teach and design layouts. If the Disney Studios didn't invent it, they improved it.

Through the Thirties and Forties, every major movie studio had an animation department. Dinosaurs, mice, rabbits, and funny ducks were appearing everywhere. Hugh Harmon and Rudolph Ising, two early Disney animators, teamed up to create Warner Brothers' original *Looney Tunes* and *Merry Melodies*. Later Bob Clampett, Chuck Jones and Tex Avery developed the Warner Bros. stable of characters even more with Bugs Bunny and Daffy Duck among the funniest characters ever created. They were as real to audiences as Clark Gable and Spencer Tracy.

Then came the Fifties. At this point animation was getting ever more costly and fewer animated shorts were being made for the theater. Shortcuts were taken in every aspect of cartoon production: simple backgrounds, stock animation for re-use, and cycles of movement, all took their toll in quality. Disney stopped making theatrical shorts and most of the other major studios dropped their animation departments; Warner Bros. was the last to go in 1963.

Now, fifteen years later, there is renewed interest. To more than a few artists, animation is the ultimate 20th Century art form, encouraging the imagination to indulge in its most grandiose dreams and fantasies. If it can be dreamed, it can be animated; the art of Walt Disney, Ub Iwerks, Max Fleischer and countless others has demonstrated this repeatedly. And, as Bill Kroyer of the Disney Studios says, animation is "the last film medium that has to be hand-made." &

Dorothy Parrell is a fabulously talented artist (just look at this issue's cover) who lives in Whittier, California; Sandy Baker, a freelance writer and editor, also lives in Whittier, with her cat, Philip Marlowe. Rocky Sue Epstein, another freelance writer, lives in Hollywood with her cat, Alberta June, and says she's fond of animation because "I'll go after anything that mooves."



Puff and Jackie on the way to Hana Lee.



Bunnies on the move in Watership Down.

Bakshi

(Continued from page 17)

but here it was hard to see what was being invented.

Wizards was interesting just to see how many ways Bakshi could recombine elements of various media within a basically cartoon framework. Anyone not interested in this line of experimentation might fail to see the point of *Wizards* even existing. Its plot was pure and unadulterated garble. The evil technologist was muttering incantations; the good magician pulled out a handgun to defeat his foe. Worse, elves gamboled about playfully among the good guys, out-cutting most of Disney. This lapse into adorability was especially alarming when it was the work of the man who had de-sweetened animation.

Given Bakshi's record so far, is he a suitable animator for the *Rings*? Bakshi's famous crudity versus Tolkien's celebrated ethereal-ity? A little consideration reveals a surprising amount of fit between the work of the two innovators.

First, we have two great borrowers. Tolkien wrote his epic trilogy with a whole lot of help from the illustrious dead. For instance, at Tolkien feasts it "snows food and rains drink"—something that also happened in Chaucer. Plot lines, landscapes and phrases come courtesy of Homer, Virgil, *Beowulf*, etc. As with Bakshi, the goal is to give an original treatment to a mass of material that may be gathered from here, there and everywhere.

Secondly, Tolkien and Bakshi are both satirist-moralists. For Tolkien, morality can be put in the foreground, while Bakshi is sneakier. Still, Good and Evil are clear and important forces pulling at the characters in both men's work.

Thirdly, each is concerned with rethinking a genre. Tolkien was forever striking out on impossible missions, such as writing the great sagas that our forebears neglected to leave us during the Middle Ages. Moreover, he would write this missing medieval work from the point of view of a twentieth-century medievalist. The craving to invent new, semi-impossible, artistic forms marks the production of both filmmaker and writer.

Finally, crudity is really rampant in certain Tolkien passages, though his fans choose to

cling to his airier moments. The Gollum, a memorable figure, has flesh pulled into a lengthy, contorted mess from years of twisting in the grips of Evil. Foulness of flesh and extreme physical disfiguration are commonly found among Tolkien's bad guys; these unattractive fiends are described in loathsome and often lengthy detail. This strong propensity toward the grotesque and horrifying in Tolkien could, potentially, fit Bakshi's flagrant visual nastiness perfectly.

