



Grin and bear it

Floyd Vinson manages a smile (or is it a grimace) when caught doing bench presses at the Seaton Center yesterday. Vinson is an accounting sophomore.

Carroll budget requests new neonatal funding

By RICHARD McDONALD
Kernel Staff Writer

The University Hospital will receive more than \$3 million to expand and pay operating costs of its neonatal care unit if Gov. Julian Carroll's biennial budget is approved by the General Assembly.

Carroll also asked the legislators for more than \$1.5 million for staffing and equipping similar units in 14 Kentucky communities. The budget proposal follows more than two years of often intense public attention focused on the UK neonatal unit. In 1975, some Central Kentucky public officials began to call for expansion of the unit, which is responsible for providing care for critically ill babies in the eastern half of the state.

University Hospital is one of three hospitals in the state which provide the highest level of care—tertiary—for the infants. The other two hospitals are in Louisville.

In 1976, the UK unit was expanded from 17 to 23 beds. Last year, eight more beds were added. However, the 31 beds were often filled and sick newborns had to be taken by ambulance to hospitals in Cincinnati, Knoxville and Huntington.

This was the situation on Nov. 23 last year when premature twin boys died in an ambulance north of Lexington. The babies were born in Whitesburg, a small town near the Kentucky-Virginia border about 100 miles southeast of Lexington. The infants were being taken to Cincinnati since all facilities in the eastern two-thirds of Kentucky were filled.

The twins' deaths caused renewed public interest in the care available to critically ill infants in the state. There were calls for expansion of the UK facilities and for the establish-

ment of intermediate care units throughout the state. Intermediate units provide care for sick infants who don't need the level of attention provided in the state's three tertiary units.

Carroll's proposal provides \$1.5 million for an additional 20 beds at UK and the same amount for intermediate care units in Ashland, Bowling Green, Covington, Elizabethtown, Frankfort, Harlan, Hazard, Henderson, Madisonville, Morehead, Paducah, Richmond and Somerset.

Judge T. Calton, University Hospital director, says that while no definite plans have been made for the new beds at UK, most of them will be in operation "by the end of the fiscal year."

The hospital now has 12 tertiary care units, 11 intermediate units and eight beds for newborns requiring less intensive care, called convalescent units. Calton said that in the first phase of the expansion, eight tertiary and two intermediate care beds would be added.

Calton said the additional beds may cause the hospital to eliminate other patient care facilities. Presently, the neonatal care facilities are in three separate locations in the hospital building.

"Ultimately," said Calton, "we will consolidate all the beds into one central location when we are able to build an addition to the hospital." Calton said there has been preliminary talk about such an addition.

Consolidating the units would allow more efficient use of personnel. Presently, 52 nurses are assigned to the neonatal unit. According to Calton, the new beds would require approximately the same level of staffing. This means

that about 33 more nurses would be assigned to the unit.

Also included in the Carroll budget is almost \$2 million for staffing the unit over two years. According to Dr. Peter Bosomworth, vice president for the medical center, the high cost of operation of such beds is one reason for the reluctance of hospitals to install the infant care units.

Bosomworth said UK recovers only 45 percent of the cost of operation from the neonatal patients' families. Bosomworth said Medicaid and private insurance plans will not pay for the entire treatment period many critically ill babies need. Medicaid pays only for the first 31 days of treatment.

Although some people have criticized the governor's appropriation as being too small, Bosomworth said the amount budgeted is "more than adequate to accomplish the objectives set forth for UK. We are very happy with the governor's budget."

Ironically, some people have said the UK appropriation is too large. These critics have said that 51 beds aren't needed at UK since many of the children near the state's borders are closer to hospitals in other states than they are to Lexington.

Much of this criticism is based on a 1975 report by a study group of the Blue Grass Health Planning Council which said 45 neonatal beds are necessary to serve the eastern half of Kentucky.

Bosomworth, however, dismissed this criticism. He said the study has been amended and now states that more than 45 beds are needed.

"Anyone," Bosomworth said, "familiar with the issue will know that these 51 beds (at UK) will be fully utilized."

Growing pains?

Bowled stadium unlikely soon as officials explore expansion

By DEBBIE McDANIEL
Kernel Staff Writer

UK football fans may someday cheer the Wildcats to victory from within a bowl-shaped Commonwealth Stadium, but cautious officials, lack of ownership and several costly construction problems within the stadium have brought expansion discussions to a standstill.

Athletic Association officials now predict a waiting period of between two and four years before making a decision on expanding end zone seating. During this time, officials will study the financial feasibility of the project, which would add 12,000 seats to the 58,000 seat structure. Expansion talk began after the sixth-ranked Wildcats 10-1 season sold out the stadium for the second

consecutive season. The Athletic Association hopes to determine the probability of future sell-outs that would justify spending over \$3 million for the relatively small number of seats.

UK Architect and Director of Design and Construction Clifton Marshall said the stadium's original architectural firm, Finch-Heery of Atlanta—which specializes in stadium construction—would probably be consulted.

The \$9 million stadium, completed in Sept. 1973, was "masterplanned to add 20,000 permanent seats," said Marshall, to replace the present bleachers. He estimated construction costs for the additional seats at "\$3,323,975" through September, with an annual ten percent price increase after this year.

Assistant Athletics Director Larry Ivy said, "We would bid the job completion date between the end of the last football game and the opening of the next season," allowing a construction period of less than one year to prevent interruption of the football season.

The actual construction would involve tearing down the 8,000 bleacher seats, connecting the two grandstands in a bowl shape and the construction of 20,000 metal end zone seats.

UK Athletics Director Cliff Hagan said the expansion, "becomes very expensive if you're duplicating seats you already have." He added that a decision involving such large sums of money "isn't anything you jump into."

Continued on back page

Bakke case to be discussed

By LYNNE FUNK
Kernel Staff Writer

A controversial court case that may have far-reaching implications for minority admissions to graduate programs will be discussed at UK Friday.

"The Bakke Case: Reverse Discrimination or Equal Opportunity?" will be the topic for a colloquium to be held Friday from 2 p.m. to 5 p.m. in the College of Law Courtroom.

The colloquium, sponsored by the political science department, the office of the Vice President for Minority Affairs and the College of Law is open to the public. Admission will be free.

Participants will be Herbert Hill, former national labor director of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People (NAACP) and professor of Afro-American studies at the University of Wisconsin; Terrance Sandow, University of Michigan law professor and specialist in human relations and urban government and Allan Sindler, dean of the graduate school of public policy at University of California at Berkeley.

