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By STEVE MASSEY  
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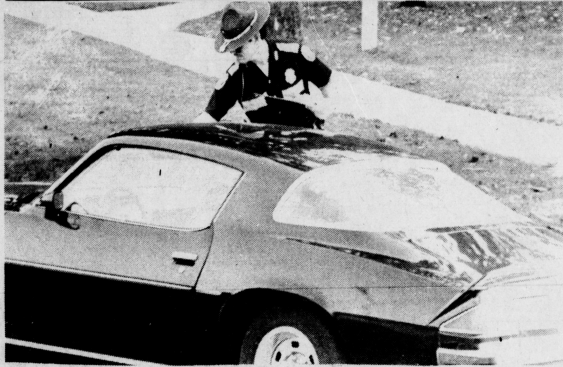
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# KENTUCKY Kernel

an independent student newspaper

University of Kentucky  
Lexington, Kentucky

Vol. LXXI, No. 41  
Friday, October 13, 1978



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By DAVID MANNARD/Kernel Staff

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A sampling of students who eat at each of the three central UK cafeterias—Blazer, Commons or Donovan—indicates that dorm food in general is not so bad.

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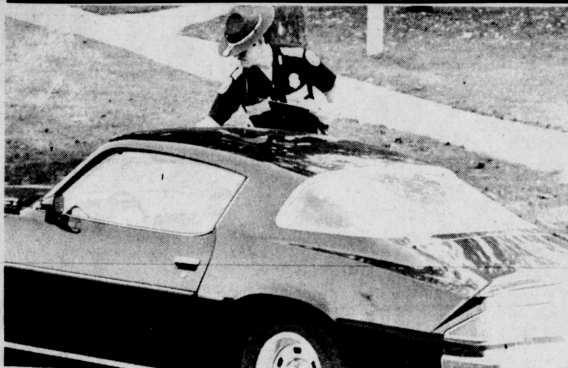
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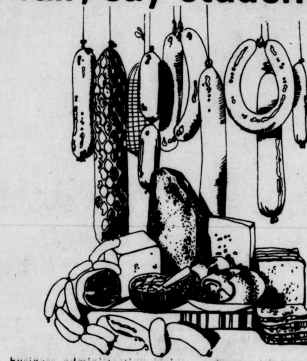
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editorials & comments

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## Carroll's move aids press rights, support of 'access' needed

Gov. Julian Carroll took action this week to protect the rights of journalists, a move that should be applauded.

To be sure, the Governor's unexpected step was an opportunity to lecture the press on journalistic responsibility, and to chide reporters for what he considers unfair treatment and unwarranted attacks.

What Carroll did was to issue an executive order requiring the Kentucky State Police to obtain the consent of the state secretary of justice before asking a court for a warrant to search any newsroom.

Under the new policy, the justice secretary is required to determine that the information in question cannot be obtained in any other way. Searching the files of the news media would be done only as a last resort.

The governor's action was requested by the Kentucky Press Association, and it is an excellent response to a current problem. The U.S. Constitution grants special privileges to the press, which recent court decisions have tended to erode. The confidential relationship between a newsman and his source is under attack (witness the case of *New York Times* reporter Myron Farber) in the

courts and must be reaffirmed.

By setting strict requirements for requesting information in this state, the possibility of "fishing expeditions" in which entire offices are suddenly ransacked has been curtailed. Prosecutors will have to use care in seeking information, and in defining what they are looking for.

Another area in the category of press relations that is worth the governor's attention is "access." In several cases, the right of reporters to enter government facilities, question officials and obtain documents has been challenged. The argument is that the news media have no more right to find out what's going on than an average citizen does.

But the press is entrusted with the responsibility of acting for the average citizen, finding out things for others. Carroll could buttress the restrictive state Open Meetings Law by issuing guidelines to agencies instructing them to cooperate with newsmen.

For now, though, Carroll's support of media rights is unexpected and welcome. The leaders of local communities would do well to follow his example and issue guidelines to their own officials.



## Interesting experiences can be dangerous

# Yes Franklin, there is justice in pizza parlors

Many contend that college is where the most interesting experiences of life occur. That statement should be qualified. College is where the most interesting experiences of life occur, but they can be dangerous. Actually, only one of my own college experiences has had life-threatening proportions: For an entire eight-hour period I was a waiter. Becoming a waiter was simple enough. My roommate managed to get a date with a former high school homecoming queen and begged me to work his shift at a pizzeria.

pulled out a red cotton jacket. "Put this on," he ordered. "Isn't it kind of small?" I asked after putting it on. I couldn't lower my arms because the coat's shoulders straddled the back of my neck. "It's your roommate's," he said. I silently groaned, remembering the time Franklin tried to wash a pair of his jeans in a sink and they slid down the drain. Shortly after opening, my three booths filled. An executive-type sat in one, accompanied by a prim, middle-aged woman. I walked over to them.

executive-type got up and tapped my shoulder. "Where's my coffee?" he demanded. "Oh, it'll be just a minute." "It's been nearly a minute-and-a-half already. What is it? Are you shipping it in from Brazil?" I struggled to remain polite. "If you'll just let me take one more order then I'll bring you your coffee." He harrumphed and returned to his booth. A tribe of barely-pubescent children of both sexes inhabited the next booth. "Can I take your order?" I inquired. "A large pepperoni pizza and a pitcher of beer," one young man, just beginning to sprout acne, declared. "You aren't old enough to drink beer," I countered.

"Sure I am. My dad lets me drink all the time at home." "Then get a pizza from carryout and take it home to eat it." "Never mind," he snarled. "Just bring me a Coke." And with that he took out a cigarette that was at least 20 millimeters longer than he was and lit it as the children turned green with envy and I gagged from the acrid smell. "Bring an ashtray," he ordered. "Turning to leave, I ran directly into the executive-type. "I'd really appreciate that coffee," he seethed. "Right away," I replied, walking quickly past him. After giving the orders to the cook, I took the executive-type his coffee. "Are you ready to order?" I asked pleasantly. "Steak hoagies, if we don't have to wait until the cows come home," he grumbled. I walked to the next booth, ignoring the executive-type's complaint. The drunk was snoring. "Sir, I said gently shaking him. "Is everything all right?" He raised his head but not his body. "I wish you'd get that dog out of here," he said, not opening his eyes.

"Did you see a dog in here?" "Either that or I heard my wife barking." I went to the soft drink dispenser and got the tribe's soft drinks. As I carried them to the booth, I passed the executive-type. "Boy," he called, "could you see if our hoagies are done?" I continued toward the tribe's booth. Suddenly, the drunk fell out of his booth and onto my feet. The tray of drinks went flying as I made a noseprint in the carpet. The tribe began laughing. I got up from the floor, threw the drunk back into his booth, collected the empty glasses and stalked back to the soft drink dispenser through the soggy carpet. The manager was waiting for me. "What happened up there," he demanded. "Some drunk fell out of his booth and knocked me down." "Didn't you see him falling?" he snapped. "I wanted so badly to say, 'Sure I did, but I'd never had the opportunity to fall on my nose before.'"

I'll break your head open like a pineapple. "You've gotta be nuts," he snarled. "I stormed back to the cook's window, grabbed the tribe's pizza and took it to them, dropping it on the table. "Can we have some of those ground peppers you shake on the top?" one of them asked weakly. "I turned to the table behind me, grabbed a shaker of ground peppers and slammed it to the table. "I ought to sue," scowled the acned boy. I marched back to the executive-type. "Your order will..." "My coffee's cold!" he screamed. "Anger flushed through me. "Well, my feet are killing me, but have I complained to you about it." I went to the cook's window, got the drunk's executive-type orders and delivered them. "AAH!" screamed the tribe. I went to their booth. Two inches of ground peppers lay atop their pizza. "Be careful," I warned solemnly. "I loosened the top on that shaker." I went to check on the drunk. He stared at his pizza. "There's a frog on this pizza," he said. "Yeah, I know," I agreed. "The health inspector says we have to keep flies off the food."

gregg fields

"Please," he pleaded. "Saturday is the only night she can go. If you don't work for me I can't go." "Franklin," I queried. "do you remember the time my mother visited and you decided to break the ice by telling her charges against me had been dropped in a paternity suit?" Franklin looked remorseful. "She knew I was kidding." I picked up six pounds of Planned Parenthood pamphlets and a pocketbook Bible from my desk. "Then why did she send me these next week?" "Look," he said. "I'm sorry. If you'll work for me, never again will I use my hair dryer at 7 a.m. on Saturdays..." "Sorry." "...and I'll get you a date with her 36-24-36 roommate." I arrived at the pizzeria, dressed in a white shirt and black pants, at 5:30 p.m. on Saturday. The manager met me at the front cash register. "Here," he said gruffly, handing me a pad of waiter's checks. "Initial these." "With Franklin's initials or mine?" I asked, smiling. He leveled a look that had frozen an ocean. "Either," he slowly enunciated. "Either way will do." He reached behind the cash register and

"Could I take your order, please?" "Yes. Well, both have lobster and coffee," the man replied. "I'm sorry. All we have is pizza and hoagies." "Well, in that case bring us a platter of fish." "I'm sorry," I repeated. "All we have is pizza and hoagies." "Well, in that case it'll be awhile before we order. Go ahead and bring the coffee, though." "Right, sir." I walked to the next booth where a man had his head on the table. "Excuse me, sir," I announced. "Can I take your order?" He raised his head and smiled broadly. His hair was messed up and the knot of his tie was directly below his car. "My daughter got married today," he slurred. The smell of alcohol was pervasive. "Congratulations," I said, as his head fell back onto the table. "Can I take your order?" He raised his head. "Bring me the largest deluxe pizza you've got." His head smacked the table once more. "Coffee," I suggested. "No thanks," he muffled, without raising his head. "No need to ruin a good thing." As I started to move on, the

"Listen, you punk," I screamed, grabbing him by the collar. "You'd better get a broom and clean that up or I'll bring it in a minute," I said. "Never mind," he answered. And with that he ground his cigarette into the carpet. That's when it happened. I don't know how to explain it, but I know it was at that instant. "Listen, you punk," I screamed, grabbing him by the collar. "You'd better get a broom and clean that up or

dragged him out the door. I turned to go back inside as he heaved in the parking lot. The executive-type stood between me and the door. "I want you to know," he snapped. "That I told the manager just how you treated us. I'm sure you'll be fired." His apparently-mute wife stood beside him. I stared him squarely in the eye. "You can't scare me. I'm just filling in for my roommate. I don't even work here." "Well, the only reason we ate here is because our son is supposed to work here. I guess he had the night off." A small light glimmered in my skull. Trying to be civil, I asked, "What's your son's name?" "Franklin Davis. He goes to the university." I smiled wanly. "That's who I'm filling in for." Franklin's father was sincere when he asked why Franklin wasn't working. "Well," I replied, "he's out, er, celebrating." "Celebrating what?" "Charges were dropped against him today in that paternity suit," I brightened. "Oh, my God," moaned Franklin's mother, as she fell against the building. Gregg Fields is the *Kernel* Sports Editor, and his column appears every other Friday. This piece was originally printed in the July issue of *Louisville Today* magazine, and is reprinted here by permission.

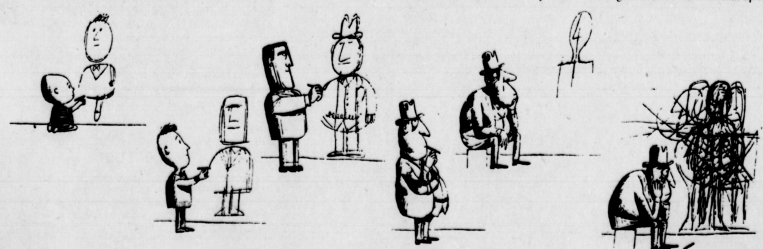
## Letters Policy

The Kentucky Kernel welcomes contributions from the UK community for publication on the editorial and opinion pages. Letters, opinions and commentaries must be typed and triple-spaced, and must include the writer's signature, address and phone number. UK students should include their year and major, and University employees should list their position and department. The Kernel may condense or reject contributions, and frequent writers may be limited. Editors reserve the right to edit for correct spelling, grammar and clarity, and may delete libelous statements. Contributions should be delivered to the Editorial Editor, Room 113 Journalism, University of Kentucky, Lexington, Ky. 40506

**Letters:** Should be 30 lines or less, 60 characters per line. Concern particular issues, concerns or events relevant to the UK community.

**Opinions:** Should be 90 lines or less, 60 characters per line. Give and explain a position pertaining to topical issues of interest to the UK community.

**Commentaries:** Should be 90 lines or less, 60 characters per line. Are reserved for articles whose authors, the editors feel, have special credentials, experience, training or other qualifications to address a particular subject.



# K opinion

## Cook's remarks inexcusable, horses are graceful, intelligent

By CAROLINE HUGHES

I am writing in reply to John Cooke's remarks about horses as published in the Sept. 21 issue of the Kernel. His attempt to excuse himself with the statement about Paul Lynde in drag will not save him. I would be surprised if this man ever owned a dog. He shouldn't be allowed to own a goldfish though he would consider them good conversationists and right on his mentality.

For anyone to make such common, callous remarks about horses - or any other animal, for that matter - clearly shows his ignorance. Football boys die to death, but I don't go around putting it down because I know nothing about it. Mr. Cooke's article only serves to point out his lack of knowledge and his lack of judgement - he should know better about horses and the people who work with them.

I have loved horses all my life, and have worked with, trained and showed them in the Kentucky area since I was 15. I find this man's accusation of horses being "dull" unbearably ignorant. Horses are not dull, nor are they poor conversationists. They are incredibly eloquent to the experienced eye. Mr. Cooke must not be able to understand anything that does not speak to him in whatever language he is accustomed to (in which case he should go buy a television set).

Horses do not dress like fools and do not have abominable manners. They live naturally if left alone, and there is nothing foolish about nature. If they ever are foolish, it is man who makes them so - and a true horseman never makes his horse look like a fool.

Horses are not stupid. I dare Mr. Cooke to come to me and explain the stupidity of the superb performance displayed by the Lippizan stallions at the Horse Park Sept. 17th. The beautiful ballet-like movements they executed could not be performed by a stupid animal. I doubt that Mr. Cooke could train these animals to do such movements, as one must be smarter than the horse to train him.

How many have encounter-

ed the legendary pony who scraped them off on that ever-present tree limb? Or the canny beast who swells up his belly to keep his girth loose? I can recite many more examples of what I do not call stupidity. No, a horse cannot be taught to sit up on its haunches and beg like a dog which is a damned undignified position, as horses realize and most people and political candidates don't.

It has always been a pet peeve of mine that certain dense males insist on regarding the horse as a phallic symbol to women.

If anything, horses make women feel maternal, for when taken out of his element the horse is but a little child to be cared for. Then, Mr. Cooke would perhaps say, put him back into his natural element and leave him there. I will then ask him to recall who helped settle this country up to the early 1900s. Perhaps he has lost his usefulness as a work animal now, but there are those of us who would feel putting horses out to pasture would be an act of ingratitude.

Moreover, the horse has always been a co-worker, a gallant, generous soul always ready to give his 100 percent when asked (which is more than most men I know are ready to give). And with people the way they are nowadays, is it any wonder that women would prefer such a creature to many

people? And what is to be said for the men who work with horses? My grandfather was a great horseman, and taught me much of what I know about horses - and I dare Mr. Cooke to say he had a sex-hangup. People are far better working with horses than doing drugs or cruising bars. We horsemen recall the line old saying, "the outside of a horse is good for the inside of a man."

Mr. Cooke's remarks on the 3-Day Event bordered on the extreme banal. His accusation of horse people being snobs is insulting. Horse people will nearly always come to the aid of someone in need - the same can't be said for motorists - I myself have helped capture a runaway animal, lend a piece of tack at the last moment, or give directions when needed.

I think the 3-Day Event was one of the finer things that has happened to the Lexington area. People need to know that there is more to equestrian events than Kencland or The Red Mike's betting windows. I felt honored to be one of those present at the Event.

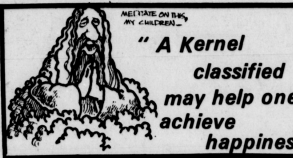
Finally, I will laugh at Cooke's bad joke about the french girl in room 714. How stereotyped, chauvinistic and sexist! He is the one with the sex hangup. And he calls horses dull.

Caroline Hughes is a junior majoring in Fine Arts.

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**K**

**sports**

'We need to win' says Sloan

**Reputations at stake in UK, Ole Miss clash**

By JOHN CLAY  
 Staff Writer

At first glance, tomorrow's matchup between UK and Mississippi at Oxford would seem as exciting as the UK running game. Both teams were humbled last week and both have had trouble putting points on the board, much less keep the opponents from scoring. But if you look closely,

tomorrow's game is very important for both clubs. Both squads entered the season with optimism and both have seen that rosy outlook come close to extinction with two early losses. A win tomorrow could set either team back on the right track.

Ole Miss is under the direction of new coach Steve Sloan. The former Alabama quarterback is gaining the

reputation as Mr. Fix-it in the coaching ranks. He started his career at Vanderbilt, where he built a winner in just two seasons (since then the program has collapsed), before moving on to Texas Tech. His second year at Lubbock, he led the Red Raiders to the Astro-Bluebonnet Bowl. Last year Sloan's squad had great expectations but finished 7-4 before being routed 40-17 by Florida State in the Tangerine Bowl.

So Sloan left and went to Mississippi where he is expected to make the Rebels as viable as they were back in the days of Archie Manning and before. Some say Sloan is only biding time until he can take over at his alma mater when Bear Bryant finally hangs up his hat.

Despite Sloan's reputation, however, Ole Miss has gotten off to a disappointing 2-2 start this year, the two losses being a 45-14 trouncing by Missouri and an equally harsh 42-3 loss at the hands of Georgia. "Right now, we're just an average team," Sloan said yesterday from his office. "But we have really been hurt by injuries." Sloan says that his team has lost three offensive

linemen, two noseguards, a linebacker and a defensive back. "This has really been an unusual year for us as far as injuries go," he said.

The Rebels are led by senior quarterback Bobby Garner, who leads the SEC in pass completion percentage, hitting on 44-of-63 for 677.

"He's done pretty much what we have asked of him," said Sloan. "He doesn't have a lot of touchdown passes but our problem on offense has been our running game."

The Rebels rank eighth in the conference in rushing, averaging 127.5 yards per game. UK is fifth with a 92.7 per game average.

But that doesn't seem to be the fault of "last" Freddie Williams, who is fifth in the conference in rushing and leads the league in receiving. (The Wildcats' Felix Wilson is second.) Williams caught seven passes against Georgia last week to give him 20 through the Rebels' first four contests. The speedy attack is also sixth in the SEC standings of All-Purpose backs.

What a poor running game usually means is a lot of punts. And the Rebels have just the man to do it. UK seems to face

a pro-type punter every week and the Rebels' Jim Miller is no exception. The bare-footed punter averaged 45.9 yards last year, giving him the national championship in that category. This year he has averaged only 39.9.

On the other side of the kicking coin, the Rebels have an excellent placekicker in Horpy Langley. The junior started the season as the third leading kicker in Ole Miss history. His highlight of this year has been a 29-yard field goal which beat Southern Mississippi in the final seconds, two weeks ago.

Sloan hopes that Langley will get a chance to kick a lot of PAT's Saturday, but he isn't placing any bets. He feels UK will present another very tough opponent for the Rebels in their homecoming contest.

"Kentucky has excellent personnel," says Sloan. "They are a very physical team that is very talented and very well coached."

In his two years at Vandy, Sloan lost twice to Curri's Wildcats. But he isn't worried about that now. "We just need to win," laughed Sloan. Gametime is 2:30 EDT.

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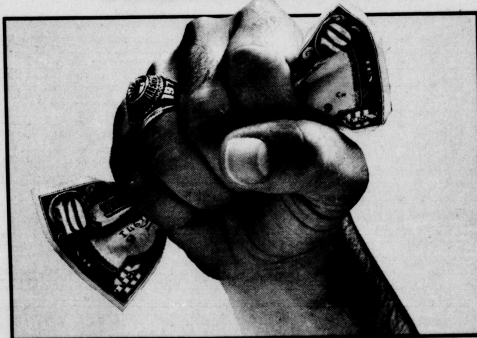


By DIANE MILAM/Kernel Staff

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 Number Three Wincall, ridden by Gary Columbia, starts out of the gate in the second leg of yesterday's Daily Double at Keeneland. Wincall won the race, which was for three- and four-year-olds. The purse for the race was \$3500.

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# Rep. Dan Flood indicted by grand jury

WASHINGTON (AP) — Rep. Daniel J. Flood, an influential veteran Democrat from Pennsylvania, was indicted on 10 counts of conspiracy and bribery yesterday by a federal grand jury in Washington.

The indictment accused Flood, 74, chairman of the House appropriations

subcommittee for labor and health, education and welfare, of conspiring with a former aide, Stephen R. Elko.

That conspiracy allegation says Flood and Elko took \$65,000 and 100 shares of stock in a Pennsylvania bank. The remaining nine counts charge that Flood took \$81,500 in bribes and asked for another

\$100,000 from a variety of sources.

Flood was indicted on Sept. 5 by a federal grand jury in Los Angeles on three counts of perjury on charges he lied to the grand jury about alleged payoffs.

If convicted, he could be sentenced to 15 years in prison and a \$20,000 fine on each

count of bribery, five years and a \$10,000 fine for conspiracy and five years and \$10,000 in fines for each count of perjury.

Flood, known for his flamboyant speech and appearance, is seeking reelection in November.

After the indictment was announced, Flood issued a statement saying "I deny all of

these allegations, totally and unequivocally. I am confident that I will be proven innocent in a court of law.

Elko, Flood's former aide, is serving a three-year prison term for accepting \$25,000 in bribes to influence Flood in connection with federal funds for a now-defunct chain of trade schools in California. Elko is

cooperating within the government.

The indictment said specifically that Flood and Elko took \$10,000 from William F. Peters, head of the defunct trade schools. It also alleged, among other things, that:

Flood took \$33,500 from Dr. Murdoch Head, founder of

the non-profit Airlie Foundation of Warrenton, Va., in return for Flood's influence in arranging federal aid for the foundation.

Flood took \$6,500 from Rabbi Ieb Pinter of Brooklyn in return for Flood's help in getting federal aid for four programs run by Pinter.

## Formations damaged at Mammoth Cave

MAMMOTH CAVE (AP) — The FBI is investigating the destruction of limestone formations in a remote cavern at Mammoth Cave National Park, an agent said yesterday.

"We are looking into the possibility of a destruction-of-government-property violation," said Special Agent John Olney.

If the damaged and destroyed formations, some of which may be more than one million years old, are worth more than \$100, Olney said, it would constitute a violation that carries a maximum penalty of 10 years in prison and a \$50,000 fine.

Park Superintendent Amos Hawkins said vandals apparently broke a lock off a

door that sealed the historic Austin entrance. Evidence gathered by park rangers indicated vandals met in the cave on more than one occasion. Hawkins said the Park Service is taking steps to have the section closed permanently.

The cavern is near Floyd Collins Crystal Cave, about one mile east of Mammoth Cave, to which it is connected. It is too far removed from Mammoth Cave to be included in tours, but cave researchers have made expeditions through the back passage and it was one of those expeditions that led to the discovery of the damage Sept. 30. Olney said the FBI first inspected the cavern Oct. 2

## Rhodesia OK's all-party conference

WASHINGTON (AP) — Rhodesian Prime Minister Ian Smith told members of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee yesterday that he is willing to attend an all-party conference on his country's future and its transition to black majority rule without any pre-conditions.

Smith was quoted by committee members as saying that he is ready to hold free and internationally supervised elections shortly after the first of the year based on the principle of one-man, one-vote.

"I think he's ready to go right now, without any preliminary

work," said Sen. Richard Stone, D-Ill. "I think he's ready just to go."

In public statements in the past, Smith has resisted the all-parties conference concept because such a meeting would include guerrilla leaders whom Smith has said are dedicated to totalitarian Marxism.