What remains to be seen is whether Bakshi can make it work to good advantage. He could easily debase *Rings*, not so much with coarseness—which is appropriate—as with triviality and rambling. The aimlessness of *Wizards* makes one apprehensive. At the same time, Bakshi is perhaps uniquely equipped to put real harshness and irony into a visual realization of Tolkien's tale of good and evil.

Naomi Lindstrom is a teacher at the University of Texas at Austin and won't tell us much more than that.

That's all, folks!



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Take These Jokes... Please!

BY JAYSON Q. WECHTER

Thirty-eight people in one room vying for laughs is either a class of fifth graders whose teacher has stepped out, or the Third Annual San Francisco International Open Stand-Up Comedy Competition. Held this September, it drew professional and amateur comedians from as far away—450 miles—as Anaheim, California. Just as in the classroom, some of their jokes had folks gagging on laughter, while others sank like teamster officials in wet cement.

The contestants included a fellow who stripped from construction-worker garb down to stockings and garter belts and stuffed piles of candy into his mouth; a wheelchair-bound comedian who made jokes about his affliction; an ecological comic who combined one-liners with pollution warnings; and a young man who demonstrated the many inventive things you can do with a lamp.

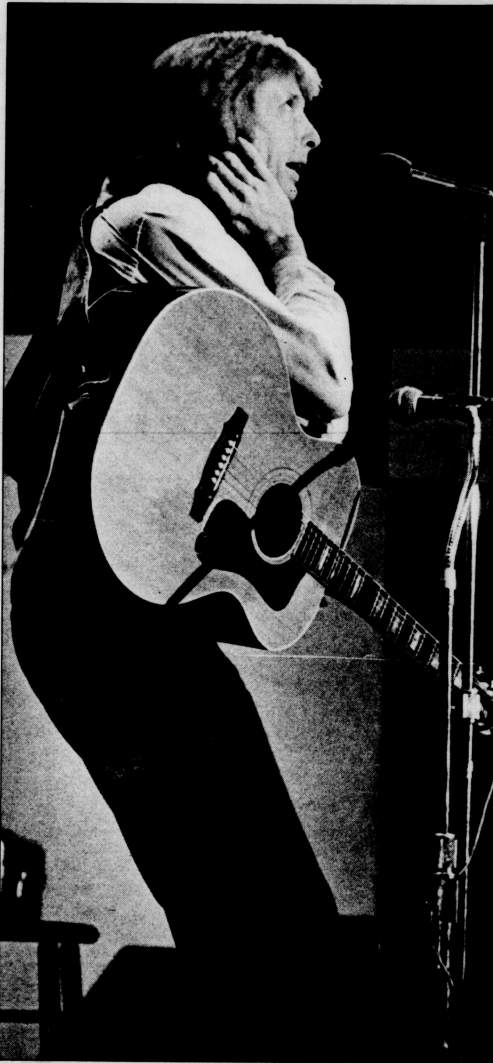
Their efforts were directed at a very unfunny \$3,000 in prize money, with judges like comedians George Carlin and Jay Leno rating their routines. And, of course, there was the exposure, which is as valuable to a comedian as bottled water from the fountain of youth.

The contest included five weeks of preliminary and semi-final rounds at seven different Bay Area clubs, plus a finals night at The Old Waldorf which sold out three weeks in advance.

The audience was suspecting—and rightfully so—that they might catch someone as hot as Robin Williams, star of the ABC comedy series *Mork & Mindy*, who got his comic start in San Francisco and placed second in the comedy competition two years ago, when television scouts raided its corps of local talent to recruit Williams and Jim Giovanni, Bill Rafferty and Nancy Bleiweiss for *Laugh-In* and Lou Felder for *Fernwood 2Night*. Contenders in this year's competition hoped that some of them might also be drafted for network duty. In fact, one night's performance started late to accommodate the talent scout from *The Tonight Show* who'd flown up from L.A. for the occasion.

The finals night, emceed by actor and comedian Dick Shawn, featured guest appearances by Robin Williams and Jay Leno. Leno served on the judge's panel along with George Carlin, actress Debralee Scott of *Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman*, actor Jack Riley of *The Bob Newhart Show* and several local columnists. They rated comedians on stage presence, technique, delivery, response, rapport and material.