Dr. Sidney Ulmer, UK political science professor, will introduce the case and moderate the discussion. Each participant will have about 20 minutes to present his case, followed

by a chance to respond to the other panelists' comments.

"The floor will then be opened for audience participation. 'We anticipate much audience interaction, because (the case) raises the kind of questions that get people heated,'" said George Gadbois, a political science associate professor who organized the colloquium.

Allan Bakke, who is white, applied to the Medical School of the University of California at Davis in 1973 and 1974.

Admission was denied, with Bakke alleging that he was rejected because of his race. He also charged the university with applying preferential standards of admission to minority students and the separate standards resulted in the acceptance of minority applicants less qualified than himself.

The University said the minority status of applicants is only one factor in selection of students and that the purpose of the program is to promote diversity. Without special admissions, the school contended, few minority applicants would be admitted.

The Supreme Court of California ruled in favor of Bakke, holding that the special admissions program violates constitutional rights of non-minority applicants since it gives preference on the basis of race to

persons who, by the University's own standards, were not as qualified as those denied admission.

The Board of Regents of the university appealed the decision to the U.S. Supreme Court last year. The case is now pending.

"The issue has divided liberals in this country," Gadbois said. "Every black group supports UC—Davis, but it's not the usual split among other organizations."

The case is probably the most important civil rights case since Brown vs. the Board of Education in 1954, Ulmer said.

But it is not a good test case, said Gadbois and Ulmer, because of the structure of the University of California's special admissions program. That program reserves 16 places for minority students, effectively establishing a quota for non-minority students, Ulmer said.

If the Supreme Court hands down a decision, the presence of quotas would limit the effect of the case, Ulmer said.

It is possible that the Supreme Court will attempt to avoid deciding the case on constitutional grounds and try to have the case settled by the Congress, Gadbois said.

"If statutes are used to decide the case, it will be less of a landmark case," Gadbois said.

today

inside

LIKE THE SWALLOWS with Capistrano and Douglas MacArthur with the Philippines, George Allen will return to the Los Angeles Rams. See the story on page 5.

state

THREE STRIKING COAL MINERS were arrested yesterday after a "slight confrontation" with Kentucky state police at a non-union mine in Harlan County, said Capt. Edgar Moss, commander of the state police post at Harlan.

About 70 United Mine Workers pickets, wearing helmets and armed with clubs, gathered near the non-union Karst Robbins Mine on Kentucky 39 near Braden's Creek, Moss said.

Rocks were thrown at cars in which the non-union miners were going to work, he said.

A 20-YEAR-OLD Ohio man was in critical condition at University Hospital yesterday, 19 days after a snow storm left him stranded without food in a barn in rural Mercer County, officials said.

Tim Caine was thought to have been hitchhiking to a relative's home when he sought refuge from the storm Jan. 13, Mercer Co. sheriff's deputies said. He was rushed here from Haggin Memorial Hospital in Harrodsburg. A UK Medical Center spokesman said Caine was suffering from frostbite.

A Mercer Co. sheriff's deputy said Caine was "frozen stiff as a board" when he was found.

nation

PRESIDENT CARTER SAID last night he would not hesitate to send U.S. troops to defend the Panama Canal—and I have no doubt that even in sustained combat we would be successful.

In a nationally broadcast and televised "fireside chat," Carter said approval of the Panama Canal treaty is "in the highest national interest of the United States and will strengthen our position in the world."

But Carter said the treaty to yield control of the waterway to Panama in the year 2000 would diminish the risk of any need for armed intervention to defend it.

THE STRIKE BY 158,000 United Mine Workers goes into its 59th day today, tying a record for the union's longest nationwide walkout as it drains the nation's energy reserves and evokes memories of the longest strike of the past.



ARNOLD MILLER

Even if a settlement is reached immediately, the walkout will set a record, because the UMW ratification process requires 10 days.

The strike has halted nationwide coal production, and power companies serving Maryland, Ohio, Kentucky, Virginia and West Virginia have asked customers to cut back electricity use.

world

EGYPTIAN PRESIDENT ANWAR SADAT huddled with American mediator Alfred Atherton in Cairo yesterday to lay down the groundwork for summit talks in Washington which Egyptian sources said would be "vital" to keeping the peace process alive.

The meeting in Sadat's Nile-side villa in Giza "provided the opportunity for a broad review of a full range of issues" that the Egyptian leader will be discussing with President Carter this weekend, an American spokesman said.

Atherton, the assistant U.S. secretary of state who picked up the threads of negotiations after the Israeli-Egyptian political talks in Jerusalem unraveled Jan. 16, brought what he called "new ideas" from Israel for Egyptian inspection.

weather

SNOW ENDING TODAY. Mostly cloudy tonight. Partly sunny tomorrow. Highs today in the mid to upper 20's. Lows tonight in the mid to upper teens. Precipitation chances 30 percent today.

KENTUCKY Kernel

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Higher education panel needs student member

It's time to add a student member to the state Council on Higher Education.

That proposal has been advocated recently by student government leaders at the several state universities, including UK's Jim Newberry. But support for changing the council's makeup has received little support in the state legislature or from council members. Council executive director Harry Snyder has recommended that student input be accomplished through a committee, and not from a council seat.

First-hand student opinion, though, would be an important addition to the council. Although they comprise the majority of people who live or work on campuses, students have no direct voice in the decisions that affect higher education.

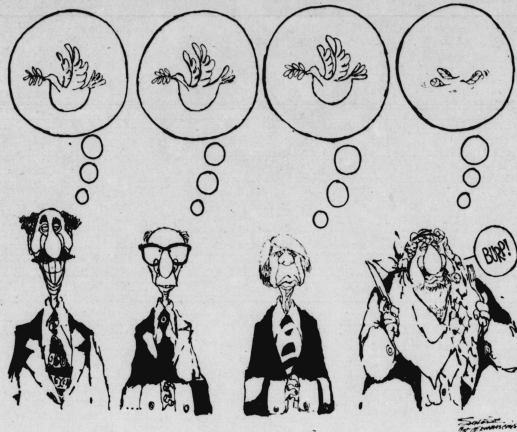
A student council member selected by student governments from all Kentucky campuses would be able to serve as that voice. He would be able to report on student concerns and opinions on many key issues: construction priorities, effects of low

faculty salaries, inadequate programs and budget recommendations.

There is ample precedent for having student members belong to administrative boards. The UK Board of Trustees, for example, now includes the Student Government President as a member.

The council on higher education is now composed of 11 voting "lay members" and ten non-voting members: the eight college presidents and two state education officials. Some argue that if a student were added to the council, seats would also have to be given to representatives of employees and faculty.