Sen. Charles H. Percy, R-Ill., quoted Smith as saying that he would be willing to accept any "reasonable surveillance" of an election by the United States, the United Nations or any other appropriate international body.

Percy quoted Smith as saying that Secretary of State Cyrus Vance was poorly briefed on the Rhodesian leader's positions and did not realize how far he was prepared to go to achieve an orderly transition to Rhodesia.

A meeting between Smith and Vance earlier this week ended with reports that the two had made no progress toward reaching agreement on the proper course to set to reach such a settlement. Stone said he believes the next step is for Smith to tell Vance what he has

now told the committee.

He said members made clear that what the United States wants is "swift evolution to black majority rule in Rhodesia, based on the principle of one-man, one-vote, and without bloodbaths."

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Anthony Gray  
Advertising Director

Wally Dempsey  
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## Union officials to meet with coal industry reps

LOUISVILLE (AP) — Carl A. Warns, Jr., a labor arbitrator and University of Louisville professor, says a meeting here Monday will be "the first time that I know of that the coal companies and unions have been together under one roof for a seminar."

Officials from the United Mine Workers union, the coal industry and the Federal Mediation and Conciliation Service will meet for a seminar on the role of arbitration in the coal industry.

"The industry and the unions are going to educate the arbitrators as much as they can

in one day," said Warns, one of the seminar's co-chairmen.

Warns was on a special advisory committee named to help President Carter deal with the coal strike earlier this year.

He said one of the problems the committee found was that neither the companies nor the union was satisfied with the way arbitrators have been dealing with disputes in the mines.

One of the complaints, said federal mediator Joe M. Kirkham, another seminar co-chairman, is that some arbitrators are not familiar with conditions in the mines.

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friday, october 13, 1978

## The Sound Of Music

*Rodgers and Hammerstein  
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## The Hostage

*UK Theatre season  
opens with  
Behan's Irish drama*

stories on page 2





Above: Rob Moore and Tommi Cheuvront go through rehearsals for *The Hostage*. On the cover: Barry Hammons and Rick Scirele are featured. Photos by David O'Neil.

## Behan's 'The Hostage' to open UK Theatre season

The UK Theatre's new season gets underway Tuesday evening with a production of Brendon Behan's *The Hostage*.

Dr. John B. Lynaugh, director of the production, said the 'strength' of the play lay in

the fact that it is a "company piece. It demands everybody's participation all of the time."

"It's a stage full of spies, pimps and informers. It's a frolic. It's always one step ahead of the audience."

The cast of *The Hostage* includes Rick Scirele, Becky Smith, Julie Stephens, Richard

Kent, Tommi Cheuvront, Sherry Campbell, Julie Butcher, Bob Brock, Barry Hammons, Clint Robertson, Allen Gibson, Dowell Platt, Nancy Blair, Don Fisher, Rob Moore, Walter Tunis, Eric Schusterman, and Jeff Elliot.

The setting is a Dublin brothel where a British soldier is captured by Irish partisans and is being held in safekeeping. Although the situation is a serious one and the play is a serious piece of work, the play abounds in Behan's typical black humor and roguish wit.

The play, originally written in three acts, will be performed in two. The production, which has a nightly curtain time of 8,

will be performed through Saturday, Oct. 21 in the Guignol Theatre of the Fine Arts Building.

Remaining productions of the UK Theatre season will include *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, *Tobacco Road*, and *Equus*. Also, Actor's Theatre of Louisville will stage *Gold Dust*, a musical loosely adapted from Moliere's *The Miser*.

For ticket information and reservations call 258-2680.

## 'Sound of Music' opens downtown



Sally Ann Howes is featured of Maria in *The Sound of Music*.

By THOMAS CLARK  
Associate Editor

The composing team of Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II has often been hailed as one of the best. The opening of *The Sound of Music* last night at the Lexington Opera House is a classic example of how the team earned its reputation.

The musical revolves around Maria Reiner, a young postulate in an Austrian abbey

who is sent to be governess to the seven children of Captain Georg von Trapp. Maria devotes herself to turning the children back into children, instead of the little soldiers that von Trapp has created.

In time, Maria accomplishes her task and earns the Captain's respect -- and his love.

The play is based on the true story of the von Trapp Family Singers, who immigrated to the United States after Austria was

overrun by Germany, exercising its pre-World War II muscles. Rodgers and

Hammerstein, working with script writers Howard Lindsey and Russel Crouse, turned the story into a classic of the American theatre.

The national touring company, which plays the Opera House through Saturday, nicely illustrates the charm of the musical. Sally Ann Howes (of *Chitty Chitty, Bang Bang* fame) stars as Maria, giving a beautiful performance of the postulate torn between her love for the Captain and for the Church.

Howes serves as the anchor for a cast that performs well enough to dispel the image of Julie Andrews and crew running around the Austrian

Alps in the 1965 film version that brought the magic of *The Sound of Music* to most of the world.

Earl Wrightson, a veteran Broadway actor, brings a very

personal interpretation of the Captain to the stage. His voice is dynamic, and the emotional power that he vividly injects into the part adds a rarely seen dimension to the character.

### theatre

The stage version, which ran for four years after its 1959 New York debut, allows the audience a glance at what *Musical* was like in its original, pre-Hollywood form. The film made several changes in the structure of the show, including the exclusion of three songs

and the rearrangement of two others.

Howes, Wrightson and a scene-stealing batch of children have brought to Lexington an excellent rendition of the

musical. The production does not betray the age of script, which is as fresh today as it was 20 years ago.

## Bob Hope special salutes World Series anniversary

LOS ANGELES - A drumbeater is defined by the dictionary as "one who actively publicizes or campaigns for something." Bob Hope is such a person and he admits it.

He never hesitates to actively publicize or campaign for something, even a two-hour special with a three-hour title: *Bob Hope's All-Star Comedy*.

Salute to the 75th Anniversary of the World Series. "I take advantage of

everything," he says. He isn't kidding.

He estimates by the time NBC airs that show this Sunday, he'll have done more than 40 print and broadcast interviews, all to drum up patrons for a program in which he starts his 29th year at NBC-TV.

The TV chats include *Today* today, *Tonight* tonight, and earlier, the *Dinah Shore* and *Mike Douglas* shows, he says. Oh yes, also many plugs on NBC's World Series telecasts this week.

More than a few top TV stars

feel three or four interviews are sufficient to inform the public that they have a show coming to TV.

Not Hope. When he has a special afoot, he and a squad of press agents get busier-as Fred Allen once described busier-than a flute player's upper lip during the *William Tell* Overture.

He starts talking things up to most anyone with a pencil or microphone as early as a month before the show airs. He also plugs it in personal appearances he makes around America between shows.

Oddly, he says he didn't drumbeat much in his early vaudeville days.

"I wasn't too publicity-minded back then," the 75-year-old comic claims. "I was too concerned with getting over my act."

Nor, he says, did he do much tub-thumping for the radio series he had years ago on NBC: "We were on every week and actually built it up on the merits of the show."

But TV is different, particularly now, he says, because his schedules face tougher competition and thus

need considerable drumbeating.

"We never used to have any trouble finding a soft spot on TV," meaning his shows were scheduled opposite programs which weren't doing well in the ratings.

"You look around today, it's hard to find a spot they don't have an attraction that's getting a 42 rating you have to buck. So you have to go out and really interest the people into turning them competing shows off and turning you on."

True, some stars make do  
Continued on page 3

## This week's top ten:

Here are the top 10 selling albums in the country according to *Billboard* magazine for the coming week:

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| 1. <b>GREASE</b><br>Soundtrack<br>(RSO)                      | 6. <b>LIVE AND MORE</b><br>Donna Summer<br>(Casablanca)                      |
| 2. <b>WHO ARE YOU</b><br>The Who<br>(MCA)                    | 7. <b>NIGHTWATCH</b><br>Kenny Loggins<br>(Columbia)                          |
| 3. <b>DON'T LOOK BACK</b><br>Boston<br>(Epic)                | 8. <b>TWIN SONS</b><br>Dan Fogelberg and<br>Tim Weisberg<br>(Full Moon/Epic) |
| 4. <b>LIVING IN THE U.S.A.</b><br>Linda Ronstadt<br>(Asylum) | 9. <b>SOME GIRLS</b><br>The Rolling Stones<br>(Rolling Stone)                |
| 5. <b>DOUBLE VISION</b><br>Foreigner<br>(Atlantic)           | 10. <b>PIECES OF EIGHT</b><br>Styx<br>(A&M)                                  |

### Hope promotes show

Continued from page 2

with only a few show-touting interviews, but Hope suspects that can lead to being on TV for only a few years.

"You go back 28 years and look at the ratings. The fact that this is my 29th year on television tells you a little bit of the story. That's the answer to

the thing.

"Because I want people to know what I'm doing and I want them to watch."

He was asked if he considers this interview in any way a bit of drumbeating by him for Sunday's show.

"Oh, a little bit," is what he said. "A little teeny bit."

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Music

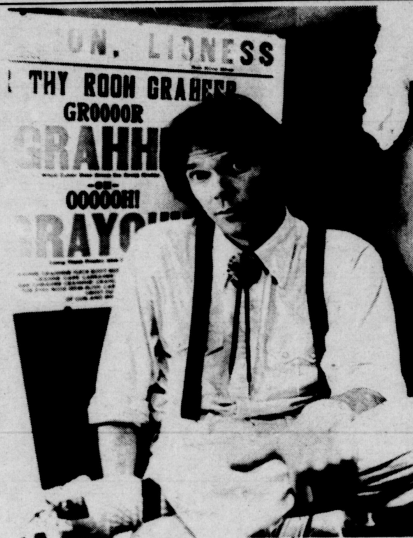
Young's  
newest:  
Hardly  
the  
right  
Time



**COMES A TIME**  
Neil Young  
(Reprise)

Putting it bluntly, Neil Young is not one of the most popular performers to Lexingtonians anymore.

Young cancelled his Rupp Arena concert, which would have been last Wednesday, for the reported claim, according to local promoters, that he didn't want to play Rupp unless it was a



sell-out.

Disheartened or dismayed as the Lexington Neil Young fans probably are, their should at least be pushed aside enough to objectively view his newest album, *Comes a Time*.

*Comes A Time* isn't as powerful as Neil Young's best recent work (*On the Beach and Zuma*), in that its approach is so timid. This is the first primarily acoustic album Young has done since *Harvest*. In fact, much of the new album is produced in the same vein as *Harvest*, making its chances for commercial success equally as great.

That's the only problem. *Comes a Time* isn't a bad album by any means, it just that some of it doesn't have the edge, the meanness, or the urgency of Young's better albums.

There are still plenty of good songs here. "Goin'

Back" and "Four Strong Winds" (one of the very few non-original songs Young does) are as simple and precise as anything Young has ever done, while "Peace of Mind" recalls a guitar/string arrangement very much like The Buffalo Springfield used.

Young's wry sense of humor is alive and well on "Motorcycle Mama," the sole electric number on the album, where he trades off vocals with Nicolette Larson.

The approach Young has taken on *Comes a Time* should sit very well with Young fans who have used *Harvest* has their only contact with his music, but those who have come to know Young's later, harder, blunter music can only see this as another Neil Young album and nothing more.

Walter Tunis

**Zappa's 'Studio'**

STUDIO TAN  
Frank Zappa  
(DiscReet)

Frank Zappa has never been, how we say,

commercial in his musical approach. His recordings have always been products of his own warped wax studio, completely oblivious to what other musical

Continued on page 8

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## 'Chefs delicious; 'Fix' a good whodunit

By BOB THOMAS Associated Press Writer

### WHO IS KILLING THE GREAT CHEFS OF EUROPE

This film serves a menu of belly-laughs amid the haute haute cuisine. Except for a couple of lapses of taste, the results are delicious, the dialogue is bright, the pace fast, and the view of Europe's finest restaurants is eye-filling. George Segal is a fast food magnate trying to conquer the continent. Jacqueline Bisset is his ex-wife, a premiere pastry chef. They combine as effectively as the screwball comedy teams of the 1930's. Robert Morley as a gourmand is excellence and everything else in sight; he is superb, the solid foundation for the film's fun, as well as its menace. A high calorie treat. (RATED PG)

### THE BIG FIX

The Big Fix casts Richard Dreyfuss as a former campus revolutionary reduced to industrial spying as a private investigator. He soon gets inside heavier stuff: dirty work inside a political campaign, murder of his college sweetheart, attacks by Mafia hitmen, etc. The action is slow to start, then winds through a bewildering number of alleyways. Dreyfuss prevents chaos by his surehanded, though one is in a plaster cast, portrayal of Moses Wine. He is the archtypical private eye: cynical, slovenly, opportunistic but ultimately moral. Director Jeremy Paul Kagan gives as vivid of modern Los Angeles as did the makers of the 1940's Philip Marlowe whodunits. (RATED PG)

## One needn't be scholar to enjoy Austen 'Abbey'

Northanger Abbey  
Jane Austen

Poor Jane Austen! Pity any author dead and defenseless against writers who write books about books! Contrary to belief, popular or scholarly, one does not have to be an English Lit. major to enjoy *Northanger Abbey*.

Any modern reprint is certain to have a dismal introduction to "flesh out" the publication and make it look thick. This introduction will have been written by a thick-headed and well-meaning scholar who will give a tedious explanation as to why the book was not published in 1803 and will almost certainly repeat the word "Gothic" somewhere in the course of his exposition. All this is a waste of ink.

The reader is urged to turn quickly to the first sentence of the novel proper: "No one who had ever seen Catherine Morland in her infancy would have supposed her born to be an heroine." A solid and comfortable opening sentence like this is its own introduction. Marching after it comes a host

of well-put sentences that tell a story with wit and gentle parody.

This minor work of a great author spoofs the foibles of popular literature. Although fashions in fiction change, the foibles remain. Austen's satirical passages mildly jest at Gothic Romance and will provoke unholy glee in anyone who has ever picked up a book by Victoria Holt or Jean Plaidy.

This is satire with a pin prick and not with a bludgeon. Austen enjoys the foibles she satirizes.

And fortunately for the story's sake, Austen does not dwell on satire. Catherine's troubles, affectionately treated, amuse and eventually affect the reader. Conditions surrounding marriage have changed, but relations between the sexes are still the same old story. Catherine's encounters with the dreadful John Thorpe, the delightful Mr. Tilney and the tyrannical General strike home.

-Ellen Mizell

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17

Jan. 18 Haydn, Bach, Pachelbel,  
19 Mozart

Feb. 8 Schumann, Schumann,  
9 Beethoven

March 8 Kabelvsky, Khachaturian  
9 Liadov, Tchaikovsky

April 5 Beethoven, Brahms, Faure  
6

A limited number of tickets are available to U.K. students upon presentation of a validated full-time student ID card. Tickets will be distributed on the Tuesday and Wednesday (while supply lasts) prior to each performance. Distribution of tickets for the first performance will take place on Tuesday, Oct. 17 and Wednesday, Oct. 18, 1978.

STUDENT CENTER ----- 10:00 a.m.-6:00 p.m.  
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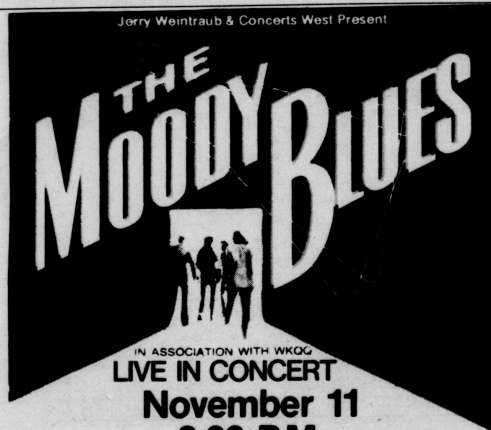
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## around town

### films

**Animal House** -R- (1978) John Belushi stars in National Lampoon's spoof of college life. At Fortland Mall (2, 4, 6, 8, 10 p.m.)

**The Big Fix** -PG- (1978) Comic murder mystery fun with Richard Dreyfuss as Moses Wine. At Northpark Cinemas (2, 3:55, 5:45, 7:40, 9:30 p.m.)

**Blue Collar** -R- Richard Pryor stars. At Kentucky Theatre (Wed., 1:30 & 7:30, Thur., 9:30 p.m.)

**The Boss in the Band** -R- (1970) At Kentucky Theatre (Wed., 1:30 & 7:30, Thur., 9:30 p.m.)

**Brother Sun, Sister Moon** -G- (1973) Alec Guinness stars in the life story of St. Francis of Assisi. Music composed by Donizetti. At SCB Theatre (Tues., Wed., 6:30 and 9 p.m.)

**Death on the Nile** -PG- (1978) Based on Agatha Christie's novel. At Northpark Cinemas (2, 4:40, 7:20, 9:45 p.m.)

**Effie Briest** -R- (1975) At Kentucky Theatre (5 p.m. Sunday)

**Equus** -R- (1978) Fascinating story of a broken psychiatrist and his patient who blinded six horses out of his love for them. Stars Richard Burton. At Chevy Chase Cinema (2, 4:30, 7, & 9:30 p.m.)

**The Exorcist** -R- (1976) William Peter Blatty's film of a possessed girl. Great fun. Starts today at the Northpark and Southpark.

**Fast Flax** -PG- (1978) Hilarious murder-mystery madness with Chevy Chase and Goldie Hawn. At Lexington Mall (1:00, 3:10, 5:20, 7:20, 9:45 p.m.)

**Goin' South** -PG- (1978) Long awaited comic western with Jack Nicholson and John Belushi. At Crossroads Cinemas (7:20 & 9:20 p.m.)

**Grease** -PG- (1978) Film version of the hit Broadway musical of life in the '50s. With John Travolta and Olivia Newton-John. At Crossroads Cinema (7 & 9:30 p.m.)

**Heaven Can Wait** -PG- (1978) Warren Beatty directs and stars in this highly entertaining update of *Here Comes Mr. Jordan*. With Buck Henry, James Mason and Julie Christie. At Lexington Mall (1:40, 3:40, 5:40, 7:40, 9:40 p.m.)

**The Billion Dollar Hobo** -G- (1978) Walt Disney's latest. At Fayette Mall (2, 3:45, 5:30, 7:30 & 9:30 p.m.)

**Hooper** -PG- (1978) Burt Reynolds' latest. This "time he's a Hollywood stuntman. Strictly routine stuff. At Northpark Cinemas (1:30, 3:30, 5:30, 7:30, 9:30 p.m.)

**Interiors** -PG- (1978) The newest Woody Allen film. A drastic departure into obscure drama, where Allen directs, but doesn't star. Features Diane Keaton and F.G. Marshall. At Fayette Mall (1:30, 3:30, 5:30, 7:30, 9:30 p.m.)

**Jabberwocky** -PG- (1977) The most recent Monty Python adventure, again set in the Middle Ages, starring Michael Palin. At Kentucky Theatre (Fri. and Sat., 7:30, Sun., 1 & 3 p.m.)

**Julia** -PG- (1977) At Kentucky Theatre (Fri., 1:30, 9:30, Sat., 1, 3, and 9:30 p.m., Mon., 1:30 and 7:30, Tues., 1:30 p.m.) Also at SCB Theatre (Fri., Sat., and Sun., 6:30 and 9 p.m.)

**Journey Through the Past** -PG- (1975) Neil Young's first film, containing concert footage by the Buffalo Springfield and Crosby, Stills & Nash. At the Kentucky Theatre (Sat., 5 p.m., Sun., 7:30 p.m.)

**Prudence** -R- (1977) At Kentucky Theatre (Mon., 9:30 and Tues., 7:30 p.m.)

**Requiem for a Heavyweight** -G- Anthony Quinn stars in this classic about a washed-up fighter who turns to wrestling to pay off his debts. At SCB Theatre (1 Thur., 7 & 9 p.m.)

**Revenge of the Pink Panther** -PG- (1978) Peter Sellers stars in the latest of the Inspector Clouseau comedies. At South Park Cinemas (1:40, 3:25, 5:30, 7:25, 9:30 p.m.)

**Saturday Night Fever** -R- (1977) By now you surely know the story and the music. At North Park Cinemas (1:15, 3:20, 5:30, 7:45, 9:50 p.m.) Also at Kentucky Theatre (Fri. and Sat. at midnight.)

**The Seventh Seal** -PG- (1957) Ingmar Bergman's classic film about a meeting with death and depravity. At Kentucky Theatre (Wed., 9:30, Thur., 1:30 and 7:30.)

**Slaughterhouse Five** -R- (1972) The story of an American ex-P.O.W. who gets stuck in time. Taken from Kurt Vonnegut's novel. At SCB Theatre (Fri., Sat., 11:15 p.m.)

**Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band** -PG- (1978) Pathetic mock-opera of Beatles songs. A musical abortion. With Peter Frampton and the Bee Gees. At South Park Cinema (1:50, 3:45, 5:40, 7:40, 9:40 p.m.)

**Somebody Killed Her Husband** -PG- With Jeff Bridges and Farirah J. sweet Mayes. At North Park and South Park Cinemas (1:30, 3:30, 5:25, 7:35, 9:35.)

**Spellbound** -G- Alfred Hitchcock's thriller about a patient (Gregory Peck) at a mental hospital who is suspected of murdering a psychiatrist. At SCB Theatre (Mon. at 6:30 and 9 p.m.)

**Up in Smoke** -R- (1978) First cinematic venture by comedians Cheech and Chong. At Fortland Mall (1:30, 3:30, 5:30, 7:30, 9:30)

**Zorba the Greek** -PG- (1964) With Anthony Quinn. At Kentucky Theatre (Sun. and Tues. at 9:30 p.m.)

### concerts

**Lionel Hampton**, Tonight, 9 p.m., Regional Arts Center in Danville. Tickets \$10, \$8, \$6, \$4. Reservations, 236-6092.

**Bob Dylan**, Oct. 15, 8 p.m., Cincinnati's Riverfront Coliseum. SOLD OUT.

**Aerosmith and Golden Earring**, Oct. 21, 8 p.m., Louisville's Freedom Hall. \$7.50 advance, \$8.50 day-of-show at Ticketron.

**Bob Dylan**, Oct. 24, 8 p.m., Louisville's Freedom Hall. SOLD OUT.

**Jethro Tull and Uriah Heep**, Oct. 25, 8 p.m., Cincinnati's Riverfront Coliseum. \$7.35 and \$8.35 at Ticketron.

**Natalie Cole and Ashford & Simpson**, Oct. 26, 8 p.m., Memorial Coliseum. \$7 and \$8 at Student Center Ticket Window.

**John Hartford and New Grass Revival**, Oct. 27, 7:30 & 10 p.m., Student Center Ballroom. \$5 general admission at 203 Student Center Ticket Window.

**Larry Corvell**, Oct. 20, Memorial Hall. 8 p.m.; \$6 at Student Center Ticket Window.

**McOy Tyner**, Nov. 4, Memorial Hall. 8 p.m.; \$6 at Student Center Ticket Window.

**Moody Blues**, Nov. 11, 8 p.m., Rupp Arena. \$6.75, \$7.75, and \$8.75 at Lexington Center box office. Disc Jockey, and McAlpine's.

### theatre

**The Hostage**, by Brendan Behan, will be presented by the UK Theatre Department beginning next Tuesday, Oct. 17, and continuing through Oct. 21 at the Gungel Theatre in the Fine Arts Building. Tickets are \$3, students, \$4, regular.

**The Sound of Music** plays at the Lexington Opera House tonight and tomorrow night, 8 p.m., with a matinee tomorrow at 2 p.m. For more information call 233-3565.

**Box Stop**, William Inge's comedy, is showing through Oct. 22 at Diners' Playhouse. Showtimes, 8 p.m., Tues. through Sat., and 1:30 p.m. Sunday.



goes anywhere!

Every weekday.



# The Last Annual 'Your Love Is Like Nuclear Waste' Contest

Our love is almost over

Alright, scruffhounds. You've been doing your homework very well. Most of you have met the creative battle we proposed in *The Last Annual 'Your Love Is Like Nuclear Waste' Contest* rather well. Some of you died before you picked up your respective pens.

