

# Video dating: Lexington's 'newest encounter'

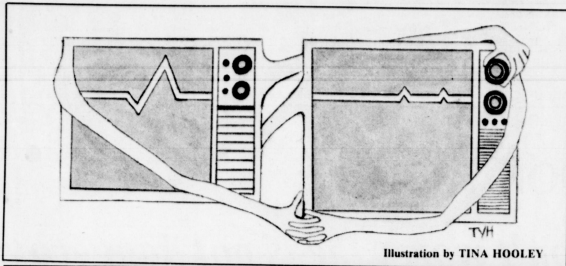


Illustration by TINA HOOLEY

By ANGELO HENDERSON  
Reporter

For months Morton hit the singles bars, libraries, churches, and even grocery stores looking for a companion.

No matter where he went or how hard he tried, he always came up empty-handed.

But then Morton decided to try one more thing — New Encounters.

New Encounters, a video dating service, opened two weeks ago in Lexington.

Betty Meehan, 22, president of the dating service, said video dating clubs exist in "about every other state."

In 1976, Jeffrey Ulmann, 30, opened Great Expectations, the first video dating service, in Los Angeles. Later Ulmann opened Great Expectations in other cities in California as well as in Oregon, Colorado and Ohio.

But Meehan said New Encounters is not associated

with Great Expectations.

"My club is not a franchise of any other video dating club. I started one here because I live here in Lexington," she said.

Meehan said her next project is opening video dating clubs in Cincinnati and Louisville.

"This program has gradually blossomed and is going full force right now," Meehan said. "Since we've been here, we have received approximately 125 phone calls."

"I started this program because most people see the same people every day; therefore they have no way to meet someone new," she said.

"Even when I go jogging, I see the same people," she continued.

But the people who come to New Encounters give different reasons for using the service.

"This kind of dating is so new and futuristic, I had to try it because I only live once," said a 25-year-old Lexington bachelor. "I will continue to go to bars and dances

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# KENTUCKY Kernel

Vol. LXXIII, No. 24  
Wednesday, September 17, 1980

an independent student newspaper

University of Kentucky  
Lexington, Kentucky

## Board of Trustees withdraws protests against mining permits near UK forest

By JACKI RUDD  
Day Editor

The Board of Trustees withdrew protests yesterday against coal surface mining permits near UK's Robinson Forest.

Robinson Forest, which includes a portion of the Buckhorn Creek watershed, is composed of 15,000 acres of land in Breathitt, Knott and Perry Counties.

This land was given to UK in 1923 to be used for the "purpose of agriculture, experimental work, and teaching, and for the practical demonstration of reforestation."

In the early 1970s, the department of forestry began conducting water quality research on Buckhorn Creek. Its success was dependent on the prohibition of surface mining within the Robinson Forest and along the Buckhorn Creek watershed.

For this reason UK resisted several surface mining permit applications in the early 1970s. "Great deposits of coal are present. The University has exerted an effort to prevent surface mining," said John Darsie, UK's legal counsel.

However, in early 1980, a title dis-

pute surfaced between UK and the heirs of Hager Combs' estate. The dispute was over 900 acres of the land that UK had originally claimed.

In 1979, the University learned that the R.C. Durr Co. had applied for surface mining permits in an area within the Buckhorn watershed. In 1980, the company applied for additional permits, part of the area lying within the forest itself.

Coal leases were signed between R.C. Durr and the heirs of Hager Combs. Durr assigned these leases to his company, the River Mining Co.

After learning of these mining permits UK issued protests.

"The conflicting owners of the land who are the heirs of Hager Combs have agreed to quit claim approximately 900 acres of land which the University claims it already owns," Darsie said. "But, they have agreed to relinquish any land claims they may have."

"In addition, R.C. Durr and the River Mining Co. have agreed that they will delay mining in the Buckhorn watershed for two years until the University water quality surveys are completed (by the forestry department)," he added.

The advantage of such an agree-

ment is two-fold, Darsie said.

"It will avoid litigation with respect to the title to the 900 acres of property," he said, adding that it will also "avoid a conflict with respect to the surface mining permits before the (state) Department of Natural Resources and Environmental Protection."

The department does not settle land disputes.

In other action, the Board approved the recommendation of the reestablishment of the department of mining engineering.

The University is in the process of searching for a chairman of the department, President Otis Singletary said. He added that the University has enough funds for two vacant positions.

"We have put it as a high priority because of the importance of that business in the state," Singletary said. "If we stop it now, we're afraid we'll never get it cranked up again" because of the capital construction freeze.

A decision will be reached in a week regarding the release of capital construction funds for the renovation of the mining laboratory.

In further action, the Board

acknowledged a letter from a law school accreditation team recommending that the University attempt to persuade the Council of Higher Education to recognize the UK Law School as the primary institution for legal training in the state.

The team suggested funds should be allocated according to its strengths instead of in respect to enrollment numbers and the school's physical arrangement.

"If we're going to keep this institution competitive we have to face the hard fact that with a future in professional education you have to pay for it. There are no shortcuts to that... the easiest thing in the world is a second- or third-rate institution," Singletary said.

"The big trick is how to find those areas where you have some reasonable expectation of excellence and put your resources there in such a way as to get some result," he added.

"The law school is very important to this state. I don't think its just institutional pride to say it's a good law school. It could be better and I think we have people to make it better if we just had the resources," Singletary said.



### Hot dog

By DAVID COYLE/Kernel Staff

Dru Grey splashes Ashley, her less than happy puppy, recently on a hot day at her home on Kentucky Court.

## Same old story from Iran

### Parliament delays full debate on hostages; committee selected to deal with their fate

By The Associated Press

The Iranian Parliament delayed a full debate yesterday on the American hostages and in a raucous session voted to select a special committee to deal with the fate of the 52 Americans in their 318th day of captivity.

President Carter, campaigning in Atlanta, said "there is no prospect at this time for an early resolution" of the hostage stalemate. Carter's remarks appeared aimed at clarifying earlier statements that had been taken as optimistic and at variance with the cautious assessments of Secretary of State Edmund S. Muskie.

The Iranian decision to turn the hostage issue over to a special committee was taken over the objection

of some deputies amid calls for the execution of "spy-hostages." The action, in effect, postponed the awaited parliamentary debate that was to decide how Iran will deal with the hostages.

Tehran Radio said the Majlis, or parliament, voted by a "decisive majority" to refer the hostage issue to a special committee and discussed the number, qualifications and authority of the panel members. No vote count was given.

Speaker Hashemi Rafsanjani, who cut off deputies who tried to debate the hostage issue, said discussions on the new committee will continue when Parliament meets Thursday.

But in line with revolutionary leader Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomei-

ni's pledge that the parliament would decide the fate of the hostages, Rafsanjani assured deputies that "the final decision will be by the Majlis itself."

The parliament session quickly turned into a shouting match as some members demanded a closed session on the issue. Hardline deputy Sayyed Fakhroddin Rahimi declared, "we do not need any special committee or a secret session." He said "the spy-hostages must be tried and executed and the nonspy hostages released on conditions."

Rahimi echoed a call by the Islamic fundamentalist Tehran newspaper *Ettelaat* that the hostages be tried as spies.

Rafsanjani ruled Rahimi out of order and said speakers should stick

to discussing procedures for considering the issue.

Abdolkajid Dialameh, speaking for 17 deputies who sought a closed session on the hostages, said "this secret meeting is necessary for the deputies to gain information and see what they have in their hands is diamond or glass bead."

Mohammad Mahammadi, a member of The Struggling Moslems Movement which has close ties to the militant students holding the Americans, bitterly objected. "Everything should be open to the nation," he shouted. "I am absolutely against any kind of secret session."

Rafsanjani twice warned Mahammadi to stop shouting. The proposal for a secret session was then rejected by the Majlis.

## Journalist becomes 'nuclear gypsy'; tells of Japanese plants' poor safety

By MINORU INABA  
Associated Press Writer

Editor's note: Freelance journalist Kunio Horie worked for seven months in three of Japan's 11 nuclear power plants as a manual laborer, one of thousands of job-hungry "nuclear gypsies" who drift from plant to plant under sub-contracts. Now he is sounding an alarm about what he witnessed: slipshod safety procedures and workers who lie about the radiation they're exposed to so they'll keep their jobs.

TOKYO (AP) — Japan's 11 nuclear power plants are mostly maintained by ill-trained day laborers who violate safety rules and under-report their exposure to radia-

tion, says a Japanese journalist who worked in the plants.

Freelance journalist Kunio Horie also claims the utility companies that own the plants ignore or tolerate safety violations and use day laborers to avoid paying benefits or higher wages.

Horie worked for seven months in three different plants as a manual laborer, one of thousands who drift from plant to plant under sub-contracts. He has written a book about his experiences, "Nuclear Gypsies."

The title comes from the name given to job-hungry day laborers who work at one plant one day and another the next.

Horie said he and his colleagues at one nuclear power plant in the state

of Fukui were ordered to use a towel to wipe radioactive water off reactor parts.

"It's an anachronism for a supposedly ultra-modern nuclear facility, isn't it?" Horie asked in an Associated Press interview.

In a plant in Fukushima state, Horie wrote, he told one of his colleagues that a monitoring device showed he had higher than allowed radioactive contamination on his boots.

The worker casually suggested Horie try a different monitoring device, a "generous" one that showed a lower level.

As Horie passed the second monitor "safely," the man smiled and said, "Now you know better."

Continued on back page

### on the inside

Entertainment Editor Cary Willis takes a light and little less than bitter look at the *Kernel* newsroom beset by uncooperative machines. See page 2.

Independent presidential candidate John Anderson's son will speak at UK today. See page 4.

Evelyn Bernitt reports on a unique opportunity for architecture students. See page 5.

This week's Associated Press Top 20 football teams are listed on page 6.

### outside

Partly cloudy weather today, with highs in the mid 70s to mid 80s. Tonight's lows will be in the upper 50s to mid 60s, and highs tomorrow are expected in the 80s.

# KENTUCKY Kernel

editorials & comments

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## Can't you do something?

Rape is not a pretty thing. But for some UK students, mainly female, rape is an increasing possibility. The figures bear this out.

During a one year period between 1978 and 1979, 23 alleged and attempted rapes were reported in the UK area — mainly around a four-block area bordered by Euclid and Woodland Avenues and East Maxwell and Rose Streets. According to the Lexington Rape Crisis Center, this area has the highest concentration of rapes in the city, based on calls received at the Center.

Something has got to be done. Despite efforts to make the campus area safer, through the institution of "beefed up" police patrols and rape seminars to increase awareness, rapes and sex crimes still occur. And although police have not released any specific figures, the fact that women cannot venture out at night without a friend indicates the severity of the problem in this area.

A few things potential victims can do to prevent rape include locking all doors and windows, never walk alone, keep blinds shut and draperies closed and install a wide angle viewer in the door.

And in Lexington, there is a Rape Crisis Line which can be called at 253-2511. But besides rape itself, one of the main problems focuses on the psychological effect on the victim.

Many may feel guilt and anger. Some may feel hatred and remorse. It is these psychological effects that may prove most damaging.

To help cut down on rape, UK Police should institute the use of foot patrols in these troubled areas, especially during late hours. Campus lighting should be installed at all problem areas on campus.

And the Fayette County Urban Government should increase lighting at the troubled neighborhoods around campus as well as sponsor more awareness clinics through the Rape Crisis Center.

If the community and UK work together on this problem, then perhaps UK students will be able to venture out at night and feel safe.

If not, then rape and sex crimes may continue to be an increasing, and nasty, problem.

## Look there!

### Don't worry; he is not dangerous

By CARY WILLIS

Things didn't go so well last week at the *Kernel*.

I came into work after classes Monday afternoon. Upon first glance, it looked as though I might be able to control the situation; there were only two pages for the "Diversions" section, and we had plenty to fill it with.

The first indication that there might be problems came about 5 p.m.

"Hey, everybody — we're using Bess tonight, so strip all your codes," came the order from Steve Massey, our beloved editor.

What Steve was saying in his big editor words was that our modern, simplified, almost fun-to-use typesetter was not working properly, and that we would have to use our old-fashioned, difficult, a-pain-in-the-as-to-use, aging typesetter, affectionately known as Bess.

Bess is slow and awkward, and she prints funny. Print looks bunched together and is rather fatiguing to read.

Steve also said something about stripping codes. I'll try to explain briefly.

All our news stories are typed onto editing machines called video display terminals (basically typewriters with a TV set on top). After a story looks the way we want it to look in the paper, a button is pushed and the finished story comes out of another machine in the form of a yellow tape with computer-punched holes, which the typesetter reads and prints into newspaper columns.

When using the new, modern typesetter, one can type a bunch of number codes at the beginning, representing such handy things as column width, size of print, italics, boldface, and the letting between letters.

When using Bess, such intricacies must be typed directly into the typesetter. It gets to be rather aggravating if you forget what the codes were supposed to be and such.

Hope those three paragraphs weren't too dull. But we're ready to move on now.

Okay, I said to myself, so we've gotta use Bess. We've used her before, and most small town newspaper editors would sell their parents to get such a typesetter.

But that was only the beginning of the problems.

Next, the AP wire machine broke down. Soon, our tape-input machines were malfunctioning. Then one of the output machines went down.

And even Bess wasn't working normally.

Hmm. Do not panic. Do not kill. Do not put your fist through the video display terminal.

Think about pleasant things; butterflies, puppy dogs, sunshine. Or maybe Wild Turkey and sex. Just retain control — things will work out.

By 9 p.m. the tapes were accumulating for the next day's paper. What, I thought calmly and very clear-headedly, were we going to do?

Those In Charge (Mr. Editor, Mr. Pro-



cary  
willis

duction Manager and Ms. Adviser) suggested we take our tapes down to the Herald-Leader building (where we're printed) and use their typesetter. Great idea! We're saved! Visions of actually getting some sleep appeared in my panicking head.

Giddy and optimistic, we zipped on down to the Herald-Leader. A very helpful man in a rather odd-looking suit ran our tapes through their thoroughly modern, simplified and almost fun-to-use machine.

Ah, but their typesetter doesn't read our tapes properly. Hyphens are changed to these cute little squares, paragraph indentions become fractions, and codes for italic — well, you get the picture.

We were offered a choice: we could either re-type the entire *Kernel* at the Herald-Leader or we could go back to our building and plead with ol' Bess to try again.

Anne Charles, senior staff writer and occasional production assistant, started typing on the fabulous new machines at the H-L. This might take a while, I thought to myself.

It was determined by those In Charge that we would try Bess again.

She decided to cooperate. I stopped foaming at the mouth and nearly smiled.

Besides a few minor problems with the headliner, copy processor and water, things went pretty smoothly from there on. We were finished with the paper at around 2:30 a.m.

We had worked on a damned six-page newspaper until 2:30 in the morning!

Wednesday was pretty much the same story, except this time, we decided to go ahead and swing it with the partially dysfunctional new, modern, no-longer-fun-to-use typesetter instead of using Bess.

What we didn't know until our pages were all pasted-up and nearly ready to print was that words, parts of words and entire lines were missing from the copy.

Things like "and for that reason is entirely recommended" were seen at the beginning of paragraphs. Things like "D'ork!" were where "Disney World" should have been.

We corrected and re-corrected everything manually, and were finished by 3 a.m.

By this time, I was no longer upset. What if I did have a quiz at 9:30 the next day? And what if I did have three chapters to read and a paper to write?

No problem. Nothing I could do about it now. I just had to wind down. I felt like I was on drugs — I was so tense and psyched up, so hyperactive and fidgety, that I was laughing. Hysterically.