Opponents of a student representative to the council say students do not remain on campus long enough to warrant representation. But this transitory status is precisely the reason that students need to be represented. They need a voice to protect their interests, to speak against officials who would ignore them because they're only around for four years.



One last diagnosis What's wrong with the 70's?

Another one has started to crank up. This is 1978, if I'm not mistaken. You can never be sure, these last few years have been running together like the afternoon soap, with no line of demarcation. In fact, a friend of mine has been signing everything with "1972" since 1973, the year had passed unnoticed until he grew too bold and reversed the last two numbers. His banks insisted that they did not owe him back interest from 1927.



john
cooke

In this first column of the year, I would like to talk about one of the most pressing issues of the seventies, the sixties.

The absence of (or perhaps aversion to) a pervasive esprit de corps these days is at least confusing for the survivors of the 60's. I wonder at times if the vitality of ten years ago was ever there at all. True, it was too often a brutal and bloody time, but there seemed to be some sort of guiding fiction. Wandering through this desiccated decade of disco, 'ludes, post-Watergate disillusionment, and polyester ennu, incidents like the Chicago convention seem compelling in hysteria.

There have been many compelling theories put forth attempting to

explain the 60's (or 70's, depending on your perspective). I would like to talk about a few of the more convincing ones.

The parallel between the 70's and the 50's as periods of reactionary restoration following a war is the most obvious and most tedious explanation. True, the 40's and 60's were times of war, but so were the 10's and who can call the 20's staid? Also, the 70's followed the 50's. Hopefully we learn a bit from our mistakes. Just look at a few episodes of "Ozzie and Harriet" or "Father Knows Best" and you are bound to sense something sinister.

The next theory attributes the attitudes of the 60's to a demographic imbalance due to the Baby Boom after WWII. During the 60's, the larger part of the population was in their twenties. The nation was infused with their buoyant and naive optimism. Conversely, the bulge in the graph is now firmly entrenched in their thirties and beyond, grappling with the concerns of family and career. The idealism has been superceded with the pragmatic escapism of the suburban purgatory.

One often hears the smug declaration that the media created and sustained the Hip Myth. This is an interesting one, as it seems that the media has created and sustained just about every other modern myth. However, since I heard this on the tube, it presents a bit of a problem, not unlike the chicken and the egg.

The most allegorical supposition is that the 60's was a great session of lovmaking and the 70's is the inevitable period of post-coital recovery. Now, we must come to terms with what seems to be national impotence.

The last possible explanation I would like to pass on is the most creative—and the most depressing. It must have surfaced out of the solipsist hell of some drug-gobbling nihilist (I guess we all need to cut down a bit). According to this theory, the world was destroyed in a nuclear hdocast in the early 70's. My own explanation is as muddled as the corporate tax laws and just as full of loopholes. It seems to me, though, that the strength of the 60's was also its greatest weakness: that was its obsessiveness. The inability to look to the future left us with no future.

I suggest we write off the 70's to experience. It is a shame that we had to spend some of our life in a wasteland. There have, however, been some positive things, like calculators and...

I have no great love for the 60's; nor do I regard them as inviolable. The only reason to indulge nostalgia is to escape from a vacuous present. There is no need to exhume the Summer of Love. The 80's are almost upon us. Hopefully, this is not the leap into oblivion.

John Cooke's column will appear each Thursday.

Letters to the Editor

Assessing Carter

In the wake of the criticism and decreasing popularity of President Carter after a year in office, it is important that our early assessment of his presidency be balanced and cast in a reasonable perspective.

Although there is ample criticism of all aspects of Carter's administration, I am concerned about the criticism in four areas. It is said that he has moved too quickly in proposing new legislation. It has been noted that he has a poorly balanced and even dangerous foreign policy, particularly in regard to the Panama Canal. It is also said that after a year his energy package is as yet unadopted and significantly modified. Lastly there is a great deal of concern about his stand on human rights. These four areas of criticism overlap a great deal and are related on several levels.

In regard to the criticism of Carter for proposing too much legislation for Congress to handle, it is apparent that beneath the surface this is really a criticism of Congress for its inability to act quickly and efficiently on substantial amounts of important legislation without either becoming bogged down or at an impasse. Although Carter has made minor errors in dealing with the Washington establishment he cannot be held responsible for congressional sluggishness.

Carter's foreign policy is well balanced and hardly dangerous. We are closer than ever to a SALT agreement despite superficial disagreements with the Soviet Union on other issues. Because U.S. foreign policy has the underlying human rights agenda, our relations with the free world are improving

and a number of countries such as South Korea, Paraguay, Brazil, and the Philippines are toning down their military dictatorships. Over the long term we should expect improvement in other tyrannies such as Iran and South Africa as a result of this policy. It is certainly not Carter's fault that there is a deep conservatism in the U.S. about the Panama Canal. Negotiations for a new treaty have been going on under the last three presidencies. Carter has had the courage the other presidents did not have to openly negotiate a suitable alternative to our current colonial control of the Canal.

Lastly there is a rather schizophrenic criticism of Carter for his energy policy. It became clear during the Arab boycott that Americans could not continue to use petro-energy at ever growing levels. After a brief panic the country has settled back into complacent consumption. When at last we get a president who recognizes both short and long term energy objectives, we criticize him because we realize that any energy policy will result in a minor change in lifestyle. Again our blame is misplaced because in fact the general population is responsible for our current energy dilemma. In our addition to automobiles and our good life we have failed to realize the limits of energy resources and the complex international issues involved in energy acquisition. As Carter has pointed out, we can either begin energy planning now and forestall another international boycott or we can just wait until the crisis stage and deal with it then.

Have we forgotten that only six years ago this country had a megalomaniac in power who had no regard for human rights, few friends in Congress if any, no energy policy, and such a low regard for the third

world that he singlehandedly destroyed all the progress made under the previous two administrations. Any criticism of the Carter administration should be made in the context of the past two Republican administrations. Even after a year Carter's administration is still like a breath of fresh air.

Mark W. Lusk
Graduate Student

No room to run

Every year the scene repeats itself. Each day hundreds of athletes converge on the Seaton Center in order to compete with each other. Regrettably, most of the struggle involves getting to play. Of course, crowded conditions there are hardly news.

However, the severe weather is compelling more people, especially runners, to train indoors. Picture the chaos of a dozen or more people trying to run laps through a maze of an additional hundred people waiting to play basketball. Also, rarely does everyone run in the same direction, causing even greater risk of personal injury. It is clearly a senseless situation which neither group should have to endure.