But it is to the rest of the people we're speaking now. The oft-quoted 'Silent Majority,' who usually wait until the last minute to do things. Some call them sandbaggers.

Our point is simple, the contest is now heading down into its final hours. You have only till this Tuesday (Oct. 17) to scribble down what pops into your feeble minds as to what the most creative and vulgar name for a punk-rock band should be.

After that time, any entry received will be violated, stomped upon, spit at, and shredded into millions of tiny minuscule bits. A gruesome thought! Just think of that

happening to your entry. How could you sleep at night after a thing like that happened?

And believe us, we mean business.

So it isn't too much to ask, now is it? Just fill out the inevitable form below (it becoming routine stuff now, isn't it) and briskly move your hooves to the nearest *Kernel* office, that being 114 Journalism Building (it's also our only office, thank God).

Now you smartly reply, "Okay, okay - what's next?"

All in good time, my children, all in good time. It will all come soon enough. We will "process" all entries, deem what entries will be printed, and, hark among harks, will declare our winners in next week's *A&E*. That's right, scruffhounds, we're gonna make you wait, gonna make you bleed, gonna make you squirm 'round, before you get your just rewards.

We have a few surprises in store to, so look out Cleveland, the storm is comin' through! We'll try to contact all winners before Friday, but if we don't, just stop by ole' 114 (where you brought your entry, remember) and we'll set you up. *We deliver!*

So avoid the pre-Christmas rush and send in your entry today (remember the evil brewing we have waiting for the late entries).

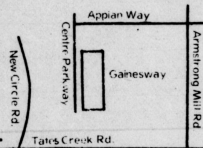
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## Janis Ian: another comeback?

By PETER J. BOYER  
Associated Press Writer

"Comeback" is a fun word that can be put to wondrous and varied uses. Drop it into a conversation with an old pitcher and he'll light up the room with a broad smile. Mention the word in front of singer Janis Ian, and a chill quickly develops.

Janis Ian doesn't like to talk about comebacks. Perhaps that's because at 27, she's already had to make one and she's working on her second. Comebacks are no fun for singers. When pop stars visit never-never land, they seldom return.

"Comeback" she asks, a bit touchy at the suggestion.

"What a boring word I mean, what am I coming back from?"

What she's coming back from this time is a protracted tour of Japan, which is to say, a period in which American audiences didn't spend their record allowances on Janis Ian. It's happened before.

In 1966, at the age of 15, Ian entered pop music in a prodigious way, with a hip little lament to interracial dating called "Society's Child."

Then came the inevitable slide back down. At 17, Janis Ian found a bearded photojournalist to live with, a shrink to talk to, and quit.

Her first comeback ticket was an anthem to adolescent bitterness, "At Seventeen." The song, which told us that high

### Zappa

Continued from page 4  
product orbits around him.

So here we have *Studio Tan*, an album that completely departs from Zappa's recent work. In contrast to the semi-progressive jazz and rock of *On Size Fits All* and *Zappa in New York*, *Studio Tan* drifts off into near-atonality.

The entire first side is taken up by "Greggory Peccary," a collection of odd riffs and impossible chords, none of it with any sustained beat.

The closing track, "Redunzel," is the most straight-forward, since it is the only time when Zappa plugs in his guitar for an extended solo.

*Studio Tan* is the product of an ever-changing artist, who refuses to let his music be labeled. However, because of its experimental nature, it is an album for very specific tastes. Listen before you buy.

W. I.

school life isn't the great toga party it's made out to be if you have acne, quickly became the country's no. 1 hit.

Janis Ian was back. Her *Between the Lines* album became a classic, and was a huge seller. She moved into a luxury apartment in Manhattan, and all was well with the world. Then it happened again.

She under pressure to create more hits like "At Seventeen," more albums like *Between the Lines*. She made all the right moves, including sticking with a successful producer, Brooks Arthur, against her better

judgment. But it just didn't work.

This time, she didn't panic. She didn't move into a cave with a Tibetan lama and quit making songs. She wrote, she recorded, and she waited. She didn't think about failure.

"I don't think in those terms anymore," she says. "I found that when I got caught up in all that, I stopped writing songs."

She likes her new album, *Janis Ian*. It was a low-pressure production, typical Ian, with lots of disillusion and the like. Early charts show the record well.

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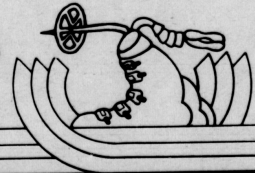
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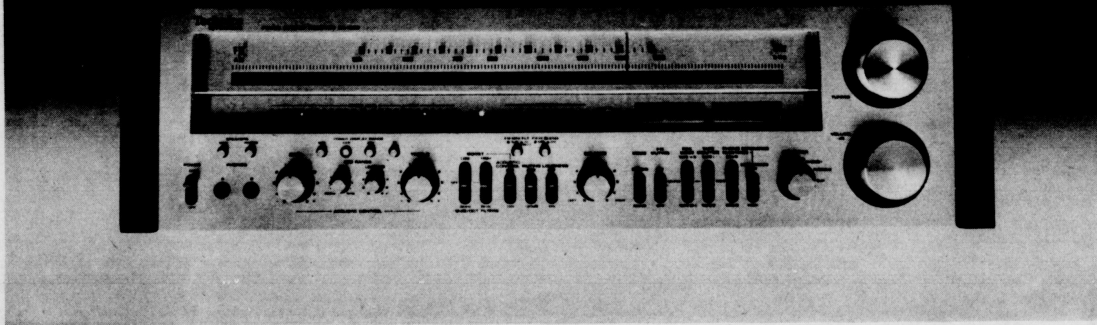
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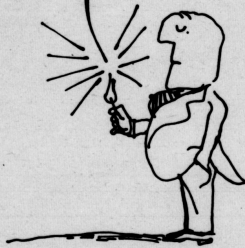
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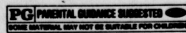
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### New Contributors

**ART FEIN** (On Disc) writes about music in Hollywood. He likes to live sumptuously and dine in the finest restaurants. He is in the wrong business.

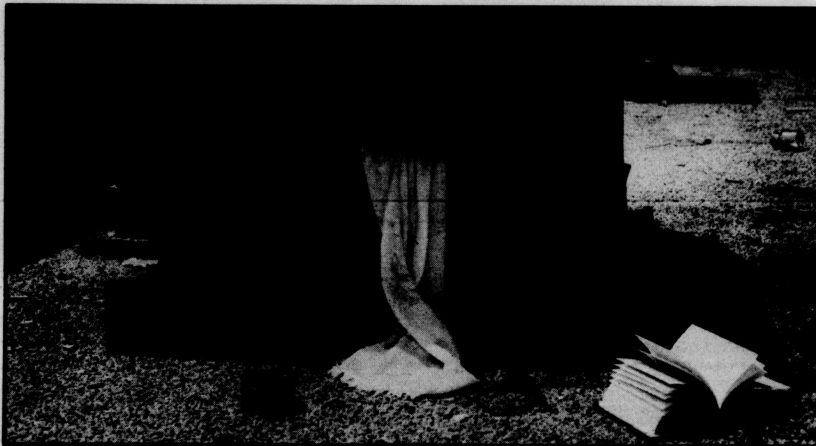
**FLO** (Mark Volman) and **EDDIE** (Howard Kaylan) (In Print) use other names and other voices; among them Turtles, Mothers of Invention, radio people, rock critics, interviewers and all-around good guys.

**DON SNOWDEN** (On Disc) has been known to go by the name of "Mr. Chivas." As in "Regal." When not surveying the music scene from one of Hollywood's higher class gutters, he dreams of playing John Steed to Diana Rigg's Emma Peel.

**TOM VICKERS**, (On Disc) former ghetto correspondent for *Rolling Stone*, is a Bostonian now residing in L.A. He shuns razor-blade jewelry and wishes that Dyke and the Blazers we're still around to add some reality to an otherwise d'voidfunk scene.

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# IN ONE EAR...



Illustrator Harold "Hal" Vettika, perpetrator of the art for our Bavarian Illuminati Conspiracy article last issue, has disappeared. He was last seen relaxing on Ampersand's spiffy sundeck (above), where we found his book and ashtray and a few other personal effects. Someone had written the name Weishaupt on a nearby dirty window. We fear foul play.

### Nag, Nag

I'm a journalism student at Purdue University. It's in Indiana. Indiana is by those big lakes, near Chicago. Will you read this letter and heed it? Probably not. You fascist pigs. I don't know what sort of manic fit caused me to write this letter. What gives you the right to throw this letter in the garbage? "Hell, Joe, here's another one of those goddamn letters from some farmer back east. Some poor soul twisted on cowshit and jimson weed. I'll toss it like the rest."

Sorry about that. I also tend to ramble a bit at times. I'll try to stay calm and refrain from launching into bits of Thompsonism. No sense in going Gonzo too early in life. What I wondered was if you have enough record reviewers. Why don't you bastards pull yourselves out of that cocaine stupor and give a poor, braindamaged journalism student a chance?

As for my musical experience, I don't like Barry Manilow. If some of you like him, you probably won't comprehend this letter anyway. Just hand this letter to the nearest long-hair with sunglasses on; he'll know what to do with it.

MICHAEL BACKUS  
PURDUE UNIVERSITY

Our cocaine stupor? We handed your letter to our short-haired music editor, who's a Barry Manilow fan. He says that he knows what to do with it, if you'll just turn around and bend over. (Note to other aspiring Gonzos: it's been done. Find your own approach. And learn to type.)

Of all the recordings of contemporary American music (Good American Music, September '78) you did not mention, one stands out in my mind as deserving praise. It is the

recording of Luciano Berio's *Sinfonia*, done by the N.Y. Philharmonic and the Swingle Singers (MS 7268 Columbia). I believe this piece represents a perfection of the composers uniquely individual style. As for withstanding the test of time, the piece was just played a few months ago by the conservative Chicago Symphony Orchestra!

DOUG OSBORNE  
CHAMPAIGN, ILL.

Your nomination of Luciano Berio's *Sinfonia* to the list of "ten best" American compositions forces me to concede the point immediately. (Hell, I would bow away to another half dozen works that come to mind immediately).

The trouble with the Berio work is that it was written for the uniquely gifted Swingles. Without them, it cannot be performed—or so Ernest Fleischmann, executive director of the L.A. Phil, told me.

Assuming that condition still pertains (other "unplayable" works have, in time, become routine repertoire pieces), I can only wonder if the Berio work can survive in the concert hall.

Thank Columbia for preserving it for us. A record is better than nothing.

Ed Cray

Merrill Shindler, author of "Raised on Kane: A Connoisseur's Guide to Obscure Classic Films" in the September issue, is described in your author's note as "the proud owner of a master's degree in film aesthetics and criticism." He ought to send it back, at least based on the degree of familiarity with film classics he betrays when he describes Roman Polanski's *Gul-de-Sac* as "starring Shakespearean actors Jack MacGowran and Donald Pleasance as a pair of wounded gangsters who terrorize a middle-aged milquetoast and his beautiful young wife (played by Jacqueline Bisset)." Disregarding the matter of whether or not Shindler's identification of the aforementioned actors as "Shakespearean" is correct (MacGowran was Irish, for Chrissakes), I would like to point out that (a) the gangsters were played by MacGowran and Lionel Stander (Pleasance played the milquetoast); and (b) the

beautiful young wife was played by Francoise Dorleac (Bisset had a rather minor role as a visitor to the Milquetoast's keep).

COLMAN ANDREWS  
LOS ANGELES, CA

## In Here

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### OUR COVER

Joni Mitchell in the desert, photographed by Henry Diltz.

# & OUT THE OTHER

## A Plethora of Pix, A Bunch of Bucks

HOLLYWOOD IS SMACKING its collective corporate lips these days; 1978 was its best year ever, thanks to *Grease*, *Jaws II*, *Heaven Can Wait*, *Foul Play*, *Hooper*, *Revenge of the Pink Panther* and *Animal House*, among others. The industry is already poised for its annual year-end gold rush of 30-35 films, including two animated features, *Lord of the Rings* by Ralph Bakshi and *Waterhip Down*, after the rabbit book; a few big stars will appear, Clint Eastwood in *Every Which Way but Loose*; Sylvester Stallone in *Paradise Alley*; John Travolta and Lily Tomlin in *Moment by Moment*; Jane Fonda and James Caan in *Comes a Horseman*, Brando in *Superman*, Gregory Peck and Laurence Olivier in *The Boys from Brazil*, Dreyfuss in *The Big Fix*. . . we won't tire you with all the titles. It's interesting, though, in this fittest of all years, to note the absence of certain big stars who did not contribute to the tall stacks of coin: Pacino, de Niro, McQueen, Redford, Newman, Bronson, Streisand all stayed home. We didn't need them after all.

## Fresh Clay

A CHAT WITH MICHAEL NESMITH, who prefers to be identified (and aptly so) as one of the founding fathers of country-rock, rather than (equally aptly) one of the Monkees, reveals that he's busily creating his own empire based in picturesque Carmel, California. Mike's purchased the masters to all of his highly-regarded, though slow-selling solo albums from RCA Records, as well as his instrumental jazz-country-rock *Wichita Train Whistle* long-player from ABC, and reissued them on his own Pacific Arts label. He's releasing new material, too, some of it under a unique arrangement whereby master tapes are merely leased from independent producers or artists, sans advance, and "royalties are paid from the first disc sold." There's a new "live" Nesmith album just released (see "On Disc," this issue), and Mike — letting no grass grow beneath his boots — has just produced an album for Motown's Fresh, characterized by him as "heavy metal r&b." When the label approached him, Mike tells us, he wondered how he'd been selected. "You've only seen me work in acrylics," he challenged them, "how do you know that I can work in clay?" Their reply: "Michael, an artist is an artist."

## Brace Yourself

**HOT ON THE HEELS** of *Animal House* and *All-must Summer* come three more youth-student flicks in the making, according to *Variety's* casting column. The Ones We've Been Waiting For: *Disco High*, from New World Pictures (the folks who brought you *Deathport* and *Grand Theft Auto*), has parts for a pretty disco-mad femme, a school brain (also femme), football captain and a Sgt. Bilko type. *Chasing Rainbows* is about college graduates today and what they face in society (snore); producers want a 5'8" femme without shoes, and don't ask why. *D. Mims*, a "satire on public education a la *Dr. Strangelove*," needs "a cross between Steve McQueen and Dustin Hoffman (who doesn't?)" a Barbra Streisand prototype

(sic) and a Richard Dreyfuss prototype (sic again). Don't call us.

**THE BIG FIX** isn't even out yet, but Richard Dreyfuss is so in love with the character of Moses Wine (see our interview, page 8) he's already agreed to replay Wine in Roger Simon's next installment, *Peking Duck* — which takes place in China, no surprise, Simon wrote one other Wine book, *Wild Turkey*, which was optioned but never made by Warren Beatty. Beatty is the kiss of death for many projects. . . he was eager to make films on the lives of Howard Hughes and writer John Reed. That was two years ago.

## The Distant Clattering of Typewriters

REPORTER PETE HAMELL has written the first of three detective books — but instead of a detective the hero is a reporter named Sam Briscoe. The first is titled *Dirty Laundry*; all three have been purchased by Universal for more than \$1 million. So far no word on whether a rich and famous widow appears in any of the books.

**COLUMBIA PICTURES** RECENTLY ANNOUNCED formation of a Writer's Workshop program designed to discover and develop screenwriting talent from the farflung hinterlands — that is, universities and colleges. Students (or recent graduates) selected by the writing departments must submit an original work — short story, play, screenplay — and a written recommendation from one or more faculty members. Those chosen will attend a 16-week workshop at Columbia Studios in Burbank, after which they'll hand in their screenplays. David Z. Goodman, director of the Workshop (and author of *Straw Dogs*, *Farewell, My Lovely* and the wretched *Eyes of Laura Mars*) will read

each and choose those deemed worthy of further development — to be purchased by Columbia Pictures for real money. So says the press release. Remember, when you're bewildered in Burbank, *Amperсанд* is just a phone call away.

**IF INSTEAD OF SCREENPLAYS** you write songs, take note: BMI has announced its 27th annual Student Composers competition for people under 26 in accredited schools. Deadline is December 31, prize money is \$15,000.

## Wax Fax

**DAVID BOWIE** IS RECORDING IN SWITZERLAND, with Brian Eno co-producing; Warren Zevon still isn't in the studio, but his record company devoutly hopes he's at home writing songs, as he says he is. . . Captain Beethart returns to Warner Bros. Records with an album called *Shiny Beast (Bat Chain Puller)*, produced by WB exec Pete Johnson, who is merely one of the best people in the world; on the album the Captain introduces his newest dance craze, the Floppy Boot Stomp. . . Alice Cooper is still working on that album inspired by his drying-out experience in an East Coast sanitarium for alcoholics; his co-writer is Bernie Taupin, the no-talent turkey who churned out sappy lyrics for Elton John. Alice has written a few good songs in his day; Taupin hasn't. . . Rod Stewart's next is *Blondes Have More Fun*, available as a regular record and, in limited quantities, as a picture disc. As one disgruntled Scene Observer muttered, "Who wants to buy his mug on a poorer quality record? But never overestimate the morosity of the American public."

**DRUMMER MICK WALLER** has sued Rod Stewart in London court, claiming \$12,000 due for session work on *Smiler*, several years back.

**BIG SELLERS:** Meat Loaf's *Bat Out of Hell* has qualified for "triple platinum" in Australia — that's 150,000 copies sold. *Saturday Night Fever* has sold 20,000 copies in Greece.

## Flickers

**JAMES WILLIAM GUERCIO**, ONCE PRODUCER of rock group Chicago, is now producing movies — one movie, anyway, called *The Hamster of Happiness*, directed by Hal Ashby (*Bound for Glory*, *Last Detail*) and starring Robert "Barretta" Blake — who also starred in *Elektra Glide in Blue* a few years ago, which was directed by Guercio. *Hamster* is an off-beat love story, a script that's been kicking around Hollywood for several years.

**NEIL SIMONS** NEXT BROADWAY PLAY (will he never stop? After *The Cheap Detective* people are still giving him money?) is called *They're Playing Our Song*, about a composer and lyricist who fall in love. It's being scored by Marvin Hamlisch and Carole Bayer Sager, who happen to be composer and lyricist in love. Ain't that sweet? Fortunately, homely Hamlisch will not appear in the play; Robert Klein and Lucie Arnaz will star.

**DUSTIN AND ANNE HOFFMAN** are still separated on their way to divorce, but they're living under the same New York roof. Dustin is filming *Kramer vs. Kramer* (ironically, about a divorce) while Anne appears in Woody Allen's new venture, *Mannahatta*; it stars Diane Keaton and is not, repeat not, a drama.

## Bye-Bye

**ASLEEP AT THE WHEEL** has lost three members: singer Leroy Preston has wandered off to pursue his songwriting career; pianist (Continued on page 15)

## R. I. P.



Keith Moon  
1947-1978

**RECORD PRODUCER TOM WILSON** 47, died of arterial sclerosis at his home in Los Angeles on September 9. Not generally included on any list of superstar producers, Wilson was involved in many of the most important record projects of the Sixties. As a member of CBS's A&R staff, Wilson produced Simon and Garfunkel's first album, *Wednesday Morning, 3 A.M.* Later, with Paul Simon in England and Art Garfunkel out of the music business entirely, Wilson took it upon himself to overdub electric guitars and drums on one track from the acoustic, folk-style LP, "The Sounds of Silence." Two careers were born, though at the time neither singer professed to be pleased with Wilson's initiative. He also produced Bob Dylan's first "electric" album, *Bringing It All Back Home*, and the single, "Like a Rolling Stone." Moving to MGM/Verve Records, Wilson produced the first albums by The Blues Project (with Al Kooper and Steve Katz, who went on to form Blood, Sweat & Tears), and The Mothers of Invention. Later, Wilson produced the album debut of the English band, The Soft Machine. Thus Wilson, a black, was almost exclusively identified with progressive white artists. As the Sixties ended, Wilson produced bands for Motown's Natural Resources subsidiary, plus, more recently, acts including soul singer Vernon Burch and pianist Professor Longhair.

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## “We were all more alive ten years ago,” says Richard Dreyfuss,

who this year rounded the 30-year-old bend, turned down an offer of \$1 million plus a percentage of the gross for one movie, and carried home an Oscar for *The Goodbye Girl*, playing the cuddliest toy this side of Edward Bear. “And,” he adds, mustering the energy that has caused some critics to dub him manic and arrogant, “we all knew it. It was a very exciting time. The days were something to look forward to; after ‘69, everything in this country went into the toilet. America went home with a headache. We all took Buffers.”

Dreyfuss takes a deep breath, lights one of too many cigarettes and continues, his voice a staccato punch in the air. “Nixon scared us,” he states with unequivocal finality. “He knocked our blocks off by ending the draft and killing people at Kent State. And then there were the assassinations. People just went away. But you know,” he adds, echoing the thoughts of many post-radicals, “what’s really scary are the college kids today. Kids in their early teens are saying they’re sorry they missed the 60’s and that’s a good sign. But the middle generation, those kids between 18-25, they’re totally blown away in my opinion. I know I sound like a parent saying ‘what are these kids coming to,’ but our current college generation is a tremendous disappointment to the whole country.”

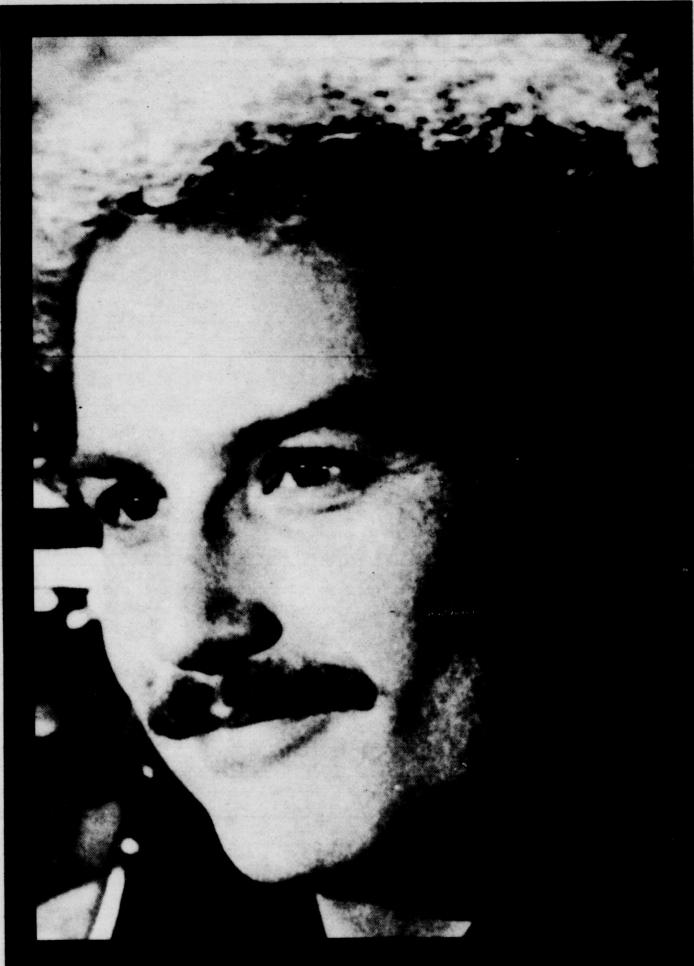
Dreyfuss, who was in Los Angeles putting the final touches on *The Big Fix*, the first movie he’s produced, has given a great deal of thought to the changing times. Like so many who came of age in the 60’s, it’s difficult for him to be reconciled to the 70’s. The schism between ‘68 and ‘78 is too enormous to comprehend. After all, ‘68 was a watershed year: Le Joli Mai in France, the Democratic Convention in Chicago, the Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia, the Tet Offensive and so on. It produced shock waves around the world and pushed a generation to dedicate itself—for a time at least—to fundamentally changing the world. And Dreyfuss was part of that time.

