

KENTUCKY Kernel

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Tuesday, April 4, 1978

an independent student newspaper

University of Kentucky
Lexington, Kentucky



Off to the workout

Galloping through the motions is a routine activity for thoroughbreds as they are readied for the spring meeting at Keeneland race track. The thoroughbred, at left with numbered saddle and taped ankles, is going through a regular morning workout. The spring meet, which is to

begin this Saturday, will provide one more way for students to spend their time and money during warm spring days after a long winter trapped indoors. The Keeneland races will last for 15 days. The track, located on Versailles Road, is closed Sundays and Mondays.

Dianne Milan

Adds new plan Trustees to consider housing, meal hikes

By BETSY PEARCE
Copy Editor

The UK Board of Trustees today is scheduled to vote on proposed housing and dining increases for students living in residence halls. If approved, the increases will take effect this fall.

The proposed increases are necessary to accommodate rising food, salary and utilities costs, according to Jack Blanton, vice president of business affairs.

Students in University housing can expect to pay approximately \$66 more per year for housing alone — which will result in a seven to eight percent increase for room and board combined, depending on the meal plan.

Also proposed is an additional meal plan which would offer three meals five days a week. Another change in the dining system will give students on the three-meal, seven-day plan twenty-one meals instead of the current twenty, beginning next fall, he said.

While the cost of meat contributed to an increase in the dining budget, "a big part" of the housing increase is due to utilities and telephone rates costing five percent more than last year, Blanton said.

Salaries for both housing and dining employees were a major factor necessitating the overall increase, Blanton said.

When the University received additional funds from the state legislature to increase salaries this year, the salaries of self-supporting programs like housing and dining

were not affected. "We had to raise salaries in housing and dining in order to keep on par with the others," Blanton said.

Expressing regret regarding the increase, Blanton said the increases are necessary for housing and dining can operate on a break-even basis. "I don't like the increase any more than the students do." The final proposal was discussed with members of the Business Affairs Student Advisory Committee last week.

Proposed dining rates will increase as follows: three meals, seven days — \$34; two meals, seven days — \$24 and two meals, five days — \$44. These figures represent an approximate 16½ cent increase per meal. Meals now cost about \$1.99 per average meal.

The two-meal, seven-day plan was raised more than the other meal plans because of utilization, Blanton said. The new, computerized Validine meal cards system has cut down on the illegal use of meal cards, he said, and has decreased the overall cost of dining services.

"We surmise that meal coupons last year were being passed off to friends," he said. With the new system, he said, fewer meals are utilized, which passes the savings back into the dining service and ultimately on to students.

Whether or not room and board will be increased again next year is "awfully hard to estimate," Blanton said. "It's too early to project increases in utilities, food and salaries over the next 15 months."

In SG contests

Senator cites reluctance in reporting election fraud

By ALFRED BUCHANAN
Kernel Reporter

Don Prather, one of the two student senators who recently reported charges of fraud in last year's Student Government elections, has claimed the other senator, Jim Lobb, misrepresented his role in going to the Dean of Students office, where the allegations were first made.

Prather, an Arts & Sciences senator, said a Kernel article reporting the March 15 University Senate Council session at which the charges were later reported was misleading, SG election procedures must be approved by the University Senate.

"In this article, Jim (Lobb) came across as implying he wanted to expose this," said Prather. "His actions to me did not indicate he wanted to do so."

"Last spring, Jim did mention to me that if I went to (Dean of Students Joe Burch's) office, he wanted to go with me, but when I did decide to go he tried to dissuade me..." said Prather.

According to Prather, there were two reasons for not going to Burch to present evidence. He said a mutual friend of theirs

on the Election Board could be hurt. In addition, there might be other unsavory incidents in the past few years that could be brought to light.

Asked to respond to Prather's statements, Lobb admits to have discussed such possibilities with Prather, but he said the decision to go to the Dean of Students was mutual.

"We talked about these ideas, and it ended up that if he was willing to put these on the line, then I was willing to go with him. ... I'm sorry Don feels this way. I don't think the story misrepresented anything," said Lobb, also an Arts & Sciences senator.

The allegations reported by Prather and Lobb are that Election Board members, the panel appointed by the Student Senate to run the election, stuffed the ballot boxes with up to 200 false ballots.

"It occurred both at the polls and after the ballot box was opened," said Lobb at the University Senate Council session.

This year's Student Election Board has no members who have worked with SG in the past, according to SG President Jim Newberry. In addition, efforts are being

made to hire poll workers who have no connections with any candidate, said Newberry.

Lobb said a nonpartisan Elections Board will help keep elections honest, but the structure of the elections is vulnerable to fraud, especially with paper ballots. Because few voters vote as many times as they're allowed, a poll worker could check additional candidates, he said.

Lobb answered "no" when asked if he tried to dissuade Prather from reporting the charges. However, both Prather and Newberry refuted that statement.

"At first, I had decided not to go to the dean because I had no hard evidence of election fraud," said Prather. "But my conscience got to me over the summer and I wrote a letter to Dean Burch. This led to Jim Lobb and he (Lobb) had his secretary call Newberry to try to convince Newberry to call me and stop me from going to the dean."

"The best I remember is that (the SG secretary) said Jim wanted me to stop Don from going to the Dean of Students," said Newberry. Lobb denied that the phone call was to

stop Prather. "I remember calling Jim, and I thought if Don was going then Jim should know... I would say I didn't try to stop Don because I was for going to the dean long before that," said Lobb.

Prather said Lobb wanted to have an SG committee to investigate the charges, with Prather and Lobb as co-chairmen, and Lobb asked Prather to "play dumb" before Burch, letting the committee handle the investigation.

"We both mentioned the possibility of cleaning house from the inside and preserving our credibility," said Lobb. "But I'm upset about the fact that he accuses me of wanting him to play dumb. I don't believe in that sort of thing. I think it's sort of repulsive."

Newberry said the idea of a SG panel to investigate SG scandals wasn't good.

"I discussed a committee review with Dean Burch and it was agreed that it would be much better for his office to look into the allegations because first of all, we were not capable, and the dean's conclusions would be more credible than the conclusions of people establishing their own in-

vestigation," said Newberry.

"I remember two things he (Lobb) said," Prather said. "I remember them vividly. They were, 'We've got to stonewall it' and 'We've got to minimize our losses.' I just couldn't believe it. With all the stuff that had happened, he wanted to do more stuff that had happened, he wanted to do more."

Asked about those quotes, Lobb said he remembered no such statements. "I don't remember them. It just sounds like he (Prather) has been reading a good Nixon book," said Lobb.

Prather said he felt Lobb wanted to help SG by attempting to keep the allegations of vote fraud in a low profile.

"I felt if this was not brought out at this time," said Lobb, "we would be setting ourselves up for the same situation we had last year. I am disappointed that Don feels that what he said is what actually happened... My appearing with Don at the dean's office is ample evidence that we did not try to slow down the proceedings."

Burch's office determined that there was no hard evidence existed prove that a fraud had actually existed.

Senate criticizes appointment of Terry

By JACK WAINWRIGHT
Kernel Staff Writer

The Student Senate last night passed a resolution expressing disappointment over the appointment of William B. Terry to the Board of Trustees.

The motion says Terry would have a conflict of interest in being on the board because of contracts between UK and Coca-Cola for soft drink products. Terry is Chairman of the Board of the Blue Grass Coca-Cola Bottling Co.

The resolution also cites lobbying efforts by Terry's company against a bottle recycling bill, efforts it says are unsympathetic to the UK student population.

The state legislature recently passed a bill allowing trustees to serve on the board provided that any questionable contract is decided through competitive bidding.

The senate also approved a resolution last night endorsing political asylum for Hector Marroquin.

Marroquin, who was involved in a Mexican civil rights movement, has been in the United States for several years and has been accused of rebellious

activity in Mexico.

A bill which would appropriate \$400 for a political forum was approved by the senate. The forum would bring major Kentucky political figures, including candidates for gubernatorial nominations, to UK on April 12th and 13th.

The senate voted unanimously to award \$20 to the Black Student Union. The money will be used to sponsor a contestant in the Black Scholarship Pageant on April 10th.

In another unanimous vote, the senate approved the creation of a suggestion box and a bill which would require Student Government election ballots be kept for one year in case of investigations to determine the legitimacy of elections.

The senate moved to adjourn before the debate of a bill prohibiting smoking during senate meetings, sponsored by Home Economics Senator Mark Benson.

"They knew that there was new business to be voted on and there was a rush to get home," Benson said, criticizing what he felt was a premature adjournment. "A senator has responsibilities to his constituents," he added.

today world

ISRAEL ANNOUNCED YESTERDAY IT HAD STARTED a gradual withdrawal from southern Lebanon, occupied by Israeli forces in an air, land and sea strike against Palestinian guerrilla positions last month. The Israeli military command said a "significant thinning-out of forces" had begun a week ago and that its soldiers were being replaced by United Nations peacekeeping troops. But the command gave no details of the withdrawal.

In New York, U.N. Secretary General Kurt Waldheim said that a planned 4,000 U.N. troops, about 1,800 have been deployed so far and a total of 3,000 will be in place by next week. Israel had said earlier it would withdraw when the U.N. force was fully deployed.

THE SOUTH AFRICAN GOVERNMENT HAD DECIDED TO ALLOW white church schools to admit non-white children in certain cases, breaking from South Africa's traditional policy of segregation in the nation's school system.

The cabinet has decided on separate schools, but in regard to private church schools exception may be made in suitable cases in consultation with provincial authorities and the schools concerned, said minister Piet Koornhof.

Koornhof did not elaborate which cases are "suitable" but had indicated he favored "quiet" integration of schools and sports.

KOREAN RICE DEALER TONGSUN PARK, saying his career was an "American success story," publicly testified yesterday that he gave more than \$850,000 to

selected members of Congress.

However, he denied, as he has repented, that he was acting as an agent of the South Korean government when he made those contributions.

And although acknowledging he had made mistakes, he swore that he engaged in no illegal conspiracy to buy influence for his country or for himself. Park gave his first public testimony in an appearance before the House Ethics Committee. He said he had made more than \$8 million in rice sales to South Korea.

nation

THE SUPREME COURT CHASTISING JUDGES FOR "Monday morning quarterbacking," gave federal government greater freedom in determining the nation's nuclear energy policy. Federal courts may play

only a limited role in protecting the public from any possible dangers of nuclear power plants, the justices said unanimously yesterday.

Their decision struck down a ruling by the U.S. Circuit court of Appeals in Washington that the federal Nuclear Regulatory Commission does too little to ensure nuclear safety.

The decision nullifies those court-imposed requirements providing an unfair legal victory for the commission and 16 power companies which had sought a Supreme Court reversal.

weather

SUMMER ALREADY WITH HIGHs in the upper 70s. Tonight's lows in the 50s with a 40 percent rain. Tomorrow the high will be near 80.

Compiled from Associated Press dispatches.

KENTUCKY Kernel

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The post-game press gave UK an unfair beating

Basketball fans at UK and in Kentucky were satisfied to have the final victory in the NCAA tournament last week. But for sportswriters in the national press, it wasn't enough.

Most of the criticism centered on the team's style. UK players had no fun when they played, wrote many of the critics. At press conferences they looked ladd and scared; in other words, they were bad copy.

Coach Joe Hall was excoriated as a tyrant who cared nothing for enjoying the game. In pursuing perfection, many observed, Hall jerked players for minor errors and cursed them and questioned their dedication after performances.

All of this might mean something if there was any indication from the team that the knocks were legitimate. But no player, not even a graduating senior, gave any indication that the basketball program was cruel or unusual. On the contrary, the players sounded as though the extra effort made victory sweeter.

Post-game revelries would seem to give the lie to stories describing the players as soulless automatons. In the locker room after the game, at Blue Grass Field and at the rally last Tuesday night, the players were exultantly happy.

The destructive excesses of some fans at those events are inexcusable, of course, but its unfair to describe them as typical of all UK supporters, as some writers did. To be sure, UK fans are vociferous, sometimes even obnoxious fans, but they're no worse than those at dozens of other schools.

The wrath of the press may have motivated just by the bland attitude that the players take

toward almost anything but the game itself. Hall and the other coaches do nothing to encourage that attitude, to avoid distractions that might disturb the play.

Rated No. 1 for almost the entire year, UK should be excused for its "season without celebration." Their approach was serious and purposive, compared to the other teams, and the writers mistook it for being grim and

mechanical. And the same writers who condemned Hall for not easing up a bit would be the ones most likely to call for his resignation if the Cats had lost.

Quite simply, the UK Wildcats are not the most interesting team to cover. In a tournament with colorful teams like Arkansas and zany coaches like Digger Phelps, the Cats suffered, sometimes unfairly, in comparison.

Blow by blow

The national press criticized everything from the players to the state after UK won the NCAA championship. Here are some of the comments from several recent articles:

A writer in Cincinnati, the Cincinnati Post's Tom Callahan, wrote that the UK players looked like colorless "soldiers; no, like robots" during a press conference before the game. The UK squad had no fun, he said.

Coach Joe Hall also had no time for fun, wrote Frank Dolson of the Philadelphia Inquirer. Compared to Notre Dame Coach Digger Phelps, Hall reportedly showed no appreciation of his players' effort and drove them unmercifully. "Listening to him takes the joy out of the game," Dolson found.

UK fans were even worse, said Dave Anderson of the New York

Times, perhaps the most well-known of the critics. The fans were the ones who turned it into a "season without celebration," making UK basketball a lesson in how to survive in a torture chamber, wrote Anderson. In closing, he implied that a UK fan was responsible for the death threat made against Duke player Gene Banks. UK can have the championship if that's what it takes to win it, concluded Anderson.