When the results were tallied the first prize of \$1,000 went to Mark McCollum, a native San Franciscan who'd been performing in local clubs and coffeehouses for two years. His twenty-minute blend of musical comedy and impressions—covering everyone from Elmer Fudd to the Bee Gees—was polished in the style of true cabaret entertainment, and his impersonations were so on target they might as well have been Memorex. He told how he hadn't seen *Saturday Night Fever* 'til it played in Chinatown, then lapsed into a hilarious pidgin-Chinese rendition of "Staying Alive." He talked about the opposition his father had to his career: "He was so negative, he could jump-start a Mack truck just by opening the



Mark McCollum: from Elmer Fudd to Chinese disco

hood and saying 'Son of a bitch.' He revamped the Who's "Pinball Wizard" into a story of his job as a supermarket checker, and finished his act with a perfect mimicking of Popeye and Olive Oyl in the sack—accomplished chiefly through the use of sound effects. His obvious skill and professionalism overshadowed any doubts about whether he was really a "stand-up comic," and the twenty-seven year old McCollum won out over Marty Cohen and Jack Marion, both sharp, funny, L.A.-based comedians with more conventional Las Vegas-style routines, who placed second and third, respectively.

Other contestants included Sid Rosenbloom, a polio-stricken comedian whose routine consisted largely of wheelchair jokes ("What do people in wheelchairs do when they're alone in a room together? Get up and stretch"), and Daryl Henriques, heard regularly on KSAN-FM as "The Swami from Miami" and "Joe Carcinogeni—The Purple Poisoner, recommending the poison that's right for you."

Few of the contestants make their living with comedy; Mitch Krug, who placed fourth, claimed to have started in the business as "an industrial comedian" telling jokes to factory workers and getting "a piecework rate of five cents a laugh."

Most make the rounds of a half-dozen small local clubs like The Other Cafe and the Holy City Zoo, which feature regular comedy nights as well as open mikes for neophyte comedians to gain practice. Frank Kidder, a local comedian who ran a comedy night in the basement of a church coffeehouse for several years, started the Comedy Competition in 1976 to increase the visibility of comedians in the Bay Area and draw bigger audiences. Comedy, he said, has always "come up big" after wars and national disasters (like Watergate), and the overwhelming success of comics like Steve Martin and shows like *Saturday Night Live* is natural, since audiences are looking for a sense of comic relief.

The young comedians' material, for the most part, is cleaner and less intellectual than that of their predecessors a decade or two ago. Routines about politics, marriage, human relationships and social problems have given way to material focused on TV shows and commercials, new age lifestyles, and, of course, drugs. The tone of the humor is sillier, with flippant, almost burlesque-like characterizations, rather than more detailed sketches dealing with character-types of the sort Mike Nichols and Elaine May made famous.

But their jokes are still funny, and they work as hard as ever to get the laughs. "The laughs are at the heart of it," remarked one comedian. "The contest is fine, but in the end it's the laughs that count. They're what this business is all about."

GREGG MANCUSO

Jayson Wechter is an ex-cabbie from New York who now lives in San Francisco and writes for magazines including *Cracked*, *Sick* and *New West*. He's working on a musical comedy about the Alaska Pipeline, "sort of like Oklahoma, only with polar bears." Gregg Mancuso attended the University of Massachusetts and Syracuse University, attaining his degree in journalism, before moving to San Francisco and enjoying the life of a free-lance photographer.