I had lost control. Beer! I must have beer!

After I and several other *Kernel*ites quaffed a few lagers, we relaxed a little and decided to find something interesting to do — we certainly couldn't sleep.

Kirby suggested we go swimming. Right, Kirby, it's 58 degrees outside and you want to go swimming. "Where?" I inquired.

Steve interjected, "There's this great spring out in Woodford County we can swim in. It'll be cold as shit, but I think it would feel good," he said in his slurred sort of way.

Buzzed and crazy, we headed for Woodford County. We weren't sure exactly where in Woodford County, but I mean, hey — how big can one county be?

Gary, our driver, was straight. Good news. His fuel tank was on "E." Now, to me, this was bad news.

Gary corrected me. "Oh, no, nothing to worry about," he said. I usually get 30 miles after it says "empty." I get real good mileage."

Well, we never found the spring. I told Gary 15 miles out of Lexington that if we were to turn around right then, we would've driven 30 miles on "E." He turned around, and we went home.

That's okay. I'm sure that spring would've been at least as cold as death. I could see the papers the next day: *Kernel* editors found floating in stream.

But anyway, the killer is the fact that the machines are giving us just as much trouble this week. Power surges may be the culprit. We don't really know.

We do know we can't get any decent service on our equipment, so things are on a day-to-day basis. All those types may not be our own; please bear with us.

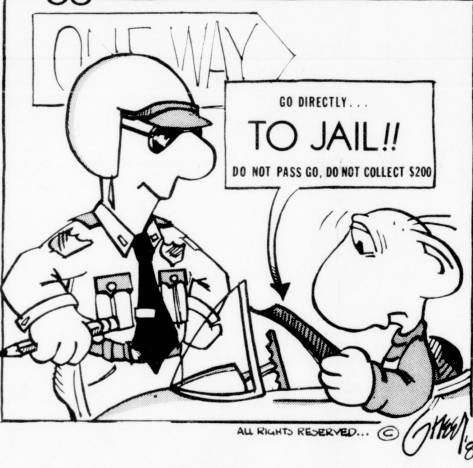
There is hope: an even more modern and almost fun-to-use system may be on order, and should be here before the semester is over. Maybe that will help smooth out some of the kinks.

Until then, each day I must pray. And remember not to get angry. Do not hurt innocent people. I tell myself.

But if you're wandering around on campus, and you see a rather thin guy with glasses, needing a shave, bug-eyed and talking to himself, don't call the police. It's probably just been one of those days.

Cary Willis is the Entertainment Editor of the *Kernel* and former Managing Editor. He is a telecommunications senior.

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## Anderson may draw Kennedy vote, making himself viable

By JOHN LITTLE

In the second installment of my series on the presidential candidates I will review the candidacy of Representative John Anderson.

When you talk to people about Anderson's campaign many of them will say they think he is the best candidate, but they don't think he has a chance of winning because he is running as an independent.

This fact is evident in the polls. Right now about 15 percent of the people polled say they will vote for Anderson.

But, when asked if they would vote for him if they thought he had a real chance, Anderson comes close to both Reagan and Carter.

Anderson's campaign has won three major victories in the past few weeks. First, the federal government said he could receive federal funds if he received over five percent of the votes on election day.

Second, Anderson received the endorsement of New York's Liberal Party. This not only will help him win New York, but it also shows people that he is a viable candidate. It might also bring the endorsement of other groups.

Third, the League of Women Voters has decided to allow Anderson to participate in their debates. Getting into the debates was a must for Anderson because he has to prove that he is equal to the other

candidates. Anderson also received the support of many ERA supporters after

### staff column

the Republican party decided not to support the ratification of the ERA. Anderson's stand on the draft issue is popular with many young Americans. He opposes draft registration and he says the solution to the military problem is to increase the pay of military personnel. Anderson says this will attract more skilled and better educated men and women. (Currently military salaries are below what a person could make on unemployment.)

Anderson is having problems getting the blue-collar vote. One reason is his 50-50 plan. Under the plan the price of gas would be raised 50 cents and the Social Security taxes would be cut in half.

The money (\$61 billion the first year and \$55 billion in each of the next four years), according to Anderson, would be used for a payroll tax relief program, an increase in Social Security benefits and a 10 percent motor fuels tax credit for business use of motor fuels.

The fact that the price of gas would

go up to around \$1.70 per gallon scares many people, especially the middle-classed, blue-collar worker.

Anderson is also having problems getting the support of the labor unions. Labor leaders think Anderson's voting record on labor issues in Congress is weak. If Anderson is to have a chance of winning the election in November he must win over the hearts of some major labor leaders.

Anderson's major strength lies with voters who are disgruntled with the choice between Ronald Reagan and President Carter. With Carter's record and Reagan's unpopular stands, Anderson is seen as a viable third choice.

Anderson should also gain support from Kennedy supporters. Anderson's choice of Democrat Patrick Lucey as his vice-presidential running mate should help him pick up many Kennedy supporters. This is due to the backing Kennedy received from Lucey during his campaign for the Democratic presidential nomination.

For Anderson to be elected in November he must convince the American people he is a viable candidate. His only chance of proving this is by doing well in the debates with Reagan and Carter (if Carter decides to show up).

If after the debates Anderson is not doing well in the polls then he should reconsider his candidacy for his own political purposes.



# News roundup

Compiled from AP dispatches

## Local

**A 13-year-old chestnut mare, Summary procedure, was stolen from Hurricane Stud Farm near Lexington, farm owner Stanley D. Pitter Jr. said yesterday. The mare is in foal.**

The mare, by Imported Court Martial-Princess Mbale, was valued at \$140,000, but would not be worth that much to an outsider, Pitter said.

"She could not be sold as a thoroughbred without registration papers, Pitter said, and her foal "would only be a pretty horse to someone else."

The foal, sired by Topside of Claiborne Farm near Paris, was expected next spring, Pitter said.

The alleged theft apparently occurred between 2 p.m. Saturday and noon Sunday. Metro Police Lt. Bob Sewalls said a pasture fence was cut and the mare apparently was loaded onto a truck.

About 12 other horses in the field — some of them more valuable — were passed over, he said.

Pitter said he would offer a reward for the mare's return.

"We've got to stop this horse thieving in Kentucky," Pitter said, "but he's got a good eye for a horse. She's very pretty."

Summary Procedure has distinctive markings, Pitter said, including a large white blaze and a split left-front hoof that was patched with acrylic. An identification number W-9719 — was tattooed inside her upper lip.

The alleged incident was the third involving a major thoroughbred in the area since 1977.

Franfreleuche, a \$500,000 mare in foal to Triple Crown winner Secretariat, was taken from Claiborne Farm in June 1977. She was found six months later near Tompkinsville.

Intender, a \$125,000 mare, was stolen from Darby Dan Farm near Lexington in November 1978 and never found.

## State

**A Powell County woman testified yesterday that she was bound and beaten by a youth the day he allegedly killed her daughter but that she did not actually witness the murder.**

The defense contends another person, who had been hiding out of the woman's view, committed the murder.

The testimony of Stetia Knox came in the murder trial of Todd Ice, 16, a neighbor who is accused of killing her 7-year-old daughter, Donna, on Dec. 5, 1978, at the Knox home. Ice was 15 years old at the time.

His trial began last Thursday.

In his opening statement Monday the commonwealth's attorney A. Dale Bryant asserted that Mrs. Knox would

make a positive identification of Ice as the person who committed the crime.

Ice's attorney, Clyde Simmons, asserted in his opening statement that he would prove it was not Todd Ice but a person named Norvin Mayberry, who lived in the area at the time, who cut Mrs. Knox's throat and murdered the girl. Simmons said the defense would show that Mayberry, who is not in custody, was hiding in the bedroom of the Knox trailer at the time.

Simmons described the incident as having similarities to the Charles Manson case.

The child's body, which had been stabbed repeatedly, was found in the bathroom of the trailer.

The apparent motive suggested by the prosecution is that Mrs. Knox surprised a burglar at the trailer on Kentucky Route 15 near Bowen in Powell County.

## Nation

**In a statement hailed by U.S. officials, the Castro government warned Cuban reguents yesterday that they**

made "a one-way trip" to the United States. It said those who hijack planes to return home face "drastic penal measures" and could be extradited.

"The scam have become disillusioned. Thousands have had bitter experiences in the Yankee paradise and now want to come back to Cuba," the Communist Party newspaper Granma said in a front-page article which was read over Radio Havana and monitored in Miami.

Cuban authorities had previously said hijackers would be prosecuted, but yesterday's statement gave a stronger warning of "drastic penal measures" or "return to the United States to be judged in that country."

It was the Cuban's closest step yet toward cooperation since the current spate of nine hijackings to Cuba — nearly all blamed on homesick refugees — began on Aug. 10.

U.S. officials earlier had complained that Cuban authorities weren't providing information on the hijackers' fates, thus encouraging rumors among Cuban exiles here that hijackers were being released to their families.

## World

**Ministers of the world's oil cartel said yesterday they were making progress on a long-term plan to boost prices by small amounts every three months. But Saudi Arabia said it wants**

militant members to lower their prices for the first time in OPEC's history before the scheme takes effect.

Oil, finance and foreign ministers of the 13-nation Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries spent a second day discussing the plan to link oil prices to world inflation, economic growth rates and currency fluctuations.

Western experts have estimated that the Saudi-backed proposal would push oil prices up about 15 percent over the next 12 months.

Iran and Algeria, two militant members, proposed alternate plans oil ministers said.

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**Kernel Crossword**

ACROSS

1 Sweetheart	49 Sick one
6 Embrace	50 Antitoxins
11 Altain	52 Roman emperor
14 Hippodrome	56 Anger
15 Let down	57 Of refuse
16 Cheer	60 Soak
17 Mouth defect.	61 Obsolete
2 words	62 Meaning
19 Japanese volcano	63 Poem
20 Neophyte	64 Appointments
21 Unctuous	65 Snare
22 Prongs	1 Milk: Prefix
24 Space	2 Paris airport
26 Vend	3 Sverve
27 Kitchen tool	4 Constrains
30 Gleams	5 Rodent
32 Hermit, o.g.	6 Demand
33 Equine	7 Recline
34 Scottish cap	8 Out
37 Curves	9 Fixed
38 Embers	10 Feign
39 Forbidden	11 Stadium structure
40 Earth: Prefix	12 Artist's aid
41 Firm	13 Pronoun
42 Nickel-copper alloy	18 Inferior
43 Tangled	23 Fish
45 Instrument	25 Above: Poet.
46 Girl's slacks	26 Desserts
48 Girl's name	27 Cross

DOWN

28 Erudition	44 Exist
29 Deficient	45 Lather
30 Sedate	46 African city
31 Detained	47 Ventilated
33 Lone	48 Evergreens
35 Seth's son	50 "Bogone!"
36 Pack animal	51 Gaelic
38 Small beds	53 Volcano
39 "The Man Who Came"	54 Hand tool
41 Agitated	55 Spanish cheers
42 Hr. part ending	58 Time period
	59 Superlative

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By LISA ARCHER/Kernel Staff

### Blow your horn

Accounting senior Mark Rohde makes his way through the Student Center parking lot as Bobby Howell, B&E senior, accompanies him on the baritone.

### Ticket distribution continues today

Distribution of football tickets for the Indiana game will continue today between 9 a.m. and 4 p.m. Guest tickets can be bought for both end zone and regular stadium seats.

### United Way lunch to thank workers

The United Way kickoff luncheon to recognize around 500 U.K. United Way campaign workers will be held at noon today in the Grand Ballroom of the Student Center. Otis Singletary will be the featured speaker.

### Afro-American film to be shown in CB


The movie Dr. Martin Luther King: An Amazing Grace will be shown in room 106 of the Classroom Building at 7:30 p.m. Thursday. The film, which is the first in a series in the eighth annual Afro-American Film Festival, is free.

## John Anderson Jr. to appear at UK rally

LOUISVILLE, Ky. (AP) — The 22-year-old son of independent presidential candidate John Anderson is scheduled to attend a rally around 2 p.m. today at the Student Center. John Anderson Jr., one of the Illinois congressman's five children, will arrive in Lexington around noon and will hold a press conference at the Blue Grass Airport, said Karen Starcher, of Anderson's campaign staff in Lexington.

She said Anderson will attend the UK rally after the airport press conference. Anderson is also scheduled to hold a press conference at 5 p.m. at the University of Louisville's Bigelow Hall, according to Deanna Johnson, Kentucky press secretary for the Anderson campaign.

The younger Anderson will address a rally following the press conference, Johnson said.



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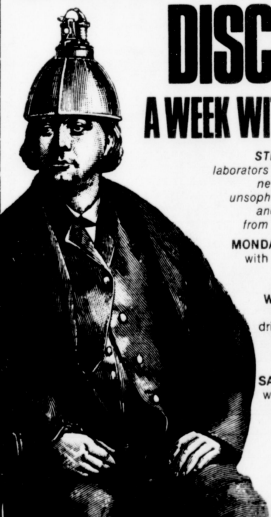
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**WEDNESDAYS.** Happy Hour from 5 til 8; 50° Ladies Night with 50° drinks from 8 til 1; No Ladies Cover.

**FRIDAYS.** Happy Hour 5 til 8 with 50° drinks, pickup the Weekender Extender for Monday.

**SATURDAYS.** Bit of Disco Nostalgia with 75° drinks from 7 til 11; pickup Weekender Extender for Monday. No cover charge for U.K., Transy and Eastern students with I.D.'s.

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# Students learn architecture firsthand while on European trip

By EVELYN BERNITT  
Reporter

The epitome of learning. For an engineering student it would be to practice in a large company with a talented professional, for an education major it's being put into a classroom. And for about 30 architecture students and faculty, it's studying among the great works of all time.

Europe was the learning center this summer for students in the College of Agriculture who ventured away from the traditional education of

studying pictures and slides of buildings.

Instead they experienced "the great architecture of civilization" in an intense, nine-week study.

According to architecture associate professor Paul Amatozzio, the trip has become a tradition at the University for architecture students.

Students have been able to participate in the University program since 1971. It's "The Grand Tour," he said, adding that it is "a religious pilgrimage" to see a number of the world's monuments.

"It's not a vacation," Amatozzio said. He said the trip was a vital part of the learning experience. "We find it makes a difference in their work. They're standing in front of masterworks instead of McDonald's," he added.

Amatozzio said the students covered 3,000 years of architectural history during their exposure to Europe.

"It's always an architectural problem of why and how or how and why you place a building on an architectural site. In Europe, they saw how the Greeks did it and how the Romans did it," he continued.

"There's just so much better stuff there architecturally," said Charles Nicklies, a fourth-year architecture student.

The tour was centered mostly in Italy. "Italy was definitely the place to study architecture," fifth-year architecture student Martin Ferrty said.

The students and professors had a journey. They traveled to Bologna for debates on modern architecture, by example of the Pavilion de l'Esprit Nouveau by Le Corbusier and the Church of Alva Aalto.

In Venice, they saw what Le Corbusier called the "only true modern city in the world."

They examined Taormina, the great Roman Amphitheatre. They went to Florence and the Tuscan hill towns. "You're not just looking at them (the buildings)," Ferrty said.

L.K. is one of the few colleges which offers this program to students. Amatozzio said, adding, "The existence of this program is prestigious."

Amatozzio said the trip is often an added incentive for prospective faculty who would look forward to a chance to travel.

Architecture Dean Anthony Eardley said faculty going to Europe is viewed as "an obligation." He said he believes the

program is so important it should possibly be made mandatory.