“You know,” he says with resignation, “we lost. We came real close to changing the realities of politics in the 60’s—changing attitudes and perspectives and then we lost. But what happened to the next generation? They listened to the Establishment—I hate that word, but I can’t think of a better one—say ‘come on kids, your older brothers and sisters fucked up. Don’t believe them.’ And you know what? That next generation listened to the Establishment, and said we won’t even try.”

Dreyfuss, part of the post-World War II baby boom that has with its numbers made itself the consistent dominant force in American society, tried. Born in Los Angeles, raised in the highly competitive atmosphere of Beverly Hills (he attended Beverly Hills High, one of the richest and most academically outstanding schools in the country), Dreyfuss is a former politico who picketed, marched and protested with the best of them. He was part of the generation to whom President Kennedy in his Inaugural address passed the torch, part of the radicals who tried to make revolution come true in this land of compromise and debate. And then, like too many of his contemporaries, Dreyfuss gave up.

“I realized the other day,” he said with an ironic smile on his face, “that I hadn’t listened to the news in almost ten years. I turned my back on politics and concentrated on my career. But now I think you can combine them both. I think you *have* to combine the personal with the political. What gets to me,” he says, pacing his small office in a converted warehouse in Venice, California, part of *The Big Fix* co-producer Carl Borack’s commercial house facilities, “is that we’ve totally abandoned all the impulses of the 60’s and gone back to a way of life that’s like the 50’s. Nixon, Carter and Ford are like the 60’s never happened. It’s as if Robert Kennedy’s life and the lives of all those people never were. What was so wonderful about the 60’s was the possibility of change. Everything was possible.” Richard did not add “in the best of all possible worlds.”

It’s easy to understand why Dreyfuss is so obsessed with a remembrance of decades past. For one thing, ‘68 has been a major topic of discussion in the media of late; for another, Dreyfuss had just finished reading Arthur Schlesinger’s potent and provocative biography



on Robert Kennedy. And finally *The Big Fix*, based on the detective novel by Roger Simon, has as its hero a former politico. The novel published by the now defunct Straight Arrow Press (a money-losing off-shoot of *Rolling Stone*) was a thin attempt to push a Raymond Chandler-type sensibility into the current jargon, but Dreyfuss says the screenplay (re-written over a two year period) has altered much of the book, including a fundamental change in the *modus operandi*, from a presidential primary to a gubernatorial race. (How fortuitous that the movie will be released one month before Californians go to the polls to choose between Jerry Brown and Evelle Younger.) Richard insists what attracted him to *The Big Fix* was not the detective story, but the fact that it dealt with a former 60’s radical, Moses Wine, trying to relate to the world gone square.

But the juxtaposition of one sensibility against another reality is a tricky concept, and Simon himself was unsuccessful juggling that notion in the novel. Although Simon’s said in print he’s a Marxist, you’d have the devil’s own time proving that with his book. The closest Wine gets to being a Marxist is driving a broken-down car, living in a Chicano ghetto and having ties with what might be called “The Movement” (old lefties, an Abbie Hoffman-type runaway, a Cesar Chavez-type hero). Simon may say he’s Marxist, but his novel isn’t going to rival *Man’s Fate*, and it’s doubtful the movie version of his tome will replace *Battle of Algiers*, but it is impossible to comment directly on *The Big Fix*; the powers-that-be could not be induced to arrange a preview screening. (Not a good sign.)

Dreyfuss, however, is certain his movie will make a political statement. “The film has a victory,” he says, “and that’s what makes it political. For me right now, I’m only in the mood to make people happy. During the middle 60’s, liberal artists—of which I am one—realized we were in this torpor, and began making very down films which were warning us about the world, like *Dr. Strangelove*. That’s what we needed then and that’s what we responded to.

“But now people respond to something else. They want to smile,” he says, echoing the

get-happy attitude that has swept Hollywood in recent months. "Witness the success of *Rocky* and the failure of *The Parallax View*. For me, it all goes back to Z. The moment in Z that sold tickets was when the attorney got to hear 'indicted.' I mean the fucking audience cheered. They put on the liberal disclaimer that the government was taken over. (In fact, a military junta came to power in Greece, abolishing all democratic channels.) But you had that moment where good was victorious over bad. Ever since I saw Z I said damnit, that's the kind of movie I want to make. Then *Rocky* came out and I said goddamn it, I wanted to

without the women's movement dogging his heels. He agrees women's liberation is one of the few political ideals to survive the 60's and says with enough force to shatter glass, "the oppression of women is so obvious that no one is going to talk anyone out of it. It survived and will survive as a tangible political reality. There were and are enough strong-minded, impatient women to keep at it."

"What I'd like to do now," he explains "is a love story where the problem is the woman's inner life and the man's inability—or ability—to cope with that. If only someone could write it. Everyone's too close to it now, and when they try, they get crazed. It's very difficult. All art reflects society and society is based on what is known. But today relationships between men and women are up in the air and attached to so many nerve endings that writers, as they start writing, go off on tangents and take easy outs."

"But," he concedes with largesse, "who can get a fix on what's happening? I'd like to do a love story that would dramatize not knowing the answer."

Today, Dreyfuss makes his home in New York. He plans to return to Manhattan as soon as *The Big Fix* is released, saying he needs the pace of New York because Los Angeles is a Company Town and here everyone he knows, sleeps with and talks to is in show business. It's getting on his million-dollar nerves. "You know, here I'm not just the center of my universe, I'm the center of a lot of people's universe. It's a frightening experience. We all want to be the center of attention, but when you get to be the center of attention no matter what you do, or what you say, it gets to be crazy. You're sought, observed, all of the time. Everything is directed toward you. The irony of course is that I never wanted to be anonymous in the first place."

"Right now, it's tough for me to be here. Everyone wants me to read his script and give my approval for a movie, which means millions to them, so," he says raising his voice and getting dramatic, "they ain't gonna be polite about it." Now, he's standing and screaming, "I could be RICH. READ THE FUCKING SCRIPT." He calms down again. "It gets to you," he understates.

It's gotten to Dreyfuss. He's not particularly happy for all his trappings of success. He trusts very few people (one of whom is his long-time agent, Meyer Mishkin). He sees a similarity in his work that doesn't please him. He wants to play only those roles which will make people love him, but he knows that could short-circuit his growth as an artist. He still battles overweight. His friends point out that for all his talk of understanding women's liberation, he's proved himself to be a one-man Reign of Terror in personal relationships. He recently broke up with his girlfriend of several years, Lucinda Valles, and has been seen about New York and Los Angeles with dozens of young women—most of them aspiring actresses (one friend who's known him since the old days says with a laugh, "Richard has hot pants"). He has all these political impulses and is still uncertain which avenue of activism to take. And in an absurd twist, what makes all of this worse, is that Dreyfuss is as smart, bright and funny as they come. One of the best.

There is however, one thing that currently gives Dreyfuss unabashed pleasure—he's skinny in the *The Big Fix*, skinny and curly-haired and moustached. Nothing short of irresistible. Even without Neil Simon.

Jacobe Atlas

"...after '69, everything in this country went into the toilet. America went home with a headache. We all took Bufferin."

be the first to say Victory. I mean, *Rocky* wasn't a very good movie, but it was about winning."

To remain faithful to his current winner-take-all attitude, Dreyfuss pulled out of Bob (Cabaret) Fosse's semiautobiographical movie, *All That Jazz*, just days before it was to go into production, because Dreyfuss said the script was cruel. While he admits the movie is well written—even beautiful—he says the characters were mean to each other, and Dreyfuss says he doesn't want to be mean to anyone—at least not on film. What he wants is more movies like *The Goodbye Girl*, a film he calls "nearly perfect."

"I was in love with making that movie," Dreyfuss concedes, still bursting with enthusiasm for the project. "I played the most wonderful person on earth. The most decent guy you've ever seen. I once said to Neil (Simon), 'Do you know you've written a perfect person?' I began to feel real good in a way I hadn't felt before. It's one thing for people to recognize you from *Jaws* and it's another to walk down the street and have people tell you *The Goodbye Girl* made them more happy than anything they've ever been."

To keep the smiles coming, Dreyfuss will again play Elliot in *The Goodbye Girl II*, with Marsha Mason again as his lady love. He thinks some of the criticism women heaped on the first film will be eliminated in the sequel. "Since the movie came out," Dreyfuss admits, "a lot of people, especially women, have had very valid criticism about the film. The woman's character especially. I have the feeling that because Neil isn't of our generation, he didn't think of her character as being solely dependent on men. Although," he adds smiling, "I must admit neither did I, nor did anyone else making the movie. When we made the movie, we thought we were making the perfect love story."

Like most men today who think, analyze and question, Dreyfuss can't take too many steps

Produced by Sandy Pearlman, Murray Krugman and Blue Oyster Cult. Godzilla is a trademark of Toho Co. Ltd.

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**WILLIE ALEXANDER**  
Meanwhile... Back in the States (MCA)

Willie "Loco" Alexander is one of those truly lunatic rock and roll characters who I want to like more than their music generally allows me to. A veteran of a decade spent in underground Boston bands, his leering, quirky vocals give a decidedly lascivious edge to the raunchy "Mass Ave." and a surprising tenderness to ballads like "Modern Lovers" and "You Were So Pretty When." The Boom Boom Band works best in a kind of raucous Bad Company groove but many of the songs here seem to have been hastily thrown together, and Craig Leon's attempt at a budget Spector production falls flat. Gotta admit, though, that I like this album the more I listen to it.

Don Snowden

**LUDWIG VON BEETHOVEN**  
The Complete Piano Sonatas: Anton Kuerti, piano (Odyssey)

Purists will sputter, academicians alarm, and pianists shudder, but Kuerti pulls it off. Handsomely. Stunned at first by his unconventional approach, this reviewer only gradually and grudgingly came to accept the validity of these readings by the University of Toronto music professor and concert soloist.

Kuerti has re-examined all the accepted interpretations, discarded many, rethought everything, and come up with an "edition" that humanizes rather than ennoble the composer.

It is not that Kuerti is outlandish, like the clown who dons a lampshade at a party. Rather he is the musical equivalent of someone who shows up at a formal reception wearing Levi's because he always wears Levi's. You end up admiring him for his intellectual honesty and wishing you had the nerve.

It is worth adding a word about Kuerti's extensive notes which help one appreciate the pianist's understanding of the music. They are informative without being stuffy, often witty, and as idiosyncratic as the recordings themselves. One has to admire anyone who would write: "...we reach a magic moment when all restraints are unleashed in a heaven-storming passage that roars up and down with excruciating poignance."

Ed Cray

**PLASTIC BERTRAND**  
Ca Plane Pour Moi (Sire)

Plastic Bertrand may be a Belgian named "Plastoc," as his bio says, or a French studio group like the Archies, as rumor has it. But either way the title song is the hardest-driving, happiest thing from Europe since Golden Earring's "Radar Love." There's a guitar like a buzz-saw, staccato Beach Boy vocal choruses, unintelligible lyrics—it's got everything! And the album? Well, five songs are punk-inspired; two, reggae; one, English Sixties pop; and there's even a soppy Italian ballad—a *tour de force* that leads one to suspect that this guy isn't taking it too seriously. So, good! If your tastes run to the Ramones or Bootsy's Rubber Band, this one's for you. And if you prefer Dan Fogelberg or Phoebe Snow... cheer up, and have a party with Plastic Bertrand. Ooh ooh wee ooh.

Art Fain

**CHICK COREA**  
Friends (Polydor)

Ever since Chick hit it big with Return To Forever, he's been taking his fans on a musical journey through different periods—big band, solo piano, Latin-based jazz—of his career. With this album he gets back to the



Les Oskar: War hero

small ensemble brand of acoustic jazz he played in the late 60's and early 70's.

His years in the fusion sweepstakes have apparently taken their toll because, apart from "Samba Song," the compositions and playing are bland and uninspired here. Corea made one major mistake in selecting his friends for this album—Steve Gadd is simply not the man to hold down the crucial drum chair. He isn't a jazz drummer and his intrusive snare shots and grating hi-hat constantly interrupt the smooth flow and subtle swing this kind of music requires to really work. Chalk *Friends* up as a noble failure.

D.S.

**CRAIG FULLER / ERIC KAZ**  
(Columbia)

...In which the nucleus of American Flyer tries to out-Jackson Browne one another. Kaz wins, but just barely. There are a couple of good songs here ("Cry Like a Rainstorm," for one), but how are we expected to contend with lines like "Time is a lonely prophet, and a thief in the night" (from "Restless Sea")? Like Browne, the guys are so hung up on the sound of their words that they forget to make sense. At least Browne isn't trying to sound like anybody other than himself. Keep playing your American Flyer albums and don't encourage this highfalutin' garbage, the kind of singing-songwriting that gives Southern

California a bad name—though ironically, Fuller and Kaz are both Easterners.

Lynne Manor

**G. F. HANDEL**  
Theatre and Outdoor Music: Kenneth Cooper, harpsichord (Vanguard)

These transcriptions of various orchestral works by the celebrated Mr. Handel are probably not the ideal purchase for those just beginning a record collection, people who presumably would want to have the *Water Music Complete* in its original form. But Cooper's stylish performances, the witty music itself, and unobtrusive engineering make this a choice addition for anyone who fancies the Baroque.

E.C.

**GREG KIHN**  
Next of Kihn (Berserker)

If you like Tom Petty and the Heartbreakers, you'll probably find that Greg Kihn's music is right up your alley. Kihn is fashioning the same sort of melodic American rock and roll heavily influenced by the Byrds and mid-'60's British rock, although he operates more in the Beatles boy-next-door vein than from Petty's Stones-outlaw stance. *Next of Kihn*, his third album on the oddball Berserker label, is full of hook-laden and driving

rock songs highlighted by Dave Carpenter's fiery but tasteful lead guitar and Kihn's excellent singing that proves you can be sincere without sounding like a wimp. Some of the songs drag on a bit too long but, by and large Kihn delivers the goods here.

D.S.

**CHARLES MINGUS**  
Cumbia & Jazz Fusion (Atlantic)

There's a fairly safe argument that you can find all you need to know about jazz by listening to any of Charles Mingus' albums. The scope of the man's influences—from classical to field hollers to free music—is phenomenal; the way he combines and synthesizes them, unique. All that and he's a virtuoso bassist and sharp-eared talent scout. The present album, each side devoted to music from a Mingus film score, gives plenty of evidence as to his greatness.

The title selection, *Side One*, begins with bird-calls and Latin percussion (the movie's about dope-smuggling in Colombia), and by the time the nearly half-hour playing time has finished, he's taken us through early Ellington, swing, the blues (with a funny, nasty vocal by the composer), and God knows what else. The nine-man band, including Mingus regular trumpeter Jack Walrath and drummer Dannie Richmond, is augmented by eight percussionists, including several of the band, overdubbing.

"Music for *Todo Modo*," the second side, comes from the score for an Italian political-mystery yarn, and is to a degree more brooding than the largely uptempo first side. Soloists get more room, and Mingus' gift for orchestration, right up there with Ellington and Gil Evans, gets a workout. As does the listener: while Mingus' music is not at all difficult to listen to, you can get as much out of it as you want, and there's much more left over.

Ray C. Robinson

**THE MOIRS**  
State of Shock (Rocket)

You may be in for a bit of a shock of your own upon first listening to this U.S. debut album by the trio of Scots/Australian sisters. Their sound, of which "unique" is an understated description, is a cross between ABBA, the Pointer Sisters, Lesley Duncan and —thanks to the ladies' shrill falsettos—the Chipmunks. A glance at the speed control of your turntable should convince you that the *r's* per minute are correct; after that discovery, the music stands up better than well on its own merit. There's something almost Oriental in the feeling of the Moirs' frequently ethereal lyrics, and John Farrar's fittingly spare production leans heavily on the use of acoustic guitars. There's no doubt that *State of Shock* is peculiar. It's also original, very well done, and certainly worth your attention.

Todd Everett

**W. A. MOZART**  
Piano Quartets: Artur Rubenstein, piano, and members of the Guarneri Quartet (RCA)

Among the acknowledged musical masterpieces which were first received with ill favor—a list which makes critics cautious—Mozart's two piano quartets would rank well up. There were to be three originally, but the publisher scuttled the project and Mozart's commission when the Viennese public declined to buy the scores for home use. (Would that publishers today, as they did in 1786, could turn a profit by selling newly composed classical music.)

Rubenstein is in charge here, and there may be rather more Romantic drama than

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MCA RECORDS

Classical restraint as a result. That is a matter of personal taste; this Mozart works both ways. The string playing is just what one would expect of three-quarters of the Guarneris: rich in tone, and mutually supportive. **E.C.**

**MICHAEL NESMITH**  
Live at the Palais; The Wichita Train  
Whistle Sings (*Pacific Arts*)

After listening to the cheering, screaming audience at this performance in Victoria, Australia last year, one wonders why we aren't hearing more about—or from—Nesmith back here. He was recording country-rock back before there was a name for it, and has written songs that have been due to death by others; without "Different Drum," where would Linda Ronstadt be right now? (Still in the pigpen?). The "Live" album is basically a collection of Nesmith's greatest hits, or at least his best-known numbers with the exception of "Drum," which isn't here. "Joanne," "Silver Moon," and "Some of Shelly's Blues" are, though, plus a rocking version of "Nadine" that ranks among the best covers of Chuck Berry material ever. The backup group includes drummer John Ware, who worked with Nesmith before joining Emmylou Harris' Hot Band; bassist David MacKay; pianist James Trumbo; and Al Perkins, who simply sizzles on electric 6-string and steel guitar. Sound quality is a bit strange, with the room's echo captured all too well on tape

and Nesmith's voice sounding a bit distant: this is why most acts heavily overdub on so-called live albums. It's to Nesmith's credit that he kept that to a minimum (he explains where and why in the liner notes), but the sound might be a bit disconcerting at first. The performances more than compensate.

In 1967, Nesmith and arranger Shorty Rogers collaborated on an instrumental album fusing big-band jazz and country styles, with strings, horns, and soloists including guitarist James Burton, steel guitarist Red Rhodes, and banjoist Doug Dillard. It's still ahead of its time, and available for the first time in ten years.

**Del Porter**

**ORIGINAL CAST**  
The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas  
(*MCA*)

This album gives you a taste of why the Broadway musical tale of tail on the trail is such a hit. Carol Hall's songs, like the raucous "24 Fans," the wistful "The Bus from Amarillo," and the hard-bitten but hopeful "No Lies," are often delightful. The recorded performances are exuberant and contagious, radiating a joy that makes the sexual goings-on seem just as nice and normal as the barn-building scene in *Seven Brides for Seven Brothers*.

But what, exactly, is going on here? Ah! Funny you should ask! Nobody's telling—at least, not the record company. The double-

fold album, "generously" housing just one disc, has no plot synopsis, no lyric sheet, and no accounting of who sings what. Who is doing that marvelous wailing on "24 Hours of Loving?" Gol-lee, fellas, leaving that stuff out shore is dumb.

Anyhow, we can't all get to New York to see the play, but since it's "presented" by Universal Pictures, there'll be a movie of this 'un as sure as the sun sets in the West. Meanwhile, enjoy the record.

**A.F.**

**MIKLOS ROZSA**  
"The Thief of Bagdad";  
ELMER BERNSTEIN  
"To Kill a Mockingbird." Elmer Bernstein conducting the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. (*Warner Bros.*)

Film scores are an incidental art form, or a craft perhaps, like pottery or weaving. They may be beautiful, or exciting, or anything else, but first and foremost, they are meant for practical use, to heighten the mood on screen.

Stripped of the moving pictures they are meant to accompany—pictures which either make one forget they are listening to music at all, or too conscious of the self-effacing accompaniment—too many film scores end up as so much musical doodling.

There are exceptions and exceptional composers such as Bernard Herrman, Erich Korngold and Bronislaw Kaper, but the

significance of the creator is probably indicated by the Schwann catalog, which lists films by title but doesn't credit the composer at all.

Such anonymity is the film composer's lot, and that may be one reason so many of them adopted musical disguises. The Bernstein of "Mockingbird" is Aaron Copland, The Rozsa of "Thief" is Delius or Griffes.

It is all too predictable. Copland first wrote "folksy" American music for films. Bernstein signs to write (quickly, no doubt) music for a "folksy" picture. The result: derivative Copland.

One can just imagine the producer of *The Thief of Bagdad* telling Rozsa, an accomplished concert hall veteran, "I got this Arabian nights picture due out in six weeks. Write me something exotic, a little belly dance music, and make it good." So Rozsa gives Alexander Korda what Korda and the audience expect, pockets the check, and goes back to writing the "serious" music which orchestras won't play because he is, after all, a film composer. Well, the family has to eat.

Not all film music is weak, or ersatz. Bernstein himself produced at least one extraordinary score. *The Man with the Golden Arm*. Rozsa did *Spellbound* and *Julius Caesar*, to name two that come to mind easily.

But these two efforts are not of that high musical standard. They remain recordings, well performed to be sure, for film or nostalgia buffs.

**E.C.**

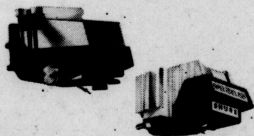
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**SUN RA & HIS ARKESTRA**  
• Live At Montreux (Inner City)

If you happened to tune in to Sun Ra's appearance on *Saturday Night Live* and had him pegged as some trendy jazzman who picked up on *Star Wars*/*Close Encounters* fever and figured to cash in big, you're wrong. Sun Ra and various editions of the Arkestra have been patrolling the outer reaches of the musical cosmos since the pre-Sputnik era. Hell, when the space people want to communicate with us, they'll probably use Sun Ra as their emissary. If they haven't already, that is—the melody to "Lights on a Satellite" (first recorded in 1959) ain't exactly light years removed from the "Close Encounters" theme, you know.

Sun Ra and his twenty strong Arkestra are an avant garde big band that touches a staggering number of bases. The music is often atonal, frequently swelling from a single instrumental solo to a full Arkestral exercise in controlled chaos that is invariably fascinating. This is hardly easy listening music but well worth the effort demanded.

D.S.

**TALKING HEADS**

More Songs About Buildings and Food (Sire)

Talking Heads are caught between two poles: too wedded to song structures to qualify as part of the experimental rock axis, yet

too unorthodox to be truly accessible on a pop level. This paradoxical situation can lead to some strange combinations of elements—witness "The Good Thing," where a marvelous hook is matched with lyrics that describe passion in the technocratic terms of a computer read-out. This is the modern world, I guess.

Produced by Brian Eno (virtually a fifth member of the band here), this second Heads album sounds much more like the band does in live performance. All the trademark elements are here—David Byrne's half-strangled yelps and neurotic lyrics, the textured repetitious melodic riffs and a rhythm section firmly grounded in the Memphis soul school. There's something interesting in virtually every song—"Thank You for Sending Me an Angel," "The Good Thing," "The Girls Want to Be with the Girls" and a cover of Al Green's "Take Me to the River" are particularly good—but nothing that grabs you with the power of "Psychokiller." The Heads intrigue but rarely captivate. I like this album but certainly don't go around humming the songs.

D.S.

**WAR**

Youngblood (United Artists)  
LEE OSKAR  
Before the Rain (Elektra)

Very rarely does a member of a popular group record an album that surpasses the

name group's latest work, but in the case of War and their harpist supreme Lee Oskar, Lee's second solo effort upsets the norm.

Oskar's career is an odd one. A 30-year-old Jewish Dane from Copenhagen, Lee has been playing harmonica for War since their Eric Burdon blues days eight years ago. As the white kid in the soul band, he took an unenviable role and turned it around. Oskar added a presence to the War sound that was distinctive. Whether he doubled with a sax or keyboard riff or hung in the background with the rhythm section, his harp always stood out and gave the arrangement an extra bite.

Though most of the rhythm backing on Oskar's album resembles War's syncopated street pulse, Lee has managed to free his harmonica to finer solo effect than the War ensemble allows. As a result, Oskar's LP is a step out of the stiff mold War has become trapped in.