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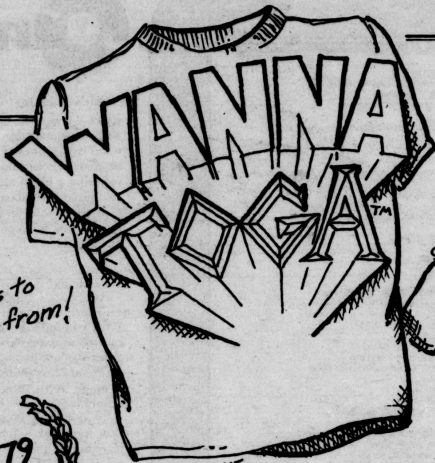
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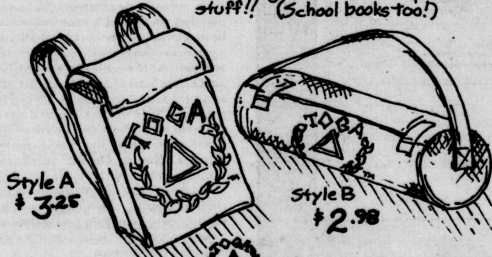
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Donna Summer/Casablanca
7. Step II
Sylvester/Fantasy
8. Life Is a Song Worth Singing
Jeddy Pendergrass/PLR
9. A Taste of Honey
A Taste of Honey/Capitol
10. In the Night Time
Michael Henderson/Buddah
11. Come Get It
Rick James & the Stone City Band/Gorby
12. Natural High
Commodores/Motown
13. Get Off
Foxy/Debut
14. Summertime Groove
Hamilton Bohannon/Mercury
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RECOMMENDED NEW RELEASES

- Funk or Walk
The Brides of Funkenstein/Atlantic
- The Man
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10. Your Time
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11. Only One Love in My Life
Bonnie Raitt/RCA
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Swain Brothers/Mercury
13. Ten Aways on a Mountain When I Fall
Merle Haggard/MCA
14. Womankind
Tammy Wynette/Epic
15. Everyone Two Feet Collide
Kenny Rogers & Dottie West/United Artists

RECOMMENDED NEW RELEASES

- Greatest Hits
Marshall Tucker Band/Capricorn
- I've Always Been Crazy
Wayton Jennings/RCA
- Greatest Hits, Vol. I
Roy Acoff/Elektra
- Dark Eyed Lady
Donna Fargo/Warner Bros.
- Turning Up and Turning On
Billy Crash Craaddock/Capitol

(Continued from page 15)

styles—pop, rock, etc.—and we come away with no knowledge of Larson beyond her vocal capabilities. The girl can sing, there's no doubt about that, but at this point she's suffering a bit of an identity crisis. Larson best give some thought to developing a more focused persona for herself before she's cast on the junk heap of competent but faceless girl singers.

K.M.

VAN MORRISON
Wavelength (Warner Bros.)

With a bumper crop of strong rock 'n' roll records proving to be abundant in quantity as well as quality, it's appropriate that Van Morrison should further upgrade the season average by turning in his most energetic album in six years. *Wavelength* isn't so musically ambitious as most of Morrison's mid-Seventies work—and it isn't nearly so erratic, either. What Morrison is going for here is the friendlier, exuberant swing that paced some of his best post-*Astral Weeks* recordings, and he achieves it so effortlessly that any lingering doubts of this diminutive titan's potency should be effectively silenced.

The thematic poles are familiar—eros and essence, playfully juggled or delicately entwined, in settings ranging from hushed expectancy to romping jubilation. The gothic r&b scale of the last album, *A Period of Transition*, has been retracted to a more conventional ensemble, here peppered with British players (including Morrison's old Them partner, Peter Bardens) rather than the Yanks Morrison has relied on recently; the excellent vocal arrangements bloom into surprising chromatic resolutions and nimble counterpoint.

There are highlights: "Kingdom Hall," "Checkin' It Out" and the utterly narcotic title song, which works as a hymn to (a) Van's audience; (b) Van's music; (c) the radio; and (d) true love, all at once, and still doesn't sound dumb. Even the screwball asides ("Venice, U.S.A.") are ear-filling.

John Dalmas

THE MUPPETS
Sesame Street Fever (Sesame Street Records)
Muppet Show 2 (Arista)

Falling somewhere between parody and tribute, *Sesame Street Fever* starts promisingly with its cover photo of Grover, a Muppet, in a white-suited, finger-to-the-sky John Travolta pose and Bert, Ernie and the Cookie Monster lined up Bee Gee-like behind him. Inside, the songs are with one exception old. *Sesame Street* numbers done up with a contemporary disco beat. The arrangements and playing are the equivalent of any hit disco album—read that any way you like—but the writers sadly run out of ideas before long. The Cookie Monster steals the record with his heartfelt get-down reading of "C Is for Cookie"; guest star Robin Gibb fills in for Oscar the Grouch on "Trash" (quite convincingly, too); and Ernie boogies through "Rubber Duckie" in what might turn out to be a surprise hit single—if the Children's Television Workshop is into hit singles. Overall, the album's a cute idea, possibly entertaining for young children and a nice gag gift for your favorite victim of Saturday Night Fever.