The New York Post's Paul Zimmerman didn't stop at just the players, coach and fans. The entire state of Kentucky was to

blame for a misguided reverence of basketball and football, an emphasis that left hospitals, notably the Chandler Medical Center, unable to provide care. Zimmerman also quoted some outdated information describing the inadequate intramural facilities at UK.

The Louisville Courier-Journal's Richard Wilson, in a mostly uncritical story, discussed other features of UK that deserved publicity, but received none. The University's research efforts and instructional programs have made great achievements, he noted, but have received little acclaim.

On the subjects of cranks and energy

When was the last time you saw a crank? I don't mean the human kind, such as the lady legislator from Louisville who attends sessions of the Kentucky house with a pistol strapped to her calf. I refer to the mechanical arm which sits at right angles to a shaft and transmits rotary motion.

robert hemenway

A technological triumph, a crank used to be the indispensable device that started your car, opened your tin cans and beat your eggs. But have you turned one lately? Cranks are becoming as obsolete as sassafras. They may become as much a part of history as gasoline price wars.

I admit to grinding a personal axe. The English department's contribution to the energy conservation acts of 1978 has been difficult. While students were resenting the inconvenience of giving up their hair dryers, we walked the final mile in the office tower.

To climax a series of more-or-less logical sacrifices, such as permitting sunlight to illuminate of-

fices, we also saved electricity by turning off the mimeograph machines.

An English department without mimeographs is like an existentialist without choice. Daily dittos authenticate our being. They are the visible proof that written language can still be used as a medium of communication, despite the doubtful evidence encountered in student themes, university regulations and local newspapers. Facing up to the crisis, I was able to survive the mimeograph's absence. What now bothers me is how we became so vulnerable.

I had assumed our mimeograph machines were cranked. They used to be, and they worked well. We never wasted a single watt, the final product was perfectly readable and the secretaries had healthier looks and stronger arms. But someone decided that an electrical mimeograph machine was better, probably because it meant progress, and no one questioned this decision. I know I didn't—my assumption was that secretaries were becoming neuroathletic as a class.

Let me say it plainly and invite the wrath of office staffs everywhere. An electrically produced ditto or mimeograph is not a small step forward for mankind.

The replication of typed words is a boon to civilization, but there is no particular reason that the machine reproducing the language should be electrically operated. Such a machine is as superfluous and wasteful as an electric wok, a hot air hand dryer in a service station rest room or a drive-in banking facility.

We are surrounded by energy consuming devices that we have never assessed for their value—no economic value, but moral value. Why must the supermarket door be automatic? What illusion of unearned efficiency is transmitted in the magic of its opening? What is the relationship between electric blankets and the loss of quilting skills? What price do we pay, as a civilization, for the dry look?

I am more than half-serious. We learn about ancient civilizations by digging up their pottery. When the archaeologists of the future begin sifting through the debris covering the bones of this society, what will they find? An electric can opener? A portable dishwasher? How will they interpret such artifacts? Did one of our religious taboos prohibit the use of hands and arms?

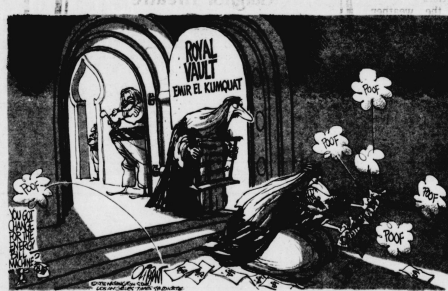
Wendell Berry has said, "We don't know how to use energy, or what to use it for." Although to say so is to be labeled a crank, we are helpless to

restrain our energy use because we never ask if there is human value in an electrically produced ditto.

It should be made clear that I am not anti-technology. Cranks are great inventions, as are mimeograph machines. I do not advocate going back to a hand-cranked auto.

But I do propose that we look around and ask how we've forfeited so much control over our lives to something as ephemeral—and, given the forecasts, as temporary—as electricity. We have done so because we have accepted unthinkingly the notion that if it makes it easier it must be better.

If I may quote Brother Berry again, "We have made it our overriding ambition to escape work," and we have assumed that such an escape is morally positive. I'm not so sure. I tend to think that we will be respected more if we leave a few cranks in the garbage dumps of history.



"THE VAULT WAS FULL OF MONEY ONLY RECENTLY EVALUATED ONE! I FEAR THEY HAVE BEEN PAYING FOR OUR OIL WITH THOSE SELF-DESTRUCTING DOLLARS!"

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But that's also the time you can least afford an expensive mistake.

Two good reasons to talk to someone who can build you a practical program. Not just sell you a policy.

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Southwestern Life
How to obtain advice (p. 75) page.

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8 a.m. - 7 p.m. Mon. - Fri.
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UP TO
\$100
PER MONTH

\$2.00 EXTRA WITH THIS AD FOR YOUR 1ST DONATION = \$12.00

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Southwestern Life
How to obtain advice (p. 75) page.

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Earn up to \$40.00 per day volunteers still needed for nasal decongestant study. Call weekdays between 2-4 p.m. 257-2770

An International Week presentation
'Street Cafe'
featuring European pastry

April 3-7 10 a.m. - 7 p.m.
Student Center Center, Rm. 245

Sponsor: International Student Office Human Relations Center

CHEERLEADER CLINICS

April 10, 12 & 13 Memorial Coliseum
Anyone trying out for cheerleader **MUST** attend any two of these three clinics

CHEERLEADER TRYOUTS
(Athletic Association squad)
April 17 & 18 6:30 p.m.
Memorial Coliseum

CHEERLEADER TRYOUTS
(Women's Athletic squad)
April 20 6:30 p.m.
Memorial Coliseum

for info. concerning tryouts & rules for cheerleaders go to Rm 575 P.O.T.

HELP SELECT THE ACADEMIC OMBUDSMAN

The Academic Ombudsman is the officer of the University charged with consideration of student grievances in connection with academic affairs. Nominations are being sought from Students, Faculty and Administration for the position of Academic Ombudsman for 1978-79. The rules of the University Senate (Section VI.2) indicate that the Ombudsman must be a tenured member of the faculty whose qualifications would enable the person selected to perform the duties of the office with fairness, efficiency and discretion.

Please send letters of nomination to:

Daniel R. Reedy, Chairperson
Ombudsman Search Committee
Senate Council Office
10 Administration Building
CAMPUS

Nominations must be submitted on or before April 14, 1978, in order to be considered.

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1973 YAN
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280-500, 340

1971 DOD
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1971 VW
240, 1000

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300-400, 600

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1971 Mon
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280-280

1971 CHE
25-2100 w
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1961 PON
condition, 21

1973 VEG
condition, 1

TURNTA
art/dodge, 1

MAN'S 1
operator,
New, 2 also
150-200

BETH 01
1971 Buick
Rock 401 E

FRYE 51
2000 or less

1971 VEG
25-2100, 2000
3.0V 260-284

PHOENIX
Brand new 1

1971 FORD
Motor case
9000-278-021

1974 VEG
300 miles +
2000 miles +

WATER
29-4877.

sports

Golf team takes title
Charging from fourth place to first in the face of 35 mph winds, the UK golf team registered an incredible first place finish last weekend in the ninth annual Marshall University Invitational Golf Tournament.

sports shorts

Kentucky junior Ralph Landrum ended up in second place in individual standings with a three-day total of 219. "It's just phenomenal to get those scores with the wind," UK coach Dan Leal said. Finishing second in the team standings behind Kentucky was Ohio State, ranked second in the nation. It was its first tournament win for the Wildcats outside the state. UK's Mickey Ray finished fourth in individual play, while teammates Russ Cochran and Carter Mathies placed in the 10th and 11th slots, respectively.

Alydar arrives for Stakes
AP - Alydar, at the top of his form after taking Florida by storm, arrived at Keeneland Race Track yesterday to train for the Blue Grass Stakes, his final prep before the Kentucky Derby.

The 3-year-old colt, bidding to end Calumet Farm's long Derby drought, was flown here with four other horses, including Our Mims, last year's champion 2-year-old filly. With victories in Alydar's three starts this year, including the Flamingo Stakes and the Florida Derby, trainer John Veitch said he favored the setting here for Derby preparation.

"I thought the weather would be better here than it is in New York," Veitch said in an interview. "The race track is good here. Alydar will get a

sports

chance to eat some grass and be at home."
It also means there will be no pre-Derby clash between Alydar and the horse with which he shares the favorite's lot, Affirmed. "Apparently, Laz Barrera, Affirmed's trainer, has elected to stay in Hollywood Park and run in their derby," Veitch said, adding he agreed with Barrera.

sports shorts

"We're all pointing for one thing the first Saturday in May, the Kentucky Derby date," he said. "We're doing it in different ways. We're running in prestigious races and making a lot of money. "But it's like in a championship fight. If you get two of the very best in there, you don't want them to beat each other's brains out. It just tears their guts out. Those two horses went tooth and nail all last year and it's a good thing for them and

UK students need
The Lexington Metro Junior Baseball League needs managers and coaches. The league is for youths, 13 to 15 years of age. Sign ups are continuing Tuesday through Friday at the Butler's Box Sporting Goods Store, 198 Moore Dr. Tryouts will be 10 a.m. Saturday, April 8 at Idlehour Park. For additional information, please contact Dan Wentz at 257-1738, 8 a.m. to 5 p.m., or 278-7476.

Does a college student really need insurance? No. Not unless your life is important to someone. Or will be soon. Like if you're planning on marriage, a family and a career.

But not just a policy. You need a sound program, designed to fit your needs now and your needs 30 years from now. That's financial planning. Let talk about the right program for you. Person to person.

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Southwestern Life
How to purchase your life insurance

PROGRAM

UK THEATRE
presents
Actors Theatre of Louisville
in
THE LION IN WINTER
April 6 & 7
8 p.m.
Guignol Theatre
Reservations 258-2680

sports

chance to eat some grass and be at home."
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But not just a policy. You need a sound program, designed to fit your needs now and your needs 30 years from now. That's financial planning. Let talk about the right program for you. Person to person.

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PROGRAM

UK THEATRE
presents
Actors Theatre of Louisville
in
THE LION IN WINTER
April 6 & 7
8 p.m.
Guignol Theatre
Reservations 258-2680

An International Week presentation
"You Light Up My World"
an International Entertainment Program
April 4 Memorial Hall 7:30 p.m.
Sponsor: International Student Office Human Relations Center

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CASEY'S SHADOW
WALTER MATTHAU
TURFLAND MALL
CLOSE ENCOUNTERS
TURFLAND MALL
THE BIG SLEEP



Randy Newman
with special guest
PAUL DAVIS
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arts

Play brings back the 60s

By NELL FIELDS
Assistant Arts Editor

The 60s—those unforgettable years that revolutionized American society, started with Kennedy and ended with the draft evaders and Kent State. It was a time for new ideas and new heroes such as Dylan, Hendrix and Joplin.

It was the time of finding oneself and living for the "cause." It was the time to hope for Kennedy's children.

review

UK Theatre's production of Kennedy's Children last weekend brought back to life the 60s. Written by playwright Robert Patrick, Kennedy's Children portrayed that once-in-a-lifetime decade by using five characters to symbolize the different aspects of that era.

The play brought an inside truth of the 60s revolution out to society. It was a painful truth, however, laced with threads of loneliness, destruction, and dramatic metaphors.

Set in a bar in 1974, the play permitting the characters to reflect into their distant but lucid past. There was also little contact among the

actors each having monologues—thus allowing the audience to see life through the eyes of each character.

The characters were Wanda (Josie Dunlap), the Kennedy admirer; Sparger (Art Bergel), the gay liberator; Rona (Tommi Chevront), the protester; Mark (Bob Hess), the Vietnam veteran; and Carla (Julie Stephen), the burned-out Marilyn Monroe fan.

The performance given by these actors was primarily "A" work with the exception of a few tedious lags in a few of the monologues.

Josie Dunlap appeared to be bored with her character at times showing more of Josie than Wanda. Her boredom was probably a result of playwright Patrick's overemphasizing her admiration for Kennedy.

A similar problem occurred with Tommi Chevront. Chevront's character was perhaps a difficult role to perform because Rona was a boring character, but added life to some of the monotonous lines would have helped.

The others, Stephen, Hess and Bergel, did an exceptional job with their portrayals. Their roles were easier to work with since

there was room for a little hating.

Overall, the acting came off smoothly and was entertaining, yet struck with the realism needed to keep the audience in their seats for a second after the final curtain call.

An important aspect throughout the play was the music used before the performance and during the intermission. Beatles' songs such as "Here Comes the Sun" and "Yesterday" set the mood for the audience.

Under the direction of graduate student Mary Beth Kopesky, Kennedy's Children was a rare experience; a performance void of theatrical attempts to hide reality.