Less than one-third of the students do not participate in the European trip, according to Farley.

Students must pay the trip fee, which includes tuition and books. Faculty members are paid a regular salary and given a travel allowance, but other expenses must be paid for on an individual basis.

As a requirement to receive credit for the trip, students keep notebooks. They also compile portfolios including drawings and collages they have done.

## campus crime

**TUE. SEPT. 9** — Clothing was taken from a Student Center Board display window. Two women's wallets were taken from a room in the A.B. Chandler Medical Center. The total value of the wallets was listed as \$50. A business professor reported his \$120 calculator stolen. Police arrested two students for drunken driving, a Lexington man for receiving a stolen bike and a member of the National Guard for being absent without leave.

**WED. SEPT. 10** — An electric bug killer, valued at \$100, was taken from the Wenner Gren Research Lab in Parking Structure No. 1. \$350 worth of stereo equipment was taken from a car with its rear window broken out. An unemployed female was arrested for loitering and resisting arrest.

**THURS. SEPT. 11** — A tape case, containing 20 tapes, was taken from a car parked in Parking Structure No. 2. The value of the theft was estimated at \$165. A \$65 battery was taken from another auto, parked in the Scott Street parking lot. Assorted foods were taken from the Alpha Tau Omega fraternity house. A Lexington man was arrested for soliciting prostitution.

**FRI. SEPT. 12** — Rehabilitation checks, worth \$247, were reported lost or stolen from 555 Patterson Office

Tower. A citizen's band radio, valued at \$60, was taken from a car parked in Parking Structure No. 2.

**SAT. SEPT. 13** — Communications equipment, valued at \$255, was taken from a car parked in Parking Structure No. 2. Also reported stolen was a bicycle, valued at \$200. Three members of Phi Delta Theta fraternity reported their second floor rooms had been entered and money had been taken from their wallets. The wallets were

later discovered empty at the foot of the stairs. A student was arrested for possession of hashish.

**SUN. SEPT. 14** — Four automobiles were reported damaged. Three cars had broken antennas, and the fourth received body damage. Police arrested a student for public intoxication and possession of marijuana. Also arrested were a husband and wife on charges of criminal trespassing and third-degree assault.

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# sports



UK's Kim Manning displays her form in UK's victory over Northern Kentucky University.

By ROBBIE MIRACLE — Kernel Staff

AP Top 20	
1. Alabama (30)	14-0
2. Ohio St. (30)	14-0
3. Oklahoma (2)	14-0
4. Southern Cal (1)	14-0
5. Pittsburgh (4)	14-0
6. Nebraska	14-0
7. Texas	14-0
8. Notre Dame	14-0
9. Florida State	24-0
10. Georgia	24-0
11. Stanford	24-0
12. Penn State	14-0
13. North Carolina	24-0
14. Michigan	14-0
15. Missouri	14-0
16. Washington	14-0
17. Arkansas	0-1
18. Houston	0-1
19. Auburn	14-0
20. South Carolina	24-0

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## Crimson Tide moves to first place

By HOYT HARWELL  
Associated Press Writer

TUSCALOOSA, Ala. — "Well, I'd rather have just woke up from dreaming and it was Jan. 2 and you had told me we were No. 1."

From long and sometimes bitter experience, Bear Bryant has learned that the final poll is the one that counts and that is the one his Alabama football team is aiming for, as always.

Nevertheless, the coach's Crimson Tide moved back to first place in this week's poll past Ohio State, which dropped to second after coming from behind to defeat Syracuse 31-21 Saturday.

Alabama was idle, after an opening 26-3 victory over Georgia Tech, and faces Mississippi Saturday on the road.

The Tide is seeking an unprecedented third straight national championship and Bryant had some thoughts about Ohio State's earlier No. 1 ranking.

"I've always felt like the defending champion should be first until they get beaten," he said. "And I don't mean just us. I've felt that about Southern Cal, Texas, Oklahoma and others that have been

champions."

Alabama and Ohio State each received 30 first-place votes in this week's Associated Press poll of sport writers and sportscasters, but the Tide received 1,232 points to 1,216 for the Buckeyes.

Oklahoma and Southern California both moved up one spot to third and fourth places and Pittsburgh dropped from third to fifth.

The remainder of the top 20 are Nebraska, Texas, Notre Dame, Florida State, Georgia, Stanford, Penn State, North Carolina, Michigan, Missouri, Washington, Arkansas, Houston, Auburn and South Carolina.

"It's exciting but it's really too early," Alabama quarterback Don Jacobs said of the Tide's ranking. "If we work hard and keep winning, we'll be there at the end."

Running back Major Ogilvie commented, "I just hope it continued on page 7."

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# Japanese journalist says workers exposed to high radiation

Continued from page one

In another incident described in the book, plant officials in charge of safety operations said nothing when a worker complained of the heat and tore off his protective headgear.

## Alcohol awareness to be planned

By MARY C. BOLIN  
Staff Writer

In an effort to continue alcohol awareness at UK, the Human Relations Center will sponsor a meeting at 3 p.m. today in room 206 of the Student Center, according to Mary Brinkman, an official at the center.

Last March, the Human Relations Center sponsored an Alcohol Awareness Week. During Alcohol Awareness Week, the Interfraternity Council distributed bumper stickers which read: Brothers Don't Let Brothers Drive Drunk. Local bars participated in B.A.R.D. (Be A Responsible Drinker) nights. The Sigma Alpha Epsilon Leadership Council sponsored a speaker to talk about the Bacchus organization at the University of Florida.

In a memorandum, Brinkman wrote, "In recent informal conversations, through past association with those involved in our first Alcohol Awareness Week last March, and from my own observations, I have learned of numerous ways in which we perceive an alcohol abuse problem on our campus. The Human Relations Center is developing a campus-wide awareness and education effort and will provide coordination."

Programming and educational goals for the campus will be discussed at today's meeting. Brinkman urged those interested about the concept of alcohol awareness to attend the meeting or call the Human Relations at 258-2751.

## Singles 'preview' dates with video

Continued from page one

and naturally I will continue to meet people while I am a member of this video dating club. It's just a fad that's functional."

A 23-year-old woman disagreed. "People using this video dating club as an excuse for meeting people are lying. You can go out and meet people if you just take the first step, and I'm just here to meet someone different," she said.

But a 61-year-old divorcee had yet another reason for using the service. "I came to this video dating place because I look rather foolish going into a singles bar, and all my friends are either married or dead," she said.

Meehan explained that bars are one way of meeting people, but said New Encounters can allow one to be more selective.

"You can meet someone with the same interests and someone that would be interesting to go out with," she said.

The dating club, located at 161 Burke Road, costs \$250 a year. The price includes an unlimited number of visits to the dating service during that year.

"When someone comes in the office, first we show them around," Meehan said. "If they want to join, they have to fill out a profile sheet and bring in a picture or we will take one of them."

She explained the profile sheet contains general information such as first names, eye color, hair color, likes and dislikes, which is put into a portfolio.

After the profile sheet is completed, Meehan said a five- to seven-minute video interview is filmed and filed.

The patron then picks several profile sheets and requests to see video interviews.

If the patron finds someone with whom he shares a common interest, the second party is notified by the dating service.

The second party then comes to the office and views the tape.

"If both parties agree, we give last names and phone numbers," Meehan said.

What if you are not contacted by a prospective date?

Then maybe you can go on living with the attitude of this 43-year-old bachelorette. "I'm so sexy, I'll get calls anyway."

Maybe one of those calls will be from Morton.

Many of the "nuclear gypsies" falsify the level of radiation they've received to please their employers and stay on payroll, Horie wrote.

Japanese government statistics say 34,155 people were subcontracted to nuclear power plants in 1978. Utilities kept only 782 — mostly engineers and managers — on the regular payroll.

More than 111,000 day laborers have been used since

the first plant was built in 1966. The statistics say an average subcontractor received radiation twice as high as those on the regular payroll.

Officials of Tokyo Electric Power Co. and the Ministry of International Trade and Industry said it was unecological to hire all full-time employees.

They said nuclear plant workers absorbed on the average only 0.39 rems of radiation in 1978, far lower than the offi-

cially set limits of 5 rems for a year.

A rem is the unit of measure for absorbed radiation in living tissue. A normal chest X-ray produces between 0.02 and 0.03 rems. Scientists say the average American absorbs approximately 0.15 rems a year from natural and man-made sources.

Toyozo Tarashima, chief researcher and vice director of the National Institute of Radiological Sciences, said, "Prac-

tically nothing is known about the effect of low-level radiation in humans, but we have enough theoretical studies and animal tests to say that it's negligible."

Terashima conceded there were no worthwhile medical studies of Japan's nuclear plant workers, but said, "There are no radiation victims among them."

The Labor Ministry has a compensation fund for the victims of nuclear radiation. No

money has ever gone to nuclear plant workers.

Kazuyuki Iwasa, 57, a former Osaka City plumber, is the only citizen to have complained officially that he became sick because of working at a nuclear power plant.

He told the Associated Press that he received radiation burns on the skin inside his right knee while at work in 1971 at a Fukui plant run by the Japan Atomic Power Co.

Iwasa said he was employed

by a subcontractor at the bottom of a pyramid of companies headed by Japan Atomic and was assured by officials that his job was radiation-free.

He said his present ailments include leukemia, high blood pressure and hearing and speaking difficulties, but that no doctors except for a dermatologist agree they were radiation-caused. The power company argues that Iwasa was exposed to only 0.001 rems of radiation.



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VOL. IV, NO. 1 SEPTEMBER 1980 • LADI VON JANSKY

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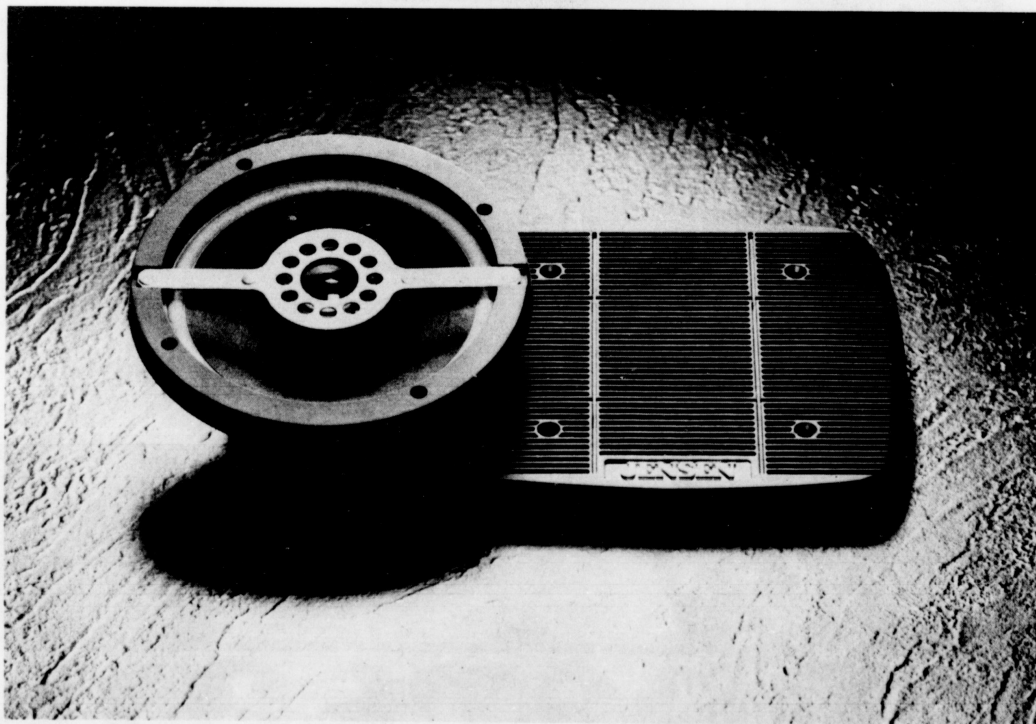


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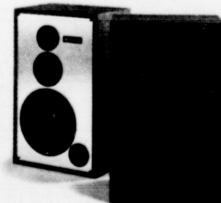
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*Contributing Editors* COLMAN ANDREWS, JACOB ATLAS, MARTIN CLIFFORD, ED CRAY, LEN FELDMAN, DAVIN SEAY, FRED SETTERBERG  
*Office Manager* JOAN SHAW  
*Advertising Offices* Los Angeles/New York  
 JEFF DICKEY  
 1680 North Vine, Suite 201  
 Hollywood, CA 90028  
 213/462-7175  
 Chicago  
 TOBIN, KREITMAN &  
 ASSOCIATES  
 4755 North Broadway  
 Chicago, IL 60640  
 312/561-9334

**E**njoyed Davin Seay's cover story on Jeff Bridges in the May-June *Ampersand*. Disappointed to learn he's into EST. Just like to share a thought I've held ever since the Urban Cowboy *Esquire* article was sold as a movie property. Why John Travolta and pre-fab music? Jeff Bridges would've been perfect along with a Joe Ely soundtrack.

Marty Lange  
 Iowa City, IA

**I**m confused. In your May-June "G Out the Other" section you indicated there was a Lisa Eichhorn feature. I looked all through the issue and couldn't find one. What happened to fair Lisa? I've had a crush on her since I saw her in *Yankee*.

Dale Martin  
 San Diego, CA

*Well, this is slightly embarrassing. There was a Lisa Eichhorn feature, very nice indeed, but with the vicissitudes of the economy, advertising, scheduling and general pre-summer*

*goofs, Lisa didn't make it. Maybe this year. We apologize.*

*All right, folks, the summer's over. Get the sand out of your toes, dust off the old typewriter and write to us! How can we have a fascinating letters column if you don't hold up your end of it? We want mail, lots of it. We're pathetically grateful for insults, complaints, suggestions, even compliments. Send your pearls of wisdom to the swine at Ampersand, 1680 N. Vine, Suite 201, Hollywood, CA 90028.*

**R**ansacking the old *Ampersand* archives, we discovered this elegant figure by Joyce Lukey of Dubuque, Iowa, who is now \$25 richer.

*Meanwhile, any other artistically inclined money-bungry folks are encouraged to submit their own original Ampersands. Each design must be executed in black ink on sturdy white*



*paper. Neatness counts. Mail your gems to Ampersand of the Month, 1680 N. Vine Street, Suite 201, Hollywood, CA 90028. And don't be too alarmed if you don't hear from us for two years.*

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**Who are these people & why are they having such a good time?**

RCA Records sent this photo along to prove they *bad to get tough* while shipping *Elvis Aron Presley*, their latest Elvis release, an 8-record set of mostly unreleased material. Hi-jackers, RCA claimed on silver-coated (expensive!) paper, would be too tempted otherwise.

Well... maybe so. But we think *Ampersand* readers can guess what's *really* going on, what these four suspicious people are saying and/or doing. That's why we're declaring a caption contest! Think it up, write it down, send it off to: Truth Consultant, *Ampersand*, 1680

N. Vine, Suite 201, Hollywood, California, 90028. Entries must be postmarked by October 15, 1980.

Truth Consultant will pick the best five and we'll print 'em. The absolute best, according to T.C., will win a copy of *Elvis Aron Presley* — an expensive little conversation piece including 87 performances by El and a 20-page booklet of historical info and rare photographs — courtesy of RCA Records and *Ampersand*. Remember...you read it here recently.