Older Muppet fans, though, will find the second compilation of material culled from their frequently hilarious syndicated TV show infinitely more listenable. Included are

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such regular features as a Sam the Eagle editorial, an episode of "Pigs in Space," and a pretty amazing selection of songs, ranging from the standard "Who" (sung, of course, by Zeldia and her Singing Owl) to Billy Joel's "New York State of Mind" and Stephen Stills' "For What It's Worth." Damned good, all of it.

T.E.

THE RESIDENTS
Meet the Residents; Third Reich N Roll; Fingerprince (Ralph)

Only weeks after I termed Wildman Fischer's new release "the weirdest record I ever heard," I have stumbled upon no less than three new contenders for the throne. All of them come from the Residents, the only act on the obscure Ralph Records.

The outfit's first and fourth LPs, *Meet the Residents* and *Fingerprince*, prove almost as dispensable as they are clever and unique. Containing headache-inducing, frequently discordant originals, they sound like what Edgard Varese and Frank Zappa might collectively produce after they'd had frontal lobotomies. Even less accessible is the group's second album, *Not Available*, mainly because it is and always has been just that.

Third Reich N Roll, however, cannot be so easily dismissed. Treating Sixties pop hits as if they were avant garde, the set attacks an allegedly fascist rock culture while affectionately massacring such familiar tunes as "Hey, Jude," "96 Tears," and "It's My Party." You could get a headache from this disc, too, but if you have strong memories of Sixties music as well as a sardonic sense of humor, you may die laughing first.

All are available from Bomp Records, Box 7112, Burbank, CA 91510.

Jeff Burger

THE SHIRTS (Capitol)

The Shirts is the first group from New York's punk palladium CBGB's to exhibit the sort of pop potential capable of capturing the vast middle audience for whom new wave is just another Excedrin headache. The six-member band accomplishes this by ignoring the maxim of minimalism, opting instead for a well-modulated amalgam of styles and nuances, resulting in a thoroughly listenable debut album.

This Brooklyn-based ensemble boasts an impressive asset in lead vocalist Annie Golden, who brings genuine interpretive skill to originals from Shirts writers Arthur LaMonica, Robert Racioppa, and Ronald Ardito. Quirkiness prevails, and to real advantage on these whimsical pop laments. Golden's voice harks back to such mid-Sixties memories as Cilla Black and Petula Clark, while all the sharp edges and 180° musical turns at which The Shirts excel give their album an intriguing depth. The methodical guitar progression, hand-clapping and shouts of the opening cut, "Reduced to Whisper," for example, are a perfect pop combination, with that rarest of all commodities, a memorable hook. By carefully measuring all their musical components, The Shirts have come up with a fine fit, and one they wear very well.

Davin Sosa

10CC
Bloody Tourists (Polydor)

10CC originally offered an eclectic brand of sophisticated pop laced with veddy, veddy British humor that rocked out quite convincingly as well. Half of the original quartet got sidetracked and suffered the consequences of trying to save the world with piano concertos and gizmos but Eric Stewart and Graham Gouldman continued in the original vein, scored a hit single with "The

Things We Do for Love" and gradually assembled a permanent six-man edition of 10CC. *Bloody Tourists* is their first studio excursion and, like most travellers, they've forgotten a few things—namely to pack their rock and roll shoes (save for "Shock on the Tube") and to properly place their collective tongue in cheek (excepting "The Anonymous Alcoholic" and the album title and cover photo). Everything's played quite competently and produced quite glossily, mind you, but this is more like an AAA-approved group tour of safe and familiar tourist traps than the wild days and nights of swashbuckling romance and adventure you dream about.