Oscar results

Winners of the Academy Awards were named in ceremonies last night. They were:

Best Film: "Annie Hall"
Best Actor: Richard Dreyfuss in "The Goodbye Girl"
Best Actress: Diane Keaton in "Annie Hall"
Best Director: Woody Allen for "Annie Hall"
Best Supporting Actor: Jason Robards in "Julia"
Best Supporting Actress: Vanessa Redgrave in "Julia"

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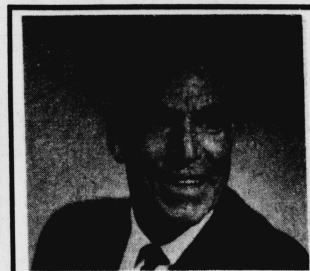
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Kentuckian Yearbook needs editors for 1978-79

The Board of Student Publications is accepting applications for the following paid positions:

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- Academic editor
- Index editor
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- Photographers
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- Organizations editor
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- Portraits editor
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•Others seeking yearbook experience

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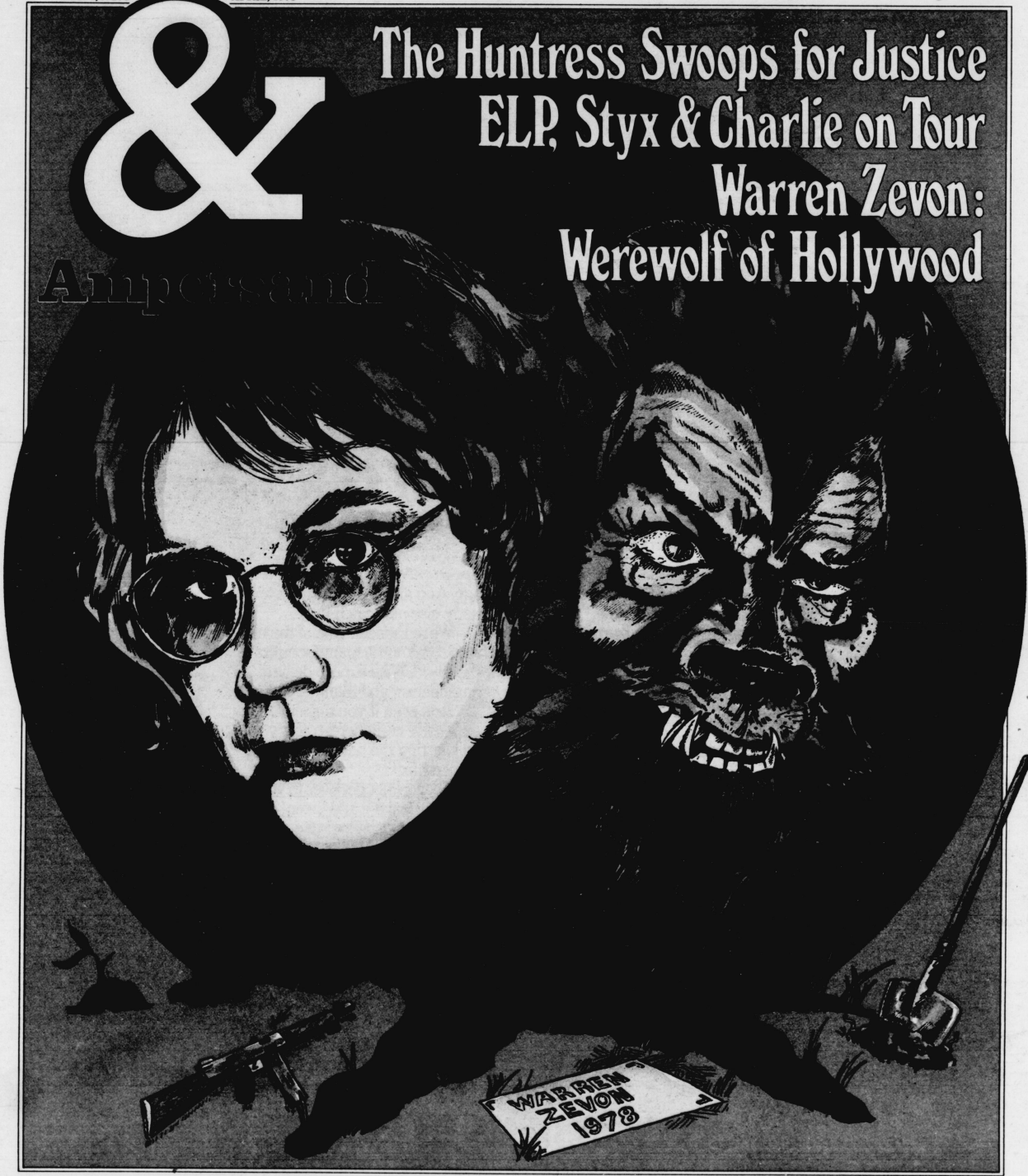
1. a grade transcript
2. at least a two-page statement of plans for the publication
3. at least two letters of recommendation from faculty and/or professionals
4. samples of previous work

Deadline for application is April 5 at 5 p.m. Applications can be picked up in Room 113 Journalism Bldg., Student Publications Adviser's office. Interviews will be held April 10 for editors and April 10, 12 & 13 for other positions.

&

Ampersand

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Warren Zevon:
Werewolf of Hollywood



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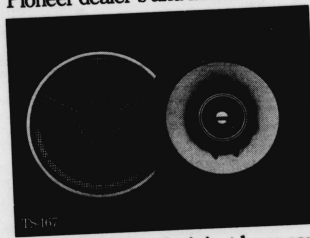
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New Contributors

JOHN KROUT tries to be a law student and a photographer at the University of Virginia. He also indulges in frisbee and, when his photos bring in any money, miniature golf.

LOWELL VON EGGER was born in a log cabin near Memphis, only half of which is true. Not knowing what the future may hold, he is studying computer science at U. Va. and working as a deejay around Virginia.

ROBIN MC LEOD has a vividly warped sense of humor centered on the movies we all know and love. He thinks rock and roll can save the world, and likes cats.

GINNY BARBER, (illustrator), who resides nearby, has been known to howl "ah-ooohhh" outside Zevon's house.

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IN ONE EAR...

Lynne Manor Has Feelings, Too

Have no idea where Lynne Manor decided she knew music — esp. rock music. I take particular exception to her lambasting of Led Zeppelin [sic] and Sketches of Jimmy Page and J.P. Jones as session men that "forgot their principles, played loud, and yell a lot." Clearly she has mistaken the on button on her multi-purpose magnavox "hi-fi" system for pure on her out-of-date blender. She should be hung by her toe nails (if she has them) for mentioning "Kiss" in the same sentence, let alone the same article, as Led Zeppelin. It is blasphemy!

You'd have to be blind, deaf and unbelievably dumb not to recognize the musical talent and range of Zeppelin. Page is, and always has been, one of the most gifted, dedicated and innovative guitarists in rock. And as for Plant's "yelling" — how long has it been since Miss-Know-It-All listened (and I don't mean on her funky little magnavox) to some classic LZ VI or "Thank You"?

I'm too pissed off to write any longer. After Manor's article on the Stones (also unbelievably stupid) and this incredible blunder, I thought you could tell her she has two strikes. Be smart and ditch the bitch before she loses even more readers.

SHANNON FITCH
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

When *Amperсанд* began as a supplement to our college newspaper I hoped it would be a welcome change-of-pace from the usual campus trivia. Now, however, I will renew my subscription to *Rolling Stone* and hope that I never see your disgusting rag again. You have in Lynne Manor the worst record reviewer in Rock Music history.

I was barely able to keep from writing last month when she feebly tried to abuse The Rolling Stones. Her idiotic statements about the world's greatest rock'n'roll band gave me a good indication of her writing ability (poor) and her general musical intelligence (non-existent), but even that didn't prepare me for her innane attempts at cutting down Led Zeppelin in February's "On Disc" section. To put Led Zeppelin in the same article with Kiss is ludicrous, but to actually say that "Kiss are just as loud as Led Zeppelin and nearly as unsophisticated musically..." is ineffably ridiculous!

I do not feel in any way compelled to defend Led Zeppelin; their music and popularity stands by itself. However, I must add my own considered opinion that Jimmy Page is the finest guitarist in Rock Music today, that Robert Plant is one of the very best blues-rock vocalists, and that John Paul Jones and John Bonham form one of the top rhythm sections around. None of these fine musicians deserves to be slandered by your half-witted reviewer. I can hardly believe that someone would write this trash; much less that you would print it. I certainly hope Ms. Manor will find a new job soon, preferably in Siberia or Uganda. Led Zeppelin may be loud, but they are very good. Lynne Manor is loud also, but she, unfortunately, is very, very bad!

LEWIS WRIGHT
UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA

Hitler used it. It's called the Big Lie. Supposedly if you say something false, but utterly fantastic, it will be believed by people. I see Lynne Manor made good use of it in reviewing the Kiss album.

Now I am not a Kiss fan, but a criticism like that is not going to give Kiss haters a good reputation. Despite the crazy make up, it is easy to see that it is always the same performers underneath on all of their tours.

So Kiss used a prerecorded track! So do a lot of other bands, Queen being a prime example. "Beth" can easily be faked that way, but the other Kiss songs can't. The guitar work necessary couldn't be that precise. If it was, it wouldn't be worthwhile to even bother faking.

So what if the songs on the album aren't recorded in the same order as at the concert. Anybody who has messed around with eight tracks knows of the problems with timing. More or less the same thing holds true with a disc. You don't want ten minutes on one side and twenty minutes on the other. There is only one live album I know of recorded completely, and in concert order. I'll leave you to name it.

That review wasn't criticism, merely just nit-picking tacked onto baloney. It is obvious that your staff is not of high enough calibre to say anything of any value about anybody. Even Kiss, too bad.

ERIC GOETZ
OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

Nicer Letters

I think your readers would like to know how you compile your Amperchart.

JOHN KROUT
CHARLOTTESVILLE, Va.

Our publishers compile the charts behind locked doors, refusing to divulge their nefarious methods. They keep insisting the charts are perfectly honest, logical and thorough, but they do have this funny round glass ball...

I hope I'm not the first to tell you this, but contrary to the implication of the "sic" in Colman Andrews' book review, the word "ambience" is indeed spelled with only one A and two E's. I looked it up.

BILL DETTY
AUSTIN, TEXAS

You're right, but so was Colman; he wasn't quarreling with the spelling, he was indicating his disbelief that any junk food restaurant chain could have such a thing as ambience.

I was just looking over the latest *Amperсанд*, Randy Newman, and just had some comments for you. Feedback, you could call it, from a reader.

Overall, it was good copy in this edition — the letters page is good, *Out The Other* hot news, & the cover story good reading.

However, this is only my opinion but I felt you could have picked some better wax to review. There is a lot of good music on the airwaves now, and they will only become noticed when you bring them to the attention of your readership, any of the albums on your *Recommended Recent Releases* list would have made for a good review.

Another thing. The *Amperchart* would be better off replaced by *Good Copy*, which you

have proved you're very capable at producing. I hope this will be of some help to you. It's only meant as friendly, constructive criticism.

BRIAN F.
UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA

I've just finished reading your fine magazine. This was my first contact with *Amperсанд* and I was quite impressed; especially with Jacoba Atlas. She showed an excellent knowledge of films and also happens to be a fine writer. I thoroughly enjoyed her article on Hollywood's new fascination with war (i.e. Viet Nam). Keep up the high quality work.

WAYNE A. FARLAND, JR.
COLUMBUS, OHIO

Our Culpa

In the last issue we neglected to list these credits: the photograph of Terry Kath (& Out the Other) was by Kevin Knight, University of Texas, Austin; the photograph of Eric Clapton (On Tour) was taken by Los Angeles photographer Brian McLaughlin; and the color photo of Martin Mull was by Neil Zlotover/Mirage, Hollywood. We most humbly beg the pardon of these three fabulously talented men; with our rates we can't afford to offend anybody.

Our Martin Mull cover story in the last issue failed to mention Mull's near-starring role in the upcoming Universal flick, FM. A shocking omission. We're so dreadfully embarrassed. We don't know how it happened, but we're going to atone just as soon as we remember how.

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& OUT THE OTHER

Who Says That You Can't Go Home Again?

WHAT STARTED AS THE CO-BILLING of Roger McGuinn and Gene Clark at the Roxy in Los Angeles turned into a country-rock historian's dream: joining the pair the first night were Chris Hillman and David Crosby, making the group four-fifths of the Byrds intact. Who would have thought, in 1966, that twelve years later the only member of the band to have a steady job would be drummer Michael Clarke (now with Firefall)? All of the above wasn't much of a surprise, as the four had been together onstage a couple of times recently. The next night, though, might have been really something, wasn't it, but turned out pretty well anyway. Graham Nash, who had been wandering around the room on the first night, didn't return; Clarke couldn't be located; and Steve Stills was, according to a source close to the lads, "waiting backstage, hoping that they'll ask him to join them." The suspense mounted, with various combinations strutting their largely vintage stuff including Clark's "I'll Feel a Whole Lot Better When You're Gone," plus standards like "Mr. Tambourine Man," "Eight Miles High," and "You Ain't Goin' Nowhere." Finally, for the last encore, Stills was indeed invited: he joined in on folkie-fave "He Was a Friend of Mine." Here's how they lined up: Clark, Stills, and McGuinn looked healthier than they have in years; Hillman proved himself to be the strong, silent Bill Wyman of the band, holding it all together; and Crosby looked like Stills' father. "The guys were pretty good," says *Ampersand's* man-on-the-scene. "They should form a group. It'd beat hell out of what they've been up to for the last eight years."

A WEEK LATER, during a purportedly "solo" performance, Rick Danko was joined onstage at the Roxy by Garth Hudson, Levon Helm, Richard Manuel, and Robbie Robertson, making the Band's first appearance together on stage since their "Last Waltz" concert in San Francisco on Thanksgiving day, 1976. Dr. John joined them on keyboards. Gregg Allman and Alice Cooper, among those in the audience, thankfully weren't able to make it to the stage before the show closed at 3:30 a.m. The fact that the *Last Waltz* will be appearing as both a film and record album has nothing to do with the "surprise," of course. Of course.

Enough, Already

YOU HATED THE MOVIE, now test the TV series: though neither enjoyed any great degree of commercial or artistic success as feature films, at least two "C" movies of years past are being filmed as television series pilots. The first is a spinoff, really, of *Jackson County Jail*, which featured Yvette Mimieux as a jailbird who, after being raped by a guard, kills him and busts (whoops — breaks) out of the can. The series (and a TV-movie, sort of a test run) is titled *Ran!*, and would again star Miss Mimieux, on the lam week after week after week (getting raped and incarcerated, maybe?) — if, that is, the series lasts two weeks. The second series will be

based on the film *Mother, Jugs and Speed*, which dealt with paramedics and featured Raquel Welch in one (guess which) of the title roles.