**IN HERE**

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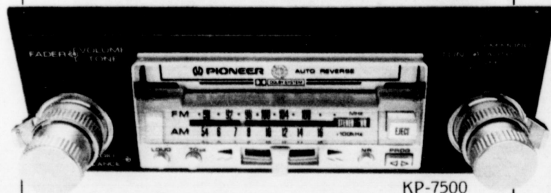
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# & OUT THE OTHER EAR

## High Noon in Hollywood

HOLLYWOOD IS STILL CRIPPLED by the Screen Actors Guild and AFTRA (American Federation of Radio and Television Artists) strike, which affects almost all film and TV production except news, game shows, etc., and is costing the entertainment industry an estimated \$40 million per week. This means that for most TV series, this fall will not be a new season — it will be more reruns. All predictions indicate a long strike, not because the actors are making unreasonable demands — they want more participation in revenues from cable TV and home video products, among other things — but because film producers and studios must negotiate contracts with the Writers and Directors Guilds later this year. These two guilds are much stronger than SAG and AFTRA combined, if the actors win concessions, the writers and directors will, it is believed, take all the marbles. And tucked away in the middle of this crisis — another crisis: The musicians union joined in the strike against studios and producers. This town is real quiet these days.

## Movie Plots

RICHARD GERE may star in *Eye of the Storm*, a love story set in the Spanish-American war, with Judy Davis, the wonderful star of *My Brilliant Career*. Gere is also considering *Tough Customers*, about the numbers rackets in Harlem, with Diana Ross. He's set to recreate his stage role in *Bent*, but the film is having difficulty finding a director. Germany's Fassbinder couldn't agree on terms, and now Costa Gavras (*Z, State of Siege*) is mulling the offer.

URBAN COWBOY and *China Syndrome* director James Bridges' next project is *In a Shallow Grave*, which he's adapting from the Gothic novel by James Purdy, a writer dear to the hearts of English instructors, but not necessarily English students.

STEVE MARTIN has reportedly agreed to make *Pennies from Heaven*, a film based on the weird BBC TV show aired on PBS stations in recent years... the one where the players occasionally burst into vaudeville song numbers in the middle of marital crises. Martin was planning to make *Depression* with Carl Reiner, since their previous collaboration, *The Jerk*, was such a laughable success, but *Depression* proved not to their liking.

## Teleplots

THE CIA is coming to TV — and with official endorsement. Like the old *FBI* series, this one (still in the planning stages) would follow an agent-hero and his operatives. Not since *Spy* in the early Sixties has any TV network felt comfortable with the CIA as good guys. A strange sign of the times.

GOOD MORNING AMERICA's Hollywood reporter Rona Barrett and *Happy Days* star Ron Howard have something in common — they've both left ABC to join NBC, each in pursuit of more participation on more levels — Barrett in news and specials (she'll also co-host the *Tomorrow* show with Tom Snyder), Howard in developing series and TV movies.

THE DESTINY OF *Saturday Night Live* was still uncertain at press time; new producer Jean Doumanian reportedly has friend

Woody Allen accompanying her on a comedic talent search on both coasts. Although none of last year's cast had re-signed, it's still possible that Murray, Newman, Morris and Shearer may return. Meanwhile, Harry Shearer, *Ampersand's* favorite (whose inspired commercial for an African gold coin called the Nig-gurand was one of last year's late-night highlights) is working on a film script with Michael McKean (of *Laverne & Shirley*), Chris Guest (one of the weird Ford brothers in *The Long Riders*) and Rob Reiner. Reiner will direct and also play the role of the director, while the three aforementioned will also star. The whole schmeer is called *Rock 'n' Roll Nightmare*.

## College Plots

THE COMEDY STORE, famous in Los Angeles for its free (and sometimes even funny) shows of known and unknown comedians, is now reportedly offering "Night at the Comedy Store" to colleges and concert halls across the country.

JODIE FOSTER, star of *Carny*, *Foxes*, *Taxi Driver*, et al., is now a student at Yale, studying history and writing — not drama.

## From Hollywood to Broadway

LINDA RONSTADT, appearing last month in New York's Central Park in Gilbert & Sullivan's *Pirates of Penzance*, may or may not go with the show to Broadway this fall and there may or may not be an album of the show. Nobody's promising anything — except a Routh-stadt concert tour, hitting mostly the south and midwest, in October.

## From Broadway to Hollywood

ANNIE PRODUCER Ray Stark wants Bette Midler to play the nasty orphanage woman, but so far Bette isn't buying it. Albert Finney will be Daddy Warbucks, John Huston will direct.

## Dancing to a Different Tune

SIXTIES RECORDING mavens Nilssen and Van Dyke Parks are both working on the music for Robert Altman's *Popeye* (starring Robin "Mork" Williams and Shelley Duvall). Nilssen is writing, Van Dyke arranging. And Ry Cooder is doing the music for *Hammett*. And Tom Waits... is featured prominently elsewhere in this issue.

THE NEXT JETHRO TULL album, *Alert*, due this month, has a new group lineup: drummer Barriemore Barlow, keyboardist John Evan and multi-instrumentalist David Palmer were dismissed by leader Ian Anderson, who hired in their places Eddie Jobson, formerly keyboard player with U.K., and Los Angeles drummer Mark Craney. Guitarists Martin Barre and Dave Pegg are still with the band.

ROD AND ALANA STEWART are expecting their second child; Donna Summer and her new husband, Bruce Sudano, are expecting their first in January (she has one child from a previous marriage).

"NOT TRUE," says his publicist, but rumors are spreading that Bob Dylan is trying to have his newest album, *Saved*, recalled. A source close to Dylan reports that he said "I don't like the way it sounds on the radio."

It's also alleged that Dylan has offered to pay Columbia Records "whatever it costs" to pull in the sluggishly-selling LP.

COMEDIAN RICHARD PRYOR reportedly showed up at a party for LaToya Jackson, sister to the all-brother singing group, wearing a t-shirt that advertised Cheech and Chong's first movie — *Up in Smoke*.

## Wax on the Way

ARETHA FRANKLIN, the undisputed Queen of Soul ("Chain of Fools," "Respect") and the best part of the *Blues Brothers Movie*, has signed with Arista Records after a long association with Atlantic. Franklin is currently in the studio with veteran producer Arif Mardin... Recent revitalization of the Heavy Metal scene in England leads to *Deepest Purple*, a greatest hits compilation by early sonic overkill outfit Deep Purple... *Into the Music*, Van Morrison's last LP, reflected the litting jigs and reels of his native Ireland. *Common One*, due in the stores any day now, will go in a jazz direction... Nick Lowe, who won the nickname "Basher" for his song arrangement technique ("Bash it down and tart it up") has produced *Musical Shapes* for his recent bride, Carlene Carter, the daughter of Johnny Cash and descendant of the famous Carter Family.

Steve Martin's *What I Believe* arrives in early October, preceding an LP by fellow comedian Chevy Chase. Also hitting the stores soon: AI ("The Year of the Cat") Stewart with an album titled *24 Carrots*; The B-52s, with *Wild Planet*, formerly titled

*Ugentissimo* and featuring a track called "Private Idaho" which, the band assures us, is "about a state of mind"; a new *Dire Straits*, produced this time by Jimmy Iovine, who did Tom Petty's latest record, a comeback attempt by Shaun Cassidy, produced by the ever-wiggly Todd Rundgren.

## Waxing in Washington

BILLY JOEL played a number of secret small club dates in July recorded by Columbia Records for an upcoming live album. His visit to Washington, D.C. was announced on the local radio only an hour before tickets went on sale at mid-afternoon; all 400 seats were snapped up by a few listeners in another hour. Some of the fortunes scalped their tickets for up to \$50 per Summer in D.C. can do that to people.

THE BEACH BOYS were also recorded live in the Nation's Capital this summer, but their arrangements were a bit more extravagant: a British TV production crew and a Fourth of July audience of 425,000 under sunny skies on the Washington Monument grounds. There were fireworks afterward, naturally. The videotape will be released worldwide in 1981 as part of a Beach Boys 20th anniversary celebration, and the Boys have ambitious plans of their own for the big Two Zero. Mike Love has told reporters the band will play in Copenhagen, London, Washington, Los Angeles and Honolulu, all on the Fourth of July next. Sounds like they'll need a Concorde for transport between shows. Is sonic boom surfing just around the corner?



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The Undisciplined  
**DITCH DIGGERS**

BY FRED SETTERBERG

The essay is the ditch-digging occupation of writing.

—Ismael Reed

When Michael Herr's *Dispatches* first appeared in 1977, the critics applauded this unique rendering of the Viet Nam experience. Citing the dearth of compelling fiction from Viet Nam, they hinted that the novel and short story had finally proven themselves archaic in both form and sensibility, as evidenced by their inability to capture the immediacy and disjointed folly of this most foreign of American wars. Now Herr's book was something else, and they called it everything imaginable: rock 'n' roll reporting; a personal journal; a transcript of the "mad-pop-poetic/bureaucratically camouflaged language in which Viet Nam was lived."

On its own terms, *Dispatches* might best be regarded as a huge and moxie totesack—a literary receptacle for sensation and memory, hard facts now and then shifting the balance to visceral impressions and off-the-cuff (oftentimes, off-the-wall) philosophy. To call upon Dr. Johnson's phrase, *Dispatches* was "an irregular, undigested piece." Or to borrow a word from the French in referring to the form later perfected by the English, Herr's book was, quite frankly, an essay.

That the term *essay* should evoke any negative connotations is probably a factor of our early classroom experience with a stuffy set of notions that link formality to style and set a premium on bloodless analysis and objectivity. While these principles might apply in an odd way to Montaigne and Francis Bacon, it must be remembered that the congenial essay has always been one of our most personal, eccentric, and adaptable forms. "One damn thing after another," Aldous Huxley called it, "but in a sequence that in some miraculous way develops a central theme and relates it to the rest of human experience." In fact, in the annals of world literature, the unrestrained essayist (*essai*: attempt, trial, experiment) has always kept courage and often dangerous company: Plato, Cicero, Carlyle, Swift, Twain, and scores of others who have helped forge our appreciation for clear thought and fresh language. Today the accomplishments of the modern essayist are no less important, and certainly no less varied and appealing.

**The Newspaper Connection**

Journalism has always been the first and best refuge of the es-



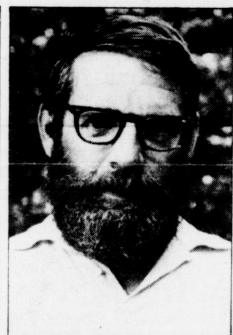
sayist. Since the early 18th century when Joseph Addison and Richard Steele first put together the *Tatler*—a thrice-weekly newspaper designed to elevate the moral and intellectual faculties of England's budding middle class—the essayist has enjoyed constant if somewhat ambiguous employment as a member of the working press. Plying his trade under a variety of guises that have ranged from the timeless street scenes of Dickens' *Sketches by Boz* to the out-and-out polemics of H.L. Mencken, the essayist has approached the inherent conflicting interests of his craft with a full larder of whimsical irony. Immersed in the wage-earning and ephemeral world of four-alarm fires and political intrigue, the true essayist has had to continually suppress or blunt what E.B. White calls "the childish belief that everything he thinks about, everything that happens to him, is of general interest."

Sometimes, as in the case of Janet Flanner, this urge to self-censorship makes for a rather opaque style of revelation. Writing for a half-century under the pen-name of "Genet" for *The New Yorker*, Flanner generally focused her discriminating eye upon the social and artistic elite of Europe. Her work often recalls the advocacy for taste and manners so prominent in the pioneering efforts of Addison and Steele; at other times, Flanner inserts herself neatly into the turmoil of the age, observing a bankrupt Berlin of 1931 or reflecting upon the fate of Warsaw some time after the ghetto uprising. But whether she writes about manners or history, Flanner always manages to construct her point of view in a most effectively self-effacing manner, her own personality hiding watchfully beneath the subtle implications of her prose.

**FOUR  
 MODERN  
 ESSAYISTS**

Clockwise from left:  
**JOAN DIDION**  
*The White Album*  
 (Simon & Schuster)  
**JOHN MCPHEE**  
*The John McPhee Reader*  
 (Random House)  
*Giving Good Weight*  
 (Farrar Straus Giroux)  
**JANET FLANNER**  
*Janet Flanner's World*  
 (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich)  
**EDWARD HOAGLAND**  
*The Edward Hoagland Reader*  
 (Random House)

Not so, of course, for America's foremost contemporary reporter-turned-essayist, Joan Didion. When Didion undertakes a character profile—her piece on James Pike, the Episcopalian Bishop of California, for example—she doesn't begin with the subject, his family, philosophy, or even a recitation of his favorite food (as did Janet Flanner in a 1936 profile of Adolf Hitler). Rather, Didion begins the piece with a word about her own recollection of Pike's church, and then characteristically proceeds to lace the narrative with what she calls elsewhere, "always, transparently, shamelessly, the implacable I." "The greatest study of Mann is Mann" wrote Janet Flanner in a profile of the Nobel Prize-winning German novelist, and likewise, we may note that an equivalent scheme of interests exists for Joan Didion. As a reporter, she tells us, she is not really interested in issues, but in the "alchemy of issues." And what this seems to mean is that every character, every subject, from Linda Kasabian to shopping malls, must at some point brush up against the author and receive its illuminating charge from the quality of that contact. This is, of course, self-indulgence led to an often abraded extreme. But on the other hand, self-indulgence, coupled with wit, passion, and intelligence, has always been the touchstone of the successful essayist. "Only a person who is congenitally self-centered has the effrontery and stamina to write essays" advised E.B. White. Didion's collected pieces in *The White Album* and *Slouching Towards Bethlehem* frankly do not purport to be objective social history, and we would be missing the point to regard them as such. Rather, we read these meditations upon Bogotá and Malibu, John Wayne and Charles Manson to learn how an acutely sensitive and articulate individual managed to harrow the age. Subjectivity is the point in full.



**A Strong, High Voice**

Didion is often praised for her fine, precise language, her strong voice speaking in contrast to a physical presence which is, as she tells us, "small," "neurotically unobtrusive," and "neurotically inarticulate." In other words, she has had to fight for her language, and each stonewall line marks some small victory. Edward Hoagland is another essayist who has earned his style through adversity. A novelist of modest reputation before turning to the essay (*Cat Man* in 1956 and *The Circle Home* in 1960), Hoagland has spent much of his childhood and adult life as a stutterer. ("Being in these vocal handcuffs made me a devoted writer at twenty I worked like a dog, choosing each word.") Hoagland's style is consonant with the idea that the essay is a variety of "conversational writing." Unshackled, Hoagland converses recklessly, wildly, an abundance of critical detail and blinding enthusiasm fueling his abrupt transitions from present to past, subject to self, city to countryside. As Hoagland charges about from topic to reflection to stylistic glissando, we find, as observed critic Geoffrey Wolff, that "it is impossible to know (but easy to feel) what the essay is about." Hoagland, ablaze in a trail of Pickwickian serendipity, is the sympathetic purveyor of black bears, red wolves, and city rats; he records the folk lore of early settlers in British Columbia and Vermont and the survivalist point of view from New York City; he journeys to the Sudan, collecting all manner of stories and "hemorrhaging with loneliness" in a village "so poor that its people could have spent ten years living on the air fare itself." In the course of these travels, Hoagland selects generously from observations and imagination and supports the disparate elements of his experience with an iron brace of determined optimism.



**In Town & Country**

Hoagland is hardly the first observer of animals and lairs to balance between the rough call of the woods and the concentrated frenzy of big city living. Since Thoreau, the American essayist has been torn by the happy agony of deciding whether to leave the city for the country, and upon leaving, when to return. Nowadays the tension of two homes is stock-in-trade for the essayist, though few display the pertinacious ease and delight with acquired folkways that distinguish both Hoagland and his counterpart, John McPhee.