*Before the Rain* is, for the most part, an instrumental album with sound effects thrown in to illustrate the musical theme (a rain shower ends "Before the Rain," street car bells open "San Francisco Bay"). Lee sings some rather idiotic lyrics on "San Francisco Bay," and leads the chants on "Feelin' Happy" and "Haunted House," but the real reason to buy this album is the harp work: the chordal phrasing on the title cut, the haunting high squeals on "Sing Song," and the bluesy feel of "Steppin'."

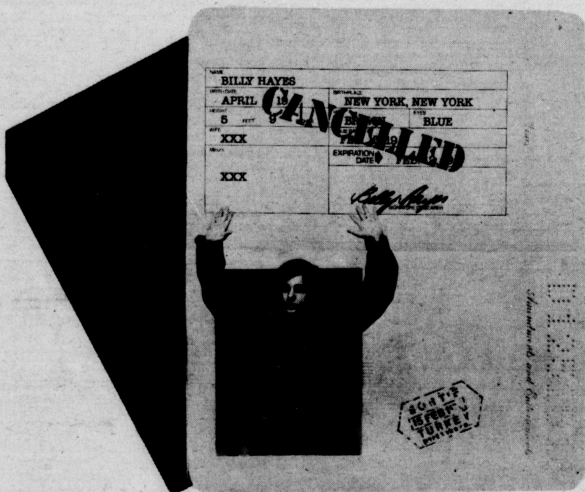
Oskar is one of the most original harp players ever to pick up a Hohner. Though there are brief moments that drag in a somnambulant groove, the overall effect is a strong, varied set of tasty blowing.

War's *Youngblood* is another story. The album is a soundtrack for the feature film currently in release. The title track has the patented War street beat, but unfortunately, the rest of the LP is strictly Sonnex. Aimless funk grooves and jazz riffing may seem powerful behind some screen action, but it doesn't hold up on the home stereo.

At least two tracks are marred by movie dialogue spoken over instrumentals which aren't even that interesting to begin with. Others are potentially hot grooves that aren't developed and thus bog into endless riffing of the obvious "soundtrack" school. The one exception is "Flying High (The Chase)," a tasty jazz number that transcends the soundtrack flaccidity by showing War's fusion sound in full meltdown.

War may have been feeding old riffs and Geritol rhythms to their old record company in the form of this soundtrack. Whatever the reason, it wasn't a very smart or creative one, especially since their last album, *Galaxy*, was a step forward and a strong seller. War may be down for the count, but they're not out yet. Oskar, meanwhile, is a talent worth watching, and if *Before the Rain* is any indication, he may eclipse his fellow soul mates.

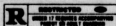
Tom Vickers



Walk into the incredible true experience of Billy Hayes...  
And bring all the courage you can.

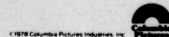
*Midnight Express*

COLUMBIA PICTURES Presents An ALAN PARKER Film MIDNIGHT EXPRESS Executive Producer PETER GUBER  
Screenplay by OLIVER STONE Produced by ALAN MARSHALL and DAVID PUTTNAM Directed by ALAN PARKER  
Music Created by GIORGIO MORODER Based on the true story of Billy Hayes from the book 'Midnight Express' by BILLY HAYES and WILLIAM HOFFER

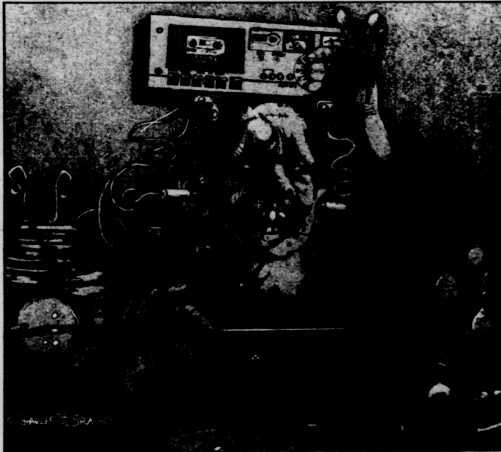


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# IN BOTH EARS

## Record Care — The Vinyl Step

The microscopic world of dust in your room doesn't float gently to the surfaces of your phono discs. Instead it is literally sucked down by invisible lines of electrostatic force extending from the record. And the amount of force is astonishing. Just removing a record from its jacket can easily develop 500 volts across the record surface. When turning on the platter with a stylus in the grooves the electrostatic force can rise to several thousand volts, a force field that literally vacuums the air in the region of the record. And if you like to smoke while listening, smoke particles add to the dust to form microsize boulders, barriers to the onrushing stylus. Score one for the non-smokers.

You can't hold a record upside down and expect the force of gravity to pull the dust out. Two reasons for this. The first is that the electrostatic force is far greater than the force of gravity. And the second is that the stylus literally pounds the dust into the groove walls. It's a sad fact of life that even anti-static fluids and record cleaning agents cannot eliminate electrostatic force entirely.

But we can fight a rearward action. Fortunately, there is an abundance of record-cleaning products to choose from, some of which are ingenious. But before we catalog some for you, abandon the idea of taking a record into the shower with you. Soaps and detergents leave an invisible film, giving a villainous assist to the electrostatic force. This film acts like a transparent adhesive, holding some dust that might have escaped.

Blowing across a record is good exercise but it's an exercise in futility. It oxygenates the record, but you need it more than the record does. And wiping the record with a dry cloth is a nice gesture, but that's all it is. The rubbing action increases the electrostatic field so the record is dirtier after you wipe than before.

The fact that a record looks glisteningly clean means nothing. You can't see microscopic dust. If a record is brand new and just removed from its wrapper, this too means nothing. The record manufacturing process, plus handling and packing, helps ensure a dirty surface. Phono records have increased in cost while record quality for some labels has become marginal.

Dust in and on record grooves causes a number of listening problems. There can be pops and crackles. The collision of the stylus with dust particles can bounce the stylus into groove walls, scraping away sound-producing groove modulation.

It's a black picture, but you have numerous allies. There are so many commercially available palliatives, so many record-care nostrums that even by the laws of chance some must be good. And the need for cleanliness applies with equal force to stylus. They should be brushed before each playing.

Some record care products are cleaners only; others include an anti-static agent. The combined cleaners/anti-static units are better than those that are just cleaners; they

reduce the electrostatic field considerably, but even with the best there is just no way of getting that electrostatic field down to zero.

Some cleaners are liquids; others are sprays. In either case, follow the manufacturer's directions carefully. It isn't the amount of liquid or spray you use, but how you use it. Drowning a record is self-defeating. For a standard 45 rpm record, spray approximately 2 to 3 seconds and for an LP, 4 to 5 seconds is ideal. You don't need a stopwatch; just count as you spray. Always spray at least 30 centimeters away from the record. The most effective amount is that which can be quickly and easily wiped away.

Record cleaner pads are usually deep pile units which you can use with a circular motion on the disc. The pile is often velvet and even special carbon fibers are used. It is somewhat more convenient to use a rolling cleaner. Nagaoka makes a rolling cleaner that doesn't brush away the dirt but instead picks it up with a special grade of rubber which retains its tackiness permanently. The material is soft enough to adapt itself to the shape of the groove. No spray or liquid is used. The price is \$15.95.

Empire Scientific has introduced a film-forming gel called Disco Film, a water soluble solution that is harmless to vinyl. The material is sponged over the record surface with a built-in applicator. When dry, a flexible film is formed which is easily peeled off with Scotch tape. One container of Disco Film will clean up to 70 vinyl LP record sides. The product is not for use on shellac records. Suggested retail is \$29.95.

Theoretically, you should clean records every time you decide to play them, but this can get to be quite a chore. An easier way, if that's what you're looking for, is to vacuum your records. Vac-O-Rec is a motorized unit containing a mohair fiber brush in a record slot. Just insert the record vertically, turn on the switch and in 30 seconds your record has been swept clean automatically. The advantage of natural mohair over synthetic fibers is that mohair has finer terminal points and so can reach deeper into grooves. The Vac-O-Rec Model 100 sells for \$29.95.

You can 'shoot' your records if you find static buildup to be vicious, as it really is. The Zerostat, made by American Audiopoint, looks just like a gun and that's how you use it. When you squeeze the trigger the gun releases ions. The Zerostat doesn't need a power supply or batteries and will last for about 50,000 or more trigger squeezes. The pistol contains a piezoelectric cell which produces a high voltage; inside there is also a corona discharge needle which ionizes the air. But while the Zerostat reduces the electrostatic charge on a record, it doesn't remove dirt, so that record cleaning chore will still be with you. Price is just \$29.95.

Recoton has a varied line of record care and cleaning products. Their 'Clean Sound' solution claims to remove all traces of residue found on a record while eliminating new static buildup. Retail price is \$2.50 but this is only for the liquid. You will still need a brush. Recoton offers a package consisting of the cleaner and brush for \$15.00.

Audio-Technica's record cleaning system, Model AT600B, consists of a velvet-surfaced cleaning unit with handle, a storage base, cleaning brush, special cleaning solution and solution applicator. The foam-backed velvet surface, together with the cleaning solution, collects dust from the record grooves. A special feature of the unit is its rotating handle which permits a fresh cleaning surface to be provided continually as the cleaner is moved across the record.

Martin CSMW

# & OUT THE OTHER

(Continued from page 6)

Floyd Domino is working on some solo projects, and fiddler Bill Mabry is resuming his study of classical violin. Look for another major figure in the band, a founding member, to depart soon—perhaps even by the time that you read this... They come, they go: Detective, Tuff Darts, and the Vibrators have broken up; Link Wray has left Robert Gordon's band, to be replaced by British session ace, solo star and former Womble Chris Spedding; Jonathan Richman has left the Modern Lovers behind to get back to the basics of life with an acoustic guitar and reduced payroll; and Bill Nelson and Tom Verlaine, evidently figuring that they're getting all of the attention anyway, have left Be-Bop Deluxe and Television behind them, and are forming new, probably salaried, bands.

On the other hand, two electric folkie groups have gotten back together, sort of. Lindisfarne, in Britain, have already released a reunion album and two singles. One of these, "Run for Home," was a bit of a hit... Back here, Roger McGuinn, Gene Clark and Chris Hillman, of the original Byrds, have recorded a new album for Capitol.

## Movies Are Such Fun

**STANLEY KUBRICK IS SHOOTING** up to 100 takes per day on single scenes of *The Shining*, which may have been the reason for the sudden "time off" in the middle of filming—so stars Jack Nicholson and Shelley Duvall

could climb down off the walls. Kubrick has ultimate and complete control of his films; even his backers and distributors are kept in the dark about scripts, delivery dates and other minor details. Kubrick used much the same overkill filming technique on *Bary Lyndon*, and we all remember what a nice three-hour snooze that was.

**AL PACINO WILL SOON BE IN BALTIMORE** where he'll film *And Justice for All*, described as "M.A.S.H. with lawyers." Pacino was scheduled to do *Born on the 4th of July*, the story of Viet Nam vet Ron Kovic; producer Marty Bregman, a close friend of Pacino's, had worked on the film for five years and had arranged all the financing, when Pacino, according to rumor, suddenly decided he didn't want to do it. Bregman still hasn't managed to get the knife out of his back.

**ROMAN POLANSKI IS STILL ALIVE & WELL** in France where he's started filming *Tess*—actually *Tess of the D'Uberilles*, the venerable Thomas Hardy novel. The film stars Natasha Kinski, who happens to be Roman's new 18-year-old girlfriend, as well as Peter Firth and Leigh Lawson. As for all those rumors about Polanski being unable to show his movies in America, or being prohibited from using U.S. dollars to finance his films, scratch them as convenient but inaccurate excuses offered by producers who didn't want Polanski after he was tainted with the statutory rape charge in Los Angeles last year. Before Roman ran off to Europe he was set to direct *Hurricane*... and his teenager troubles may have a silver lining after all.

*Hurricane's* location is plagued with problems and scandal—producer Dino de Laurentiis took over most of the island of Bora Bora, but since the Club Med there charged lots of money for accommodating the hundreds of movie toilers, Dino built his own hotel—which dumps its waste, human and otherwise, into a once-pure lagoon, an outrageous violation of nature so far unchecked. Meanwhile, the cast and crew are not happy together: the director (Jan Troell) fights with the art director who's fighting with the cinematographer while co-stars Timothy Bottoms and Mia Farrow squabble. Dino had to hire his own planes to fly film back to civilization every day for processing, and hired his own tankers to supply the film people with daily necessities like food and toilet paper... both of which end up, in slightly altered form, in that lagoon.

## Zap

**YOU'VE PROBABLY THOROUGHLY ENJOYED** the laser light shows that many of the rock world's biggest bands—the Who, Led Zepplin, ELO and Blue Oyster Cult among them—have been using to add a healthy dash of visual flair to their concerts. What you might not know is that, according to the federal Food and Drug Administration, those self-same lasers are potentially hazardous to your health.

The FDA—which monitors lasers because they emit radiation—established a safety performance standard for laser products in August of 1976. Apparently the word never filtered down to non-industrial manufacturers; consequently the agency has been conducting an investigation into the use of lasers for lighting effects at rock concerts, discos and planetariums.

Although the agency has received no complaints of injuries stemming from the use of

lasers, the high-powered beam can theoretically cause skin burns. But the greatest potential danger is to eyesight—if a laser is beamed directly into the eye or reflected off a shiny surface (a la the mirror ball frequently used at rock shows) it can cause permanent damage to the retina.

To date, only two groups have run afoul of the enforcement effort. In May, Blue Oyster Cult was warned not to tour until they either lowered the intensity of the lasers or avoided bringing the beams into direct contact with the audience. The FDA also temporarily closed down a "multi-media performing sculpture" in Washington sponsored by MIT. Both the Cult and MIT immediately adapted their lasers to comply with the agency's safety standards.

## Those Were the Days

**THOUGH HE MAY HAVE NAMED HIMSELF** after his two favorite Beatles, Pope John Paul I hasn't always looked so favorably on the Fab Four. According to a Reuters News Service dispatch that floated into *Ampersand* World Headquarters last month, the now Pope once fancied himself a bit of a Poor Richard, and wrote satirical letters to the ecclesiastical magazine of his native Padua. Fretting about the popularity of the mop-tops in the mid-Sixties, he characterized them as "Four young disheveled singing birds... about whom the Queen of England has to shut up, but upon whom she has conferred high honors." Comparing pop stars to political revolutionaries like Che Guevara, Ho Chi Minh and Fidel Castro, he, um, pontificated, "With their electric guitars, young singers... excite spectators, overheating them psychologically and leading them to paroxysms of participation."

We should be so lucky.

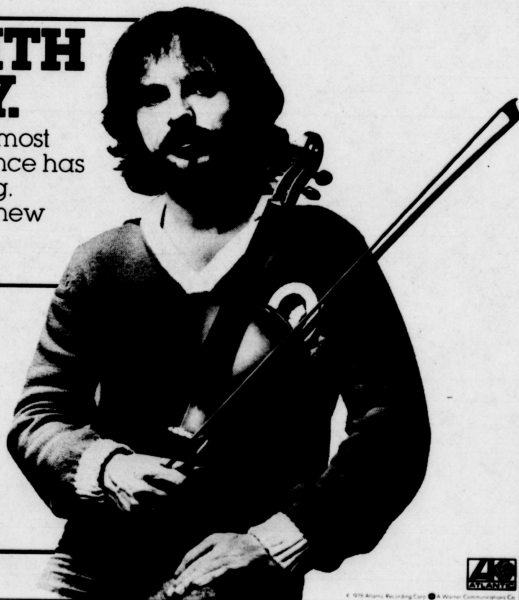
## IT ALL STARTED WITH JEAN-LUC PONTY.

Today, Jean-Luc Ponty is **still** the world's most revolutionary electric violinist, whose brilliance has won him an ever-expanding following. Beautifully conceived and executed, his new album, "**Cosmic Messenger**," is a masterpiece—unequaled.



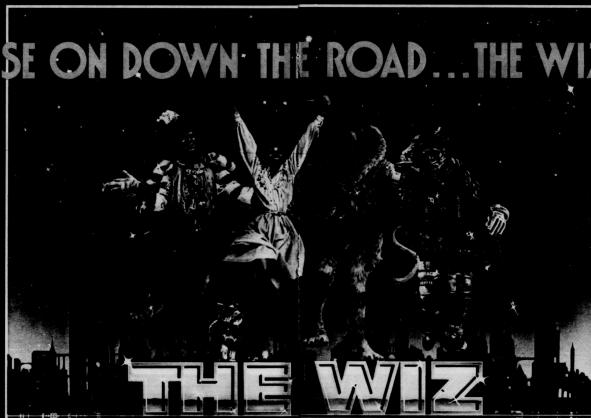
Jean-Luc Ponty's "**Cosmic Messenger**." One of the most exciting musical ventures of the year. On Atlantic Records and Tapes.

Produced by Jean-Luc Ponty for J.P. Productions.  
Personal Management: Michael Davempont  
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MCA

DOLBY STEREO

GENERAL AUDIENCES

# This man spent \$400,000 making his last album. His record company loves him anyway. He's an exception.

BY HAROLD BRONSON

**G**one are the days when the Rolling Stones or Kinks would record an album in one day. Gone too is the time when the Beatles' \$30,000 recording costs were considered outrageously extravagant. Today most experts put the average price of a pop/rock longplayer at close to \$100,000. "I doubt whether any albums in the Top 20 cost less than \$100,000," said Con Merten, studio manager at Cherokee Studios, scene of hit LPs by David Bowie, Steely Dan, and Rod Stewart. "And I would guess that the average cost would probably approach \$150,000." An acceleration of studio expense and related costs has bloated recording budgets to previously unheard-of levels.

Without a doubt the most expensive element in the recording budget is the recording studio. Most fashionable 24-track facilities hover around \$150 an hour (\$50 more in New York City). Why are studios so expensive? Actually, they aren't — but the preferred, trendy rooms are. George Johnson, whose engineering experience runs the gamut from the cheapest studios to the most deluxe, says that the higher priced outlets are justified: "The \$35 and under class (usually 16-track) lacks good soundproofing, isolation, equipment and experienced engineers. At \$100 and under, the largest category (some 24 track), there's a definite step up in equipment, but no noise reduction. The rest, ranged from \$125, definitely approach state-of-the-art equipment. It's more idiot-proof (against mistakes), there's more equalization (tone control) available, and better monitors. That kind of studio has everything you need to make an album the way you want it."

More professional studios can mean less wasted time and money. Con Merten: "We have excellent engineers, and we provide excellent maintenance — we have technicians on duty 24 hours a day. If, say, you're booking a 30-piece string session and the equipment breaks down, you have to pay those 30 musicians anyway, so it's best if the down time is kept to a few minutes. When Cherokee was a \$50-an-hour studio located at a ranch in suburban Chatsworth, we only had maintenance once a week."

IAM in Irvine, a year-old studio used by Donna Summer, Stevie Wonder and Walt Disney Productions, offers very competitive rates. Even their 40-track (very uncommon, a 16-track machine synched to a 24-track) is only \$155 an hour. Included is a built-in color video system with four automated cameras, and a room that can be "tuned," according to general manager Tom Quick. "The room is made of glass and marble. A sliding glass door and curtains — automated and manipulated from the control room — can be adjusted to regulate the natural reverb." But for an inflated rate of \$250 an hour, the studio provides living accommodations, a sauna, kitchen and staff. Disco band Brick zoomed in on this program for nine days of recording.

The rapid increase of studio costs bothers Gary Katz, Steely Dan's producer and a staff producer for Warner

Brothers. "At one time there was only one prestige/expensive studio in Los Angeles, the Record Plant (where the Eagles, Fleetwood Mac and Moody Blues have recorded), but now it seems all the studios are caught up in the ego competition. They have to have the latest devices to prey on the consumer's gullibility (He mentions the Aphex Aural Exciter as being just one more gimmick). This pushes rates up, the albums cost more, and I have to apologize to the artist because we had to spend so much to make a good record. If you're close to your budget it makes no sense to sacrifice the recording process, you have to go over, you don't cut corners." And there's no end in sight. Those studio managers surveyed foresee the continual evolution of studio equipment and the accompanying surge in rates.

Fees commanded by musicians have increased as well. A three-hour session earns a musician at least \$121 union scale, with many skilled virtuosos receiving double, and sometimes even triple, that amount. Over the span of weeks, or even months, this adds up.

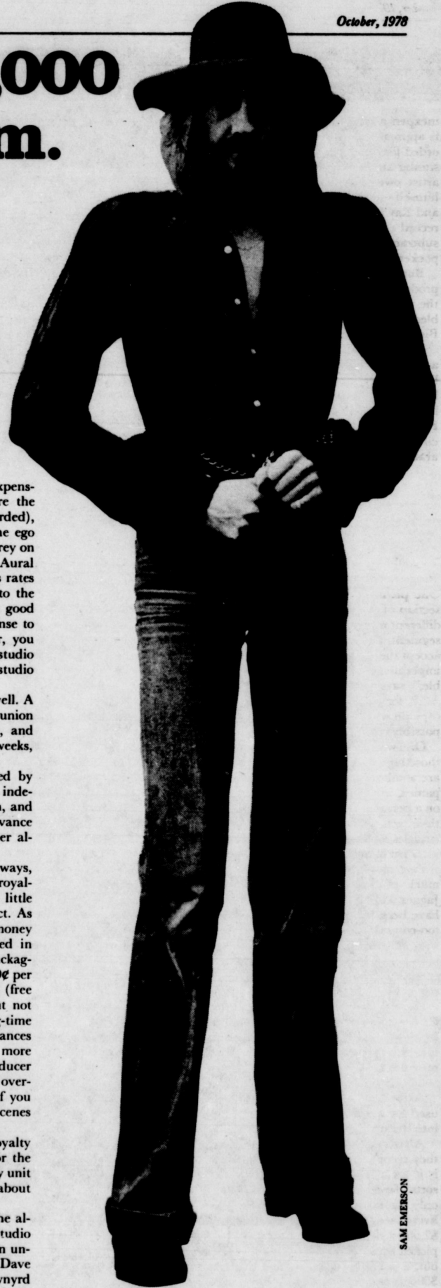
While record company staff producers are salaried by their label and collect bonuses and royalties, famous independent producers like Richard Perry, George Martin, and Roy Thomas Baker are requiring greater sums in advance than ever before. The average range is \$20-30,000 per album, but a handful get \$50,000.

Payment to producers is computed in any of several ways, according to Fern Cranston, Warner Bros. director of royalties and licensing. An inexperienced producer, with little clout, may receive a flat fee of \$10-15,000 per project. As experience and power increases, though, so does the money — dramatically. Most producers' fees are computed in "points," or percentage of an album's list price less packaging costs. A typical three point contract comes out to 20¢ per album sold, or \$90,000 royalties on a "gold" album (free promotional albums are counted for certification, but not when computing royalties). Advance payments to big-time producers like Richard Perry or Peter Asher are advances against these points. If the record sells well, much more money can be made. If the record doesn't sell, the producer still gets his fee. While some are forced to pay for over-budget expenses incurred, many aren't. Nice work, if you can get it — and an increasing number of behind-the-scenes superstars can.

Adding to the possible income of a producer is a royalty scale based on a "plateau" system — three points for the first, say, quarter million sold, with four points for every unit thereafter. That extra point brings the payment up to about 28¢ per album, and the arrangement is common.

One might think that the "live" album would be the alternative to the arduous and expensive recording studio process. With *Frampton Comes Alive* selling seven million units, the era of the successful live double album arrived. Dave Mason followed, with a similar package, as did Lynyrd Skynyrd and others. The shock waves are still felt with recent live double-efforts by Little Feat, the Outlaws, and the Ozark Mountain Daredevils.

"Live albums are generally cheaper, but can be expensive if lots of dates are recorded," said Kip Cohen, A&M's vice president of artists and repertoire. "Rarely is the decision to



SAM EMBERSON

release a live album an economic one. The time was right for Frampton because he had been touring so extensively." Frampton's followup studio LP only sold a fourth as much as its predecessor. An experiment, A&M's Nils Lofgren's *Live Bootleg*, which cost maybe \$2,000 and was released to

radio stations more airplay than his album recorded.

When an act is inexpensive. F is approaching \$54, a similar amount artist owns himself — like and Ray Park record company subtracts a co-pockets the res.