MARK HAMILL, HARRISON FORD, and CARRIE FISHER have been signed to appear in the first of a possible eleven sequels to *Star Wars*; the production, with a \$10 million budget, will begin shooting in a couple of months. Irving Kirshner has been signed to direct; you've probably missed most of his earlier films, which included *The Luck of Ginger Coffey*, *The Flim Flam Man*, *A Fine Madness*, and *Loving*. The script will be by Leigh Brackett, who wrote *Kio Bravo* and *Hatari*, and co-wrote *The Big Sleep*. George Lucas, who wrote and directed the first *Star Wars*, has authored a dozen books in the series *The Adventures of Luke Skywalker*, which may or may not serve as script ideas for future *Star Wars* movies. Insiders reckon that the last of these sequels should be out in the year 2001. Cute.

Ka-ray-zee Guys

STEVE MARTIN, nominated for an Academy Award for his short subject *The Absent-Minded Waiter*, and winner of a Grammy for his first album, has been signed for two NBC specials, and was supposedly seen chatting to George Lucas about working in his next feature. Andy Kaufman, whose act includes one of the best Elvis Presley "tributes" around, was asked to drop it from his act during dates opening for Sha Na Na. Something about being better at it than they are, one supposes (he is). Kaufman's TV special, scheduled for ABC last December, was quietly dropped from the schedule, reportedly because none of the network's executives could understand it. So, continues our Secret Source, they gave Kaufman some money to develop a series pilot.

Greater Love Hath No Fans:

JAY FERGUSON, late for a University of Wisconsin date because of severe winter storms, nevertheless showed up just as opening act Pat Travers was finishing. Rush, the headliners, then wouldn't allow Ferguson's "quippies to set up, nor, the pianist told *Ampersand*, would the promoter help. So Ferguson mounted the stage at intermission time, and told the crowd that he wasn't being allowed to play. Audience hostility and (give him the benefit of the doubt) his own good will prompted the promoter to offer the audience free admission to Ferguson/Rush's show the next night, 80 miles away. Nine hundred Ferguson fans took advantage of the offer, slugging their way through the snow to do so.

Punks Only Need Apply

GREG SHAW, ENTREPRENEUR-EXPOSITION of New Wave music, is looking for single sides to include on an upcoming series of anthologies to be released on his Bomp Records label. Rights are for this one use only, and revert back to the bands for any future sales. Royalties will be paid on a pro rata basis, Greg says. If you've got some tapes and are interested, send 'em to Shaw at Box 7012, Burbank, CA 91510. Tell him that *Ampersand* sent you. If you're interested in all of this and don't have a band, send him \$3 for a subscription to his *Bomp Newsletter*, which will keep you on top of such stuff.

SPEAKING OF PUNK, some forward-thinking Britons have put together a trifle called *Jubilee*. The film includes performances by Eno, Adam and the Ants, Siouxsie and the Banshees, Chelsea, Wayne County and the Electric Chairs, and the Manعات. There's a plot, too: something about Queen Elizabeth I being brought forward in time to 1977 London. There are, needless to add, no current plans for U.S. distribution of either the film or soundtrack LP.

Take Your Clothes Off, We're from Playboy

IT'S BEEN 25 WHOLE YEARS since *Playboy* magazine was launched, and to commemorate this historic event, *Playboy* is conducting a nationwide search for "an exceptional young woman" (nudge, nudge) to be the 25th anniversary issue (January, 1979) centerfold. Photographers and staffers from the magazine will be visiting several campuses in their search for perfect pulchritude — University of Texas, Arlington; University of Texas, Austin; University of Oklahoma; Boston University; University of Kentucky; San Diego State; University of South Carolina; University of Colorado; University of Tennessee, and others who don't subscribe to *Ampersand*. They don't count. However, if you know — or are — someone with the appropriate qualifications who does not attend these schools, there is still hope: send photos to Gary Cole, Photo Editor, *Playboy Magazine*, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill. 60611, Attention 25th Anniversary. One more thing: the winning woman collects \$25,000.

Name Changes

MAYBE YOU'D BETTER READ THIS TWICE: There was once, not too long ago, a CB-oriented "B" picture entitled *Citizens Band*. Headed for the drive-in circuit, the film picked up a couple of unexpected complimentary reviews . . . but no business. Paramount re-released the film, looking for a classier audience, under the title *Handle with Care*, apparently figuring that "classy" audiences weren't especially interested in CB pictures. Turns out that they weren't interested in *Handle with Care*, either. So, Paramount is restoring the original title, launching a new ad campaign, and hoping to at least recapture the drive-in business. And don't underestimate the drawing power of the drive-ins or CB's: *Smokes and the Bandit*, with hardly any favorable press in urban markets, turned out to be one of last year's biggest grossers.

HARDCORE, WRITTEN AND DIRECTED BY PAUL SCHRADER, produced by John Milius, is no longer called *Hardcore* (because studio heads thought people might be offended at the pornographic implications). Now called *The Pilgrim*, the script still concerns a man's (George C. Scott's) search for his daughter in L.A.'s porno industry, but there won't be any real porno to titillate us. Schrader's next, *American Gigolo*, will star John Travolta as a young lover who lives off older women.

Supernatural News

THE FURY, COMING SOON to a theatre near you, is another of director Brian De Palma's

Deck the Halls with Film of Holly

ACTOR-MUSICIAN GARY BUSEY is here pictured as Buddy Holly, which is only fair, since Busey stars in *The Buddy Holly Story* and almost manages to look like the original. Holly was killed in a plane crash in 1959 at the age of 22, after writing a few of the best rock and roll songs extant — "That'll Be the Day," "Words of Love," "Peggy Sue," and lots more. Busey, by the way, is 33; he's been playing drums for 15 years, guitar (Holly was a guitarist) for five years. Busey, who also stars in *Big Wednesday*, due out this summer, received \$75,000 for his Holly role; his next, *Harold*, gets him \$250,000.



(Carrie, Phantoms; *The Fury* in her first film; young's wife (She's no longer Zeke's mother)

DIRECTOR include *And* the underrated a marriage remaking *The* monster thru and directed Deuce v played by S (ha! ha!), *Dracula*, also

THE WHO signed to *Ph* *Legacy*, ca Katherine thriller.

MEL BR **TORY OF** us from Anne Ba Brooks' pirate m written Nichols Hawklin gan's "e

THIS M ever-cr drama, "detc James, cracki outgoin call us

LOWE up in recent him o to ca back

FELI far (street aren Carl Cash

Bro obsc who with up, can

AT **RE** on M sta sho

(*Carrie, Phantom of the Paradise*) weird thrillers; *The Fury* co-stars one Carrie Snodgrass, in her first film since she retired to be Neil young's wife and mother of his child, Zeke. (She's no longer with Young, but she's still Zeke's mother.)

DIRECTOR ROGER VADIM, whose credits include *And God Created Woman, Barbarella*, the underrated *Pretty Maids All in a Row*, and a marriage to Jane Fonda, says that he's remaking *The Cat People*, a cult favorite 1942 monster thriller produced by Val Lewton and directed by Jacques Tourner. Catherine Deneuve will essay the part originally played by Simone Simon. In a similar vein (hal hal), the director is working on *Vadim's Dracula*, also to star Deneuve.

THE WHO'S ROGER DALTRY has been signed to play a rock music promoter in *The Legacy*, currently filming in London. Katherine Ross stars in the supernatural thriller.

More Short People

HERVE VILLECHAIZE, 5'11" actor who's been landing all the meaty midget parts since Michael Dunn's death, says that he's planning a picture to include 100 of the little folks in its cast. If Villechaize comes through, it'll be the first such picture since the 1938 *The Terror of Tiny Town*, which featured an all-midget cast and enjoyed small success; in fact, it is cited in the *Book of Lists* as one of the ten worst movies of all time.

In the Works

MEL BROOKS WILL NEXT MAKE THE HISTORY OF THE WORLD PART I, which takes us from Adam and Eve to fiddling Nero. Anne Bancroft plays Cleopatra; no word on Brooks' role. . . . Sean Connery will make a pirate movie (about time!) called *Blackbeard*, written by William Goldman. . . . Jack Nicholson is getting ready to star in *The Hawkline Monster*, based on Richard Brautigan's "gothic western."

THIS MONTH'S CASTING PEARL. From our ever-enlightening source, *Daily Variety*, comes this casting call: *The Mob in the Job*, a drama, needs an actress to play Connie, "detective, quick witted as Susan Saint James, beautiful as Angel Tompkins, wise-cracking as Brenda Vaccaro, street smart, outgoing, gum chewing, sex symbol." Don't call us.

In the Hospital

LOWELL GEORGE OF LITTLE FEAT was laid up in Cedars-Sinai hospital with a bad back recently. Doctors were threatening to cut him open to see why he hurt. The group had to cancel its Japanese tour while George's back was probed.

In the Studio

FELIX PAPPALARDI, whose credentials so far (*Cream, Mountain*) are pretty mainstream, will produce the *Dead Boyz*, who aren't. . . . Dave Edmunds is producing Carlene Carter, daughter of June Carter Cash. . . . Ringo Starr signed with Portrait. . . . Paul Simon was signed by Warner Bros. Records — probably, say some snide observers, because WB was quite miffed when Columbia stole James Taylor away with a megabuck deal. Simon also cleaned up, getting a reported \$14 million. Revenge can be expensive. . . .

In School

AT LAST — DISNEY STUDIOS WILL RE-RELEASE its classic *The Jungle Book* this June; on May 3, the movie will be shown at the Museum of Modern Art in New York to a star-studded audience of media writer and show biz sorts, hosted by Gilda Radner.

Veteran animators Ollie Johnson and Frank Thomas will answer questions there. Next fall, Johnston and Thomas will visit colleges to screen and answer questions about *Pinochio*. . . . and that's not all. They'll be scouting for fresh young animators to hire. Anyone want to work on Mickey Mouse Lane or Dopey Street? Now's your chance.

BEE GEE BARRY GIBB'S four-year-old son Stevie attends nursery school, where one day the teacher asked all the little kiddies to tell what their fathers did for a living. When it came Stevie's turn to answer the question, "What does you father do?" Stevie replied, "Jive talkin'." Awwwwwww.

Hire that Juggler! And that Mime. And the Bluegrass Band, and. . .

COLLEGES AND UNIVERSITIES may be the last arenas where alternative entertainment can be seen, enjoyed and supported — entertainment that isn't overhyped, overblown and overpaid. To ensure a steady supply of such entertainment — mime troupes, dance troupes, fiddlers, poets, Cajun music, cowboy music, foreign films — NECAA sponsors an annual showcase-forum where collegiate booking agents meet with artists and do their own time-honored dance.

NECAA (National Entertainment and Campus Activities Association) started in 1960 with 7 universities and now services 1,000 colleges and universities and more than 700 companies serving campus activities, from concerts, lectures and films to art, indoor and outdoor recreation, travel, graduate study and educational publications. This year NECAA's convention was held in New Orleans; acts like The Hometown Band, Darryl Rhoades and The Hahavishnu Orchestra, The Graduates comedy group, National Marionettes and 65 more were seen and booked by 3,000 talent buyers from 500 colleges. Guest speaker was Red Skelton, who cracked a good supply of jokes and then made an eloquent pitch for continued college sponsorship of live entertainment.

"I started out in a medicine show," Skelton said. "A medicine show is a platform where they give free entertainment and sell a product. They call it television now." Any encouragement of new talent must come from places like university stages because it certainly isn't coming from television. "[Television is] selling one thing, that's mediocrity. . . . and they get \$250,000 per minute for network time. Now the networks will say, the violence, that's entertainment. If you can sell a product in 30 seconds, what does one hour of this do to your brain? It creates a fear and people won't go out. They stay home. And if they stay home, the networks sell more commercial time at \$250,000 per minute. . . . The theatre is so needed." Amen.

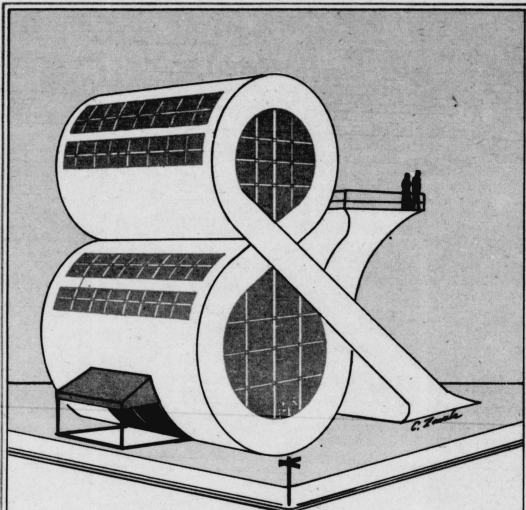
Dan Hill Has Been Reaching People Everywhere.



Along with the gold album, "Longer Fuse," his incredible song, "Sometimes When We Touch," has captured the hearts and imagination of listeners across North America.

Dan's tour and appearances across America are being greeted by enthusiastic audiences everywhere.





Amperсанд of the Month

This month's work of genius (on which we wistfully hope to model Amperсанд World Headquarters some day) is by Charles Zavala from the University of Texas, El Paso, where he's a junior working toward a Bachelor of Fine Arts Degree. He's now \$25.00 richer.

Keep those Amperсандs coming, folks. Most of those submitted have been so good that we're no longer easily impressed, but don't be discouraged. Be challenged.

Disclaimer: all Amperсандs submitted become the property of Alan Weston Publishing Inc., and will be returned at the company's discretion, if at all. If we use your Amperсанд(s) in any form or any way, we'll pay you; don't think we're out here pawning your art work on street corners... although that's not a bad idea.