As a staff writer for *The New Yorker*, McPhee has straddled two worlds in scores of articles and more than a dozen books. Best known for his non-fiction study of Alaska, *Coming into the Country*, McPhee has also tangled with long, discursive pieces about the higher levels of tennis, the craft of bark canoe builders, missing links in the technology of nuclear waste disposal. McPhee is an adventurer of information, a stickler for the facts. He has written a book about oranges, a most studious and exacting survey that would do justice to Montaigne in its recognition of fundamental cravings. Typically, McPhee works from the sidelines, bending his style to any angle or knot that might suit his subject: in one piece, the raging differences between conservationists and the Federal government are tightly defined when McPhee boards a rubber raft headed down the Colorado along with Friends of the Earth founder Dave Brower and the U.S. Commissioner of Reclamation. "Come on now, Dave, be honest" (the Commissioner) said. "From a conservationist's point of view, what is the best source of electric power? 'Flashlight batteries,' Brower said."

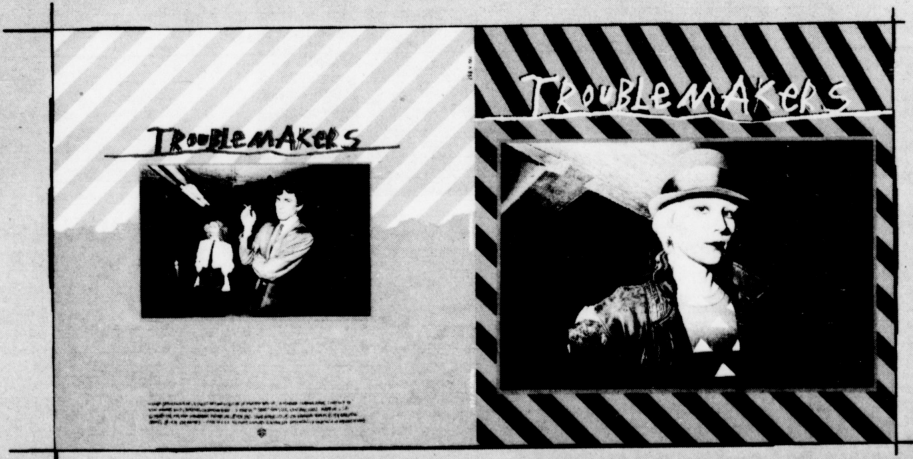
A peripatetic and speciest of sorts, McPhee—like his cohorts—must feel somewhat cheered now that many private concerns have risen to the general interest, and the essay once again enjoys a reasonably wide and diverse circulation. As for success and riches, the lot of the essayist has probably been most realistically defined, once again, by E.B. White. "A writer who has his sights trained on the Nobel Prize or other earthly triumphs had best write a novel, a poem, or a play," assures White, "and leave the essayist to ramble about, content with living a free life and enjoying the satisfactions of a somewhat undisciplined existence." ☞



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# The Tom Waits Cross-Country Marathon Interview

## (Over the Finish Line with Francis Coppola)

BY STEPHEN X. REA

**L**OS ANGELES  
OCTOBER 5, 1979

Tom Waits' black '64 Thunderbird is parked in a used car lot, up against a graffiti-covered wall. That is, one *imagines* the T-Bird is black. Caked with an impenetrable layer of L.A. dirt, the broad-flanked sedan could be charreuse for all anyone can tell. Inside floats a clutter of unmailed bills, unopened letters, wadded-up Kleenex, a portable AM radio (antenna broken), a cardboard box full of old, yellowing T-shirts, and a paperback wedged in the crevice where windshield meets dashboard. Its title, *Invasions My Privacy*, is fading fast in the sun. The auto's left rear fender sports an elaborate decal — *Blue Valentine* — the very same left rear fender emblazoned on the cover of Waits' thusly titled 1978 album. As Waits comments later, sitting in manager Herb Cohen's cloistered offices, "I couldn't afford a billboard, so I wrote it on the car."

"Blue Valentine" has been gathering dust in the unopened car lot every afternoon for three weeks in October '79, while inside the faceless, uninviting brick and concrete complex Tom Waits — beatnik balladeer, jazz journeyman (the ad might read: "*Have gravely voice. Will stand up and sing.*") — has been readying his band for a tour that will take them across the country and through Christmas, visiting theaters and small halls. "I don't play many beer bars any more," Waits explains. "I used to play exclusively toilets, that's all I wanted to play. But the thing is, you play toilets too long and you start gettin' a little on you."

This time, Waits is stepping out with a new bunch of musicians, including among its ranks guitarist Terry Evans, late of many a Little Richard and Ray Charles revue. Waits discovered Evans playing in the dimly lit recesses of a Ventura motel bar. "Times are tough," Waits mumbles knowingly.

In spring of '79, Waits had commenced work on a record tentatively titled *White Spades*, but he got distracted, caught up in some other things. "I ended up changing the title to *Heart Attack and Vine*, and that's what I'm working on now. I'd say the sound's a little more rhythm & blues. Got a song called 'Drinkin' Whiskey in Church,' one called 'Breakfast in Jail,' another called 'Whose Sportcoat Is That?' Another, 'Pomona Lisa.' A lot of it I'm going to break in on the road."

For someone with the demeanor of an itinerant bum, the slouchy ambience of some Kerouac nomad, Waits has immersed himself in a demanding swarm of projects, committing his time and talents to a busy horde of movers and shakers. Apart from his current fall/winter tour and the *Heart Attack and Vine* LP (to be recorded with producer Bones



Howe in early January), several motion picture forays are under way. One is a script co-written with writer/actor Paul Hampton called *Why Is the Dream So Much Sweeter Than the Taste?* "It's about a used car dealer in Southern California," he says, by way of explanation. Waits has already appeared on screen, as the inebriated, slovenly barroom pianist Mumbles in Sylvester Stallone's *Paradise Alley* (unfortunately much of Waits' portrayal ended up on the cutting room floor). And, like a lot of pop music figures nowadays, Waits is open to starring in another venture for the silver screen, though he disdains being typecast. "The thing is, once you get any kind of image — I've gotten

**"I'll take a white girl about five-two with big tits & bad teeth."**

countless calls to play a drunk Irish piano player which is, like, not very challenging. I'd much prefer to play an axe murderer."

Waits also spent a good portion of 1979 holed up in a Paris loft, collaborating with artist Guy Peellaert (*Rock Dreams*) on a book of portraits of American heroes, to which Waits has contributed the text. "You know, people like Marlene Dietrich, Mohammad Ali, Meyer Lansky, Pearl Bailey, Jimmy Durante, Adam Clayton Powell."

Why is he pushing himself so hard? Waits' every waking hour (beginning around noon) is devoted to his music, a book, a movie idea.



"There's a certain reward," he says. "A very personal reward from all this. But I don't know, sometimes I just want to disappear. *Poof!* Excuse me while I disappear." Deadlines, schedules, obligations, responsibilities. Sometimes the work just kinda *drills*. But then something comes along and *boom boom* — everything's okay. So what are you going to do? Marry the girl or pay her off?"

Tom Waits doesn't dwell on the lofty mega-platinum pinnacle of success enjoyed by groups like the Eagles and Fleetwood Mac, or by solo artists like Jackson Browne, but his albums and his frequent tours (on last year's, each performance was opened by a Waits-auditioned local stripper) have sold consistently well. His songs *have* been covered by several million-selling artists (including the Eagles), which means that Waits has been on the receiving end of a few fat royalty checks. A self-described follower of "life on a beer budget," one can't help but wonder what Waits must have done with his extra cash. He answers: "My name is Morgan, but it ain't J.P., if you receive my meaning."

This past fall, rumors circled the Hollywood hot air mills purporting that Waits had returned from France a changed man. One story went so far as to suggest he had shed his thrift shop threads for Giorgio Armani suits and a clean-shaven, manicured Continental *boute couture*. Sitting in one of Herb Cohen's small offices and backdropped by a fountain and Spanish courtyard, Waits needn't have inquired "Giorgio *who?*" to debunk that fiction. One look was enough: pointed black shoes (leather cracked), tight, wrinkled straight black pants, a haphazardly-buttoned off-white white shirt, his goatee more *under* his chin than on it, and wavy brown hair juttied high on top, seemingly propped upright by a pair of oversized sideburns.

**S**ALINA, KANSAS  
DECEMBER 7, 1979

En route to Kansas City from Denver, on the last leg of his year-end tour, the one-time pizza maker from suburban San Diego celebrates his thirtieth birthday. It's Pearl Harbor Day in this wintry, flat midwestern town.

Though he rolls his eyes and clears his throat in mock despair, Waits insists that the Big Three-O is nothing to sweat over. "The big ages are sixteen, thirty-three-and-a-third, forty-five and seventy-eight," he laughs. "Turning thirty — everybody thinks about it, I guess. But it don't bother me, I feel pretty healthy." At which point Waits lets loose a painful succession of coughs, a peal of mucus swirling in the lungs.

And speaking of lungs, Tom Waits, the man who couldn't make a gesture on stage — let alone tell a story — without holding or toking on a Lucky Strike, has given up smoking. "It's a whole other world for me. I just didn't feel good, I felt like I was caving in inside. I couldn't walk two blocks without coughing and wheezing and out of breath, so I said, 'What am I doing killing myself? I don't want to live hard, die young and have a beautiful corpse. I really don't.'"

What about his much ballyhooed bouts with a bottle of Four Roses? "I ration myself. You know, it's good to discipline yourself in this area. As I turn the corner on thirty I'm fastly becoming concerned about personal hygiene. Drinkin' and smokin' and smokin' and drinkin' started slowing me down. One of these days I'll want to have a family, I've gotta think about that."

Tom Waits married? Settled into a nice suburban split-level? Little Toms and Tomasinas on the rug? "Sure. I'd like to have about seven

of 'em." But Waits' idyllic homelife is still far off; he has yet to stumble starry-eyed upon Mrs. Right, though he's looking. "I'll take a white girl," he gleams, "about five-two with big tits and bad teeth."

Waits' pursuit of a happy homelife and a woman he can call wife squelches a year of talk about his much-publicized relationship with Rickie Lee Jones. Publications from *People* to *Rolling Stone* touted Waits and songstress Jones as an "item," with the British rock mag *Melody Maker* going so far as to call their marriage "imminent." Though Waits and Jones are undeniably close and inhabit a collective world of old cars, stale bars and life's generally seamy underside, sharing a coterie of self-styled low-lifers, whatever romantic interlude the two enjoyed seems to have waned. Rickie Lee Jones was the one subject Waits was intent on not discussing.

## HOLLYWOOD DECEMBER 31, 1979

Tom Waits is standing by the door of a rented, run-down hall eliciting toothy smiles from short white girls with big tits. It's New Year's Eve at "Mambo Beat '80," a bizarre multi-media "happening" in the heart of Hollywood. Various comedy acts (including a pair of blind Lebanese tourists) and an awful cover band known as Sal Mimeo & the Duplicators keep the three hundred partygoers hopping until midnight. Then veteran R&B performer Roy Brown takes the stage with his group of crusty black musicians. Waits moves from the entrance way to the dance floor. This is what he came to hear. Roy Brown's sax player, Lee Allen, used to play with Fats Domino — one of Waits' heroes.

It is on this eventful night, at the turn of a

new decade, that Waits makes a New Year's resolution: "I told myself that I was going to leave Los Angeles and move to New York."

The signs of restlessness were there. After returning from the road, Waits moved out of his long-time abode at the Tropicana Motel, now the stopover spot for spiky-haired English punk bands. Waits exited the place after one too many magazine articles had mentioned his residence there, resulting in one too many adoring fans knocking on his door at four in the morning. He moved to an apartment on Crenshaw Boulevard. Then to a house in Silver Lake. From there he slept in a series of seedy motels until the day he headed for the Big Apple.

## NEW YORK CITY JANUARY 28, 1980

"I grew up in Los Angeles and I just needed a new urban landscape," Waits explains, sprawled on an unmade bed in his room at the Chelsea Hotel on West 23rd Street. "I've always wanted to live here. It's a good working atmosphere for me. So I packed up three suitcases and took off. Once I get located I'll go back to L.A. and get the rest of my stuff."

With his move from the Southland to the concrete terrain of Manhattan, Waits is looking to infuse some new blood into his life. No more 2 A.M. cruises down Santa Monica Blvd. with his pals. No more late breakfasts at Duke's. Tom Waits will be jostling with commuters on the crosstown bus or riding the subway late at night, exploring the dark underbelly of another kind of town.

And what about the Thunderbird, "Blue Valentine?"

"I'm lookin' to sell it," Waits grins. "Know anyone who's interested?"

## HOLLYWOOD JULY 28, 1980

Not so fast.

In late March, Waits hands back his room key, moves out of the Chelsea and into an apartment a few blocks away. Then, out of the blue, a telephone call from filmmaker Francis Ford Coppola: he's in town and wants to discuss a movie. "We had a brief conversation about a nebulous project called *One from the Heart*," recounts Waits. "At that time the idea was a little half-baked. Now, it's starting to materialize."

Materialize, indeed. Tom Waits is back in Los Angeles, fixed up in an office on the old Hollywood General lot — now known as Omni Zoetrope Studio and owned by Coppola. The walls in Waits' suite are made of old mahogany. A Yamaha grand piano fills half of one of the rooms. An elaborate tape deck shares a coffee table with magazines, cassettes and scripts. "There's a David Niven feel to the room which I rather enjoy," he says, his eyes scanning the rich wainscoting.

Waits sits there looking almost normal, his face just about clean shaven — sideburns gone, a long, narrow goatee neatly trailing from his lower lip. His hair, showing its first sign of gray, is less unruly. At thirty-and-a-half, he appears to be in disarming good health and spirits. "I'm very confident right now. I couldn't be in better shape. Everything's going very well."

And "everything" these days is *One from the Heart*. A romantic comedy/musical set in Las Vegas over one Fourth of July weekend, the picture stars Frederic Forrest, Teri Garr and Natassia Kinski, and will be directed by Coppola. "What's unusual is that most of the music will have been written before they shoot," he explains. "So I'm working closely with Francis on the story and on the de-

velopment of the songs. It's a bastard musical in a way, not in the tradition of Dan Dailey and *The Music Man*."

Knee-deep in sheet music and charts, and surrounded by cinema heavyweights, Waits can't envision returning to his self-imposed exile in New York. "It's impossible now. *One from the Heart* is going to keep me a love slave till February."

So much for new urban landscapes. Has he abandoned all resolve and returned to his digs at the Tropicana? "No, I was staying in another motel — a little Vietnam. I've found another apartment now."

What about "Blue Valentine?" "She went out one night without me and got in a fatal accident," he murmurs. "Luckily, no one was hurt." Instead, befitting his new line of work, Waits rolls down the boulevards in the safe anonymity of a rented sky-blue Monte Carlo.

As for *Heart Attack and Vine*, the songwriter did manage to shape up a few numbers while he was living in Manhattan. And he managed, in late April, while negotiations were still underway between his manager and Coppola, to record the LP at the RCA studios on Ivar, with long-time producer Bones Howe. "Pomona Lisa" didn't make it to his seventh album, but tracks like "Ruby's Arms," "Jersey Girl" and "Till the Money Runs Out" did. And another song — "Downtown." A Waits' original or the Petula Clark classic?