But those producers and the prime caused the original Bishop's *Disk*. co-producer D a 30-piece string like the arrangement hours, and the lack of preparation. Powell, West cites experimentation, as the showing up on show up at musicians wait for a party attracts the crowd wastes time."

Experiments Tubes to triple. One platinum section of music different music segment. Record accept the pro imperative that ble." says John A&R for Atlas they do what it possibly can."

One wonders those highly-paid are available to panies, including on a permanent their acts. Fri Angeles for an \$150 per 6-hour Part of the much of their Jagger writing have been laid too-common practice were to come still production especially the studio's board achieving. Pro for by the facilities' own time, which they may not have ten.

As for the used for working into the studio.

Artists are they record. If is it for a spectators? Invariably only for the a living account \$2,500-a-month picked up for t out, a painting \$500 (even the company pays.

One promise record basic to Los Angeles — returned to



radio stations and reviewers solely for promotion, achieved more airplay and interest than any of his studio LPs and more than his subsequent commercially-released double album recorded at many times the bootleg's cost.

When an act is well-rehearsed, recording can be relatively inexpensive. For instance, Van Halen's debut album, which is approaching platinum (sales of 1 million units), was recorded for \$54,000. Disco band Brass Construction spends a similar amount on their platinum-selling albums. When an artist owns his own studio and plays all the instruments himself — like Todd Rundgren did on *Hermit of Mink Hollow* and Ray Parker, Jr. did on *Rapido* — it's cheaper still. If the record company provides an advance of \$60,000, the artist subtracts a couple of thousand for tape and expenses and pockets the rest.

But those instances among hit albums are rare, and all producers and A&R men stress that lack of preparation is the prime cause of recording waste. Lack of planning doubled the original \$100,000 budget for recording Stephen Bishop's *Bliss*. One session at Cherokee particularly upset co-producer Doc Robb: "Stephen booked a top arranger and a 30-piece string session for a three-hour session. He didn't like the arrangements, changed them on the spot, taking two hours, and the session ran overtime." In this instance, the lack of preparation cost an estimated \$6,000 extra. Terry Powell, West Coast A&R director for Columbia Records, cites experimentation and attitude, along with lack of preparation, as the main vices: "Quite often artists will be lax in showing up on time. They'll book a session for 8 PM and show up at midnight. In the cases where there are session musicians waiting around, this adds up. It's not uncommon for a party atmosphere to develop, people fall by. Recording attracts the cream in foxes, and this proves distracting and wastes time."

Experimentation and a lack of preparation caused the Tubes to triple their original \$80,000 budget for *Tubes Now*. One platinum jazz-rock act experimented on an eight-bar section of music (20 seconds) for 40 studio hours, utilizing different musicians — including a different drummer for the segment. Recording company executives tend to shrug and accept the process, yielding to "artistic temperament." "It's imperative that we give the artist as much leeway as possible," says John David Kalodner, West Coast director of A&R for Atlantic Records. "They're sensitive people, and they do what they have to do to make the best record they possibly can."

One wonders why so much experimentation takes place in those highly-priced recording studios, when rehearsal rooms are available to acts at considerably lower fees. Some companies, including A&M and Casablanca, have such space on a permanent basis, earmarked for their bands to work out their acts. Privately owned rooms can be rented in Los Angeles for as little as \$2 an hour and a top rate of about \$150 per 6-hour day, far cheaper than studio time.

Part of the problem is the tendency of musicians to do much of their work at the last possible minute — Mick Jagger writing song lyrics after the basic instrumental tracks have been laid down, for instance, is an example of an all-too-common practice. But even if the musicians themselves were to come to the studio completely prepared, there are still production techniques to consider. And producers, especially those searching for special effects, need the studio's board and playback equipment to hear what they're achieving. Producers who use up a lot of studio time, paid for by the record company, earn the gratitude of the facilities' owners. The debt is frequently paid back in "free" time, which the producer devotes to his own projects, which may not have hundred-thousand dollar budgets underwritten.

As for the low-cost rehearsal rooms, they're generally used for working out an act before it goes on the road, not into the studio.

Artists are using their "temperament" to dictate where they record. If they travel to Jamaica, Florida or Colorado, is it for a special studio, an ambient feel, or a vacation of sorts? Invariably the record company picks up the tab, not only for the actual recording expenses, but for travel and living accommodations. It's not uncommon for a rented \$2,500-a-month house, groceries, and phone bills to be picked up for two or three months or more. If, after moving out, a painting is missing and the record company is billed \$500 (even though it may have been a \$2.00 print), the company pays.

One prominent singer-songwriter traveled to England to record basic tracks for his just-released album, came back to Los Angeles — bringing a handful of musicians for overdubs — returned to England to finish the album and mix, only to

decide upon a remix in New York with a consultant producer, pushing the album's cost to \$175,000.

Ros Shrank, who pays the bills at Warner Brothers, is aware of abuses: "One producer frequently submits \$125 dinner bills, one wanted a car repair bill paid, and one of our artists usually cancels studio time once a month, and on the occasions it's block-booked (usually a week's time, blocked for better rates and convenience) that runs into money."

"Musicians are the worst businessmen," says Peter Noone, who was lead singer of Herman's Hermits back in the days "when albums didn't count."

"Artists aren't aware enough that whatever is advanced by their record company to cover the recording process, is recouped before they are paid royalties. So if they squander money and make an expensive album, they're really paying for it. (If it sells; if not, the record company absorbs the loss.)

"Our first album cost \$5,000, and I doubt whether more than \$20,000 was ever spent on a Herman's Hermits LP, and they were all gold."

Artists' idiosyncrasies and temperament, combined with lack of planning, have produced some very expensive albums. Steely Dan's latest two LPs, Neil Diamond's *I'm Glad You're with Me Tonight* and Eric Carmen's *Boats Against the Current* cost in the region of \$250,000 each. Bruce Springsteen's *Darkness on the Edge of Town* is in the hefty \$300,000 range, and Fleetwood Mac's *Rumours* neared the \$400,000 mark, (The *Rumours* of its day, *Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band*, cost \$60,000.)

Indeed, all the above examples have sold so well that the outrageous cost is little more than a curiosity. Yet there are white elephants. *Tubes Now* sold disappointingly, Dusty Springfield's current album cost \$160,000 and sold poorly, Van Dyke Parks' *Discover America* was an outrageous (for 1972) \$115,000 and failed to sell.

Ken Sasano, a director of product management at Columbia Records, speculates that his label has to sell one album for every cost-dollar to break even. (This includes advertising and promotional expenses). A \$100,000 album would require sales in the neighborhood of 100,000 units before a profit was made for the company. The artist would have to sell considerably more albums (royalties are generally less than a dollar an album) before royalties were pocketed.

For many, the attitude of recording has changed drastically. In the Fifties and mid-Sixties an opportunity to make a record was a dream come true. There was a certain excitement permeating the whole scene — an edge to the music as well. When producer Larry Page had 45 minutes left after an orchestra session, he rushed the previously unrecorded Troggs — waiting for 2 hours outside in their van — into the studio. They set up, got a sound balance, and recorded two songs in 20 minutes. The result: the million-selling "Wild Thing" and the English number one "With a Girl Like You." The Troggs' debut LP was recorded in three hours; the Rolling Stones' first album took four hours.

The point is that the art of recording has progressed where a band can't record a single for \$300 and have a major label release it. Question Mark and the Mysterians did just that in 1966 and had a million seller with "96 Tears." Record company A&R men will universally agree that today Beatles records would be rejected. "They'd be considered as demos and told to re-record them," says Terry Powell. A shocking thought, considering the *Sergeant Pepper* soundtrack's duplication of Beatles arrangements utilizing a 24-track machine (the Beatles used two synched four-tracks) fails to capture the musical depth of the original versions.

In England, where "new wave" music is a way of life, not merely a curiosity as in the U.S., Top Ten artists are churning out albums for considerably less than \$100,000. The Stranglers, who've averaged sales of more than half a million on each of their three LPs, recorded them for \$10,000, \$12,000 and \$15,000. Elvis Costello, who has impressed the U.S. market with two near-gold albums, recorded *My Aim Is True* for \$3,500 in five days and *This Year's Model* for \$8,000. (To be fair, studios and musicians are less expensive in Europe.)

"Those examples don't realistically apply to the U.S.," says Kalodner, who refuses to believe the Costello cost figures. By the same token, Kip Cohen prefers to lump new wave into its own category. All in all, the new wave's lack of presence on American charts gives it little credence among Stateside record companies.

The trend of high-selling albums this past year — *Rumours* at eleven million, *Saturday Night Fever* at 15 million, *Boston* at six million, *Foreigner* at four million — makes it easier for a label to accept the big-budgeted LP, yet companies are

"playing it safer" by signing fewer acts. "At A&M we're investing in our artists," says Cohen. "We know they may not make it the first time around. It took the seventh album to break Rita Coolidge, the third with Pablo Cruise, the fifth with Peter Frampton, and our third with Styx."

A sort of a the-medium-is-the-message situation has developed. As the technical/musical aspect of recording has overshadowed the emotional, the result has to be affected. Sure, today's recordings have more depth of sound and are more perfect musically, but generally lack emotion and spontaneity. For a prime example, compare today's relatively glossy soul/disco offerings with those exciting classics of the mid-Sixties.

Be that as it may, the exacting method of recording will push budgets even higher in the future. Bob Greenberg, vice president of Atlantic Records, seems to sum up the industry's viewpoint: "You have to understand, we want the best possible record that artist can make. If it means spending more money, we spend more money. We're not selling shoes, we're dealing with music, and you can't put a price on it."

**R**ock music, the subject of this article, is far and away the most expensive type to be recorded. That's because rock performers are, perhaps, more technically aware than the average jazz, classical, country or pop musician, and also because a rock act is more likely to enter the recording studio with only a minimal idea of what's going to occur there. The rockers can get away with this kind of attitude because the potential return on such an album is considerably greater than on the typical jazz, classical, country or pop long-player.

Ed Michel, a jazz producer with some 20 years' experience, remembers the days when his boss at Riverside Records, Orrin Keepnews, "screamed at me for spending \$3,500 on an album." Today, Michel says that \$20,000 would be a decent budget for an album by a hypothetical 6-man working jazz band, taking three days to record, three days to mix and edit, and including transportation, housing, and payment of the players "from whatever's appropriate to much more than that, depending on the musician's bargaining power."

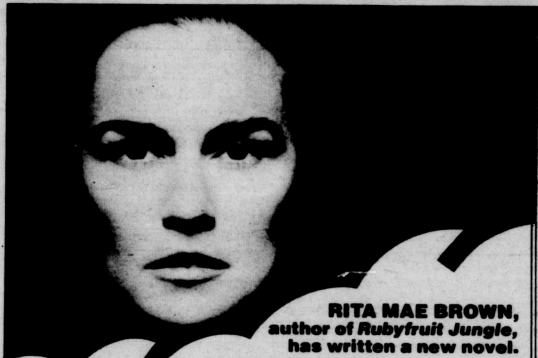
Michel says that the most he's ever spent on an album was in the range of \$25,000 while recording guitarists Howard Roberts and Mel Brown for ABC Records some years ago. The extra cost, he says, was the result of the company's "deciding halfway through the sessions that they wanted albums that would get radio play." The resulting change of emphasis entailed extra outboard equipment and studio time, hence the added cost.

While he admits that "\$6,000 is not an uncommon jazz budget" even today, Michel says that he's in favor of taking as much time in the studio as necessary, even though that's where most of the money goes. "After all," he argues, "one wants to spend extra time on an album that'll be listened to for the next 30 years."

Country albums are recorded by an almost assembly-line process, with little time spent on such extravaganzas as 10 hours' worth of guitar overdubs on a single number, a common enough practice during rock sessions. Chief expenditures on country sessions are for musicians — string and horn players, in many cases, in addition to the rhythm crew — arrangers, and background vocalists. Country budgets, like those for jazz albums, are generally well under the \$20,000 range for two or three days' recording.

Pop and classical albums are generally recorded "live" in the studio, with everybody playing and singing at once and little overdubbing save for the lead vocals. Again, payment to the supporting players and vocalists does much to determine the cost — a symphony orchestra, after all, numbers over 100 people, all paid that \$121 scale per 3-hour session; many pop producers will use twenty to thirty string and horn players on a date, in addition to rhythm and background vocals. Extra time and premium-priced producers can bring a pop album's budget up from a routine \$20,000 to several times that figure, though sales seldom justify the expenditure. While a #1 rock album might well sell a million copies or more, it only takes sales of 20,000-30,000 units to reach the #1 spot on the jazz, classical, or middle-of-the-road ("easy listening") charts.

(Continued on page 20)



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



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

"The jaunty, naturalistic tone that made Brown's earlier novel *Rubyfruit Jungle* such a success is at work again. This is a lively and very lovely book."  
—*Publishers Weekly*

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# In Print

## Hollywood's Finest

Oh, the sad young writers who trooped out to Hollywood to milk the movie gold and stayed to watch their dreams of glory shrivel like so many raisins in the decadent sun.

The stories that surround these often brilliant wordsmiths have become the stuff on which legends are made: it's all *Paradise Lost* and F. Scott Fitzgerald drunk... again.

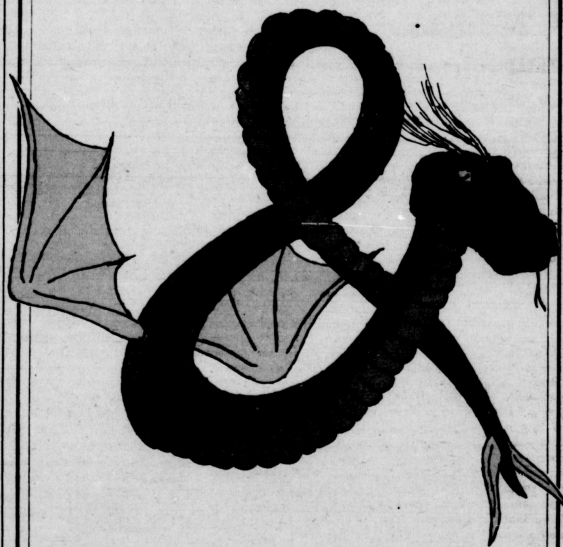
*Mank, the Wit, World and Life of Herman Mankiewicz*, written by former *Life* magazine staffer Richard Meryman, is part of that literature of doom; it's a fascinating biography which reminds us once again just how far the mighty can fall.

Mankiewicz, as every good film student knows, co-wrote *Citizen Kane* with Orson Welles. A few years ago Pauline Kael spent thousands of words proving it was Mank and not Orson who was responsible for the

brilliance of Kane, and other critics then spent an equal number of words trying to prove otherwise. The debate will probably never be settled and *Mank* does little to solidify the opposing sides. However, it does offer a major contribution to that controversy; the biography proves without question that Mankiewicz, the man, possessed one of the most brilliant minds ever to toil for the movies.

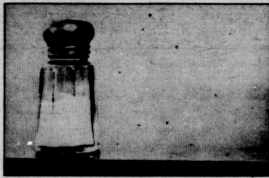
Oscar Wilde, that master of the aphorism, once wrote, "I only put my talent into my writing, my genius I reserve for my life," and certainly that statement sums up everything we ultimately need to know about Mank as well. The book is one incredible story after another, all testimony to the writer's wit, cunning, and perception. He was, without doubt, his own best creation. Meryman, like other writers, again brings the famed Algonquin Round Table to life, but this time those clever souls aren't revered—Meryman exposes them for the pain and cruelty that they inflicted, often on themselves. He also makes it very clear that cer-

## Ampersand of the Month



Edward Hobin of Knoxville, Tennessee created this scaly Ampersand of the Month; he says he's not in college, but studies mechanical drawing and machine design.

If you are itching to devise an original Ampersand, do so—neatly, in black ink on white paper, and send it to Ampersand of the Month, 1680 N. Vine Street #201, Hollywood, CA 90028.



Assault and Battery from Punography.

tain people cannot handle the gifts that set them apart; instead they must destroy their own talent. Mank was one of those men.

Today, Mankiewicz is a symbol to many of the new breed of Hollywood writers. There's hardly a successful scripter who can't hold a group spellbound with Mank stories. It's not hard to understand the Kane creator's appeal: he was the best and the brightest, and he did the job (when not too drunk). But he paid the price every Hollywood writer fears—a lessening of that exclusive but necessary commodity known as self-respect. For Mank was an honorable man, with a strong sense of justice and his own moral code; he never quite resigned himself to the fact that he could play the moguls' dirty games and win.

Much of the territory in *Mank* is familiar, including the drinking, the inability to meet deadlines, the crassness of the deities who rap the studios. What makes this book special is the man himself. They don't come any more fascinating than Mank—they certainly don't come any more brilliant. Would that talent alone had been enough.

Jacoba Atlas

### A Most Important Critic

Walter Benjamin was for too many years a lost writer. Born in Germany in 1892, he committed suicide in 1940 after being told—wrongly it seems—that he would not be allowed to travel from Nazi-occupied France to free Portugal. As a German Jewish writer, Benjamin apparently decided living in Fascist France was too difficult, and until very recently he was known only to the most devoted scholars of modern criticism. Now this edition of his writings gives us a comprehensive introduction to the man Hannah Arendt calls "the most important critic of the time."

Reading *Reflections*, (edited and with an introduction by Peter Demetz), it's easy to see why Benjamin receives such praise. He's truly a compelling thinker. He's part of that learned, European tradition of critics that embraced Marxism and then moved even further along on the evolutionary scale. As a young man, Benjamin was part of the idealistic German Youth Movement, a group that refused to submit to Wilhelmine German standards. He then managed to sit out World War I, reading Kant and the German Romantics, preparing himself for his life-long romance with the philosophy of language and contemporary linguistics. Later, in his 30's, Benjamin traveled throughout Europe and wrote insightful observations of the Continent's chaotic social situation, a turbulence so devastating it eventually led to World War II.

As Benjamin was a communist, it's particularly interesting to read his comments on Russia during Stalin's reign of terror and to note his obvious distress trying to mesh individualistic thoughts with the creed of mandatory social realism in art and manda-

tory revolution in politics. His essay on Russia is rich in detail and bears the mark of a man confronted with a reality that is in direct conflict with the idealism he imagined. Needless to say, Benjamin was not the first—or the last—communist to find Russia a confusing disappointment. He is also particularly effective when discussing Bertold Brecht's theory of epic theatre (the two men were, interestingly enough, great friends).

What makes Benjamin so timely is that he wrote from a political point of view while still indulging in a healthy dose of moralism. Nothing was too high or too low for Benjamin. He was quite at home writing of whores as well as heaven. He also pioneered the current fascination with semiotics, writing of the change in language and understanding wrought by movies, advertising and other forms of mass communication which we now lump together as The Media. *Reflections* is an important contribution to the world of modern thought.

J.A.

### Are You Sure Boston Did It This Way?

Just as Scientology has been referred to as the "fast food" of religions, this \$7.95 softbound *The Record Producer's Handbook* (How to make your own record for \$500) by Don Gere, (Acrobat Books), is the McDonald's of record-biz information at the buyer's expense. Wait, we take that back! At least we like McDonald's. No, we weren't jarred by the amateurish appearance of this volume (but it certainly does look schlock), or the fact that at a price of eight samolians you kind of expect more than only 50 or so pages of even the most invaluable advice—which, believe us, this ain't. And it's not just on account of L. Ron Hubbard's name appearing twice in the first four pages either. Really.

Let us say, at the outset, that unless you had absolutely no idea what was happening at all, this book would be tantamount to useless. (Note the use of big flashy words on the part of the reviewers. Hey, at ten cents a

word, it adds up, you know?) Don Gere knows a little bit about recording, but unless you enjoy the remedial aspects of a check list every few pages to remind you to eat and rest and pay your bill, etc.—come on, who needs this? Of course, this all comes from a guy who says he's seen thousands of dollars of studio time wasted in the studio by drugs and alcohol. He recommends coffee; that figures.

What this book says is know your material, here's a picture of a real producer, here's a few machines, how to copyright your songs, and how to make an ass of yourself by either selling them to your friends or pestering some local disc jockey until he either plays your record or has his cousin Guido break your lips. There's a cute little post-card simulation in the back that says, in effect, "Dear Mr. D. J., How many times have you played my record and if not, why not? Do you have any suggestions for me?..." My friends, you just don't do that sort of crap. It's irritating, ya' know?

Also, in the event that you can ever really find a way to manufacture a \$500 record, the author suggests that you sell 500 records at a dollar apiece to record stores. (Now why didn't Warner Bros. or Columbia think of that?) It also doesn't mention paying any musicians or singers or unions or anything, so we must assume that the maximum application of this volume is to either stimulate a "New Wave /No Money" approach or a "Hey-we're-a-band-let's-make-a-record" angle. Listen, send your cash to Flo and Eddie—we'll tell you what to do, suckers.

We're not discouraging new labels or bands—quite the opposite—but unless you only want 600 garage-fidelity Frisbees to hold in your lap, there is nothing to be said for throwing good money after bad. Gere has us spending three hours in the studio to record tracks, vocals and overdubs on two professional-sounding songs, and that's if you're well-rehearsed and do the vocals "live" and don't allow any time to change the entire recording set-up before mixing—a necessary little step, to say the least. It's a good idea to be a little spontaneous in the studio too, you know, but the author, being a Scientologist, doesn't allow for any of that "fun" stuff. Of course in a 16-track studio that only costs \$20 an hour, fun is in the mind of the beholder.

Five hundred dollars hasn't made a hit single since "Louie, Louie" (but what a hit single!). However, if your dad's rich or your hand is pooling its funds, or you're just a bored weirdo looking to impress a lady or a promoter or a lady promoter, you might have the money to waste on a naive, incomplete Ding-Dong School manual on how to be as studio-wise as the Dead Boys. When you consider that the author advises paying only 25¢ to manufacture each disc, you can then scientifically put the bite to your friends for the other seventy-five. We can't help but wonder how much this book costs to manufacture and research. Not much! But maybe the profits will buy Mr. Gere another trip on Ron's boat.

- O.K. It's time for a quiz. Did you ...
- Understand the review \_\_\_\_\_
- Learn about making records \_\_\_\_\_
- Kill a few minutes \_\_\_\_\_
- Decide to forget about music as a career \_\_\_\_\_
- You see what we mean? Pretty dumb, huh?

Flo & Eddie

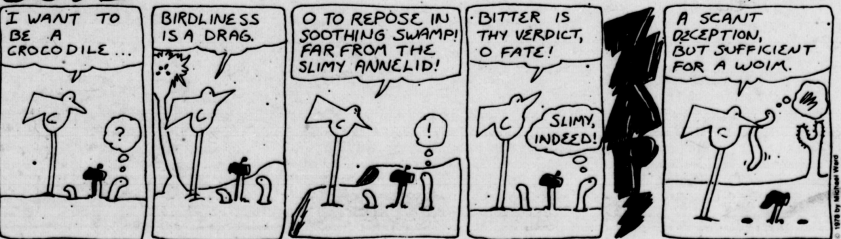
### Punning for Gold

The very title (*Punography*, Penguin Books, \$2.95) is a pun, and this slender book of photographs is basically a one-joke volume, with many variations in which several sequential photographs illustrate more than a dozen cliches. Some are cute, many contrived ("Buoy will be buoys" is just too labored) and a few inspired: "A fork in the road has—you guessed it a dinner fork lying in a fork in the road; "Roll with the punches" shows a dinner roll between two punch bowls, and "Shooting the breeze" is illustrated by two grizzled men firing rifles at the sky.

Photographer Bruce A. McMillan probably had a great deal of fun thinking about this book, devising clever ways to illustrate bromides like "Half in the bag" or "Making a clean breast of it"—more fun, I dare say, than we have reading it. But it's a nearly perfect gift book, mildly amusing, inexpensive, completely inoffensive, and appropriate for everyone...except serious photographers.

Judith Sims

### Boid



# On Screen

October, 1978

**DAYS OF HEAVEN** starring Richard Gere, Brooke Adams, Sam Shepard, Linda Manz; written and directed by Terrence Malick.