In Print

Lenin Was a Schmuck

History refutes itself, and historians refute each other.

Distance and time obscure facts, but illuminate interpretations. The discovery of new documents sometimes spurs the emendation of historical tradition; the discoveries of old documentalists nearly always do.

Harrison E. Salisbury's *Black Night, White Snow: Russia's Revolutions 1905-1917* (Doubleday, \$14.95) is an immense, impressive volume of generously anecdotal historical chronicle, full of meticulous detail and admirably rich with the kind of casual color that makes long works read easily.

Despite its sub-title, though, it is more about revolutionaries than about revolutions — more about the foibles and fanaticisms of humanity than about the social situations, economic trends, and political confusions humanity so vividly engenders. And it is ultimately — as Salisbury himself comes close to admitting in his Author's

Note — about Lenin.

"The Lenin of whom you will read in these pages is not the one you have known before," he cautions. "He was no master planner. He was badly out of touch with Russia, and no one was more surprised than he when revolution came to it except, perhaps, one other man: Nicholas II, Czar of all the Russias."

Salisbury's premise is a fascinating one,

and he goes after the proof of it with great determination and with what seems at times to be almost a Thespian enthusiasm for his materials. One can almost see his grins and grimaces, his full range of accentuating gestures. If he could lecture with the verve with which he writes (and perhaps he can), he'd be the most popular history professor on any campus in the country. "He really makes history come alive," they'd say about him.

Unfortunately, Salisbury's Lenin is something of a straw man. The history Salisbury refutes doesn't necessarily need refutation. How many of us today, in this post-Liberal era, really think of Lenin as a "masterplanner"? We've read *To the Finland Station*, for chrissakes, at the very least.

We know already, probably, that Lenin had a bourgeois childhood; that he was an erratic, difficult man with his family and friends; that he was sometimes politically and strategically inept. But we also know that he was, like many killers and fools, a sort of great man, a man of maniacal dedication to his goals, a man who affected the civilization of the 20th century to an astonishing degree, a man who — for a time, at least — saved and enriched more lives than he took.

Salisbury's Lenin — the arrogant, ill-informed, blood-thirsty one — is an easy mark, and, were the correspondent's writing style not so entertaining, his 746-page debunking of the man would seem incomprehensibly excessive.

Someone once remarked that reading about alcoholic beverages was almost as enjoyable an activity as drinking them — and that, luckily, the two pastimes were not mutually exclusive.

There is indeed a great bibliography of funny, warm, entrancing writing about wine and liquor. Bits of Dickens, Daudet, Stendhal, and Meredith treat the subject with uncommonly contagious affection. Contemporary novelists like Alec Waugh and Kingsley Amis write superbly in the field. Wine specialists like Hugh Johnson and Cyril Ray are urbane stylists, and a joy to read.

There is also a class of books on alcohol which the layman wouldn't read if somebody paid him — but which are well-nigh essential to anyone, professional or amateur, who has the slightest serious interest in the subject.

One of these latter is *Grossman's Guide to Wines, Beers, and Spirits* by the late Harold J. Grossman — which has just appeared in its sixth revised edition, under the stewardship of Grossman's protege, Harriet Lembeck (Scribners, \$17.95).

Grossman's, which was originally published in 1940, is chock-full of clear, clean information about all manner of alcoholic beverages, and about professional concerns like bar operation, purchasing of alcoholic beverages for commercial use, beverage control laws, etc.

For the reader primarily interested in

wine, there are better, more extensive, more personable books — Hugh Johnson's *Wine*, Alexis Lichine's *New Encyclopedia of Wines and Spirits*, Frank Schoonmaker's *Encyclopedia of Wine*, Andre Simon's *Wines of the World*, etc. But there is nothing else quite like *Grossman's* for the whole picture. It is not a book to read while you drink, but it is one to read before and after you do.

Gahan Wilson is best known for his macabre cartoons in *Playboy* and *The National Lampoon* — he is Charles Addams crossed with Dali and Marie Laurencin — but he is also a convincing writer of science fiction and fantasy, and he is the editor of an appropriately strange new book called *First World Fantasy Awards* (Doubleday, \$8.95).

The book is a commemorative volume of a sort, growing out of the First World Fantasy Convention held in 1975 in Providence, Rhode Island, in honor of "the Old Gentleman from Providence," H.P. Lovecraft.

"Howards," busts of Lovecraft, were awarded to writers, artists, and publishers of the fantastic. The winning works (or excerpts from them) are reproduced here, together with explanatory notes by Wilson, lists of nominees in each category, and brief essays on the winners.

Robert Bloch (best-known as the author of *Psycho*) is generously represented. So are writers like Sterling E. Lanier and Manly Wade Wellman. There is good stuff here. But there is also a good lot of mock-heroic pseudo-mythology of the most empty sort — and the constant editorial interpolation of notes and nominations ruins whatever mood of fantasy the better writers are able to create.

The Poems of John Dewey (Southern Illinois University Press, \$14.95), edited with an introduction by Jo Ann Boydston, may or may not be the poems of John Dewey. During his lifetime, it was not known that the distinguished philosopher and educator wrote poetry; but, after his death, more than 90 poems were found in his desk and wastebasket, and were assumed to be his work.

Jo Ann Boydston makes a convincing case for his authorship. She also provides an intriguing and scholarly account of Dewey's romance with the novelist Anzia Yezierska, and, using some of the poems to illuminate aspects of the relationship, suggests the existence of a fascinating, complex physical and moral love affair worthy of much greater further study.

It is something of a disappointment, alas, when her introduction ends and Dewey's (or whomever's) poetry begins. The author of such lines as "Art thou there, my love/Within the pale gold silence/In Loneliness enshrined?" or "And this is art!/Something/To make us jump and start;" is hardly a man deserving of attention as a poet — though these poems are perhaps deserving of attention as hints to the man.

Colman Andrews



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3. Schools may submit reports about as many projects as they like, but each entry must be mailed separately. Send all entries to: Ampersand Journey Contest c/o Columbia Records 51 West 52nd Street 9th Floor New York, New York 10019
4. Entries will be judged solely by Ampersand and Columbia Records, and their decision is final. Employees of Ampersand and Columbia Records, and their families, are not eligible.

5. Airfare and hotel accommodations only will be paid by Columbia Records for the individual winner and a guest. The Journey concert will be scheduled at a later date.



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MICHAEL WARD



Bat-Cat Comic Chick Clicks

BY DONALD MARKSTEIN

Despite well-meant warnings that they cause atrophy of the brain, destroy critical acumen, and (no doubt) grow hair on your palms, hundreds of thousands of students still haven't given up that most popular form of juvenile literature, the comic book. Many of us never will. And every so often, our addiction is rewarded with a shiny new hero swooping around in costume.

The Huntress, just out from DC Comics, may not be another Spider-Man or Captain Marvel, but the few appearances she's had to date have piqued a good deal of interest in her, at least from those of us who have been following the adventures of our favorite superheroes for a number of years.

For full appreciation of the character, a detailed knowledge of comic book "history" over the past couple of decades would no doubt be helpful, but we'll spare you the lecture — though more than one graduate thesis has been written on the subject. Suffice it to say that if anyone is wondering how Batman can appear to be in his late 30s after having fought crime since 1939, there is a simple explanation — there are at least two Bruce Waynes, both of whom grew up to become Batman, but they did it 20 years apart and on nearly identical parallel worlds.

This idea of a multiplicity of parallel worlds has been a wonderful boon for comic book writers. It allows them to explain away

inconsistencies, keep their character young (always a problem when you're doing a series — Tarzan of the Apes got an immortality drug from the Leopard Men, but Sherlock Holmes had no choice but to grow older), and all sorts of things. But only recently have they begun to exploit one of the biggest advantages to it — that is, with two characters who look exactly the same and have the same name, they can do the things that they've always wanted to do to one, without hurting the continuity of the other. For example, they could have the Superman of the 1940s marry Lois Lane and still keep up the suspense for the Superman of the 1970s.

Back to the Huntress. Somewhere in the backs of our minds, we've all suspected at one time or another that Batman and the Catwoman were getting it on together when they weren't slugging it out in front of readers. Little hints here and there create that impression — an arched eyebrow on her part, a look of anguish on his face when he has to take her in . . . occasionally he'll come right out and say that he loves her. She would sometimes renounce her life of crime and retire to her little boutique, and if he didn't take advantage of those interludes to court her, then he was a fool.

Exactly what form their love took, with her passion for claws and whips and his apparent fetish for a mask and cape, we leave

to the imagination of the reader. But according to DC #17 (Nov-Dec, 1977), the original Batman married the original Catwoman in 1955. Two years later, their daughter was born. Batman went into semi-retirement, Robin went off to a career as a diplomat, and they all lived happily ever after. Until, that is, the summer of 1976, when Catwoman was blackmailed into committing one more crime with members of her old gang. She was killed in the subsequent fracas, which left Bruce Wayne a shattered man. As for their 19-year-old daughter, Helena . . . Aw, you guessed. Yeah, she went out to avenge her mother's death, becoming another in a veritable army of costumed do-gooders. But somehow, the idea of a series based on the daughter of Batman and the Catwoman is just kinky enough to be interesting, and this one is helped by having as its writer and artist two of the finest up-and-coming young talents in the comics field, Paul Levitz and Joe Staton.

Levitz has, over the past couple of years (he's only 21, and has been writing comics since he got out of high school), demonstrated a feel for long-running characters that is lacking in many of his older and more origin story, he makes the transition from the Batman of the 1940s to the Huntress of the 1970s smoothly in a mere 13 pages, getting across both the capsule history men-

tioned above and a fairly good vignette about Helena Wayne tracking down the man responsible for her mother's death. In her second appearance (All-Star Comics #70, Jan-Feb, 1978), little is seen of the Huntress herself — most of the issue is spent setting things up for a continuation in #71 — but her connection with the Justice Society of America, of which her father was a member before she was born, bodes interesting developments for the future.

Joe Staton, the artist on both of the Huntress's appearances thus far is an extremely talented young (middle-20s) artist, and one of the strongest stylists to enter comics in recent years. Although he was, for some time, typecast as strictly a humor artist (because of his work on E-Man, a light, funny superhero put out by a bush league publisher from 1973-75), his versatility has been amply demonstrated. A slightly cartoony approach still lends a sort of fairy-tale unreality to his work, but it has proven effective in even the most dramatic situations. Staton is an artist who will go far in the comics field — if it's lucky enough not to lose him to higher-paying advertising art, as it has so many of its best talents.

Donald D. Markstein, from the University of Texas at Austin, alleges that he's a 30-year-old hippie eminently qualified to write about comic books because he owns three cubic acres of them.

BZ

BY RICH

LOS ANGELES towns than an aspiring writer — but Excitable B reputation exiled him career frus

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Bolt the Door & Hide... Zevon is Here

BY RICH WISEMAN

LOS ANGELES — There are more obscure towns than Sitges, Spain, to live in if you're an aspiring though deflated singer/songwriter — but not many. Warren Zevon, whose *Excitable Boy* album is fast earning him a reputation as the Sam Peckinpah of rock, exiled himself to Sitges in 1975 in a pique of career frustration.

Zevon stayed a year. For nourishment and pesetas he had the Dubliner Bar, where he doubled as best customer and resident warbler of Irish folk songs. For drama, he had the ever-vigilant Guardia Civil and their machine guns. Despite written urgings from pal Jackson Browne to come home and make that record deal, leaving Sitges, he found, was no easy decision.

"It was a pretty idyllic existence," said Zevon, whose wry smile and songs indicate he kept his sense of humor amidst the poking Thompson guns. "My wife Crystal and I had a room with a private loo a block from the Mediterranean. Air you could drink like Dom Perignon. And we had the company nonstop of interesting people from all over the world."

One of the most interesting, no doubt, was Dubliner's owner David "Lindy" Lindell, a Boston-born adventurer and soldier-of-fortune. Lindell co-wrote "Roland the Headless Thompson Gunner," the tale of a vengeful mercenary that is splattered on side one of *Excitable Boy*; Lindell is, in fact, sitting across the platter of Italian sausages in the living room of Zevon's home. Engagingly garrulous, he explains that he's in this neck of the world because he's just delivered a boat to a Caribbean government (what kind of boat I neglect to ask, but he offers hushed mumbo-jumbo about the "Cuban threat").

Then Lindy talks about the day he learned he would lose his stouthearted drinking buddy/guitar player. "We're sweating the Communists in Portugal, the Guardia Civil is getting really uptight, the machine guns are coming out faster and faster... and he gets a telegram that he has to go to Phil Everly (an old friend of Zevon's, Everly was recording an album in London and needed Zevon's help; Zevon would fly home from there). 'Well, I don't know who the hell Phil Everly is, but why aren't you happy here — you got your jars.' But he cuts 'Roland' on this little recorder, then he leaves. So I'm listening to 'Roland,' then all of a sudden it goes into 'Werewolves of London.' I say, 'Jesus Christ, who's this? What he'd done is give me the cassette of demos. He never told me he was serious, never! It was then that I realized the guy might do something.'"

What Warren Zevon has done is entrench himself as the bad boy darling of rock critics and the L.A. rock community. His 1976 debut album, *Warren Zevon*, produced by Browne and featuring such artists as Glenn Frey, Stevie Nicks, Carl Wilson and Bonnie Raitt, sold moderately well, and Linda Ronstadt has recorded two of its songs, "Poor Poor Pitiful Me" and "Carmelita." But where Zevon was flawed by occasional



wordiness, a lapse into a Jackson Brownesound and lack of an overall focus, the recently released *Excitable Boy* scores a direct torpedo hit. The songs are tightly written and played, and Zevon sings them in a rock-steady baritone. The focus of the album is as razor-edged as the production. Besides "Roland," there's "Werewolves of London" with its mutilated old lady and piña colada-sipping werewolf, and the title track, about a young man who rubs pot roast over his chest and winds up killing his junior prom date. That rocker, complete with campy ooh-wah-oohs by Ronstadt, ends this way:

"After ten long years they let him out of

the Home

Excitable boy, they all said

And he dug up her grave and built a cage

with her bones

Excitable boy, they all said

Well, he's just an excitable boy."