"No. It's a long drive from Petula Clark's," he grins. And then sitting by the piano and plunking the ivories absently, his eyes look up. "Actually, I've been thinking about putting out an album called *My Favorites*. And instead of my cover versions of those tunes, it would just be an album of the actual cuts. Just songs that I enjoy and [in TV commercial voice] you can enjoy the same ones that I enjoy, but you'll know that those specifically are the ones that I like."

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# THE UNKNOWN COMIC

## Brown-Bagging It To Success

BY BILL BRAUNSTEIN

**M**elissa Manchester had just finished her first song on opening night of a week-long engagement at the Diplomat Hotel's Cafe Cristal in Hollywood, Fla., when she walked across the stage and spotted a broken clear plastic cup.

It had been left by Manchester's opening act, the Unknown Comic, Murray Langston, a man who has taken a simple brown bag and filled it with a career. Before leaving the stage, Langston, whose bizarre brand of comedy was too wild, too earthy and too intense for this tie-and-tux crowd, had made one last attempt at a joke. Holding the glass high, he shattered it in his hand. "Is it live," he chortled, satirizing Manchester's TV commercials, "or is it Memorex?" Having elicited nothing more than a few titters, Langston must have wondered the same thing about the crowd.

Now, some ten minutes later, the broken cup is getting the biggest laugh of the night — for Manchester. Looking at the plastic, she shrugs and tosses it over her shoulder. "Has Murray been drinking again?" The audience, a mob partial to Manchester, finally laughs at the comedian.

Langston, downstairs in his dressing room, is oblivious to the joke. In fact, he is drinking. He and his two-piece back-up band, the Brown Baggers, are passing around bottles of Heineken.

But they are celebrating more than just another opening night; the gig at the Diplomat is Langston's first appearance on the East Coast.

After a start seven years ago on *Laugh-In*, a regular stint on *The Sonny and Cher Show*, both as comic actor Murray Langston, and 130 bagged appearances on *The Gong Show*, the Unknown Comic is on the verge of becoming known. The bag-headed comedian has been offered the lead role, without the bag, in a television pilot called *Scared Stiff*, about a bumbling private detective. He is also close to doing a syndicated half-hour variety show that would star the Unknown Comic, with the bag.

Langston's dressing room at the Diplomat is small but comfortable with one large mirror taking up an entire wall. A large black trunk, the kind you took to sleep-away camp, sits open on the dresser, his name in bold letters painted on the front. Inside is an assortment of paper bags, large ones, small ones ("Pictures of me as a child"), some with faces drawn on, and some clothes. The two musicians sit on stools as Langston washes and takes off his sweat-drenched shirt.

"There were a lot of logistic problems out there tonight," he says talking about Manchester's confining stage. "And the crowd, the crowd was, uh, very mellow."

The comedian pulls a clean tan knit shirt over his head, looks in the mirror, rearranges his hair. He has a slight, muscular build, a strong chin and a brown mustache that makes him resemble Sonny Bono. "Half the people seemed confused, not knowing whether to laugh or not. I imagine the older folks came in here, took one look at me and said, 'What the heck is that guy doing?'"

It's a question not easily answered. On stage, Langston is a hysterically funny bagged bundle of raw adrenalin, frantically moving from one side of the stage to another, arms zigzagging in all directions like erratic thunderbolts. On top of his head is a simple brown bag, two holes for eyes, one for a mouth. The patter is a never-ending, nonstop swirl of deliberately bad one-liners.

"Good evening ladies and gentleman, this is my bag, you can take it or leave it... I just flew in from Los Angeles and got air sick. Trouble was, nobody noticed... Can you guess where I buy my clothes? Sacks Fifth Avenue... I used to wear a vacuum cleaner bag, but that sucked... And now for a song. 'He ain't heavy, he's my baggie...'"

He runs around the stage, bangs his head with the microphone, pours beer down his shirt, eats a napkin, and generally goes crazy, punctuating each line with a shrill quick laugh, reminiscent of ventriloquist Paul Winchell's dummy Knucklehead.

About halfway through the act, Langston removes the bag to perform as himself. His first words are meant as a joke, but more than the comedian's face is revealed. "I can't believe," he tells the audience, "that you bought all that bag crap."

Much of the nation has. After his first appearance on *The Gong Show* about three years ago, Langston, unemployed and broke, started a mini-national phenomenon with his

bagged buffoonery. Imitators galore popped up: an Unknown Disc Jockey, an Unknown Used Car Salesman, a University of Georgia student who ran for class president (and won) as the Unknown Candidate.

In the dressing room, a musician asks Langston to autograph a poster for a friend. The poster is the Unknown Comic's ultimate bag joke. Striking a reclining pose in the nude, Langston wears two bags; one as usual covers his head, the other is positioned a bit more strategically. What makes the picture ludicrous is the bag's size: it looks like it could hold a salami.

"There you go," says Langston. "I hope she likes it."

A few days later, Langston sits in the hotel restaurant eating breakfast, two pieces of whole wheat toast, and downing large swallows of coffee, truly an unknown comic. When he tries to charge the meal to his room, the waitress asks him to prove he is a hotel guest. Two tables down, some other people recognize him and wave.

Langston, 34, came to the United States 15 years ago from Canada and joined the service. The only thing close to stage experience was a radio show he had while in the Navy, "Musical Murray's Murray-Go-Round of Music." After a four-year hitch in the Navy aboard an aircraft carrier that stayed in Europe, Langston moved to Los Angeles where he eventually landed a job as a computer operator. After four years of punching cards, he was ready to expand his horizons.

"I called up Rowan and Martin's *Laugh-In*, asked to speak to the producer and said I wanted to be on the show. He asked me what I did, so I told him I could do an impression of a fork. He said come on down."

As beautiful downtown Burbank's greatest impressionist, he appeared four times on *Laugh-In* during its last season in 1973, doing such classics as his fork, a grandfather clock and toothpaste. He was promptly fired from his computer job. "From then on," he remembers, "I was a typical Hollywood story. I didn't work for a year and a half."

Slowly, though, Langston managed to find work as a comic actor, appearing regularly in skits at Redd Foxx's Club and as a regular on *The Sonny and Cher Show*. When the show was retired, Langston, who had been pocketing about \$1,500 a week, decided to call it quits too. He dropped out of performing for about a year and a half to open and manage his own Los Angeles nightclub, Showbiz.

"It was interesting for a while, and something I always wanted to do. Then when I realized I had to change the toilet paper and buy all the booze, I grew tired of it in a hurry." In 1977, nearly broke, he ditched the club. Enter the Unknown Comic.

"I was in the actor's union and I knew if I could get on *The Gong Show* I could earn the \$250 fee they are required to pay. My inspiration was simply money and embarrassment. I needed the cash, but was too embarrassed to appear as a contestant, so I figured the simplest and cheapest disguise would be a paper bag.

Langston was what is called a "Curtain Closer," a person who did something utterly ridiculous or insulted host Chuck Barris right before the curtains were closed on him. When Barris asked him to be a semi-regular on the show that features irregulars, no one was more surprised than Langston. "I never expected to be on more than once."

He started taking the Unknown Comic act to different clubs around Los Angeles, which led to other jobs such as a character on *The Hudson Brothers Razzle Dazzle Show*, aimed

at the Saturday morning kiddies, and a syndicated variety/talk show called *Everyday*. Though he hasn't yet taken the bag off during his television appearances, he finds that in lengthier live performances he must. "The bag thing is really just one joke stretched out. After about 15 minutes it starts to get old," he says. "Plus I also start to suffocate."

He rises from the coffee shop table and starts to walk. "I'll tell you one thing that's really strange. I can go into a restaurant or sit down somewhere and overhear people talking about the Unknown Comic. Once, I asked two girls what they thought of him and they said he was awful. Naturally I agreed. Another time people were talking about him and I introduced myself and said I was the Unknown Comic. They said, 'Sure buddy.' They didn't believe me."

Langston reacts to those situations the way you would expect: he laughs them off. Comedy is his bag and the bag is his comedy and as his alter ego might put it, sack-cess is just around the corner. "Let's face it," he says, "right now people are coming to see the Unknown Comic and not Murray Langston, but that should change soon." Then, having given his prediction, Murray Langston walks up a flight of stairs, across the long hotel lobby and seems to disappear in the crowd. &

Bill Braunstein is a Gainesville, Florida freelance writer who seeks fame and fortune through any legal means, be aspires to be a talk show guest.



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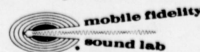
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# IN PRINT

## Blondie

LESTER BANGS  
Simon & Schuster, \$6.95

If zombie movies (George Romero's, anyway) can criticize consumer society and comic strips (such as Richard Appignanesi's) can be consciousness-raising, it's only right that a rock group fan book can be a meditation on the health of Western culture — such as Lester Bangs's *Blondie*. This is not to say that Bangs's text refuses to provide the standard reader-gratifying bits that go with the genre. It still lets us know why Debbie Harry has such visible dark roots — not through incompetence, certainly — and how she suddenly showed up in Gloria Vanderbilt's jeans commercials, looking a good deal less mock-trashy than was her wont. There is the uneliminable abundant supply of photographs of the group, showing band members in varying degrees of slovenliness and sophistication, or both at once.

What's unexpected in all this is Bangs's literate plea for a return to unfettered displays of "passion" in music and in art in general. Irony, self-mockery, cool, distancing and so forth, for Bangs, are too much with us these days. Diffused throughout our culture, they tend to neutralize any urge to emit a cry out of the depths unless it is quickly followed by a wisecrack. We're "ending up buried... dotting on art that is emotionally neutral."

I must admit I wasn't won over by Bangs's particular argument on this occasion, since I have a liking (a passion?) for self-conscious, playfully ironic art and not firmly jelled opinions concerning *Blondie*. What attracts me is Bangs's effort to salvage a form of writing right out of the boggiest garbage waters of mass culture and turn it into a vehicle of cultural criticism. The revitalization of the more stagnant bits of slob culture may be an unreachable Utopia, but Bangs is making a good quest for it. If he can do this much for the rock fan biography what passion might he not infuse into that unread classic of mass distributed writing, the *Undergraduate Catalogue*? The 1980 U.S. Census Form? To the overexcitable mind, *Blondie* suggests a world where the most mechanized and formulaic forms of writing somehow leave room for intrusions of wit and wildness.

Naomi Lindstrom

## No One Here Gets

### Out Alive

JERRY HOPKINS & DANIEL SUGERMAN  
Warner Books, \$7.95

A biography of the Doors' Jim Morrison should make a fascinating book because the charismatic, mediagenic Sixties superstar offers such seemingly rich possibilities. But Hopkins and Sugerman provide a sketchy, superficial study that merely reinforces the myths surrounding Morrison without shedding new light on the man behind them.

A chronological collection of anecdotes heavy on the sex, drugs and out-rageous behavior, *No One Here* details Morrison's pre-Doors years, some un-

surprising facts about the band's rise to stardom and the startling revelation that Morrison could be both an insensitive lout and a real regular Joe.

The lout wins out by about a 3-to-1 margin; presumably the willingness to acknowledge Morrison's unflattering qualities is the authors' chief claim to objectivity, given their close personal ties to the man: Hopkins — who interviewed Morrison several times for *Rolling Stone* — wrote a biography of Elvis Presley after Morrison suggested it; Sugerman is the real-life Denny Sullivan, the 13-year-old kid in the book who fulfills his ultimate fantasy by rising from fan to confidant.

The writing, occasional lyrical analysis and attempts to place the band in a larger social context will hardly tax readers' brain cells. Time and again Hopkins-Sugerman reach conclusions that strain the bounds of credulity. To wit — at the 1969 Miami concert that resulted in his indecent exposure bust, Morrison purportedly wore baggy boxer shorts under his leather stage pants in order to perpetrate a Living Theater-inspired challenge of public norms.

Now how the hell could he fit boxer shorts beneath skin-tight leathers without looking like a fool, or hope to dramatically strip the pants off without taking the shorts with them or wriggling around like an idiot for five minutes? Can you even conceive of Jim Morrison going onstage wearing boxers? Gimme a break.

Don Snowden

## Bob Dylan: His

### Unreleased Recordings

PAUL CABLE  
Schirmer Books, \$5.95

Any rock historian, or anyone who just likes to know where everything is, will appreciate this comprehensive compilation of every scrap of Bob Dylan music ever put — unofficially — on tape. While Cable mentions other similar studies, like Greil Marcus' lengthy article in *Rolling Stone* a few years back, Cable has done his own research. It's extensive.

The book is arranged in chronological order, cross-indexed. It's easy to find the information we want, and except for one obvious omission — not telling us how to purchase these illegal recordings — the book has more details about Dylan's musical life than most of us wanted to know. Cable has even included song fragments

snatched from old radio shows or all-night jam sessions in friends' cellars.

The major drawback inherent in this kind of study is that we have to take the writer's word for the quality of the recordings and the songs. This has always been one of the most frustrating aspects of film criticism, when some writer would dig up an esoteric Jean Renoir film and label it a masterpiece. Who could argue? Who else had ever seen it?

Bob Dylan, *His Unreleased Recordings* is a valuable guide to knowing what the man has written, even when he didn't particularly want us to know. I only wish Cable had printed the lyrics to these unofficial songs, but perhaps that would have taken several volumes instead of just one.

Jacoba Atlas

## Jazz Lives

MICHAEL ULLMAN  
New Republic, \$9.95

Unlike Whitney Balliet's *New Yorker* collections, Ullman's *Jazz Lives* doesn't rely on seductive prose descriptions. Objective in dealing with musical genres, Ullman's eclectic tastes make for an interesting set of musicians: Joe Venuti, Dizzy Gillespie, Sam Rivers, Charles Mingus, Earl Hines, Neal Hefti, Rahsaan Roland Kirk, Marian McPartland, Anthony Braxton and others.

The basic format is that of the autobiographic interview with factual information and interpretation from Ullman. He is equally at home with a traditionalist like Tommy Flanagan or a modernist like Braxton. Flanagan's broad and diverse career is well-documented for the first time and Braxton's complex and oblique music is made accessible to the layman. The piece on Sonny Rollins is masterful in its understanding, but the Mingus chapter is perfunctory and uninspired.

One of the book's chief assets is the fleshing out of lesser-known (but important) musicians like Doc Cheatham, Ray Mantilla and Ken McIntyre, as well as the profiles of nonmusicians. Few jazzfans know of attorney Maxwell Cohen who successfully abolished New York's infamous cabaret card law, making it possible for many musicians to earn a living. Record producers Steve Backer (Arista) and John Snyder (Artist's House) offer widely differing views on the role of the producer in jazz.

There are a few misspellings of names and titles and some misin-

formed analyses, but on the whole Ullman has written a discerning group of 21 essays that accurately reflects the spectrum of the current "jazz renaissance."

Kirk Sitsbee

## Wonders

KAREN SNOW  
Penguin paperback \$6.95, Viking hard-cover \$11.95

Poetry can be a better story-teller than prose: its author can build scenes and characters out of particles, punctuation and the rhythmic clank of words rather than from rock-like blocks of paragraphs stacked into serial rows of columns; the reader's view of processes, essential population and events is thus made quicker, brighter and more elemental. The tale's pace accelerates — but somehow, magically, without a concurrent blurring of detail. Clumps of words shape into heraldic devices, as it were, speaking volumes about history and future chances; the irregular spaces at the ends of lines can be made to go on forever.