Don Snowden

VARIOUS ARTISTS
Spitballs (Beserkley)

Rather than release a traditional-style sampler album of various-label stars performing tunes from their own long-players, Bay area-based Beserkley has come up with this nutty and novel approach. Members of several of the label's acts—Earth Quake, the Modern Lovers, the Greg Kihn Band, the Rubinoos, and the Tyla Gang—are gathered in various permutations performing their own *Pis Ups*. As might be expected from the youthful garage style of the bands in real life, their roots are largely Sixties punk and English Invasion groups. Included are perfectly acceptable versions of relatively well-known tunes like Paul Revere and the Raiders' "Just Like Me," Creedence Clearwater Revival's "Bad Moon Rising," and the Who's "Boris the Spider," plus lesser-known songs deserving greater recognition including the Move's "Feel Too Good," Gino Washington's hilariously self-deprecating "Gino Is a Coward," and the Lafayette's Reverend-ish "Life's Too Short." In keeping with Beserkley's self-conscious peculiarity, nowhere are the performers on the album identified. But you shouldn't have too much trouble spotting Jonathan Richman's classically wimpy reading of "Chapel of Love."

T.E.

Yes
Tormato (Atlantic)

There has been for years a certain conspiracy of silence among Yes fans. To our friends (who are skeptical, musically naive, and usually trying desperately to think of an errand they have to run) we have discoursed for hours about the group's virtuosity, genius for melody and counterpoint, rhythmic sophistication—all fair enough, but all just slightly beside the unspoken point: that a Yes album, while remaining respectably cerebral, provides an escape into a world of cosmic whicky-whacky that is greatly in demand by those of us who decided so reluctantly in high school that seventeen, for God's sake, was getting a little old to be reading Tolkien.

Alas. Not only is the music on *Tormato* ugly, boring, and insulting to the intelligence, but the old Yes mystique is gone as well. The band's attention to melodic coherency has disappeared, exposing a bare framework of trick rhythms stapled awkwardly to a parade of major triads which never goes anywhere. The lyric lines, which contain a lot of nonsense about UFO's and even politics, are crammed in whether they have the right number of syllables or not, thus completing the whole impression of musical goulash.

The band's playing is impeccable as always, and the sparse recording, with few overdubs, will please those who last year greeted *Going for the One* with scowls and sarcastic references to the *1912 Overture*. But for my money, Yes has finally sailed too close to the edge.

Scott Mitchell

"Joan Armatrading's music has that rare quality to reach into and express a range of emotions others don't often approach."

The Los Angeles Times heralded "her arrival as a major pop figure." The New York Times proclaimed "once a cult figure, Miss Armatrading's become a phenomenon." Rolling Stone said her last album was one of the most important of the year. And The Philadelphia Inquirer observed "a steady growth of passionate followers who found themselves hooked on the music." And with Joan Armatrading it is the music. Music with that rare quality to reach into and express a range of human emotions that others don't often approach. Music with a rhythmically compelling mystery that others don't often capture. Music that takes you "To The Limit!"



Joan Armatrading
"To The Limit"
On A&M Records & Tapes

Produced by Glyn Johns
Management: Mike Stone/Agency: Jerry Heller
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Who Wrote Beethoven's Fifth?

(A Semi-difficult Classical Music Quiz)

BY ED CRAY

Having screwed up Jacoba Atlas' September literary quiz—the last book you read was *The Complete Doonesbury*—you are invited to redeem yourself with *Ampersand's* classical music quiz. Prepared by Ed Cray, our own self-styled musical expert, the quiz will strain your wits, credulity and patience—but then that's the way Cray is. The answers are upside-down at the end along with a grading scale.

1. Symphonies are frequently given popular names, sometimes by the composer. Score one point for each correct composer of the works below and one point for the proper number.

- (a) Eroica
- (b) Unfinished
- (c) Pathétique
- (d) Reformation
- (e) (From the) New World
- (f) Spring
- (g) Jupiter
- (h) Hen
- (i) Resurrection
- (j) Inextinguishable

2. Incidental music is written to be performed as background to the action of a stage play. Name the composer of the incidental music for:

- (a) *Midsummer Night's Dream* _____
- (b) *Pearl and Her Boy* _____
- (c) *L'Arlesienne* _____
- (d) *Egmont* _____
- (e) *Gordian Knot* _____

3. While Anton Weber published just 31 compositions in his lifetime, barely enough to fill three long playing records, other composers have been awesomely prolific. (If you come within five while guessing, count it a correct answer.)