I thought that perhaps, somewhere in this great university, there is another indoor track that could be made available to students. If there already is one, where is it? I suppose it is pointless to suggest that UK make maximum use of all its facilities, such as Memorial Coliseum, since this would cost more money, and the problem will go away in a couple of months anyway. Just because Western and Murray allow students in their main gyms, why should UK?

Dale Nason
Arts and Sciences Senior

Letters Policy

The Kentucky Kernel welcomes letters and commentaries submitted for publication. Articles must include the signature, address, phone number, year and major if the writer is a student. Commentary authors should have expertise or experience in the area their article pertains to. The Kernel editors have final decision on which articles are published and when they are published. The editors reserve the right to edit submissions

because of unsuitability in length, grammatical errors, or libelous statements. All letters and commentaries become the property of the Kernel.

The best-read letters are brief and concern campus events, though commentaries should be short-essay length. Letters and commentaries can be mailed to the Editorial Editor, Room 114, Journalism Building, University of Ky, 40508, or may be delivered personally.

Deserves congratulation SG President praises Senate action, achievements

By JIM NEWBERRY

One of the most maligned campus organizations in recent times has been the student senate. Charges such as apathy, verbosity and neglect have on more than one occasion been levied against the Senate. But this year, the Senate needs a word or two of congratulation for the outstanding job they have done in serving UK students.

This is not to say that this year's Senate is without fault. Certainly some of the problems which have afflicted Senates in the past linger this year. No one can argue that this

Senate has quickly resolved procedural problems, nor can it be said that all Senators refrain from redundant debate during meetings. Probably some students' needs have been accidentally overlooked. Unfortunately, some senators have failed to take their responsibilities seriously; consequently, this Senate has had its share of purgations.

But there are a number of items which the Senate can point with great pride.

Senate committees have reviewed among other things the status of student advisory committees and the problems of campus lighting and busing.

The Senate has offered students a sound life insurance program, the Student Buying Power Card, the campus directory, campus voter registration, a lobbying effort at the General Assembly, the campus blood program, and other services.

Two other examples of Senate action, however, best indicate the Senate's dedication to serving UK students.

At its Dec. 6 meeting, the Senate was confronted with the possibility that the popular book exchange would not be held because of increased costs and a lack of volunteer labor. The Senate not only voted to

approve the necessary funds for the Book Exchange but also volunteered 89 hours of their time on Dec. 7, 8 and 9 in order to prevent the failure of the exchange.

Not in recent memory has a Senate been willing to take such direct action in order to provide a service requested by some students. Unfortunately, the senators received few thanks for their work.

Another excellent example of the Student Senate's dedication is the recent change in the University's withdrawal policy. You may remember that last spring the University approved a new withdrawal policy which provoked the

ire of many students. As a result, the withdrawal policy became a major issue in Student Government elections with candidates pledging their best efforts to revise the newly established policy.

During the fall semester, college senators made a concerted effort to revise the withdrawal policy in a manner which would prove more satisfactory to students. After weeks of diligent work, the student members of the University Senate found themselves to be successful.

In light of strong opposition by various faculty members, the success of the student senators was a rare, but deserved accom-

plishment. As a result of the senators' efforts, students will have eight weeks to decide whether or not they wish to remain in a class — a period twice as long as would otherwise have been possible.

These accomplishments take a great effort on the part of these students who serve as student senators, yet I sometimes wonder whether or not anyone cares. Perhaps not, but I just want to say thanks to the Student Senate for a job well done.

Jim Newberry is Student Government President and is a former student senator.

Staff survey almost done

By GREGG FIELDS
Copy Editor

The deadline for returning the Health Information Survey Subcommittee's questionnaire on employee health insurance has been extended to Feb. 10.

The survey, which has been given to some 8,400 UK employees, is designed to find out what alterations employees think would improve

their health insurance programs.

The University presently pays \$12.55 per month per employee for health coverage from Blue Cross-Blue Shield. This provides "Option Three" coverage, the second most comprehensive type of coverage available for a single person.

For a family, Option Three coverage costs \$32.99 per month.

One of the more innovative possibilities discussed in the questionnaire is the formation of a Health Maintenance Organization (HMO) for UK employees.

An HMO is a health service organization where coverage is available on a prepaid basis, similar to the UK Student Health Service. The Hunter Foundation on N. Upper Street is now the city's only HMO.

Jean Cox, University Health Service administrator, was the head of the subcommittee that drew up the survey. Cox said that it is not known what the employees' costs in such a program would be, but similar plans at Harvard, Yale and the University of Massachusetts have proven successful.

"We haven't any idea (what the costs would be)," Cox said. "We just want to get some idea of how much interest there is in such a program."

Cox added that although federal grants for feasibility studies of HMO's were available during the Ford Administration, it is not

known if such grants will be continued during the Carter Administration.

The insurance survey was sent to virtually all UK employees affected by the program, said Cox, because the subcommittee thought maximum input, rather than a sampling, would best serve its goals.

The subcommittee hopes to have the results of the survey tabulated by March 1.

Originally, the subcommittee hoped to have all the surveys returned by Friday, Jan. 27. However, UK Personnel Division Office Director Bruce Miller, who is in charge of distributing the survey, said distribution was hindered by bad weather and class cancellations.

Transsexual puzzles court

CHARLOTTE, N.C. (AP)—When is a masseuse not a woman? Apparently when she used to be a man. Charlotte has a law against persons of one sex massaging those of the opposite. But a masseuse who had a male-to-

female operation escaped charges twice in recent weeks because court officials couldn't figure out whether the defendant was a man or a woman.

Thus, they couldn't say just

what the opposite sex would be.

Assistant District Attorney Michael F. Toyser said he granted a dismissal of the latest charge last week rather than get tied up in court. "It becomes a matter of priorities. The question is, did we want to spend a day or two in court determining if this defendant was a male or female, and the answer is no. Legally, it's a question that is unanswerable."

District Attorney Peter S. Gilchrist said he thinks the problem will work itself out. "I think if the word gets out that people giving massages have had sex change operations," he said, "the average male won't show up."

SG revises contract

By JACK WAINWRIGHT
Kernel Staff Writer

The passage of a bill calling for a new campus telephone directory was the main order of business in the Tuesday night meeting of the Student Senate.

The number of pages for departmental listings and general information in the new directories will be increased from the present 36 to 46. In addition, 6000 more directories will be printed. These increases represent a

deviation from the original contract, signed in 1974.

The senate's next meeting will be on Feb. 13 at 3 p.m. in the Student Center Lounge. The proposed new admission policy in the College of Nursing will be discussed.