Snow's *Wonders* is, in this manner, an astonishingly rich anthology of (figuratively) novellas and short stories. (The work, incidentally, won the 1978 Walt Whitman Award given by the Academy of American Poets.) Show's narrative gift is great; her evocations of childhood, girlhood, her snarls of later life, are smoldering with atmosphere, full of burningly believable characterizations. The subject is Willo (short for Wilhelmina, and also very likely short for someone who will not break, and maybe also for the Shakespearean symbol of love turned mad, as in the song *Desdemona's* maid died singing "... dainty blonde/with lullabye-voice and rock-a-bye-walk"). The subject is also Willo's nightmare Dutch-uncle of a mother, her skittish prowls around the edges of sex and love, her marriage in "sugar-water," her life with family and all-too-visual ghosts of family.

Snow jumps into her subjects fearlessly, wades through them without tall boots; we are suddenly in that Model-T, in that living room. Here elegance and intensity of language in some places are reminiscent of James Merrill's "Days of..." poems; her slangy, jagged domestic portraits recall the best of Grace Paley. Snow has written another work about Willo, a novel bearing her name; however good it might be, it is difficult to imagine that it could add any more than glosses to the Willo's tale told by these poems.

Colman Andrews

## Ah, Men

BURT AVEDON, AGW, \$10.95

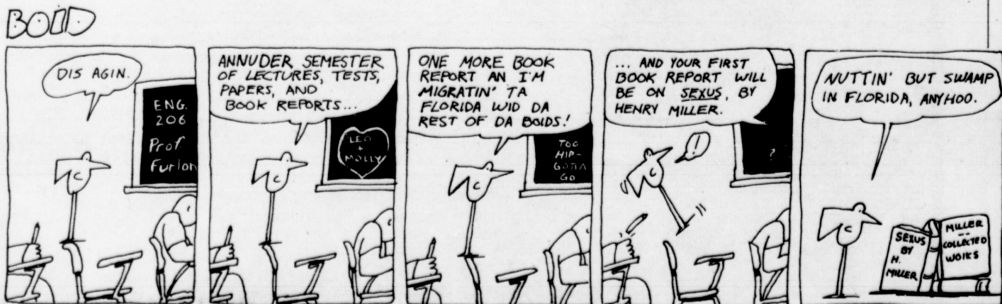
## An Unmarried Man

DARRYL PONICAN, Delacorte, \$9.95

That men (and women, too, naturally) are products of their environment is a fact we should all know by now, but Burt Avedon's *Ah, Men!* goes into pedantic detail on the subject, using a few of his own thoughts but mostly those of a rather notable group, including Ashley Montagu, Helen Gurley Brown, Sterling Hayden, Gore Vidal, Michael Korda, George Plimpton, et al., in this dry, humorless tome. There are chapters on Growing Up, Work, Goals and Sex, and the quotes run from the noble (Plimpton: "I went to an English school in New York where we were taught that the good life was not simply a question of winning, but rather of doing the best you can — and to learn to have fun, and compassion, and be gentlemanly about losing.") to the ludicrous (Korda: "... That is the nature of the Human Animal, right? I mean your own father, if he could find a way of cheating you in business, probably would... That's the way people are. I don't think you can beat that."). Dull as it is, *Ah, Men!* is admittedly informative, especially in the area of men's attitudes toward relationships.

One man's attitude is explored in Ponican's novel *An Unmarried Man*. Ben Pleasants, a woodcarver who has a smidgen of fame due to his profile in *People* magazine, jilts his wife because he wants to really fall in love at least once before he dies. So he moves out on spouse and daughter, 8, and, sure enough, Lurpe, the woman he's been waiting for, conveniently moves into the apartment over his new abode. This infuriates his ex-wife, who then demands almost everything they've owned, down to his last unworked hunk of wood, which he fashions into a copy of his phallus before he surrenders it to her. The book's few strengths (the father-daughter conversations are well handled, the scenes with the divorce lawyers are vivid) are undermined by the seemingly endless barrage of clichéd dialogue and boringly explicit sexuality with none of the grit of Ponican's earlier work like *Cinderella Liberty* and *The Last Detail*. In the end, *Unmarried* is tiresome, and worse, unimportant.

Zan Stewart



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## ON DISC

THE ROLLING STONES  
Emotional Rescue

(Rolling Stones) Whether one views the Stones as the reigning deities of rock & roll incarnate or as faded heroes who've been coasting on past glories since, oh, *Exile on Main Street*, *Some Girls* proved there were still some excellent songs and killer riffs rattling around in the Stones' bones. But only a hopelessly diehard "The Stones can do no wrong" fanatic would fail to recognize that *Emotional Rescue* falls far short of that standard.

The Stones have favored a no-frills, ram-shackle sound recently — one that's infinitely preferable to the sort of 50-take sterility popular these days — but the songs here sound sloppy, unfinished and, most crucially, uninspired. Amazingly, the chief problem is the flaccid, lackluster guitar work of Richards and Wood.

The material ranges from typical Stones rocking fare through disco, reggae and blues excursions that allow Jagger to slip into several of his vocal personae to little effect. He trots out a rather ludicrous falsetto — it sounds like the voice of Cheech and Chong's Basketball Jones — for the title track. On the Jack Nitzsche-arranged "Indian Girl" he sounds a helluva lot like Willy DeVille — except DeVille is much better at pulling off this sort of Spanish Harlem (transplanted to Laredo in this instance) street travogue.

"Let Me Go" effectively creates an aura of understated menace but the limp guitar lead leaves it a bit too understated while "She's So Cold" is a Stones rocker in the grand tradition that sports Jagger's best vocal on the album but simply doesn't go anywhere. "Summer Romance" perhaps epitomizes the album's problems — we can hear Graham Parkers' "Soul Shoes," Nick Lowe's "Heart of the City" and the Stones' own "Respectable" in the riff but the song doesn't come close to matching any of them.

*Emotional Rescue* sounds like a collection of second-rate filler tracks and outtakes rather than the fruits of two years' labor. It raises the question of whether the Stones are still capable of producing great music without a direct challenge.

Don Snowden

JACKSON BROWNE  
Hold Out

(Asylum) Here it comes — another Statement on Our Times by Jackson Browne, the voice of modern American angst. Forgive the sarcastic tone, but someone has to look at this artist's work with less than total reverence. Certainly Browne himself isn't willing to.

Browne has long been touted as the crème de la crème of contemporary songwriters, but his talents may have been considerably exaggerated. True, his five previous LPs have shown him to be concise and craftsmanlike as a composer — but they also reveal a near-humorless, generally banal lyrical approach and an unremarkable melodic sense. "Rock Me on the Water," "Fountain of Sorrow," "The Pretender" and so many of Browne's other songs are top-heavy with their own impor-

ance, offering social and religious insights that are intended to be grandiose but prove rather ordinary.

*Hold Out* is little better or worse in this regard than previous Browne albums. Again he offers vignettes of everyday alienation and yearning, couched in cliché-ridden verse. "Give up your heart and you find yourself/Living for something in somebody else," he intones in "Hold on Hold out." "People watch the time go by/They do their jobs and live and die," he muses in "Disco Apocalypse." Such pearls of mundane wisdom wouldn't be objectionable except for the stiff solemnity of Browne's singing and the mock-drama of *Hold Out*'s production. These observations are set to the same tripe folk chord progressions Browne has been writing for years. Supposedly tough-sounding rockers like "Boulevard" lack teeth, while ballads such as "Hold Out" are lugubrious and a bit numbing.

The LP's arrangements deserve a little more praise than its material. Considering the session men involved in the album (David Lindley, Bill Payne, Craig Doerge and other L.A. Mellow Mahos), it's not surprising that *Hold Out* is smooth and restrained in sound, tastefully placing buzzing slide guitar and moody organ work here and there to add dramatic color to otherwise underplayed tracks.

Some artists challenge their audiences with new musical approaches and fresh lyrical ideas. On *Hold Out*, Jackson Browne tells his fans what they've already heard many times before, playing it thoroughly safe in the name of "sincerity."

Barry Alfonso

SMOKEY & THE BANDIT—II  
Soundtrack

(MCA Records) Man, what an album! Not only do you get fine performances from the likes of Don Williams, Tanya Tucker, and, get this, Roy Rogers, but there's a special treat as well. Bart Reynolds, in his album singing debut, warbles an enchanting little ditty entitled "Let's Do Something Cheap and Superficial." Better grab two copies. Make that three copies.

Richard Levinson

(Richard Levinson, long-time Amper sand contributor, is a freelance writer best known for his composition "Let's Do Something Cheap and Superficial." Make that four copies.)

JOHN HIATT  
Two Bit Monsters

(MCA) Enough's already been said about John Hiatt adopting the Elvis Costello-angry-young-man stance. The comparisons of Hiatt to Costello on *Slag Line*, his debut, went especially overboard. First of all, Hiatt isn't terribly young (note the bald spot) and isn't all that angry either; he just likes to mouth off a bit.

Unfortunately, Hiatt's follow-up, *Two Bit Monsters*, won't be the album to extinguish those lame comparisons. Hiatt's forte is lyrical, a wry wit and accompanying cynicism, much like Costello's. Both men strive for maximum mileage out of a well-structured

phrase. Hiatt hits the mark exceptionally well on *Two Bit Monsters*.

"Face the Nation" is his agitated discourse on the news program of the same name, with lyrics that strike like darts. "I see you shaping nooses/60 minutes of excuses...No talk now, only chatter/Little chipmunk words don't matter." The barbs sting even quicker on "Pink Bedroom." Hiatt's encore of "Sharon's Got a Drugstore" from *Slag Line*, but "Bedroom" is sadly weakened by a hokey ending. Similarly, "Good Girl Bad World" features a promising musical intro which promptly founders at the first vocal utterance and with the tired sort of chorus that flattered moments of *Slag Line*.

But Hiatt is usually right on top of things. The arrangements are fully developed and, for the most part, equal the energy and bite of the vocal performance. Occasionally reminiscent of songster Dirk Hamilton, Hiatt possesses an unusual nasal voice that takes some getting used to but is well-suited to the urgency of his raw, emotional visions. Hiatt achieves strong impact with musical subtleties on "New Num-

bers" and the slower paced "Back to the War," a wonderful exercise in which Hiatt creates warfare analogies to a bitter personal relationship.

Numerous numbers exhibit some interesting influences, particularly the organ riffs and rock steady beat of "I Spy (for the FBI)" which unexpectedly echoes the Motown sound (at least it's as Motown as anyone has gotten on MCA). Hiatt's record label almost didn't give him a second chance, but the company should be glad that they did. John Hiatt is proving to be a consistently original and special talent.

Vicki Arkoff

BOB MARLEY & THE WAILERS  
Uprising

(Island) It's always difficult for an artist — whether in music or cinema — to successfully reproduce a recent stellar effort. Although Bob Marley and the Wailers' last release, *Surviv-*

*real*, was probably too polished by reggae standards, Marley's lyrical commitment and intensity were quite compelling, especially in the tense world political situation of the time.

It's now 1980. The world is still a political tinderbox. It would seem logical that Marley would follow up last year's critical success with more of the same. *Uprising* does have the same smooth flowing reggae, again almost too polished for comfort, but Marley displays more diverse lyrical feelings, making the album a decidedly mixed bag — a number of highs, but also a couple of lows.

"Coming in from the Cold" is another depiction of the struggle against the system. Marley's said it many times before, and a lot better. "Real Situation," on the other hand, reflects a growing fatalism. The man famous for standing up for your rights here says the only solution is total destruction. "Ain't no use, no one can stop

## ON TOUR

Jonathan Richman  
THE ROXY, LOS ANGELES

Rock and roll has many self-proclaimed sinners, but Jonathan Richman may be its one bona fide saint. The ex-leader of the Modern Lovers qualifies for the title in many ways — his songs are almost defiantly sweet and pure, his innocence so extreme as to be otherworldly. The main obstacle to his canonization is the off-beat way he expresses his naive visions. Richman's songs are popularized by Martian bakers, talking airplanes, fatherly mosquitos and other fabulous characters who act out his ideas on life and love. Alternately whimsical, heart-tugging and just plain bizarre, his childlike compositions have so far proven too odd for mass acceptance.

Eschewing much of his earlier punkish material (except for the now-classic "Roadrunner"), Richman rapidly ran through the best of his recent songs. Such numbers as "Rockin' Rockin' Leprechauns," "Ice Cream Man" and "I'm a Little Dinosaurs" were served up with frolicsome rockabilly flavor, accentuated by Richman's rhythmic hand claps and joyful facial expressions. A few brand-new tunes were included in the sets, most notably "Stop This Car, I'm Getting Out," a snappy account of the evils of smoking dope while driving. The audience laughed along during the silliest moments, listened attentively when Richman turned more serious.

An example of the latter was "Affection": a personal confession on the subject that Richman recited with a life-and-death earnestness. "People all over the world are starving for affection," he told his fans with a near sob in his voice, and the pathos of the lyric came through powerfully. Like a rock and roll Charlie Chaplin, Rich-

man stood before the crowd as a forlorn waif pleading for love, blending the comic and the tragic masterfully. Besides his own compositions, Richman performed an assortment of cover tunes, recasting each as a gentle dance tune. Sam Cooke's "Shake" provided him with an excuse to squirm about in an awkward but appealing frug. A Latin-styled guitar interlude segued into a spirited if somewhat incoherent "La Bamba." Even the raunch-rock "Louie, Louie" was subjected to Richman's decidedly personal interpretation.

If Richman was at times excessively cute (his Maurice Chevalier imitation during "Morning of Our Lives" was a bit much), the sheer sense of unhibited fun he radiated made one willing to forgive him anything. Richman is at once utterly professional and winningly sincere as a live act. In this rock era of sneering and posturing, a little saintliness is most appreciated.

Barry Alfonso

Todd Rundgren's  
Utopia & Ambrosia  
MERRIWEATHER POST PAVILLION,  
COLUMBIA, MARYLAND

Ambrosia kicked off this hot night in the big tent with a charming curiosity: "Nice, Nice, Very Nice," their rendition of a Kurt Vonnegut poem with many a twist and turn of dynamics. Neither their snappiest rocker nor their most recognizable ballad, it signalled that the band was to deliver the full variety of their four-album career, and not just their overplayed Top 40 soundlike successes. Believe it or not, they can rock with the best, even when burdened (in this case) with withering 90 degree heat and no opportunity for a sound check. The initially indifferent audience of Todd Rundgren fans



Jonathan Richman

came in from the ice cream stand and frisbee on the lawn to listen, found the intelligence and variety of Ambrosia's sound to be qualities they like in Todd's material, and stayed for an earful.

Utopia had its ups and downs this evening. They opened with "Road to Utopia" and the power failed twice in the first thirty seconds. The monitors around Roger Powell's synthesizer squadron never worked to his satisfaction, and he spent perhaps a third of every song talking to his techs about that. He also relied on a portable keyboard on a strap around his shoulders for most of the evening, which allowed the audience to see that he wasn't actually playing much of anything. On the louder numbers Utopia was left without Roger's keyboard dazzle to counterpoint Todd's heavy-metal guitar.

This time around, however, Utopia brought along some home movies, the first product out of Todd's recent work with video. Shown on a backdrop behind the hilarious motorcycle-like drum kit of Willie Wilcox, the images ranged from an abstract for a Roger Powell solo to a very literal interpretation of "You Make Me Crazy" featuring Wilcox as the lover on the brink. In concert



them now," he exclaims, his helplessness contradicts the infectious, hypnotic beat. It's a strange feeling: dancing to one's own demise.

"We and Dem" is another cynical thought — he can't imagine how "we and dem a go work it out."