(c 1976 Zevon Music/BMI

and Polite Music/ASCAP)

In case the listener misses the point, the photo on the jacket sleeve sledgehammers it the entree, a Smith and Wesson.

Zevon may have left Sitges for good, but he took the machine guns with him.

Though Zevon offered that he really did rub Crystal's roast over his chest once (because he liked it), "To what extent I'm the excitable boy I don't know. I can't think of any violent or irrational moments in my childhood."

Zevon did remember moving a lot. The son of a professional gambler, he was born in Chicago and raised in Los Angeles, Fresno, San Francisco and Phoenix. Schools were places to mark time along the way:

"One teacher asked me where I'd stolen my term paper because I'd presented myself as such a perfect idiot they couldn't believe that I'd written that tolerable a thesis at Fairfax High. It's something I remember fondly."

Not too close to his father, and even more estranged from his mother ("We never communicate"), Zevon moved out on his own at 16. Interested in making music "for as long as I could remember," he began earning his keep, however minimally, through music gigs in Los Angeles and the Bay Area.

Stepping through the minefield of Zevon's bio becomes trying at this point because I begin tripping off such responses as "That's a tiresome story" to questions about Browne ("We hit it off right away; we had a lot of respect for each other"), his writing of the first Boone's Farm apple wine song/jingle ("It must have been successful — everybody's choking on Boone's Farm today"), and his two years as bandleader for the Ev-

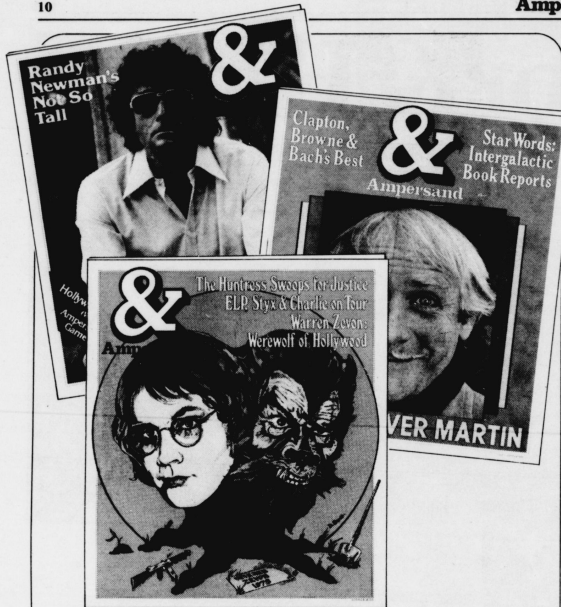
erly Brothers ("The first time I really cared about what I was doing").

It was only after 90 minutes and several vodka and orange juices that Zevon's eyes ignited: "Now, you're getting into an area that's vastly more interesting to me."

The area, no surprise, was violence.

Zevon attacked from the flank, addressing himself to Randy Newman's "Short People" (which he dislikes for its "meanness"): "Everybody's idea of 'Short People' is that it's a satire on prejudice," he began, speaking measuredly (he sounds a lot like Johnny Carson at 18 rpm). "I think that's the comfortable way of dealing with it. I'm more inclined to think the song struck Randy Newman as funny."

"And it would be the easy way out to say *Excitable Boy* is just a big satire on the fact that violence has become the greatest escape entertainment in America, particularly for those who never have been close enough to it to really sweat through their clothes. But it



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Zevon... On Tour

(Continued)

may be that there's a violent strain in this album that is realer than satire.

"In Spain, you could have your balls shoved in your mouth if you said the wrong thing. Yet, somehow we think of life in Spain as a more pastoral existence. I mean, hanging out the air shaft just trying to take one hit of a joint that's been passed around for months, for which you'd either be Thompson-gunned or incarcerated forever, somehow seems more innocent than living in a country where you can't spit on the sidewalk without seeing spit on the sidewalk on the 6 o'clock news.

"What I'm saying is that by virtue of the incredible tabloid quality of the news in America, there may be a greater idea of violence here than there is a reality of violence in other places that don't inspire as much paranoia. And that's what ends up being my expression in laying the largest hand gun made — you better ask yourself if you feel lucky today — right on the dinner plate."

Lindy begins dropping fat hints about his and Warren's date at a nearby bar, and the timing seems appropriate because Zevon is reluctant to dwell on his intentions with *Excitable Boy*. "I consider it my job to think of ideas and concepts and not to credit myself with the analytic ability to develop them," he says.

The interview takes a final swerve to Bob Dylan, who's lately been indulging in such talk with every top magazine he can corral in an effort to plug his movie, *Renaldo and Clara*. "It's either a put-on so subtle that it's beyond laughing, or else he's a far less mythical and much more specific writer than I would have hoped," says Zevon, referring to the *Rolling Stone* interview. "This whole business of discussing his work, his vision, the world as will and idea, art as illusion — it was all a bit much.

"And the whole idea of *Renaldo and Clara* being four hours long is a little alien to my idea of art, because I do regard art as a responsibility to entertain. Having openly admitted that I was in awe of Dylan, that I could not write for at least a year after *Blonde on Blonde* came out, the idea of going to see a monolithic monument to Dylan the man and artist would be a disappointment.

"I'd rather see *The Gauntlet* nine times." &

Freelancer Rich Wiseman lives in Zevon's neighborhood and always bolts his door at night.



Greg Lake (above) of ELP, Municipal Coliseum, Lubbock, Texas.

While Emerson, Lake and Palmer have never really been counted among the ranks of chart-topping top-40 bands, the British trio have amassed and continue to hold a strong following, comprising people much more mature and discerning in their musical tastes than the general public. It was this type of devoted fan who assembled on a February Sunday night in Lubbock's Municipal Coliseum. They were not disappointed.

Opening with "Peter Gunn," ELP continued through a complete selection of their very best: "Tarkus," "Take a Pebble," "Lullaby," "Nut Rocker," "Pirates," "Farefare for the Common Man," and "Show Me." The music was superb. To say that the band is tight would be an understatement. Seeing them in concert, one realizes how appropriately *Brian Salad Surgery* was titled, for that is exactly what ELP reminds me of: a drilled surgical team made up of different individuals but functioning as one precise unit. The solos were equally exciting — guitarist Greg Lake's on "C'est la Vie" and "Lucky Man," Keith Emerson's "Piano Concerto No. 1," and drummer Carl Palmer's at the end of "Enemy God Within."

Emerson, Lake and Palmer are three men who as musicians and performers completely overshadow all of the technical equipment and effects that surround them. Though there was a fine light show and the kind of explosions and fog machines that seem *de rigueur* for loud rock bands, the effects worked as complements to the group's performance rather than an end in themselves. Viewed separately, both the visual and musical elements were satisfying, but viewed as a cohesive unit, the show was spell-binding, brilliant, and well-executed.

Dale Travis

Claudio Arrau
 Academy of Music, Philadelphia

With Artur Schnabel in retirement, Claudio Arrau is probably the leading active exponent of the Romantic piano repertory today. But that doesn't necessarily mean that he can easily be compared to Schnabel. True, Arrau plays with a beautiful tone and a considerable amount of interpretative freedom, but he also brings a much more studied approach to the music he plays. When he plays a piece Arrau seems to have decided in advance just what he is going to do in terms of phrasing, tempo, rubato, and so forth. But that doesn't mean he isn't an inspired player.

Appearing at Philadelphia's Academy of Music as part of his 75th-birthday recital



BARON KUBIKOWSKI

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tour, Arrau clearly showed where his prejudices lay with his program, which consisted of three sonatas — Beethoven's "Les Adieux," Liszt's "B minor," and Brahms' "F minor." I didn't care for his way with Beethoven, which had a lot of nice detail but didn't seem to coalesce into a single unit. The Liszt, however, was a different story. Instead of the super-virtuoso reading we sometimes get, with thunderous climaxes emphasized at the expense of more lyrical passages, Arrau delivered a performance in which every note was in its proper perspective, an almost impossible achievement in this half-hour behemoth. Even Rubinstein seldom succeeded in pouring out his soul as Arrau did in the great second theme of the Liszt's B minor sonata.

The Brahms was equally impressive. I grew up on Rubinstein's youthful, ardent version of this dramatic creation of the 20-year-old composer, both on records and in the concert hall, and wasn't quite prepared for Arrau's more studied interpretation. But the apparent lack of immediate emotional effect in his playing was fully compensated for by the pianist's beautiful detail and phrasing of the work, particularly in the magnificent slow movement.

In summary, a typical recital by a great pianist. One thing bothered me — Arrau was sniffling through much of the recital, as if he were suffering from a slight cold. I'm sure he will be recovered by the time this appears in print.

Soi Louis Siegel



Styx (above) & Charlie, *The Mosque, Richmond, VA.*

Charlie took the stage in Richmond's premiere concert hall this snowy March 2 Virginia evening with a difficult task on their hands: keep a packed house of hyped-up adolescent Styx fans from Frisbeeing themselves into an exhausted stupor before their main men got to strike a single organ blast. This is no mean feat for a band who got only moderate FM airplay in the city and has as yet not overdosed the Top-40 crowd with a monster hit single. However, what Charlie does accomplish musically served them better than a whole bank of transistor radios; these English lads play punchy, imaginatively conceived rock'n'roll that is heavy without being leaden, intense but not frantic, and infectious without resorting to AM airwave clichés. Lead guitarist and songwriter Terry Thomas favors dense vocal textures and intricate, string-laden arrangements, tersely stretched across layers of smooth keyboard fills. On Charlie's last studio release, *No Second Chance*, and in concert the group proves itself fully capable of cleanly reproducing its album sound, and then some. On numbers like "Johnny Hold Back" (which some of the audience seemed

to recognize) Charlie captivated the fidgety folk in front with a rhythmic drive and tension-spring, ping-pong guitar work; such basics were tastefully augmented with phase-shifting and echoed vocals. Thomas and company even executed a tight a capella hand-clap chorus on the song, a touch that got the teenage aggregate up and rumbling. And their final effort, "Red Lips," a throbbing kicker that gave the band a chance to crank into some stinging guitar interplay, had the young unit initiates jumping on their chairs and belting for an encore.

So now, 5,000 young Virginians know who Charlie is, and if the remainder of the tour as openers for Styx goes well, so will their counterparts in other regions of this disco-threatened rockbed we call home.

Robin McLeod

Styx opened their closing set with the title track from their most recent album, *The Grand Illusion*, bringing the audience to their feet and setting the tone for the rest of the evening. The group's obvious belief in showmanship, in addition to musicianship, is a refreshing change from those bands who are no more exciting on stage than they are on your stereo.

"Grand Illusion" was backed up by rear projections of the album artwork and some flashy special effects. The audience loved it. During "Suite Madame Blue," fog began rolling over the drum stand and down across the stage, where it was met with wild applause.

Rear projection was used again with "Come Sail Away." The first images, perhaps supposed to represent clouds, looked more like out-of-focus blobs. As the song's tempo picked up, the background changed to a whirling mass of shooting stars on red, green and blue alternating skies.

Styx did an excellent job of mixing music from most of their albums into a cohesive, flowing concert. Most of the selections were from their last three albums, with, of course their biggest hit, "Lady," brought in from *Styx II*. Dennis DeYoung has added a long improvised piano intro to "Lady," but the audience recognition was unmistakable after a few familiar notes.

The show ended with a raunchy, get-down rock and roll song from *Equinox* entitled "Midnight Ride." James Young supplied an impressive guitar solo.

Two encores were given to the ecstatic audience. During the second, a highly theatrical rendition of "Born for Adventure," one of the stage crew swirled onstage in a swashbuckler outfit for a duel with, and defeat by, DeYoung.

Presumably he recovered in time for the remaining dates of a lengthy, cross-country tour.

Lowell T. Von Egger

JAZZ

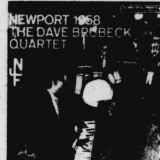
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CBS AMP'S

On Screen



Kotto, Keitel & Pryor in *Blue Collar*.

Hare-Brained

RABBIT TEST, starring Billy Crystal and Joan Prather; written by Joan Rivers and Jay Redack; directed by Rivers.

Almost anything can be parodied to varying degrees of hilarity given the proper P.R. We laugh at people, not plots, so the greatest comedy usually comes from the actor's performance (Charlie Chaplin, Jerry Lewis, Richard Pryor), while a potential gut-busting idea can leave the viewer with his funny bone forced through a meat grinder after the original gag has been perpetuated for an hour or so.

So it goes with *Rabbit Test*, the story of the first pregnant man (portrayed by everybody's favorite fruit from "Soap," Billy Crystal) which would've made a great skit on "Saturday Night Live" (can you imagine an expecting John Belushi?), but is instead yucked up and over for eighty minutes of boring brilliance, one good joke out of ten and pass the slapstick, Woody. Every ridiculous aspect of the situation ("of course we'll have to bottle-feed") is run over by writer-director-comedienne Joan Rivers' heavy-hand and unsuccessful attempts at sarcasm, but the whole charade eventually takes on the cohesiveness of a skyscraper built with Elmer's Glue (it all falls apart before it's finished). Even Paul Lynde falls flat as Crystal's gynecologist, a typecast role about as funny as his hemorrhoids and twice as painful for us to endure.