Jim Newberry, Student Government president, advised the SG senators to "look over the (admission policy) proposal carefully." According to Newberry, admission to the nursing college will be decided by random selection.

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U.K. Student Government Blood Donor Week

Mon. & Tues. Feb. 6 & 7
Wed. & Thurs. Feb. 8 & 9
Student Center Ballroom 10 to 4
Complex Commons 2 to 9

WHITEWAY LAUNDRIES

WELCOME ALL U.K. STUDENTS AND FACULTY

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PLACEMENT INTERVIEWS

The U.S. Navy has announced openings during the 1977 academic year for the following:

POSITION	FIELD/RELATED MAJOR	STARTING SALARY
Tech. Assistants	Math, Physics, Chem	\$10,800
Public Relations	Mod. Admin.	\$12,300
Business Managers	Elem. Bus. Adm. Bus.	\$10,800
Tech. Assistants	Engr. Math, Phys., Chem	\$12,300
Business Officers	Mod. Admin.	\$11,600
General Administrators	Mod. Admin.	\$11,600
Administrative	Lang., Phil., Lit., Law	\$10,800
ENY	Navy	\$10,800

Contact the University of Kentucky Placement Office for interview appointments on February 8 & 9, 1978. If unable to interview at these times call U.S. Navy Officer Programs COLLECT at 223 2421.

GENERAL CINEMA THEATRES

ALL CINEMAS \$1.50 TIL 2:30 P.M. EXCEPT "PLANET EARTH"

FAYETTE MALL **LATE GREAT PLANET EARTH**
Times: 1:00-3:00 / 5:00-7:00
No Passes. No Bargain Matinee. ORSON WELLES. HALL LINDSEY

FAYETTE MALL **THE CHOIRBOYS**
From the outrageous No.1 Best-Seller
4TH BIG WEEK!
Times: 2:00-4:30 / 7:00-9:30
No Passes. Starring RICHARD DREYFUSS

TURFLAND MALL **CLOSE ENCOUNTERS**
HELDOVER: WE ARE NOT ALONE
Times: 2:00 / 4:30-7:00 / 9:30
No Passes. OF THE THIRD KIND
Starring RICHARD DREYFUSS



TURFLAND MALL **THE BAD NEWS BREAKING TRAINING** **PLUS THE BAD NEWS**
ALL NEW
Times: 3:00-5:30 / 7:30-10:00
No Passes.

It's Your Night at **playback**
the electronic playground
FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 3
Check Friday's Kernel for details

ENCOUNTER
DR. J. ALLEN HYNEK
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arts

Lexington photographer's work get recognition in campus exhibit

By LYNNE FUNK
Kernel Staff Writer

Many Lexingtonians have never heard the name Ralph Eugene Meatyard, although he was an acclaimed photographer who lived in Lexington for 22 years.

When Meatyard died of cancer in 1972, his work had already been exhibited in dozens of shows across the country. In fact, his photographs are included in the collections of the Smithsonian Institute and the Museum of Modern Art.

"He was rare among American photographers in that he was not obsessed with his own image in the world. He could therefore live in perfect privacy in a rotting Kentucky town," wrote Guy Davenport in the book *Ralph Eugene Meatyard*.

Lexington was oblivious to Meatyard, and he was unobtrusive in the city. When he came here in 1956, by way of Normal, Ill., the Navy and Chicago, he worked for Tindler-Krauss-Tindler opticians. That same year he bought his first camera to take pictures of his newborn son. He opened his own shop in 1967, Eyeglasses of Ken-

tucky, in Imperial Plaza shopping center. He lived on Kingsway Drive off Richmond Road.

But if Lexington never noticed Meatyard, his vision developing here was penetrating. Ninety-nine of his images are now on exhibit in the University Art Gallery, offering the UK community an overdue chance to find out what this man saw that the rest of us have missed.

Several sorts of photographs comprise the show. Most of the images stand in direct contrast to these tranquil examples. Many of the subjects in this third kind of photograph are posed wearing masks, producing an extremely disconcerting effect. Dismembered dolls show up as props in many of the photos, startling the viewer past the easy assumptions about "reality" that are reinforced in many photographs.

Part of Meatyard's obsession with masks in his later photographs is explained in the mind twister he spoke to Thomas Meyer, "Am I looking at a mask or am I the mask being looked at?"

The tremendous, deliberate, but undefined presence in the mask photographs is unsettling, conjuring up thoughts like "What is Meatyard saying about these people or about me?"

"Perhaps his images could be described as questions never to be answered which confront the viewer," wrote Allan Porter of *Camera magazine*.

Others express their reactions to Meatyard's work.

Arnold Gassen wrote, "Even when we do not understand (the images), often we are moved by them and must admit their special energy."

"These pictures invite us to be on the verge of surprise, where fear accompanies delight," wrote Wendell Berry.

"Looking at his pictures, I am aware that my basic assumptions about reality are being tampered with. I turn from the photographs to my surroundings, feeling that what I see is not all that is there."

Through his photographs, Meatyard has shared his perception of what is there, which pros deeper than many care to look. Blurred images, ghostly figures, the themes of floating, flying and fleeing, might just the viewer past his normal range of sight.

Danger, shadow, mystery, uncertainty, dreams, thread through the images, making many hard to forget.

Ralph Eugene Meatyard: A Retrospective is open from noon to 5 p.m. at the Art Gallery in the Fine Arts building, through Feb. 12.

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the electronic playground
FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 3
Check Friday's Kernel for details

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In early February a training session for new volunteers and an evaluative session for volunteers from last semester
CALL 278-2036 or 255-0467

'Barber' opens Friday

The comic opera "The Barber of Seville," opens tomorrow at the Lexington Opera House.

Presented by the UK School of Music, the opera is directed by Phyllis Jenness. Phillip Miller conducts the University orchestra, an extremely talented group.

Performance times are 8 p.m. Friday, 2 p.m. Saturday, and 8 p.m. Sunday.

The opera, first performed in 1816 in Rome, is the story of Figaro, a barber, who Jones, Fayette County music teacher, as Dr. Bartolo; the romance of Rosina and Count Almaviva to flourish by-

foiling the attempts of the jealous guardian Bartolo. Cast for the opera include William Whitesides, a member of the University of Louisville's voice faculty, as Count Almaviva. Prof. Phillip Miller has performed over 100 roles in the opera and oratorio, in the United States and Europe.