This is Terrence Malick's second feature film; the first, *Badlands*, was critically acclaimed and financially disappointing, but the box office response did not, apparently, make Malick nervous. He spent two years on *Days of Heaven*, editing and re-editing, refusing to compromise his vision, and the result really is a vision. Cinematographers Nestor Almendros and Haskell Wexler create breathtaking vistas, endless wheatfields and distant purple mountains (of Canada, substituting for the Panhandle), 360 degrees of emptiness, except for one ornate farmhouse, a tall Victorian lighthouse in an ocean of wheat. Black-clothed figures moving in fields reminded me of Iowa long ago and the Amish people who lived there, dark and silent and remote. There is about this film almost an epic religious quality, uplifting, vengeful and redeeming.

Three people—lovers Gere and Adams (who pretend to be brother and sister) and a young girl, Manz, flee Chicago when Gere kills a man in the steel mill where he works; they travel to the panhandle and work the wheat harvest, where farmer Shepard, attracted to Adams, asks her to stay on. She does—with Gere and Manz. At Gere's urging, she marries Shepard (whom everyone believes is a dying man), and for awhile they all live in near-blissful harmony. But Gere and Adams are not through with each other; the farmer gets healthier every day, and passions gone astray come home to roost.

Malick keeps us at a distance from these people, which disturbs some viewers; we never see inside them, we only see what they do. They are not fools, and they behave with honor at times—but not enough. Pride and jealousy intervene. The film moves slowly, inexorably, and the threat of violence is constant in the everyday chores and pleasures. Even the sound is ominous, from the steel blast furnace, the train, the huge threshing machines, a prairie fire, all throb like fright-ened blood in our ears.

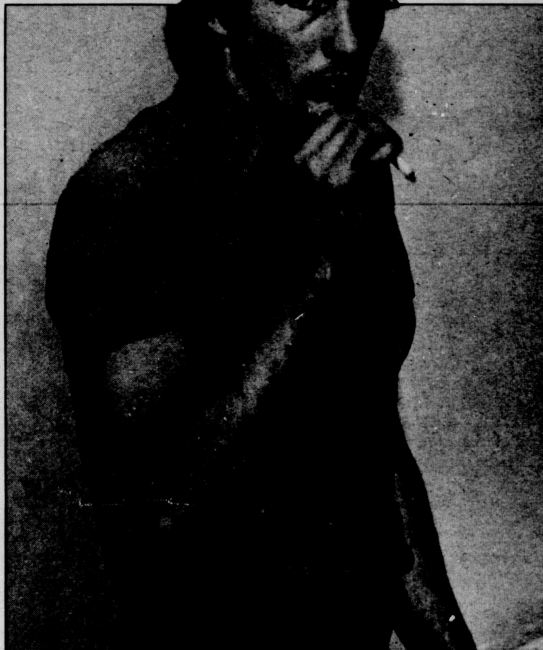
Gere is a forceful, dangerous mystery; Adams, with her unusual face, is sometimes beautiful, sometimes worn and tired, befitting a woman of poverty. Shepard is flawless as the lonely awkward farmer finding his first happiness; Manz, in her acting debut, ties the film together with her New York-accented narration and grave ferret face. A victim of others' circumstances, she survives in spite of them. Each performance is brilliantly subdued; no one person dominates the screen, they are all just people on a landscape, no less compelling for their subordination.

Although it is a short film (about an hour and a half), it sometimes seems like a long epic; still, I didn't want it to end.

Judith Sims

**INTERIORS**, starring Diane Keaton, Richard Jordan, Geraldine Page, E. G. Marshall, Maureen Stapleton, Marybeth Hurt, Sam Waterston, Kristin Griffith; written and directed by Woody Allen.

In his first serious film, Allen has created a vulnerable family full of uninteresting, self-absorbed people. Mother (and interior decorator) Page, separated from wealthy-lawyer father Marshall, is an emotional casualty, shock-treated out of one break-



Richard Gere, starring in *Days of Heaven* and *Bloodbrothers*.

down and heading for another. Their daughters are real drags: Griffith a superficial tv actress; Hurt an untalented, sulking woman who's determined—and expected—to be "creative;" and Keaton, the achiever, a poet with writer's block and a husband (Jordan) who's an unsuccessful novelist, jealous of his wife's acclaim. The only one with no apparent psychological disturbance is Waterston, who lives with Hurt; why he tolerates her endless angst is beyond comprehension. The daughters all act out their love/hate for their parents and each other; complaining endlessly and tiresomely, but aside from Page's fragile grip on sanity, it's difficult to understand what's so terrible about their lives. No wife beating, no alcoholism, no kinky sex, no poverty; just a lot of whining about fulfillment and love's hierarchy. Stapleton, as Marshall's wife-to-be, lights up the last half of the film, and not just because she wears brightly colored dresses—the first sign of color in this neutral-tone film. The dress is as obvious as Stapleton's role—the earthy woman who doesn't think much, she just feels and laughs and dances. Allen must be afraid of his intellectualism, afraid that people who "feel" are somehow more in touch with Life's True Meaning, whatever that is, than are people who "think." Stapleton is the first dash of fun in the film, likeable as all get-out, but she is a vulgarian, as Hurt claims in anguish. I grew up amid dozens of such vulgarians, and they're not privy to Life's True Mean-

ing. Or much else. It's disappointing that Allen should fall for such a lie.

It's also a bit distressing that Allen has chosen Bergman to imitate, so much so that *Interiors* could be subtitled *Homage To Ingmar*. The Swedish director's films are astringent and controlled, opposite to the self-deprecating Jewish humor of Allen's previous films, but both directors are obsessed with death and alienation; in *Interiors* people are forever closing windows to keep out the world, their cries for help emerging in strangled intellectual chitchat. People stare out of windows or speak directly to the camera; the final shot is textbook Bergman: Keaton and Hurt in profile, staring out a window, joined by Griffith in soft focus background, her head framed by the other two heads.

But we already have one Bergman, we don't really need another. With *Annie Hall* Allen proved he is much more than a gag-writer, he proved he could illuminate a relationship, probe a few psyches...and make us laugh at the same time.

Not even Bergman can do that.

J.S.

**BLOODBROTHERS**, starring Richard Gere, Paul Sorvino, Tony Lo Bianco; written by Walter Newman, based on Richard Price's novel; directed by Robert Mulligan.

Christ, spare me another macho crotch-grabbing back-thumping broad-humping masculine bullshit movie. *Bloodbrothers* is one more in a long line of films that revel in this

he-man buddy crap: *Mean Streets*, *Saturday Night Fever*, *Lords of Flatbush*, *Rocky*, they are all, apparently, trying to tell us something: Italians are assholes.

And in the middle of *Bloodbrothers*' violent emotion (Italians are so volatile, you know), what do we have? A sensitive young man! Stony (Gere) has doubts about the lives led by his macho father (*Lo Bianco*) and good-time uncle (Sorvino); they want him to join their electricians' union and spend the rest of his life working, drinking and screwing, but Stony suspects There's More to Life Than This. He agonizes over his choices for what seems like years, while everyone shouts at him and everyone else, and after shouting they fight, weep, hug, hit or storm out (Italians are so excitable, you know). If Gere weren't clean and handsome and a valiant actor, I'd have stormed out; whatever attention this wretchedly paced, sappy written film commands can be credited to him. Odd, that Travolta should have a strong contender so soon. Irony, that Gere played Danny Zuko in *Grease* on Broadway. Nice, that we now have two sexy young stars.

J.S.

**MIDNIGHT EXPRESS**, starring Brad Davis, John Hurt and Randy Quaid; written by Oliver Stone; directed by Alan Parker.

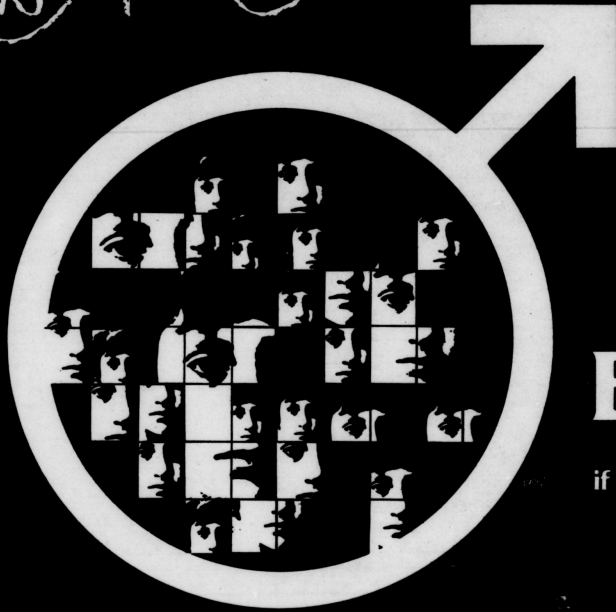
In 1970 Billy Hayes taped two kilos of hashish around his waist and headed for the Istanbul airport and a plane back to the U.S. His innocent American arrogance didn't help him; he was snatched and sent to a wretched Turkish prison for four years, which sentence was later changed to life. Hayes escaped in 1975 and wrote a book of his experience, called *Midnight Express*—prison jargon for escape. Now there is a film of the book, and while it is tense and grim, it is not nearly so devastating as it could be.

The problem is Brad Davis—or Billy Hayes, it's hard to tell. While Hayes' punishment exceeded his crime, and while life in a Turkish prison is far from pleasant, I felt no real sorrow for Hayes. As played by Davis, Hayes does little but stare (with crossed eyes), grimace, and weep. We're asked to sympathize with him because he "made a mistake" but he was thrown into prison for his own stupidity and ultimately escaped because of sheer luck. He shows no initiative, no resourcefulness, and certainly no humor. This is not a story of a man's endurance, outwitting the system with unbending pride, like Papillon. It is a horror story with no tragic dimensions. It's hard for me to believe that an American abroad in 1970 did not know the fearsome extent of Middle Eastern punishment for dope offenders. The 1960s were full of stories about these unfortunates; still today there are hundreds of Americans languishing in foreign prisons, victims of their own ignorance or greed, their country's indifference, and medieval penal systems.

Director Alan Parker has only one previous feature to his credit, the dreadful *Buggy Malone*, in which "gangster" kids cavorted oh-so-cutely. *Midnight Express* has no such frivolity; Parker has re-created (on the island of Malta) a realistic, repressive world and peopled it with believably bizarre characters. Hayes' two closest friends in prison are an English junkie (brilliantly played by John Hurt, last seen in this country as Caligula in PBS' *I, Claudius*) and an angry American, Randy Quaid. The production, the script, the supporting players cannot be faulted. It is perhaps a measure of this film's intensity that the Turkish government is trying to suppress *Midnight Express* and succeeded, at the Cannes Film Festival, in preventing the film from winning any awards.

J.S.

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 25



# THE BOYS FROM BRAZIL

if they survive...will we?

**SIR LEW GRADE Presents A PRODUCER CIRCLE PRODUCTION**

**GREGORY PECK and LAURENCE OLIVIER and JAMES MASON**

**A FRANKLIN J. SCHAFFNER FILM "THE BOYS FROM BRAZIL"**

**and starring LILLI PALMER. Executive Producer ROBERT FRYER**

**Music by JERRY GOLDSMITH Screenplay by HEYWOOD GOULD**

**From the novel by IRA LEVIN Produced by MARTIN RICHARDS**

**and STANLEY O'TOOLE Directed by FRANKLIN J. SCHAFFNER**



Original Soundtrack Recording Available on A&M Records and Tapes



ENTERTAINMENT WEEKLY

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"We're Home Again" Sung by Elaine Paige

**COMING SOON TO A THEATRE NEAR YOU**

ber, 1978  
 Saturday they are something;  
 violent (you know), young man! lives led and good- m to join d the rest screwing, e to Life choices for ne shouts shouting out (Ita- . If Gere a valiant ver atten- y written to him. a strong re played ay. Nice, ars. J.S.  
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
# Greg Kihn and the Greg Kihn Band ...



... announce  
the  
arrival  
of  
Next of  
Kihn!

and don't forget  
the rest of the family!



**Beserkley**  
"Home of the Wild"  
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Los Angeles and Southern California have an indigenous imagery which has spawned a music in many ways linked to the ecology of the land. This environment, and its lifestyle, have shaped the lives and work of the musicians and singer-songwriters who are the subjects of my book, *California Rock: California Sound* (from which this Joni Mitchell feature was excerpted).

Artists continually grow and evolve, often outgrowing their environment. Many of the musicians to whom Henry Diltz and I talked (Eagles; Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young; Linda Ronstadt, etc.) feel that having used this place, they are now looking towards New York, or to America in general. It is hard, though, to let go of L.A., this city of extremes and curiosities, glamour and myths. The plasticity of the signs, the billboards and the neon, vying for attention with the panoramic sunsets and twinkling hills. An omnipresent, jangling mish-mash of elements, the rhythm of the concrete freeways—this is the synthesis of Los Angeles.

Joni was interviewed and photographed for the book in both Nevada and California. She was working night and day on a set of songs which jazz bassist and composer Charles Mingus had written especially for her; she was very excited by this project and discussed it in detail. In our talks she also emphasized how important her painting had become, and how it was interrelated to her music.

A.F.



# JONI MITCHELL

I am a painter first," Joni Mitchell has emphasized to me at the very beginning of our talks and it becomes clear that although she has always drawn, sketched and painted for as long as she can remember, her painting has taken on a new importance in her life these last few years—to the extent that her recent canvases are intricately interwoven with the music she has been creating. During the period that Joni was writing and recording *Don Juan's Reckless Daughter*, she simultaneously worked on a large painting which depicts in pigment some of the same themes, metaphors and imagery of that album. "I can do songs on a square canvas," she said later, "and I can have the same symbolic diary in this medium as in the other."

Conversely, Joni's music, which is always in a state of flux, always moving forward, now incorporates many painterly characteristics, like a Picasso canvas where everything is pared down to the spaces in between objects, distilling the work into multi-faceted planes and the core of meaning. What is left out is for the others to put in.

"You see, the way I write songs now," Joni explains, "is around a standard melody that nobody knows, because that way you can get your words to have their organic inflection so that when you emphasize something you go up or you go down. Or if you want to put ten syllables in a line that in the next verse is only going to have three syllables drawn out through those bars, you have that liberty. As a result you can't write one lead sheet and put the four verses on it, every verse has to be written out individually—it's all variation on a theme."

Out in the desert, the sun casting its last golden rays on the red-rock mountains in the distance, Joni is feeling like a free spirit, laughing, happy, enjoying the tranquility of the landscape. The Joshua trees are flowering, ripe with juice for the first time in twenty years, and the cacti, too, are in bloom. Joni seems in harmony, both with the elements and with herself—flatlands, wide open spaces, being an inherent part of her and her music.

The dustless azure of the open sky is broken only by some frail cirrus stripes which echo the vastness of the desert floor. As she talks, Joni wanders barefoot among the chollas and the bright yellow poppies, the wind blowing through her hair and silk shawl. Her face is radiant; tan and sensual, at the same time showing a certain maturity which defies description because it is emotive but touches on the primitive; a Georgia O'Keeffe, earth-oriented quality.

Joni sits on a rock, looking up at the sky meditatively. "Lightning storms; how are Californians going to relate to that?" she says. "They're not an institution in your life like they are for flatlanders, you know?" She talks with fondness about the long distances and the prairies of her Canadian youth. That is one of the reasons why she can easily relate to the work of other artists whose oeuvre has grown out of similar flatland environments—artists such as O'Keeffe and Boyd Elder.

"Back in my hometown they would have cleared the floor just to watch the rain come down! They're such sky oriented people—geared to changing weather..."

Pepeka Plains.

Blue neon strips of fluorescent light echo a Chinese motif atop the hotel opposite our window, with mauve mountains and grey sky washing together in the distance. Back from the desert and the Red Rock Mountains we are now in the heart of Las Vegas, where Joni has been staying for a few days. Down in the lobby the jangling fruit machines are continually at fever pitch, the ring of the jackpots rising above the cacophony.

"I've been trying to win this coyote, over at the bowling toss," Joni informs us. "The fun is worth it, it's better than putting silver dollars into those one-armed bandits!" She explains the games intently, a winner's glint in her eyes. Two hundred and twenty points each game wins you a monkey, and thirty-six monkeys win you the coyote. Her room right now, she laughs, is a menagerie of monkeys. "But I'm not leaving here without that coyote," she adds confidently.

Joni's speaking voice is soft, rounded, with an unusual, wide, mid-plains accent. She walks the line between glamour and sophistication, and a down to earth, country quality. Charles Mingus called her a hillbilly. Joni "gets some smokes" and we sit down in the back of the restaurant to talk more. She is at this moment very excited about and involved with a new project:

"All of a sudden I'm finding myself now in a very interesting project with Charlie Mingus. He's given me eight of his songs to sing and set words to, which is odd because I've never set words to anyone else's music. He's given me a lot of arranging—choice of musicians—he's given me a lot of leeway. What I'm having to learn is the rudiments of be-bop and everything, and the odd part of it is, the timing is so perfect, it's just natural to me. The songs are difficult to write, but the one and a half that I've finished are a more natural vehicle for me to sing, in some ways, than many of my old songs. His music is forties, early fifties, that kind of idiom—ballads, very Billie Holidayesque except they have a lot more range than she could sing. Some of them are about two and a half octaves—it's a lot of notes. There's a possibility that I might do some things with double-basses and voice and saxophone. I want to try in some way to take the piano and vocalist thing off of it, so that it'll have a new sound to it. It's such good music—you almost gotta trick it into being modern without being gimmicky in a way, so more people don't just see it as a stereotype and say 'Order me a vodka collins, it's a girl in a cocktail lounge!'"

There are six new tunes which Mingus has written for Joni, and two old ones, "Goodbye Porxie Hat" and another which she has to choose. He gives them to her in piano form—there are no titles: "I asked him what was on his mind when he wrote them. He's dying of cancer, and for one of them he said, 'The things I wish I'd done and the people that I'm going to miss.' It's a very delicate subject matter. He's in a wheelchair, so he can't actually play his part on it."

Mingus' first idea involved T.S. Eliot's "Four Quartets." He started composing a piece for classical orchestra, bass and Spanish guitar, interspersed with readings. Where they broke in stanzas he wanted Joni to condense it and sing it. She tried but soon gave up. "It was easier," she told him, "for me to condense the Bible than T.S. Eliot because you don't want to tamper with the beauty of his expansiveness, you can't distill it down." So then Mingus composed the songs.

"Charlie's into cacophony, multiple melody and contrapuntal overlays," Joni explains, "which I mess around with a bit, and somehow or other he liked what I did. I got a message through a friend and I called him up. The first time I talked to him was so warm, there was no barrier at all. And when I got to know him and read his book I understood why. He's a romantic and very spiritual man—very eccentric with a big chip on his shoulder, which has kind of devoured him all his life. It's very bewildering, this combination, you know, but it's very beautiful!"



"My goal is to get three songs written, by the end of this month (June)" Joni continues, "and get in the studio with Charlie. I want him to be there, if not for the complete project, to see some of it going into actuality. Four of the songs are ballads, very slow—and then there's some real be-bop blues, it's the freakiest thing. Six of them he wrote directly for me and he even attempted in his idiom to include some of my musical idiosyncrasies; I mean he would say, 'This is like something you do,' and I couldn't see it was like anything that I do!

"It's very demanding, in every way. And it's also peculiar to be setting words to someone else's vocal rhythm—everybody has their own rhythmic speech patterns—and the phrases are almost set up to be crooned, that's the kind of lyrics that were written for a lot of these old moon-june-croonisms, although there were some great old standards. But the problem is to take the knowledge of progressive pop writing and apply it to this old form."

The first song that Joni finished, "A Chair in the Sky," has a moody, sensuous sound, conjuring up images of the nighttime Manhattan skyline, with her voice full of emotion, capturing every subtle nuance within each bar.

*"The reason it's difficult is because I'm changing all the time.  
I'm trying to play the truth of what I am."*

Charles Mingus

The folk days of Laurel Canyon and the little house on the hill have blurred almost out of recognition, given the strides that Joni has taken since then with her musical development, each album advancing stalwartly forward for the last ten years. But that period was her breaking ground and she looks back on it with fondness: "That belonged to a time, in a way. I wrote a song called 'California'—it was written in Europe, and it was longing for that kind of creative climate where we did drop around with our songs to play, but that kind of thing happened prior to success. After success everybody became, whether they'll admit it or not, very much into their own particular creative process. For myself, as my work began to encompass other kinds of music outside of the L.A. circle, the people that I enjoyed singing with really didn't—or indicated to me that they didn't—like the harmonies that I added any longer. Their concept would be tight banks, and I would come in and sing; and I would weave my melodies. I wouldn't come in on the downbeat. I'd already moved into an area which is more related to jazz, that is to say it's more expressive within the bar. There's more freedom within the bar where you come in and enter.

"I'm not a jazz musician but I need that creative freedom. That's why now I'm being sucked into jazz projects and working more and more with jazz musicians. I find I'm more understood there, and the heavier the player that I work with, the more easy it is to communicate. Because I'm illiterate; I don't have the number system nor do I have the letter chord system, I don't understand it. I'm a painter, I like to speak in metaphor: 'play me some semi-trucks going by,' you know, 'here we have the waves coming in, the keyboards should break like a wave, here's the pressure point'—by emotion and by remembrances.

"Wayne Shorter, Jaco Pastorius—I would give them metaphorical instruction and they would thrill me, whereas musicians that are still in numerical/alphabetical reference-points would not feel the way it swelled or they would play something too repetitive through a place where the music was not repetitive—they couldn't feel the expression of it. Some of them even knew that and told me, 'Joni, get a jazz musician. I'm working more in an improvisational way. Even though popularly I'm accused more and more of having less melody, in fact the opposite is true—there's more melody and so they can't comprehend it anymore. So I'm an oddball, I'm not part of any group anymore but I'm attached in certain ways to all of them, all of the ones that I've come through. I'm not a jazz musician and I'm not a classical musician, but I touch them all."

The music, John Coltrane once said, is "the whole question of life itself," and as a number of jazzmen have also emphasized, what you live and how you live becomes an instant, integral part of what you play each night, so that jazz is a continual autobiography, or rather a continuum of intersecting autobiographies: one's own and those of the musicians with whom one plays. And the great players are simple. "They're more intuitive," Joni agrees, "increasingly intuitive the greater they are. They have that knowledge if they need it, but they don't talk that way. They don't talk music too much—it almost breaks their heart to talk about it, it makes them angry and makes them play bad the next set, because it's very hard to explain, it's never accurate."

Joni's own evolution into working with and within the jazz framework came about gradually. "It started, I would say, back on *Ladies of the Canyon*," she explains. "There was one song, 'The Arrangement,' which was a predecessor (it was like a predecessor for 'Blue,' which came on the *Blue* album) which had a bit of that voicing—post-Stravinsky modern open-voicing—and in the chordal patterns, too. It's been very organic. It definitely wasn't rock 'n' roll voicing or movement."

*While you still have the time  
You could get away and find  
A better life, you know the grind  
Is so ungrateful  
Racing cars, whiskey bars  
No one cares who you really are*

The Arrangement

Joni had been looking for a band because she was way behind everybody else in playing with musicians and going out on the road; she couldn't seem to make it happen. "The L.A. Express was a band intact and John Guerin and Larry Carlton were the musicians within that band who impressed me the most. Carlton because he was playing jazz with a country feeling—jazz and country being the most polar opposites. It was a criticism of Carlton that he was doing all these arced bends, which are very like pedal steel, and it turns out he's a weekend fly fisherman! So his long casting splash, I would say, is related to that. Everything's related, everything you do comes out.

"It was good experience to play with a band that was intact rather than to fit it all together. It was good for the time. Now, some of the criticism of that band, which people said to me at the time, I would have to agree with. Not all of it, because it was a prejudice based on 'all jazz is the Johnny Carson Show.' It was a prejudice based on a certain kind of ignorance.