I won't waste space describing the salubrious details, but the President winds up demanding an abortion and the baby is born in a bus filled with hay on the evening of December 24th, complete with the Star of David and a sign overhead reading "Bethlehem Steel."

Only problem is, it's a girl, one of the two genuine artifacts of humor in this blatant waste of celluloid. The other is when a woman in the doctor's office is told to fill both the form and the specimen cup. She returns with a dripping piece of paper and an empty jar, complaining "I always have trouble filling these things."

Otherwise, *Rabbit Test* would've been better off as a coat-hanger quickie instead of dying of stillborn senselessness. It's inconceivably insipid.

Chris Clark

BLUE COLLAR, starring Richard Pryor, Harvey Keitel, Yaphet Kotto; written by Paul Schrader and Leonard Schrader, suggested by source material by Sydney A. Glass; directed by Paul Schrader.

Paul Schrader's seems to be the lone voice of realism around Hollywood these days; while everyone else rushes to tack happy endings onto losers-become-winners plots, Schrader turns out fascinating, grim studies of violence and losers who never win. *The Yakuza* (also written with brother Leonard) and *Taxi Driver*, *Rolling Thunder* and *Obsession* were not all successful, or even good, but they were interesting. So is *Blue Collar*, an outwardly simple tale of three men who are corrupted and destroyed by a system they can't change . . . but *Blue Collar* is Schrader's debut as a director, and it's clearly a giant step from the typewriter to the camera, one that Schrader does not take gracefully. The film is poorly lit, jaggedly edited, clumsy, *clumsy*. Although most of the film was shot at the Checker auto manufacturing plant in Kalamazoo, Michigan, the backgrounds look painted. The sound is dreadful; every third line is lost, and the strain of listening interferes with the watching.

Three things keep *Blue Collar* from being a total washout — Pryor, Keitel and Kotto, and their acting makes all the wrong things less important. Any power this film has comes from them. They play auto workers, close friends who steal money from their

union's safe so they can get some relief from their money problems; inadvertently they steal a book which details the union's illegal loan sharking, and they decide to blackmail. A fatal choice. Like those thieves who are always falling out over the loot, these three destroy the one good thing in their lives, their friendship — but not because of the money. Because the union knows how to deal with three little men who don't know how, never knew how, to fight back. Even so, there are some large holes in logic here. They didn't make copies of the incriminating book. Is anybody that dumb?

Pryor, who's based his successful comedy career on scatological guerrilla humor, here plays a lean, hungry ambitious man, the least sympathetic of the trio, but completely understandable in his choices. Harvey Keitel never ceases to amaze; with each role he seems to disappear into that character. The only mannerism he keeps is a nervous shifting back and forth on his feet. Kotto is a huge comforting presence, and not only to his comrades — after his death there is no focus, nothing holding the men or the movie together.

Blue Collar is ultimately disappointing because Schrader doesn't know how to build tension or suspense. The movie just lurches to a conclusion, and the final scene, which should be shattering, is merely depressing.

Judith Sims

HOUSE CALLS, starring Glenda Jackson and Walter Matthau; written by Max Shulman and Julius J. Epstein and Alan Mandel and Charles Shyer; directed by Howard Zieff.

The next time you hear some old curmudgeon griping about how there just aren't anymore sparkling witty comedies anymore, smugly contradict him by citing *A Touch of Class* and *House Calls*. These "new" comedies don't really sparkle like diamonds, they gleam like chrome; they're not as silly as those old 30s and 40s farces, and we don't have the delicious pleasure of discovering something on the Late Show that's been

there all along, but they're intelligent good fun.

Howard Zieff made *Slither* into something much more interesting than its meager script, and his *Hearts of the West* (which failed miserably at the box office) was a sweet but never precious tale of old Hollywood. Zieff doesn't have much of a plot with *House Calls*, either; it's a nice, unpretentious love story which proves you don't have to be 22 and gorgeous in order to be sexy and charming.

Glenda Jackson is tough and appealing (although it's hard to accept chesecake-baking as her way of earning a living), but there are moments when her mouth pouts and puckers like Marsha Mason's. Fortunately the resemblance stops there; Jackson would never v-hine or simper; instead, when confronted with Matthau's apparent infidelity, she shouts, "You broke my heart!" Richard Benjamin has nothing to do, which is just as well, and Art Carney is wasted as the senile head surgeon of a hospital so inept we wonder why Matthau, who's supposed to be a gifted surgeon, sticks around. Matthau, recently widowed, is all set to disport himself like a teenage rake with dozens of willing young females, but instead he falls for Jackson, older and divorced and intent on fidelity . . . a rather refreshing twist these days. Matthau only occasionally stoops to his usual caricature of himself; the surprise is that he's quite lovable, in a paunchy middle-aged way, when he's not mugging. If he'd only forget his half-assed imitation of W. C. Fields that he trots out for every comedy, he could be a really sexy actor and not just another ugly face.

J. S.

IN BOTH EARS

Sound on Wheels

Most electronic sound in your car — whether produced by a radio receiver or a tape player — is an abomination, an offense to your ears, and an insult to your intelligence. We have the technology and the know-how to do better, but the move toward better auto sound is no great leap forward; more like a crab that crawls sideways to go ahead.

When buying a new car you have the option of getting a built-in radio receiver. Its only advantage will be that of convenience. It will be overpriced, underpowered and unpleasant to the ears of anyone over the age of three.

There are plenty of radio receiver manufacturers and you can do better if you pick and choose. A car dealer will charge about \$15 an hour for the installation and will require about five hours to do the job. This means putting the receiver in the dash, installing a pair of speakers in the front door panels and another pair of speakers in the rear window deck.

If you already have a radio receiver in your car, it is probably a mono-only type. If it is, get it out of there and replace it with an AM/FM unit. This will increase the number

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April, 1978

of broadcast stations you will be able to receive and will rescue you from AM-only, a form of reception which sometimes sounds like a berserk meat grinder. When you remove the AM-only unit, hang on to it and don't throw it away. If you sell or trade in your wheels put the old receiver back in place and take your newer unit along with you for your later car.

Before you let the car radio manufacturers separate you from your money, do some planning first. Don't buy on impulse, and don't get lured into a high-pressure today-only sale. There's always another sale tomorrow, and the day after that, and the day after.

You can get an AM/FM receiver, or one with either built-in cassette player, 8-track cartridge player, CB, or AM/FM/CB with either a built-in cartridge or cassette player.

You can buy components to mount in-dash or under-dash. In-dash is better because there isn't all that much room to spare in a car. Further, an in-dash mounting means less chance of having your new equipment ripped off. If you do opt for in-dash, don't just get an AM/FM receiver. Do get one with a built-in tape-player. It is cheaper to buy a combined AM/FM-cum-tape unit than to get an AM/FM receiver and then later add on an under-dash tape player. It's not only cheaper, but takes up less room.

Which tape player should you get in combination with the AM/FM receiver? You have a choice of cassette or cartridge. These aren't compatible. You can't use a cassette in a cartridge player or vice versa.

Each type, cassette and cartridge, has its advantages and faults. Cassette tapes are smaller than cartridge, and the same recorded cassettes you've made at home are suitable for car use. This means you can record your favorite broadcasts or tape your records and then use your car cassette player to enjoy the music while driving. The most commonly used cassette is a C60, which supplies one hour of playback time, 30 minutes per side. A C120 will give you two hours of playing, one hour per side.

The trouble with cassettes is that at the end of each side you must flip the cartridge to play the other side, reminiscent of the way you handle phono records. However, there are some tape players for auto use that have automatic reverse. You'll pay more for a player with this nice feature. Cassettes move along at 1 7/8 ips.

Cartridge tape, also known as 8-track, is probably the more popular tape for auto use, although cassette is catching up. The pleasure of 8-track is that it supplies continuous play. It has four pairs of stereo tracks, playing these in succession. When the last pair of tracks is completed, the unit automatically goes into replay. So you never do need to remove the tape to turn it over. However, there are very few cartridge recorder/player combinations, so this puts you in the position of buying pre-recorded tapes. Cartridge speed is twice that of cassette, 3 3/4 ips.

The power output of tape players, whether cartridge or cassette, and of radio receivers is usually two to five watts — enough to sound loud, but not good. There is a difference. However, you can buy a power booster, an amplifier that will increase the output power to somewhere in the region of 30 to 50 watts per channel. It's a notable difference.

Don't look for a record player for your car. The last one was made by RCA some 25 years ago and it has gone the way of the whalebone corset, the whiffletree and the 78 rpm phonograph.

There is a big difference between the tape

players available for car use and those for our home high fidelity system. Those you have at home are "decks." They do not contain an audio amplifier, but use the separate audio amplifiers elsewhere in your audio system. In tape players made for the car, the amps are self-contained, and if they can boast a true 5 watts output per channel, you are truly fortunate and the stars shine down on you benevolently.

There is a trend toward better sound fidelity in cars, but your nearest glacier may get to the finish line first. Serious shopping and merit comparisons are very much in order, but even before you do that, decide where you are going to put the new equipment you plan to buy. If your car dash has a cutout for an auto radio, then you'll be less than pleased to hear that there is no standardization. All that you can do is to take the measurements and make sure that the receiver you buy will fit. Also look behind the dash cutout. You'll probably find a jungle of wires there, so see if you can move them about enough to accommodate the receiver.

As an alternative, you may decide to put some audio equipment under the dash. If your in-dash receiver is AM only, you can add an FM receiver, or a cassette or cartridge player. With such equipment you will get a pair of side-mounting brackets. Some manufacturers also supply a rear-mounting bracket, which makes the equipment more rigidly mounted and somewhat less susceptible to theft. The trouble with an under-dash installation is that the equipment can interfere with free movement of your feet, and you will need to operate it using a touchy-feely method.

The main source of power in your car is the storage battery. In most American cars the negative or minus terminal of the battery is wired to the metal frame of the car. The frame is called "ground," so in this arrangement we have what is called a negative ground. If that is the setup in your car, always buy equipment that is intended for a car with a negative ground. Some contrary European cars have a grounded positive terminal, and for these be sure to buy equipment designed for a positive ground. Some receivers are equipped for use with either positive or negative ground. Almost all add-on tape players are for negative ground use only.

You can buy a car radio receiver with minimum features for less than \$30. Or, if you're in a spending mood, you can easily part with \$350. Most car radio receivers are in the under \$100 category. The lowest-cost sets are AM-only types and, surprisingly, you may have trouble finding one that suits your needs, since most sets made today are AM/FM. Some radio receiver manufacturers do not even offer AM-only sets.

Radio receivers can come equipped with pushbuttons for tuning in stations. These cost more than those using manual tuning only, and it is a little doubtful that pushbutton tuning is particularly desirable. You can use the buttons for picking up local stations to which they are pre-tuned, but once you are out on the road and traveling, they lose their function and become decorative only.

From a shopping point of view, you will find a greater selection of receivers if you decide on an AM/FM type. But once you make this decision, you haven't reached the end of your planning; rather the beginning. For now you must decide what features the receiver should have and whether it should or should not include a tape player. But at least you've made a start.

Martin Clifford

This is the first of a series describing what to look for, how to buy, and how to improve the quality of playback sound in your car, truck, van or RV.

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Rooting Around in Rock & Roll History

The Pirates:
Out of Their Skulls (Warner Bros.)
Johnny Burnette/Rock 'n Roll Trio:
Tear It Up! (Solid Smoke)
Robert Gordon with Link Wray:
Fresh Fish Special (Private Stock)

There was rock and roll in England before the Beatles, and not all of it was as insipid as some historians might have us believe. Among the hardest rockers of the early-Sixties British bands was the quartet known as Johnny Kidd and the Pirates. Their best-known single, a hit in the States for the Guess Who some years later, was the "Kidd" (Frederick Heath) composition, "Shakin' All Over." The tune, later still, became a staple in the Who repertoire. Kidd, alas, was not around to enjoy the renewed fame; he had been killed in a car crash at the height of his career. It was, as any Eddie Cochran fan will testify, an honorable way to go.

The Pirates remained, however, with guitarist Mick Green, one of the three chief homegrown influences on younger English players (the other, in case this ever comes up again, were Bert Weedon and the Shadows' Hank B. Marvin). "Influential" isn't always synonymous with "successful," however; during recent years, Green could be seen backing Engelbert Humperdinck — not even Tom Jones! — on the road.

Current interest in roots rock and roll has led to the reformation of the Pirates and an album that's already caused a bit of a stir in the British music press. Small wonder: their music is fresh, invigorating, full of hits, and highly distinctive. The album, half live and half studio-recorded, is well worth owning, and you'll be reading much about it elsewhere. So, on to other things. There's much ground to cover, yet.

What the other reviewers likely won't point out (too young, most of 'em), and what the British music press seems to have forgotten, is that despite their energy and skill the Pirates were and are no more than imitations of an earlier American band, the Rock 'n Roll Trio.

You can't really blame them for forgetting; the Trio were largely ignored in their day, though indirectly immediately familiar to contemporary audiences through such records as the Yardbirds' "Train Kept 'Rollin'," Foghat's "Honey, Hush," and various other spinoffs, all direct cops of Trio arrangements.

Members of the group were Johnny Burnette, on rhythm guitar and vocals, Dorsey Burnette, on bass and vocals, and the grossly-neglected Paul Burlison, on lead guitar. Drums and other instruments were added for recording purposes, though their contribution was minimal.

The Burnettes went on their own, as solo singers and writers and as composers of numerous songs for young Ricky Nelson. Burlison, the last I Dorsey Burnette still comes up with an occasional country hit; Johnny was killed in an early-Sixties boating accident.



Rock 'n Roll Trio (left to right): Johnny Burnette, Dorsey Burnette, Paul Burlison.