Other members of the cast include Howard Ray, a UK senior from Louisville; Curtis Jones, Fayette County music teacher, as Dr. Bartolo; Melissa Turner, UK senior from Mayville, as Rosina;

HILLEL FOUNDATION
UK's Jewish Organization invites you to an
OPEN HOUSE
Sunday, February 5, 12:30 p.m.
Complex Commons Piano Room
Rabbi Leffler speaks on mysticism in the Bible
Food served will be Milchik (Free)
SUN OR SNOW
apologies to those who trekked over last Sunday

Photo works exhibited

An exhibition of photographs will be presented in the Radzell Gallery in the Student Center through Friday, Feb. 3.

The exhibition features the work of photographers Deborah Herdt, Jeffrey L. Wagner, and Joe S. Daniels. Gallery hours are 11 a.m. to 7 p.m. daily.

The RUSH is ON

Now's the time to sign up for Spring Open Rush.

Register at 575 Patterson Office Tower, or call for information at 257-2651

Eugene McCarthy
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K sports

Kats snap brief slump, turn Marshall blue, 93-43

By BRIAN RICKERD
Kernel Staff Writer

The Green Gals of Marshall University came to Memorial Coliseum last night, but left colored blue as Kentucky's Lady Kats overwhelmed them 93-43.

Overmatched does not sufficiently describe the plight of the Green Gals. UK's Liz Lukschu started the barrage with a short jumper after 30 seconds of play, and Marshall never came closer than a 2.2 tie.

The Lady Kats, playing sluggish at times, still held a 44-38 halftime margin. The Green Gals came no

closer than 16 at 44-28 after intermission when the Kats exploded, outscoring Marshall 49-9 over a 13-minute span.

Marshall shot only 23 percent for the game, 17 percent for the second half. The game featured the sharp return of Pam Browning, who has been suffering one of the worst slumps of her career at Kentucky. Browning led the team with 16 points, on six of 11 attempts from the field and four of five at the charity stripe, and 12 rebounds.

"She's anemic," explained UK coach Debbie Yow afterward. "It's been bothering

her for about a month. But she has started eating again and she'll get stronger. She needed a game like this."

Browning was followed in scoring by Janet Timperman and Geri Grigsby with 14 points apiece while Liz Lukschu and Linda Edelman tallied 10 points each.

The Lady Kats, now 13-8, will get a much needed rest before returning to action next Wednesday night against archrival Western at Memorial Coliseum. The Lady Toppers defeated UK 84-82 Monday night in Bowling Green.

"We'll really be up for that one," Yow said.

Allen gets second chance in LA

LOS ANGELES (AP)—George Allen took over again as coach of the Los Angeles Rams yesterday, saying that getting to the Super Bowl was the number one objective and adding, "I don't think we have to get there this year, but that is certainly our goal."

Rams owner Carroll Rosenbloom earlier had announced that Allen, who coached the Rams from 1966-70, would be returning to the job from which he actually had been fired twice. Rosenbloom refused to disclose Allen's salary, but

Louisville mauls Marshall, 85-69 behind a trio

HUNTINGTON, W.Va. (AP)—Rick Wilson, Ricky Gallon and Darrell Griffith combined for 66 points last night to spark ninth-ranked Louisville past Marshall University 85-69 in a college basketball game marked by a free-for-all in the first half.

said he had signed a multiyear contract.

The late Dan Reeves, who owned the Rams during Allen's first tenure, dismissed him in 1969 but brought him back amid objections to the firing from players and fans. The next year Allen was fired again and went to Washington, where he headed the Redskins for seven seasons.

The 56-year-old Allen has 12 years' head coaching experience in the National Football League and had been both coach and general manager at Washington.

Allen compiled a 49-17-4 record with the Rams in his five years there and earned playoff berths in both 1967 and 1968. The initial playoff appearance was the Rams' first title in a dozen years. His overall record in 12 years as an NFL head coach is 116-47-5.

When he was fired by the Redskins Jan. 12, owner Edward Bennett Williams said, "I was convinced he was negotiating with Los Angeles and I was determined not to sit and react to what Los Angeles did about it, and I so advised him."

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the electronic playground
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It isn't easy. There are fewer than 400 openings and only one of every six applicants will be selected. But if you make it, you'll have qualified for an elite engineering training program. With unequalled hands-on responsibility, a \$24,000 salary in four years, and gilt-edged qualifications for jobs in private industry should you decide to leave the Navy later. (But we don't think you'll want to.)

Ask your placement officer to set up an interview with a Navy representative when he visits the campus on February 8, or contact your Navy representative at 502-582-5174 (collect). If you prefer, send your resume to the Navy Nuclear Officer Program, Code 312-B468, 4015 Wilson Blvd., Arlington, Va. 22203, and a Navy representative will contact you directly. The NUPOC-Collegiate Program. It can do more than help you finish college: it can lead to an exciting career opportunity.

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In the number to call for information about the best real estate board in the Kernel classified section. The deadline for classifieds is noon one day prior to publication.

- for sale**
- ASC WHITE german shepherd pup 27-176.
 - AFT-5228 8x8 range, good condition. 140.50. 277-2623 after 5:30.
 - 1973 MERCURY COUPE. One driver. Low mileage. Excellent condition. Must see. 317-2613.
 - 1971 OLDS MOBILE 99 GMC exc. car air cond. leather seats loaded with options \$8,000 283-0069.
 - SANSUI 900-D2 stereo receiver 137 with channel built in Dolby's monthly old retail now \$750. 337-5400.
 - ASC REGISTERED Doberman puppies, 2 red females, 5 weeks old, shots & wormed. 277-2494.
 - 1966 FIFTEEN convertible and hard top, good body, not running, best offer 277-2723.
 - STEREO RECEIVER, 10 watts, good condition. \$60. Call Richard 235-3035, extension 211. 277-0208 pm.
 - SONY SPEAKERS. Pair of bookshelf model 1914 "30A" "320", 6" woofer, 1" tweeter, 14" tweeter, 10" subwoofer, all walnut cabinet, sounds great. 225-4124. 277-0208.
 - FOR SALE FM Converter, excellent condition. \$11.00. Call Yvonne 299-0796. Even. 317-2613.
 - PANASONIC channel 8 track stereo receiver FM-AM-FM stereo phone 277-4163. 11:00-12:00 pm.
 - FOR SALE Marantz Imperial 7 speaker 3 way system, walnut, excellent condition, must see! 229-1471. 227-1887. 1977

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DELIVERY HELP wanted full or part time. Must be 18 or over, have own car and license. Must be able to work nights & weekends and handle during rush. Earn \$4.00-4.50 per hour. Starting \$2.25 pay \$2.25 per hour plus tips plus mileage plus bonus. Average drivers earn \$4.00-5.00 per hour. Apply in person between 9:30-10:00 am. Don't miss! Plaza 830 Lane Allen, Garden Shopping Center.