"In the meantime, since I have been playing with more masterful players, that is to say true artists who don't think in terms of commercial consideration, who just play gut-level and that's it, it's an entirely different experience. And since I began to play with them, I mean as a singer, I feel I'm a much better singer. I was a better singer last year than I was the year before. I'm five or six times better a singer this year for the work that I'm doing on Charlie's music. You know, I can go almost anywhere that my range will take me; my pitch has improved, my confidence has improved—I really feel free now as a singer. But I still don't have my facility on any instrument. They're, to me, just tools for setting up a reference for my voice to float on. I'll probably never master those instruments, although there is a growth. The guitar, especially, is growing. The piano—all of a sudden I went through a breakthrough period last year where I sat down and off the top of my head, I couldn't play anything wrong. What I mean by that is that if I hit what would be called a wrong note, a dissonance, I would repeat it and it would sound fantastic—like where a dissonance was simply another statement and was not a wrong note. You know, lay on it; you hit a dissonance—well lay on it!

"So the improvisational, the spontaneous aspect of this creative process—still as a poet—is to set words to the music, which is a hammer and chisel process. Sometimes it flows, but a lot of times it's blocked by concept. And if you're writing free consciousness—which I do once in a while just to remind myself that I can, you know, because I'm fitting little pieces of this puzzle together—the end result must flow as if it was spoken for the first time."

"Paprika Plains," an unwinding slice of autobiography and dream sequences which takes up a whole side of the double album *Don Juan's Reckless Daughter*, is an unusually complicated and ambitious example of this building process: "Oh! A lot of shuffling went on," Joni confirms. "There were Indian grass chants in the middle of it, there were a hundred and one different ways that I approached that. More so than anything else on the album. The instrumental passage in the middle just poured out."

It is early afternoon in Los Angeles; the house is quiet, apparently deserted. A stone fish pond graces the central courtyard, white flowering wrought-iron gates delicately guard the arched front door. Above the stone arch is a circular sculptured eagle, and miniature potted palms bank on either side of the entrance. The house sits on a hill, flowers around everywhere; Icelandic poppies, potted geraniums in full bloom. It is Joni's spirit defined in texture, color, and shapes.

After a while Joni appears. She had been working all night on one of the Mingus songs and had finally gone to bed at ten in the morning. But she looks relaxed in a simple white blouse and white pants, her blond hair slightly curled. We sit in the kitchen, the creative heart of the house. She had been working on one song; the first and last parts were happening but she couldn't get them to cross over, couldn't get the middle to connect. It is frustrating to her, being blocked on a part of a song like that, because she never knows how long it will take to work itself out. "I like a song to be either a soliloquy or a movie, a whole drama where characters butt up against each other and people change their minds," Joni explains as we sit down at the butcher-block table. She picks up little Harlow, her Persian cat, from a nearby chair and places the cat gently on her lap.

The kitchen is small but light, with windows looking out onto pots of flowers; yellow and blue ceiling beams echo the colors in the pattern of the floor tiles. A second song for the Mingus project has been completed and Joni is evidently pleased with it; it is a song which resulted from the recent stay in Las Vegas and is called, tentatively, "Fools Paradise." She sings it slowly in a soft, jazzy voice:

*I'm down to a roll of dimes  
I'm stalking the slot that's hot  
I keep hearing bells around me  
Jingling the lucky jackpot...*

"Charlie likes it," she says. "Turns out he used to be a slot machine addict." Joni muses: "Any place you go can cough up a song if you're hot on the trail!"

Anthony Faucett was born in London, was an art critic there for three years before joining Apple as John Lennon's personal assistant; after that he worked as Stephen Stills' European advisor and in 1976 Grove Press published his book, *John Lennon: One Day at a Time. He now lives in Los Angeles, New York and London but not at the same time. Henry Diltz, born in Kansas City, Missouri, was a founding member of the Modern Folk Quartet 15 years ago; he started taking pictures of his L.A. music friends in the late 60s and was official photographer for Woodstock and the Monterey and Miami music festivals. His photographs have appeared on 80 album covers plus the covers of Life, Rolling Stone, Cash Box and the Los Angeles Times. He's currently recording an album with the recently reunited MFQ.*





HENRY DULTZ

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### ROCK

1. Don't Look Back  
Boston/Epic
2. Some Girls  
Rolling Stones/Rolling Stones Records
3. Double Vision  
Foreigner/Atlantic
4. Who Are You  
The Who/MCA
5. Queens  
Soundtrack/RSO
6. Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band  
Soundtrack/RSO
7. Natural High  
Commodores/Motown
8. Wayle Alley  
Pablo Cruise/AM
9. Stranger In Town  
Bob Seger & The Silver Bullet Band/Capitol
10. Nightwatch  
Kenny Loggins/Columbia
11. Suburban Night Fever  
Soundtrack/RSO
12. City to City  
Gerry Rafferty/United Artists
13. But Seriously, Folks  
Joe Walsh/Asylum
14. Come & Get It  
Rick James/Gordy
15. Darkness In the Streets of Town  
Bruce Springsteen/Columbia
16. Pyramid  
Men Without Hats/Atlantic

17. The World Is Not Enough  
David Byrne/Capitol
18. The World Is Not Enough  
David Byrne/Capitol
19. The World Is Not Enough  
David Byrne/Capitol
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24. The World Is Not Enough  
David Byrne/Capitol
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David Byrne/Capitol
26. The World Is Not Enough  
David Byrne/Capitol

- #### RECOMMENDED RECENT RELEASES
1. Along the Red Ledge  
Hall and Oates/WCA
  2. She  
Stephen Bishop/ABC
  3. World's First and Last  
James Taylor/WCA
  4. In the Street  
Dyan Cameron/MCA
  5. Twin Bells of Different Hammers  
Dan Fogelberg & Tim Weisberg/Epic
  6. Living in the USA  
Linda Ronstadt/Asylum
  7. Beate Well  
David Coverly/United Artists
  8. Loving You Can Hurt  
Joe Cocker/Asylum
  9. Please In the Night  
Dan Hartman/Capitol

### SOUL

1. Miss  
Brother Johnson/AM
2. Natural High  
Commodores/Motown
3. Life Is a Song Worth Singing  
Tubby Turner/Epic/Phon. Int'l.
4. The Heartbreak  
L.T.D./AM
5. Get Off  
Foxy/Dash
6. Come Get It  
Rick James & the Stone City Band/Gordy
7. In the Night Time  
Michael Henderson/Buddah
8. A Touch of Honey  
Capitol
9. Sweetness  
Emotions/Columbia
10. The Captain  
Steve Cropper
11. The Heart of the Matter  
Roy Ayers/Polydor
12. Love Train  
Café au Lait/Mercury
13. Baby's Got Back  
Baby Woodley/Atlantic
14. Sweet Love  
Patti LaBelle
15. In a Silent Way  
John McLaughlin

### RECOMMENDED RECENT RELEASES

1. The Wiz  
Soundtrack/MCA
2. Live and Let Live  
Lynyrd Skynyrd/Casablanca
3. Scott-Herrem, Brian Jackson/Arista
4. The Best of the Trammps  
The Trammps/Atlantic

### JAZZ

1. The Jazz  
Chick Corea/Blue Thumb
2. Quincy Jones/AM
3. Herbie Hancock/AM
4. The Jazz  
Chick Corea/Polydor
5. Herbie Hancock/Columbia
6. Friends  
Chick Corea/Polydor
7. Friends  
Chick Corea/Polydor
8. Friends  
Chick Corea/Polydor
9. Friends  
Chick Corea/Polydor
10. Friends  
Chick Corea/Polydor

- #### RECOMMENDED RECENT RELEASES
1. Lady Time  
Ella Fitzgerald/Pablo
  2. All Things Beautiful  
Jimmy Porter/LRC
  3. What About You  
Stanley Turrentine/Fantasy
  4. Leo O'Keefe  
Leo O'Keefe/Elektra

### COUNTRY

1. Heartbreaker  
Dolly Parton/WCA
2. Starbuck  
Willie Nelson/Columbia
3. Love or Something Like It  
Kenny Rogers/United Artists
4. When I Dream  
Crystal Gayle/United Artists
5. Let's Keep It That Way  
Anne Murray/Capitol
6. Whiskey & Wine  
Waylon Jennings & Willie Nelson/WCA
7. Only One Love In My Life  
Ronnie Milsap/WCA
8. Give Songs for Children and Green-ups Too  
Ella Fitzgerald/WCA
9. Sister Rosetta Q'n and On the Record  
Chatter Bros./Mercury
10. Workbench  
Eddie Rabbit/Elektra
11. Ten Years Gaby  
Kenny Rogers/United Artists
12. The Best of the Chatter Bros.  
Mercury
13. It's a Wonderful  
Sonnie Tyler/WCA
14. Honey, You're Gorgeous  
Conway Twitty/Loretta Lynn/MCA
15. Room Service  
The Oak Ridge Boys/ABC

- #### RECOMMENDED RECENT RELEASES
1. Tom Toms  
Dave & Buster/WCA
  2. Past of a Fool  
Willie Nelson/Lone Star
  3. Suspensions  
Don Williams/ABC
  4. Sweet Love  
Roy Dove & Buck Trent/ABC
  5. What Happen You Got to Love  
Tom T. Hall/WCA

## Record Expenditures: Fleetwood Max

(Continued from page 19)

**W**e've been dealing, for the most part, in generalities. For some specifics on why it costs so much to make a rock album, we turn to a revealing article by Howard Cummings in the May, 1978 issue of *Recording Engineer/Producer*. Richard Dashut and Ken Caillat, who engineered Fleetwood Mac's *Rumours*, opened up with some behind-the-scenes glimpses.

The original schedule, according to Caillat, was to spend five weeks recording the album and another week mixing and editing, all at the Record Plant in the San Francisco suburb of Sausalito. By the time they were finished, eleven months later, here's what they did:

— Spent 18 hours a day, seven days a week, for 2½ months in the studio writing, rehearsing, and recording. Caillat says that, as the sessions commenced, Lindsey Buckingham, Christine McVie and Stevie Nicks each had a few ideas; nothing more. After those 2½ months in the studio — one in the \$150/hour class — the band broke for six weeks' touring.

— Upon returning from the road, the band and engineers listened to the tapes and decided that several songs had been recorded in the wrong key. All instruments save percussion were erased from the master tapes and re-recorded in the new key.

— The Mac are fastidious about their sound. So much so that the engineers spent 18 hours getting proper miking of Mick Fleetwood's kick drum. The rest of his kit took longer. After the initial set-up, the engineers spent 2½ hours each day tuning and miking the drum set. The rest of the instruments, each with its own problems, took longer. Buckingham used several different guitar-amplifier combinations; Christine McVie used seven different pianos and employed four different piano tuners at different times.

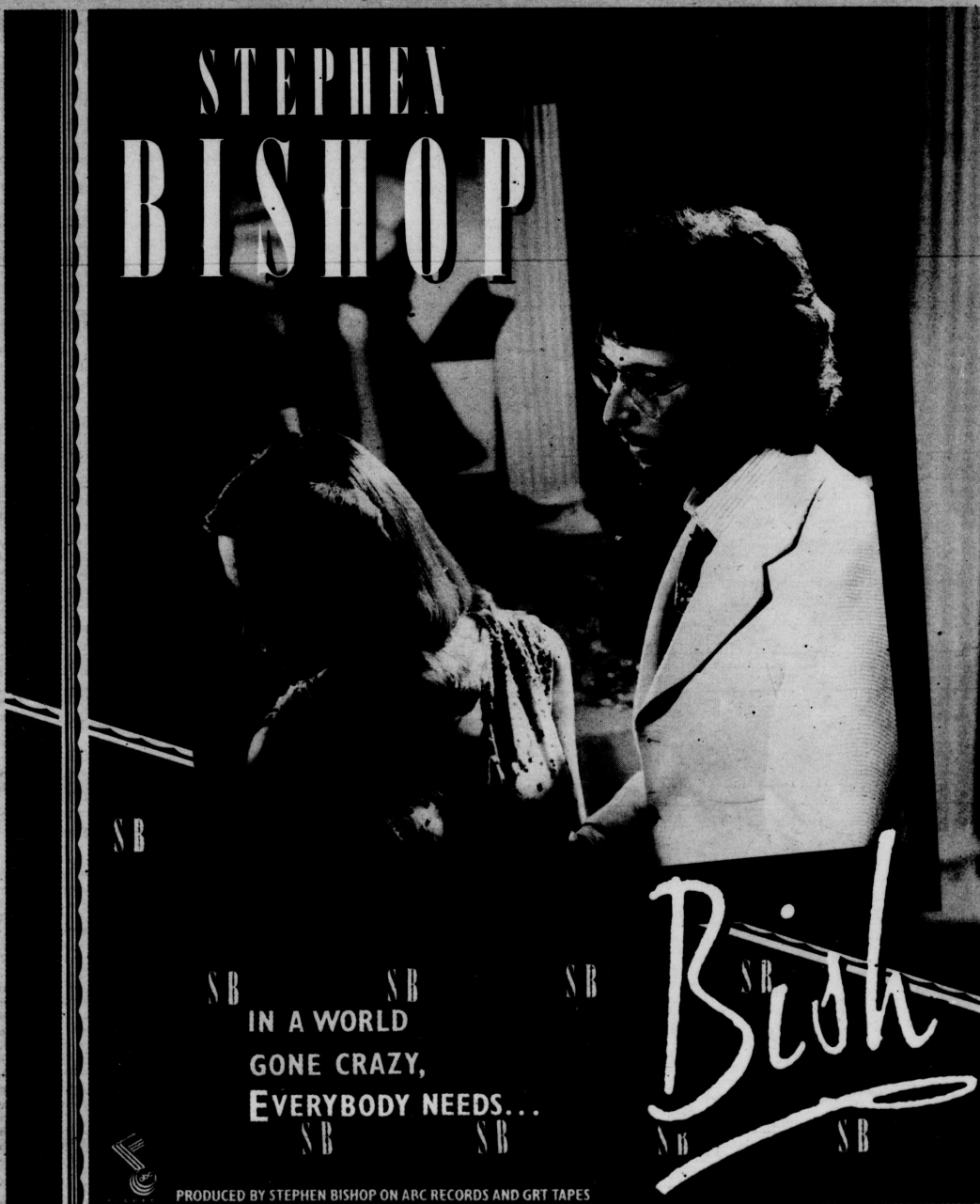
— By the time mixing and editing were completed, Fleetwood Mac had rented studio time in Sausalito, Los Angeles, and Florida.

— No matter how fastidious they were about their sound, by the time recording was complete the tapes had worn through enough that there was a noticeable drop in high-frequency fidelity. At that point, Dashut and Caillat say they cancelled all dreams of winning a "best engineering" Grammy. They won it anyway.

— There were so many orders for the album that many more than the usual number of master lacquers were made — enough so that for a while there were as many as 19 a day being run off the increasingly-thin master tape. Enough so that, according to the engineers, there is an even more noticeable fidelity drop between the first and second million copies of the album. And so on, down the line. The album has so far sold more than fourteen million copies worldwide, all derived from that same tattered and torn master tape.

*Angelo Harold Bronson has produced records, including "It's Gonna Be a Punk Rock Christmas" by The Ravers, none of which has cost \$150,000.*

# STEPHEN BISHOP



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IN A WORLD  
GONE CRAZY,  
EVERYBODY NEEDS...

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*Bishop*



PRODUCED BY STEPHEN BISHOP ON ARC RECORDS AND GRT TAPES

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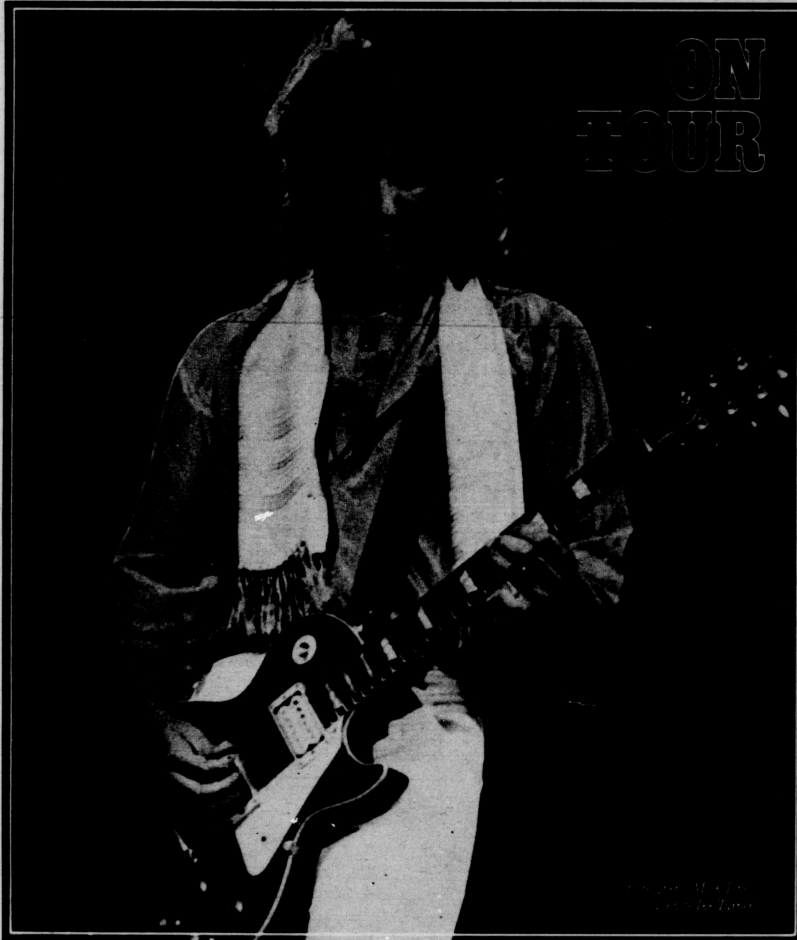
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Foreigner; Trooper,  
C.N.E. Stadium, Toronto

It may have been because this was the band's first-ever Canadian performance, or (and this is more likely) simply that they've grown extensively as a "live" act during the past year's time. Whatever the cause, the effect was estimable: Foreigner rocked with enough power, grace and character to confirm their firm place among the top rock bands of their era.

While it would be foolish to deny the band's debt toward such earlier acts as Free and Bad Company, Foreigner has plenty to be said in its own behalf. Six strong, the group exhibits much more versatility than its antecedents, with enough doubling on instruments to give the band's music considerable and changing color. Ian McDonald helped considerably in that respect, moving with equal fluency from guitar to organ to reeds and woodwinds. A flute interlude on "Starrider" was particularly breathtaking,

though McDonald's work was, like that of his fellow players, solid and imaginative throughout the set.

Lou Gramm's lead vocal style owes much to Paul Rodgers, but his granite-edged belting is presented with quarts less sweat than Rodgers'; he was grinning through most of the set. If Bad Company's singer (or for that matter, any of the rest of them) *sew* grinned, it'd probably shock their most avid fan. The good-time attitude seems to permeate Foreigner, with guitarist-pianist Mick Jones saving most of the anguished grimacing for himself. For a couple of numbers, including "Headknocker" from the band's first album, Gramm pounded a second set of drums, adding more visually than to the group's sound.

Jones is clearly a leader figure in the manner of Ike Turner. Though he stayed for the most part to the side of the stage, and left most of the leaping about to Gramm, there was somehow little doubt as to who was ultimately pulling (not to mention plucking) the strings. In a rare display of his vocal talents,

Jones sang — quite capably — the opening verse of "Woman Oh Woman."

Gramm paid attention to the audience: spotting a banner reading "Buffalo, N.Y. says Hello," he dedicated "Double Vision" to the long-trekking fans; noting the relatively young age of the crowd, he later taunted the sedentary group, "Did Mom and Dad tell you to stay in your seats?" They took the challenge; many remained on their feet for the rest of the performance.

Trooper, based in British Columbia, opened the show. Though Toronto is reportedly the last area of Canada that the band has to conquer, the audience was only slightly less than hysterical through most of their two-hour set. Lead singer Rá (that's the way he spells it, folks) McGuire sports a considerably clean-cut personality; in school, he'd be a likely candidate for class president. On stage, he talked a bit more than most American audiences would probably stand for, though what he had to say — stories behind

the songs, for instance — was more articulate than what many rock musicians pass off as patter. Guitarist Brian Smith wore a Mick Jagger golfing cap and played thick Keith Richards chords; what more could be asked of him? Probably the band's strongest number was the lovely ballad, "Pretty Lady," with a classic, "Whiter Shade of Pale" organ solo by Frank Ludwig.

Though their references are good — they are produced by Randy Bachman — and their performances impeccable, Trooper have yet to make much of an impression Stateside. It's a damned pity, and about time somebody did something to correct that.

Todd Everett

#### Paul Winter Consort, St. John's College, Santa Fe, New Mexico

Paul Winter's ga-ga fascination with nature is more than a bit reminiscent of what happens after several encounters with a high-quality drug. It's not that perspective is lost, or even "wrong." But it's certainly altered, and in a way that isn't necessarily passed on to those who aren't experiencing the same sort of stimulation. Winter talks about wolves and whales the way some people speak of John Kennedy; others, of a cherry 1956 T-bird; others of *Star Wars*; and others, of God. In a discourse about whales, Winter alludes to "our arrogance about being the most intelligent creature on Earth." Winter's contention is that, since whales have existed longer than we have, and in apparent harmony, they have something to teach us. He doesn't invite debate.

For, despite all of this preaching, Winter is a musician, and this appearance was not a lecture, but a concert. Who says the two can't be combined?

Not Winter, certainly. He and his band play some fine music, a sort of hippie cocktail jazz with rock undercurrents. A vocalist, Susan Osborne, adds a strong Tracy Nelson earthmother wail that's most affecting — though a song about Indians, containing every extant cliché about the race, and, though called "Dakota Lullaby," is sung in English, may have been met with some amusement by the audience at this particular concert; many of them, Indians themselves, knew considerably more than the doubleless well-intentioned Osborne or the fellow who wrote the song. The singer was on far more solid ground with a moving accapella reading of Laura Nyro's "And When I Die."

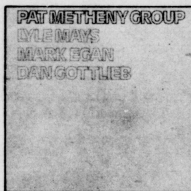
Among the other musicians in this edition of the Consort, perhaps the most potential was shown by guitarist-singer Jim Scott. With a distinctive style on his acoustic instrument, a strong Pete Townshend attack, and a folkie Jesse Colin Young voice, Scott is clearly destined for bigger things. In the context of the band, he adds teen appeal and likely keeps the girls interested.

Other members of the group seen at this show, a benefit for a local solar energy outfit, were cellist David Darling; drummer Michael Blair; oboist Nancy Rumble; bassist John Guth; and Winter, on various reeds and woodwind instruments.

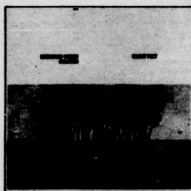
Most of the material was written by Winter, in collaboration with members of the group and various animals, whose calls he appropriated ("a wolf howls for the same reason that we chant Om or sing hymns — to assert solidarity." Hm?). Toward the end of the show, he brought a live wolf, named Slick, on stage and encouraged members of the audience to howl along. Though large numbers of spectators bellowed, impressively, Slick refused to utter a sound. Everybody wants to be a music critic. Maybe wolves are smarter than we are.

Del Porter

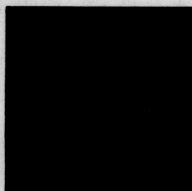
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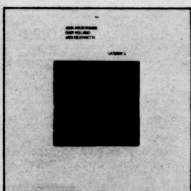
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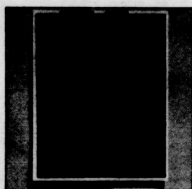
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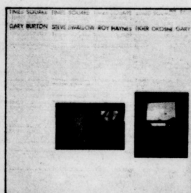
John Abercrombie  
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*Of Mist and Melting*



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*Places*



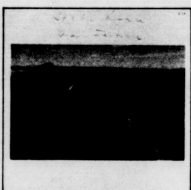
Gary Burton  
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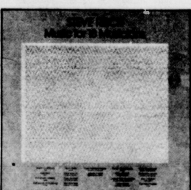
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