Things improve considerably on the flip side. Marley treads familiar Rastafarian turf in "Zion Train," then casts a jaundiced eye at a woman's hedonistic life-style in "Pimper's Paradise." The latter song is a killer: a sweet, intoxicating melody highlighted by the lilting voices of the I-Threes. "Could You Be Loved" has hit single written all over it. Many a critic has been burned by predicting AM success for reggae artists, but "Loved" is such a zesty tune that it begs for airplay.

The *paix de resistance* is "Redemption Song," where Marley transforms into Sixties Dylan. Using only an acoustic guitar with his raw, passionate vocal delivery, Marley demands: "Emancipate yourself from mental slavery, no one but ourselves can free our minds." Such lyrics are above mere politicking. The challenge is timeless.

Although *Uprising* may not have the raw, aggressive musical feeling of the classic Wailer efforts, Bob Marley once again proves that he won't mellow with age. His convictions continue to ring true.

Jeff Silberman

### MAX ROACH Freedom Now Suite

### BETTY CARTER Social Call

(Columbia) Columbia's Contemporary Masters series, an annual event, issues unavailable classic performances and previously unissued material of genuine merit. These two releases exemplify the best of a great new batch.

*Social Call* is a reissue of Carter's first date as a leader from 1955 and a session she sang in front of a big band a year later. Quincy Jones arranged the first date and the material is mostly ballads. "The Way You Look Tonight" is the

most adventurous and points to the mature Carter that we know today: she stretches and ripples the vowels like taffy. On the ballads she likes to roll around in the dark, warm lower registers and shoot up to the clear higher ones, spending as little time as possible in the middle.

The second date is backed by Gigi Gryce's big band and the setting brings out the hornlike phrasing at the root of her singing. Carter was redesigning her material even back then, though not as radically, to fit her bebop leanings. "Frenesi" is turned into an exuberant romp. "Let's Fall in Love" is completely reworked yet still retains a seductive quality. As Carter is preeminent today in her style of jazz singing, *Social Call* is a valuable document of an often poorly-recorded legend.

The Roach album is a legend in its own right. Unavailable in this country after its 1960 release, the *Freedom Now Suite* pioneered black political statements in jazz and explored African percussion.

Abbey Lincoln sang with her greatest purpose and clarity on these dates. Her bitter rendition of "Driva Man," portraying a white overseer, is basted in contempt. Coleman Hawkins takes the tenor solo that counters Lincoln's song. Roach must have taken special delight in placing a traditionalist like Hawkins in a setting of young turks like trumpeter Booker Little and trombonist Julian Priester.

"Tears for Johannesburg" presages Roach's later work with percussion ensembles. Odd time signatures are overlaid and juxtaposed by Roach's trap set, Ray Mantilla's hand drums and the African Olatunji's congas. Roach's compositions go right to the heart of jazz's African heritage; this music is as contemporary now as it was 20 years ago.

Kirk Silsbee

these flicks are a welcome change of pace, but it's difficult to believe that we're all expected to pay money for this stuff on videodisk a few years down the road. At least Todd and his Utopia will have those few years of experience to polish their visual tactics.

John Kront

### Gidon Kremer MANN MUSIC CENTER, PHILA.

A few years ago, one of the worst disasters imaginable befell the Latvian-born violinist Gidon Kremer: a great musician (Herbert von Karajan) declared publicly that Kremer was the world's greatest violinist. As if it weren't bad enough being a Tchaikovsky Competition winner (1970), Kremer now had to put up with the pressure of living up to that remark.

His appearance with the Philadelphia Orchestra in its outdoor summer series was a case in point. Long haired, bearded, bespectacled and clad in a white overshirt, the tall, lean 33-year-old Kremer looked more like one of the street musicians who panhandle in the center-city district here than a world-class virtuoso. Moreover, he took a work that audiences, and summer audiences in particular, seldom listen to carefully — the Tchaikovsky Violin Concerto — and made everyone sit up and take notice. Though most music lovers know this well-worn concerto by heart, Kremer refused to take a single note for granted. Every phrase was painstakingly shaped, every accent observed, every sudden contrast in speed and dynamics emphasized, even exaggerated, revealing the rhapsodic nature of the music.

A strange choice for an encore: a Grave and Toccata by one Bazkauskas, a contemporary Lithuanian. The

younger members of the audience ate it up. The older ones wondered what was taking Kremer so long to return.

Sol Louis Stegel

### Clifton Chenier & His Red Hot Louisiana Band

VERBUM DEI HIGH SCHOOL  
CAFETERIA, LOS ANGELES

A night with Clifton Chenier and his band turned out to be the most fun I've ever had fully clothed and in public. Four straight hours the band cooked insistently, with Chenier himself — recently out of the hospital from serious medical business — in charge for the latter three. Chenier proclaimed himself "King of the Accordion," signified by a besqueened red velvet crown and proved by playing the rhythm-and-blues devil out of his instrument. He was flanked by a young white guitarist, who played astoundingly well in a Freddie King-inspired style, plus a more stoic black guitarist, two saxophonists, a vigorous drummer, a bass man and, of course, brother Cleveland Chenier on his metal washboard.

Zydeco, Chenier's musical style, sounds initially like rhythm and blues, mostly New Orleans with a pinch of primitive Chicago. Sometimes the saxophones break honkingly loose, sometimes they lay in one foghorn-like riff through an entire song. But the real musical underlay is Cajun, a musical cross-fertilization of Acadian immigrants driven from Nova Scotia by the British and Africans brought to rural Louisiana by slavers. Which explains both Zydeco's compelling rhythmic patterns and the fact that several of Chenier's numbers are sung in Cajun French.

Byron Laursen

### TROUBLE MAKERS Various Artists


(Warner Brothers) *Troublemakers* is the latest entry in the Brothers Warner annual line of low-priced sampler LPs available only by mail order. This year's model focuses on punk/new wave performers and their early seventies antecedents and it's a typically uneven collection of bona-fide gems, collectibles and curiosities for cult fanatics, and the old product-pushing hustle.

The sublime tracks come courtesy of Public Image (including their classic, previously unreleased in America, debut single "Public Image"), two funky dissections of cultural conditioning from the Gang of Four, and a pair of selections from the new, hard-bitten Marianne Faithfull. Collectibles include a pair of live cuts from the Sex Pistols' San Francisco swansong (distinguished chiefly by John Rotten/Lydon's obvious disgust with the whole affair) and previously unreleased tracks by Devo (first LP era), John Cale and Jonathan Richman and the Modern Lovers.

Corporate product-plugging accounts for the presence of such mediocre bands as the Urban Verbs, Pearl Harbor and Robin Lane, all of which sound sick, derivative and, well, utterly tame in comparison to their earlier counterparts.

The LP can be obtained by sending \$3 to *Troublemakers*, Box 6868, Burbank, California, 91510.

Don Snowden



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## ON SCREEN

**No Nukes**

starring Jackson Browne, Crosby, Stills and Nash, the Doobie Brothers, John Hall, Graham Nash, Bonnie Raitt, Gil Scott Heron, Carly Simon, Bruce Springsteen, James Taylor, Jesse Colin Young, directed by Julian Schlossberg, Danny Goldberg and Anthony Potenza

If solar energy can be made to work as well as this film does, the future looks terrific. First, as propaganda, *No Nukes* — the film record of New York's 1979 concerts to benefit anti-nuclear power organizations — is terribly clever. It makes America seem like one big high school, with our government as the autocratic principal, our Army as the sadistic vice-principal and Jackson Browne, et al., as the clear-eyed popular kids. Most everybody is going to want to be on the side of the stars.

Funniest of several comic touches is the inclusion of some Fifties Army pro-nuke propaganda, in which a Chaplain from the Douglas Fir school of acting assures two questioning dogfaces that the Army knows just what it's doing and, of course, wouldn't expose them to radiation if there were any chance of harm. Besides, he continues, the nuclear test explosion they'll soon witness will flash "every color of the rainbow." Immediately we cut to the death bed testimony of Paul Cooper, a soldier exposed to nuclear testing in the Fifties, one of an extravagant number dying of leukemia.

Second, as film-documented rock & roll performance, *No Nukes* ranks among the best. At times it seems to be the best, thanks to the dynamic cinematography of veteran Haskell Wexler. Acts I expected to find just tolerable were, at points, engaging

**Jackson Browne**

Most important, the performance of Bruce Springsteen — which promised to be great — was instead fully awesome. So what if half his songs break down to nitwit melodramas under close inspection? In all popular arts, and especially rock & roll, delivery means more than content. Springsteen, gifted with humor and drive, proves himself the standard of excellence among rock performers. Anyone who witnesses his three-song segment will know why he's called "The Boss."

Third, for those stars who ran out of musical fuel several albums ago (now I ain't namin' names), *No Nukes* serves as a nationwide screen test. There's a Hollywood cliché that the camera itself "hates" certain people and "loves" others. Springsteen and Browne are definitely in the second group. Unfortunately, we don't know how the camera feels about either Ry Cooder or Tom Petty — to name two worthies who ought to have been included in the document. *No Nukes* sacrifices part of its potential by lingering over personalities to sell the issue. Even so, it's first rate merchandise.

Byron Laursen

**The Final Countdown**

starring Kirk Douglas, Martin Sheen & James Farentino, written by David Ambrose, Gerry Davis, Thomas Hunter & Peter Powell, produced by Peter Douglas, directed by Don Taylor

*The Final Countdown* is not about people, it's about Machines, and its unabashed stars are the nuclear-powered *USS Nimitz* and its dazzling squadron of swooping, screaming F-14s. This is no time to quibble about nuclear power, the U.S. defense posture, or the military-industrial complex. This is pure fluff, and those planes are, well, sexy. Director Don Taylor and cinematographer Vic Kemper have used them as an exercise in visual and auditory thrills, pushing all the right buttons for people who get turned on by hardware.

The dramatic premise of the film seems almost an afterthought. Kirk Douglas (whose son Peter produced the film), plays the captain of the *Nimitz*, who finds himself and his ship transported back in time to Dec. 6, 1941, facing the imminent attack on Pearl Harbor. Presented with the intriguing notion of whether or not to tamper with history (and the philosophical arguments become silly at times), Douglas is influenced by fellow officers James Farentino and Ron O'Neal and civilians Charles Durning and Katherine Ross. Martin Sheen is along for the ride as an efficiency expert on loan to the Defense Department from a mysterious employer. Sheen appears the most uncomfortable of the actors, perhaps remembering his power and intensity in *Apocalypse Now*, and choosing instead the bewildered expression he wore as host of *Saturday Night Live*.

The most sympathetic character is a diminutive collie named Charlie who survives all kinds of chaos, including a major time-warp "storm" that looks more like ring-around-the-collar than serious cosmic disturbance.

Ah, but those planes. Shooting off catapults, catching cables, refueling in mid-air or, implausibly, dogfighting Japanese Zeros, they are enough to give anyone exhilarated by the notion of flight a grand dose of thrills.

Katherine Orloff

**The Hunter**

starring Steve McQueen, LeVar Burton, Eli Wallach and Kathryn Harrold, written by Ted Leighton and Peter Hyams, produced by Mort Engelberg, directed by Buzz Kulik

Based on the true-life adventures of real-life bounty hunter Ralph Thorsen, *The Hunter* is certainly full of adventure... but nothing seems real.

McQueen is, as ever, a pleasure to watch, and any enjoyment derived from this confused mishmash of domestic conflict and shoot-'em-up action is solely to his credit. He doesn't do much except walk through; it's almost enough. Not quite enough, however, to compensate for a loose script and stereotyped, uninteresting characters. For humor we have McQueen in an old Chevy that he can't drive (imagine that, McQueen unable to parallel park), living with a woman about to have a baby he's not sure he wants (yes, he faints when it arrives), living in a house full of apparent derelicts (his own dog growls at him). It's all so *cute*, except when McQueen is chasing down bail jumpers, which he does every two minutes (why does he live in such a dump when he's making thousands of dollars bringing 'em back alive?). At one point he mounts a threshing machine to chase crazed dynamiters; he hangs onto the top of an elevated train in Chicago chasing a crazy weirdo; he stuns a 300-pound crazy. Only LeVar Burton is allowed to be uncrazed; he's just cute. And throughout the film, yet another crazed weirdo is stalking McQueen. It's all too much, and yet not enough.

If the rumors are true, that McQueen is dying of cancer, this may be his last film. It should have been a better farewell.

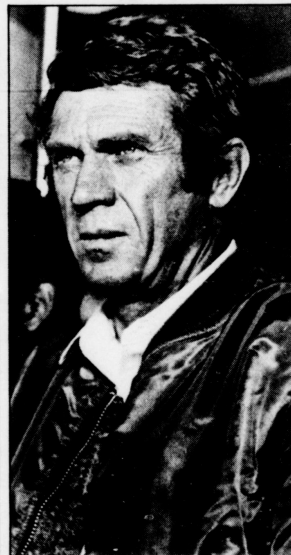
Judith Sims

**Raise the Titanic**

starring Jason Robards, Richard Jordan and David Selby, written by Adam Kennedy, produced by William Frye, directed by Jerry Jameson

This bloated, waddling turkey of a movie allegedly cost \$32 million; why, then, didn't they think to hire a knowledgeable technical director? Someone who, for instance, would know that any ship lying 12,000 feet underwater for 68 years would probably not have some of its windows and all its propellers still intact; someone (like a three-year-old kid) who would know that a gigantic ocean liner (nay, a rowboat) cannot be towed with a slack line; someone who may have remembered that the North Atlantic does not look like the Pacific or the Mediterranean. And I'd like to know what could have cost \$32 million: certainly not the little models of New York city, with the little toy Goodyear blimp flying over the skyscrapers; surely not the silly underwater scenes with diving ships that looked like bug-eyed mosquitos. Maybe it was the three or four real ships that sat around doing nothing.

All these mistakes wouldn't have mattered quite so much if the film had engaged an emotion or two, but we weren't even allowed the minimal pleasure of a tight action flick. The dialogue is dreadful, the acting abysmal, the plot incredible (the *Titanic* is raised so the U.S. government can get its hands on a "little known" element sup-



Steve McQueen

posedly tucked away in the ship's cargo, said element essential to the development of a "laser fence" around our country; the Russians find out; there's a surprise ending. Yawn.) Robards and Jordan look embarrassed by their presence in this fiasco, and rightly so. Oh, it hurt to watch. That's how I came to catalog all the technical flaws — I had to do something to occupy my mind.

This movie deserves to take its place alongside the *Titanic* — 12,000 feet under water.

Judith Sims

**Practice Makes Perfect**

starring Jean Rochefort, Nicole Garcia, Annie Girardot and Lila Kedrova, written by Philippe de Broca and Alexandre Mnoubkine, directed by de Broca

Years of practice haven't brought Edouard Choiseul (Jean Rochefort), a professional pianist, closer to perfecting the one art that is his true passion — womanizing. As his ex-wife (Annie Girardot) explains to him, he has slept with his wife's best friends and his best friends' wives and no one trusts him any longer. At first a farcical, light-hearted portrayal of an overextended, frantic womanizer, the film becomes a dramatic, often poignant probing of Edouard's moral and psychological dilemma.

*Practice* is a comedy-romance-farce-drama, a stringing together (better for pearls than for movies) that looks like a bargain but amounts to thinness in all departments (hyphenated-genre films typically try for multiple effects and end up delivering none). But de Broca (*King of Hearts*, *Dear Inspector*) overcomes this structural weakness by focusing on important and abiding human concerns — fear of aging, jealousy, hypocrisy, sexual morality, and the value of love and family. The somewhat contrived plot is ultimately less important than the mood, which is wonderfully wistful and lyrical.

Robert L. Liebman



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