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classifieds

SMALL TWO bedroom apartment furnished deck attractive walk campus lease deposit \$200. 275-2251 after 5:00. 1977

FOUR bedroom apartment utilities paid. 3044 E. High Street arranged for four students at \$60 each, deposit required. 275-2636. 1973

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ROOM FOR RENT. Male student. Near UK on Columbia Ave. 225-2268. 1977

ROOM FOR RENT. 67 Transylvania Park. Kitchen, female or male. No pets. 225-2027.

FOR RENT 3 bedroom house on Euclid-Alexander. Perfect for students. Available May. 265-2624.

FURNISHED ROOMS 225 Transylvania Park utilities paid close to UK 223-7674. 1973

roommate wanted

ROOMMATE WANTED to share modern two bedroom apartment at Two Lakes. Call Greg at 254-4273 or John or Bob at 283-2263.

MALE ROOMMATE wanted to share two bedroom apartment. \$60 monthly, utilities included 255-2469. 1973

OCCUPY PRIVATE bedroom in 2 1/2 story house on Waller. \$25.00 includes everything. 225-2027.

FEMALE GRAD student large BGT farmhouse with garden, pool, horses, references 254-7383. 1973

FEMALE ROOMMATE needed. \$55 monthly. Utilities included. Call 226-0080. 1973

ROOMMATE WANTED. 2 bedroom apt. on Winburn Dr. \$27.50 per month plus phone bill call 229-1961 ask for Jeff or George. 1976

TRUBLED by rocky relationships or poor communications? Seeking personal awareness? Apply in person for groups. Tuesday, Feb. 7, Counseling and Testing Center or call 228-6701. 1973

NON-ASSERTIVE? Would you be more satisfied with your life if you were more assertive? Apply for groups. Feb. 7, Counseling and Testing Center. Call 228-6701. 1973

LEXINGTON friends meeting (Quakers) holds meetings for worship Sundays, 4 pm. 100 E. High St. (Faith Lutheran Church). Everyone welcome. For information call 228-2716 or 269-3143. 1973

THE UK RAHAF Association invites you to attend an informal discussion on the Bahai' Faith Thursday Feb. 7, 7 pm. Student Center. Room 109. 1973

TAEKWONDO KARATE Class for beginners meets Mon. and Wed. 8-9 pm at Station Center. Call 225-2312 for information. 1973

YOUNG SOCIALIST Alliance invites you to a talk on today's student movement. Student Center, Room 113. Sunday, Feb. 5, 9:00 pm. Rescheduled because of blizzard. 1973

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- HELP WANTED: New restaurant, all positions open, top wages, excellent and hand work necessary. Apply in person at 543 S. Lime Thurs. Feb. 1 between 2:00 and 3:00 pm. 114-1200 pm.**
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- WANTED: EXECUTIVE secretary for Lexington Council of the Arts. 3 years college or equivalent experience. Typing required, shorthand preferred. Salary \$7000. Call 225-2261.**
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- FOUND LAST SEMESTER Ladies which call 275-0408 11:30 am. 1977**

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- FOUND LAST SEMESTER Ladies which call 275-0408 11:30 am. 1977**

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PERSON OR couple to share 2 bedroom country home with couple 269-2616 immediate. 1973

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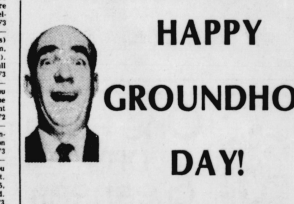
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- TYPING WANTED. Mrs. M.E. Burkman, 609 Beth Lane, 277-4254. 1978**
- FEB. 14 a red letter day? Sitings Feb. 6-11, Telford Mall. Panel Portraits by Glenn Taylor (from \$10.00). 1976**
- YESLINE For Questions—V.D., Birth Control, Pregnancy, Sexual Problems 225-2305. 1973**
- COLLEGE REPUBLICANS will hold an annual Chalmers Court Session. Feb. 2nd from 10-12. Discussion topics include state convention, party and newsletter. 1973**
- DR. PISCANO'S BIO 110 make-up exam for fall semester will be Feb. 7 at 6:00 pm in BS 107. 1973**
- STUDENT GOVERNMENT is sponsoring a Social Chalmers Court Session. Feb. 2nd from 7:30 pm in Room 200 Student Center. 1973**
- UK THEATRE Auditions "To Be or Not to Be" at 10:00 am. Thurs. Feb. 1st 10:00 am. Lab Theatre. Fine Arts Bldg. 1973**
- FR CH meeting Thurs. Feb. 1 in Rm. 216. 8:30 pm. 8:30 pm. Paid members & interested students are urged to attend. 217**
- WHEELS OPEN House. Sunday Feb. 5, 2:30 pm. Complex Commons-Power Room. Rabbit Laffer will speak. Food will be served. No More Postponements, sun or snow. 1973**

memos

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Athletic officials worry proposed bowl seats would go vacant

Continued from front page
Hagan said the stadium has existing structural problems that warrant attention. He cited several examples of minor problems, including water leakage in the press box, dressing rooms, and football offices. Inaccurately banked floors necessitated the drilling of drainage holes into the concrete floors to correct the problem of large standing puddles throughout the stadium.

Marshall agreed with Hagan that the stadium had water problems, but he denied the existence of structural problems. "It does collect water in certain points," he said, but he labeled the trouble as a minor maintenance or operational difficulty.

Legal ownership of Commonwealth Stadium is another complication to the expansion issue. The state of Kentucky sold revenue bonds to fund construction of the

stadium and the building is still owned by the State Property and Buildings Commission. The University leases the structure from the state and in turn subleases it to the UK Athletics Association.

Vice President of Business Affairs Jack Blanton said UK began rental payments in 1973, and will not complete debt repayments or assume legal ownership of the stadium until the year 2002. Annual lease payments average \$600,000.

Ivy said a good portion of the Athletic Association's stadium rental payments come from football revenues, the major basis of which is ticket sales. Because of this, association officials are cautious about assuming a larger debt until they have sufficient evidence ticket demands after expansion will meet the increased number of seats.

According to Ivy, the

preliminary steps for expansion involve careful study and favorable recommendations to the Athletic Board from UK President Otis Singletary and Hagan.