- (a) Haydn wrote _____ symphonies.
- (b) J.S. Bach wrote more than _____ church cantatas.
- (c) Mozart wrote _____ sonatas for violin and piano.
- (d) Beethoven wrote _____ piano sonatas.
- (e) Schubert wrote _____ art songs.
- (f) Telemann wrote an estimated _____ suites for orchestra.
- (g) Vivaldi wrote _____ operas.

4. Name three composers who have written operas on the myth of Orpheus and Euridice. For an extra two points each, come within 25 years of the first performance date.

5. Name the instrument most closely identified with the composer.

- (a) Chopin _____
- (b) Liszt _____
- (c) Paganini _____
- (d) Joplin _____
- (e) Busoni _____

6. Richard Wagner wrote four operas loosely based on Scandinavian edda known collectively as "The Ring of the Nibelung." What are the operas, and in what order are they to be performed? (Score two for each correct answer and a bonus of two points if the order is correct.)

7. Who wrote:
- (a) *Don Carlos* _____
 - (b) *Don Giovanni* _____
 - (c) *Don Juan* _____
 - (d) *Don Pasquale* _____
 - (e) *Don Quichotte* _____
 - (f) *Don Quixote* _____
 - (g) "Don't Get Around Much Anymore" _____

8. The following are medieval or Renaissance musical instruments. For three points each, are they members of the string, brass, woodwind or percussion families?

- (a) rebec _____ (d) shawm _____
- (b) vielle _____ (e) crwth _____
- (c) serpent _____ (f) racket _____

9. A number of classical composers have scored Hollywood movies. Match the film score with the composer.

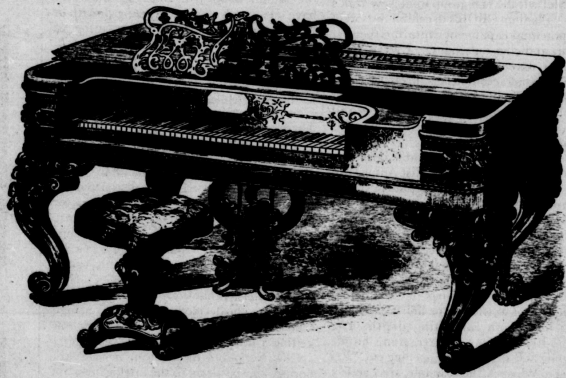
- (a) Aaron Copland _____ *Slaughterhouse Five*
- (b) Erich Korngold _____ *Red Pony*
- (c) Miklos Rozsa _____ *Ben Hur*
- (d) J.S. Bach _____ *Psycho*
- (e) Bernard Herrmann _____ *Elvira Madigan*
- (f) William Walton _____ *Sea Hawk*
- (g) W.A. Mozart _____ *Henry V*

10. For two points each, what musical compositions employ:

- (a) an airplane engine _____
- (b) artillery _____
- (c) Hoover vacuum cleaner _____

Score

130-150	Maestro
110-129	Virtuoso
90-109	Concertmaster
70-89	Back desk player
50-69	Second fiddle
30-49	Talented, needs seasoning
0-30	Back to scales



1. (a) Beethoven 5th; (b) Schubert 5th; (c) Tchaikovsky 6th; (d) Mendelssohn 5th; (e) Hoffmann's 1st *Impromptu*; (f) Liszt's *Concerto for Hoover Vacuum Cleaner* in C major; (g) Liszt's *Concerto for Hoover Vacuum Cleaner* in C major; (h) Liszt's *Concerto for Hoover Vacuum Cleaner* in C major; (i) Liszt's *Concerto for Hoover Vacuum Cleaner* in C major; (j) Liszt's *Concerto for Hoover Vacuum Cleaner* in C major.

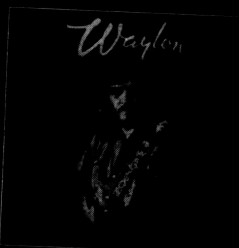
Answers

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