Solid Smoke Records, a new and tiny label, has acquired rights to the Trio's original performance (first issued on Coral in the mid-Fifties), in breathtaking mono, and issued them in a lovely package. Included are "Rollin'," "Hush," "Sweet Love on My Mind," "Rock Therapy" and 13 others, some previously unissued, and all quite rare.

Intensity and menace are the Burnettes' hallmarks; the album is rife with both. Fans of early rock will find it invaluable, as will young rock bands looking for ace material. From the sound of things, Aerosmith should buy the first copy.

(The Pirates' album contains versions of "Drinkin' Wine, Spo-Dee-O-Dee" and "Lonesome Train (on a Lonesome Track)" from the Trio's repertoire. If you like the new versions, you will be right comfortable with the Burnettes' music.)

Though Robert Gordon and Link Wray's second collaboration is chiefly a tribute to Elvis Presley, there is a throwaway nod to the Burnettes via an unimpressive shot at "Lonesome Train."

The clues to the Elvis tribute are, perhaps, the most interesting aspects of Gordon's album. Most obvious is the inclusion of the bluesy "I Want to Be Free," first heard in *Jailhouse Rock*. More subtle is the

inclusion of a new Bruce Springsteen composition, "Fire," that sounds once-removed from Presley's "Suspicion." Nice, too. Totally obscure are the album's title (what other prisoners called Presley's jailhouse haircut in *Rock*) and the cover lettering, of all things, the same . . . odd . . . combination of pink and green as on Presley's first album.

Musically, the album rates only as a nice try. Gordon's choice of songs is occasionally impressive — "Red Cadillac and a Black Moustache," originally cut by Warren Smith, is especially rewarding — and occasionally trite. "Sea Cruise" is strictly Sha Na Na stuff by this time, and the old Eddie Cochran hit, "20 Flight Rock" (first heard in *The Girl Can't Help It*) isn't Gordon's type at all. Better-suited are "Fire," Jack Scott's brooding "The Way I Walk," and Gene Vincent's 1957 "Five Days, Five Days." Wray's sensational guitar playing takes a subservient position to Gordon's guitar throughout; were there any justice, their roles would be reversed (on stage, it seems, justice generally prevails). Rob Stoner still hasn't sprung for lessons on the standup bass, which leads to another shortcoming. And yet, especially since there's not much contemporary competition, Gordon's and

Wray's album is a valuable step in the resurgence of interest in rockabilly that's already enveloped Europe and which stands as good a chance as any music of being the Next Big Thing here, as well.

Tear It Up can be purchased for \$6.50, postpaid, from Southern Record Sales, 5001 Reynard Avenue, La Crescenta, CA, 91214. Be sure to ask them for catalogues, as well. Southern, a specialists' shop, won't carry the Pirates or Gordon — too contemporary. Other stores, closer to your neighborhood, should be able to help you there.

Warren Phillips

Biff Rose:
Road Beef (Down Pat)
Dan Hicks:
It Happened One Bite (Warner Bros.)
Rupert Holmes:
Pursuit of Happiness (Private Stock)

Each of these three singer-songwriters lives all but literally in the past, and none has any good reason to be working and popular in 1978. Which is not to say that they lack merit, nor that they don't warrant your — or somebody's — attention.

I don't know (don't really care), but I suppose that Rose, Hicks and Holmes are all somewhere in their thirties. If true, that would mean that all were born within a few years of one another. Musically, though, they're decades apart.

Hicks' influences are the earliest: primitive American jug bands, the Quintet of the Hot Club of Paris with their Gallic swing, and maybe a touch or so of vaudeville. He and his Hot Licks were quite popular in certain largely collegiate circles until their breakup a few years back.

It Happened One Bite was recorded three years ago as the soundtrack for a Ralph Bakshi feature-length cartoon. The film was never released. Here, better late than never (trite, but apt) is Hicks' score. It's all full-length songs, no cues, overtures, effects or such, and holds up well enough as a unity. Several former Hot Licks are present: violinist Sid Page, guitarist John Gitton, and vocalist Maryanne Price among them. There's lots of singing, much of it cute without being overly precious; even more super instrumental work, largely acoustic, from Page's jazzy fiddle to Lyle Ritz's standup bass; and a couple of songs likely to remain favorites among Hicks' fans. One of them, a rarity in the singer's oeuvre in that he didn't compose it himself, is the ballad "Garden in the Rain," which dates back to 1929. Another is the pulsating, scatty "Crazy — 'Cause He Is." Hicks' duet with Price on "Lovers for Life" is another highlight. The entire package was produced by Tommy LiPuma, who's stood by Hicks for several years, always with sensitivity and taste.

Rose, once a frequent guest on Johnny Carson's show, comes on like a cocktail-lounge pianist with a couple of twists. One is that his highly-individualistic keyboard tickling hints at contemporary classical influences, though Rose is clearly a popular songwriter. Another is that he writes all of his own songs. Rose's voice, while fitting to the highly personal material, isn't really reason enough to pay him any mind. His piano work is more interesting, and a tasty contrast to the songs — reminiscent in that way of Mose Allison, who writes and sings down-home style while playing with a heavily bebop influence.

It's the tunes that bear listening to in this sparsely-produced, homegrown album. While a couple are simply rather nice love ballads, Rose is given to fits of whimsy that lead to lyrics like (in a song about porpoises) "You dolphins walk on water backwards. You've got that natural Christ-like

Zeitgeist," or tempt to rhyme.

The song solo, and playing the equivalent to sets, without nice, really.

Holmes is a rather of recognition presumably classically-trained. It didn't help writing and among other name two trator, Hol bit too mu particular when clas anybody? all. Holm program Manilow should



Dan Hicks

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Zeitgeist," or, in another tune, a shaky attempt to rhyme "alley" with "Vivaldi." It works.

The songs are played and sung by Rose, solo, and with no bands between tracks. Playing the album becomes a near-equivalent of sitting through one of his club sets, without the patter or applause. Quite nice, really.

Holmes titled his first album *Widescreen*, in a rather obvious attempt to garner some recognition among filmmakers, who would presumably wait in line to have the classically-trained musician score their films. It didn't happen, though he did wind up writing and producing for Barbra Streisand, among others (Sailor and John Miles, to name two). A fluent arranger and orchestrator, Holmes has sometimes tended to be a bit too much of a showoff for his own good, particularly at a time — the last few years — when classy MOR didn't really impress anybody; radio program directors least of all. Holmes has cleaned up his act, radio programmers are throwing in lots of Barry Manilow and others of that ilk, and the man should have something of a chance



Dan Hicks.

now. Working against him is a voice with no edge; he sounds like a commercial jingle singer. Technically, the guy's a whiz in the studio, and there is a lot of fine musicality and production value in the album, as well as some love songs that might be with us for a few years. Holmes is the most romantic of this unlikely trio, the most obviously "commercial," and perhaps the one with the biggest push behind him.

The Hicks and Holmes albums should be readily available through normal commercial channels. Those brave enough to seek out Rose, and to bear the distinction of owning what must be a severely limited-edition album, should write to him directly at Down Pat Records, 49 Thornton, Venice, CA 90291. Send him \$6 and — if you've held with me this far — you won't regret it.

Del Porter

Steve Young:
No Place to Fall (RCA)

Young's is perhaps the most achingly beautiful voice in contemporary music; next to him, Emmylou Harris sounds like Shirley Temple. Young has recorded, with most of Nashville's premier musicians, a set of songs that's long on worth if short on variety; most of them tend to mope along like Harris' most recent album. You must hear him, though, and if his reading of Steve Goodman's "I Can't Sleep," Bob Dylan's "Don't Think Twice," or J.J. Cale's "I've Got the Same Old Blues" doesn't get you, his own compositions, including the umpteenth recording of "Seven Bridges Road," surely will.

Del Porter

AMPERCHART

ROCK

1. **Saturday Night Fever**
Soundtrack/RSO
2. **The Stranger**
Billy Joel/Columbia
3. **Running on Empty**
Jackson Browne/Asylum
4. **News of the World**
Queen/Elektra
5. **Slowhand**
Eric Clapton/RSO
6. **Aje**
Steely Dan/ABC
7. **Foot Loose & Fancy Free**
Rod Stewart/Warner Bros.
8. **The Grand Illusion**
Sly/A&M
9. **Point of Know Return**
Kansas/Epic
10. **All n' All**
Earth, Wind & Fire/Columbia
11. **Even Now**
Barry Manilow/Arista
12. **Rumours**
Fleetwood Mac/Warner Bros.
13. **Double Live Gonzo**
Ted Nugent/Epic
14. **Weekend in L.A.**
George Benson/Warner Bros.
15. **Watermark**
Art Garfunkel/Columbia
16. **Street Survivors**
Lynyrd Skynyrd/MCA
17. **Out of the Blue**
Electric Light Orchestra/UA
18. **Funkentelechy Vs. the Placebo Syndrome**
Parliament/Casablanca
19. **Waylon & Willie**
Waylon Jennings & Willie Nelson/RCA
20. **Longer**
Dan Hill/20th Century
21. **Endless Wire**
Gordon Lightfoot/Warner Bros.
22. **Blue Light in the Basement**
Roberta Flack/Atlantic
23. **Street Player**
Rufus/Chaka Khan/ABC
24. **Thankful**
Natalie Cole/Capitol
25. **Little Criminals**
Randy Newman/Warner Bros.

- RECOMMENDED RECENT RELEASES**
- Fotomaker: What Do You Want From Love
 - Fotomaker/Atlantic: Tubes/A&M
 - Waiting for Columbus: Fresh Fish Special
 - Little Feat/Warner Bros.: Robert Gordon w/ Link Wray/Private Stock
 - Lonewolf: Earth
 - Michael Murphy/Epic: Jefferson Starship/Grunt/RCA
 - Van Halen: Van Halen/Warner Bros.: Be Bop Deluxe/Harvest
 - Drastic Plastic

JAZZ

1. **Weekend in L.A.**
George Benson/Warner Bros.
2. **Live at the Bijou**
Grover Washington Jr./Kudu
3. **Feels So Good**
Chuck Mangione/A&M
4. **Heads**
Bob James/Columbia
5. **Hold On**
Noel Pointer/United Artists
6. **Tequila Mockingbird**
Ramsey Lewis/Columbia
7. **Rainbow Seeker**
Joe Sample/ABC
8. **Herb Albert & Hugh Masekela**
Horizon
9. **The Path**
Ralph MacDonald/Marlin
10. **Punk In A Mason Jar**
Harvey Mason/Arista
11. **Inner Voices**
McCoy Tyner/Milestone
12. **Multiplication**
Eric Gale/Columbia
13. **Easy Living**
Sonny Rollins/Milestone
14. **Ruby, Ruby**
Gato Barbieri/A&M
15. **Action**
Blackbyrds/Fantasy

RECOMMENDED RECENT RELEASES

- Let's Do It: Roy Ayers/Polydor
- Headin' Home: Jimmy Owens/Horizon
- The Lonlon Monk at the Five Spot: Thelonus Monk/Milestone
- Stan Getz Gold: Inner City
- Love Will Find a Way: Pharoah Sanders/Arista
- The Mad Hatter: Chuck Corea/Polydor
- Rosewood: Woody Shaw/Columbia

SOUL

1. **Saturday Night Fever**
Soundtrack/RSO
2. **All n' All**
Earth, Wind & Fire/Columbia
3. **Weekend in L.A.**
George Benson/Warner Bros.
4. **Blue Lights in the Basement**
Parliament/Casablanca
5. **Funkentelechy Vs. the Placebo Syndrome**
Parliament/Casablanca
6. **Street Player**
Rufus/Chaka Khan/ABC
7. **Thankful**
Natalie Cole/Capitol
8. **Golden Time of the Day**
Maze featuring Frankie Beverly/Capitol
9. **Player of the Year**
Bootsy's Rubber Band/Warner Bros.
10. **Live at the Bijou**
Grover Washington, Jr./Kudu
11. **Flying High on Your Love**
Bar Kays/Mercury
12. **When You Hear Love, You've Heard It All**
Lou Rawls/Philadelphia Int'l.
13. **Galaxy**
War/MCA
14. **Chic**
Chic/Atlantic
15. **Dr. Buzzard's Original Savannah Band**
Meets King Pennet
RCA

RECOMMENDED RECENT RELEASES

- Stargard: Stargard/MCA
- At His Best: Eddie Kendricks/Tamla
- Eruption (Featuring Precious Wilson): Arista/Columbia
- Voyage: Dexter Wansel/Philadelphia Int'l.

COUNTRY

1. **Waylon & Willie**
Waylon Jennings & Willie Nelson/RCA
2. **Ten Years of Gold**
Kenny Rogers/UA
3. **Here You Come Again**
Dolly Parton/RCA
4. **Quarter Moon in a Ten Cent Town**
Emmylou Harris/Warner Bros.
5. **Simple Dreams**
Linda Ronstadt/Asylum
6. **Take This Job and Shove It**
Johnny Paycheck/Epic
7. **We Must Believe in Magic**
Crystal Gayle/UA
8. **Y'all Come Back Saloon**
Oak Ridge Boys/ABC/Dot
9. **It Was Almost Like a Song**
Ronnie Milsap/RCA
10. **Georgia Keeps Pulling on My Ring**
Conway Twitty/MCA
11. **Elvis in Concert**
Elvis Presley/RCA
12. **Love Is Just a Game**
Larry Gatlin/Monument MG
13. **Daytime Friends**
Kenny Rogers/UA
14. **The Beat of the Statter Bros.**
Mercury
15. **Ol' Waylon**
Waylon Jennings/RCA

RECOMMENDED RECENT RELEASES

- Someone Loves You Honey: Charley Pride/RCA
- Out of My Head and Back in My Bed: Loretta Lynn/MCA
- Five on the Mountaint: Charlie Daniels Band/Epic

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