Blanton said although Singletary, the Athletic Association and the state government would work closely, the State Property and Buildings Commission, chaired by the Governor, would make the final decision about expansion. The decision will be based on UK's recommendations.

The state would probably fund expansion through bond sales, Ivy said, and expressed confidence that "things would work themselves out down the line."

Blanton said there has been talk about expansion since the stadium was built and believes that "someday it will be a reality." He echoes Ivy's optimistic opinion on the financial situation, "We would hope that the state

government would again sell bonds."

At the Jan. 25 Athletics Board meeting, Singletary announced the lack of a specific plan to expand Commonwealth Stadium, but expressed interest in the subject.

The Board will be examining expansion possibilities very carefully, said Singletary, and stressed the importance of establishing a definite need and UK's ability to pay for enlarging the stadium's seating capacity. "I think we need a little more experience factor to undertake that long-term debt," he said.

Opinions differ on the value of creating a stadium bowl. "I can't afford to have a personal opinion about it," Hagan said. "I don't think at this time there is strong sentiment to do anything," but added, "the success of the football program will determine the need for any future stadium expansion."

Head Football Coach Fran Curci said UK fans have demonstrated their strong team support, and he also approves of stadium expansion. "My purpose is to make sure we always have a sell-out crowd," Curci said he is confident games will sell out again next season.

Ivy said "It (expansion) sounds good now with sell-out crowds," but also said, "It will take a couple of years of continued sell-outs" to convince the Athletic Association that expansion is necessary.

Ivy added, "If it's financially feasible to do it and if the (football) program remains good, the demand for tickets will be there." He said the number of UK fans at the 1976 Peach Bowl shows the potential exists for sellouts in an expanded Commonwealth Stadium. There is no reason, he said, why out-of-town fans couldn't attend the games in Lexington if the stadium had a larger seating capacity.

CHECK THE CLASSIFIEDS!



Weather the Winter with **65¢** drinks at O'Keefe's 8:30 - 1:00

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SUPER SALE IN PROGRESS Feb. 2 thru 4

SAGE, School of the Outdoors, Outfitters, Expeditioners 25% OFF ON ALL DOWN & POLARGUARD CLOTHING Large price reductions on many store items. 209 E. High St. 255-1547

Wall elected council chairman

Dr. M. Stanley Wall, University of Kentucky vice president for the Community College System, has been elected chairman of the National Council of State Directors of Junior and Community Colleges.

Wall, who was treasurer of the council for three years

will serve a one-year term as chairman. His term expires next December.

The council is a body of the American Association of Community and Junior Colleges and is composed of the chief executive officers of community college systems in more than 40 states.

It works on problems common to junior colleges, conducts research, provides a self-evaluation service for state offices of community and junior colleges and publishes pamphlets and brochures relating to state community and junior college systems.

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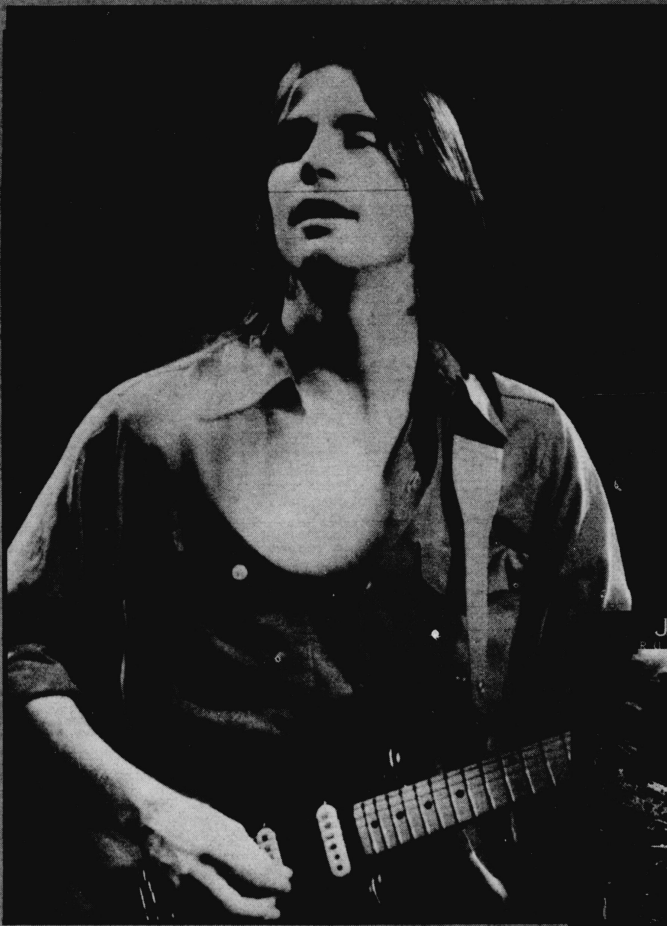
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Our Writers
Scattered, not unlike chaff, throughout this issue are the very first contributions from those dear readers who now break into the Big Time.

CHRIS CLARK (On Disc), University of Colorado, wants us to believe he bears an uncanny resemblance to Peter Frampton and likes blonde nymphomaniacs.

NAOMI LINDSTROM (In Print), also from the University of Texas at Austin, is interested in "works studying popular culture, the attempt to make some soggy conventional bog of popular culture into a viable form of expression."

DIANE MICHELFELDER (In Print), yet another from the University of Texas at Austin (we don't know why there are so many hopeful writers there) is most interested in "writing that deals with America — its sweat, drizzle and sweet anxiety."

J. C. NORTON (On Tour), is a psychologist at the University of Kentucky Medical Center which, so far, hasn't impaired his sense of humor or critical acumen.

MICHAEL WARD, from Long Beach, California (the comic strip Boid) tells us he's 24, a college graduate, a produced playwright, and "I've been funny for years."

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IN ONE EAR...

Throwing Stones

Amperсанд is not a bad rag, well written, informative, and successful in covering the Rocrol and stardust movie scene. So what? There are an easy half-dozen plastic sheets on every newsstand doing the same thing; what makes *Amperсанд* special? The only reason I could see for bothering to read your copy was the lack of a price tag. Considering the structure of your masthead, and the high priced talent your ads display, you've got nerve asking your readers to pay your soda bill. Five dollars for subscription, indeed! Maybe you should go for the housewives/supermarket scene. Maybe I'm just upset over your running down the 'Stones...

GORDON MCCOLLISTER
UNIVERSITY OF HAWAII

The kind of sacrilege your Lynne Manor perpetrated on the Rolling Stones and rock music in general cannot be taken without comment. To lump the Stones with such unmitigated trash as Golden Earring and Foghat is bad enough, but to have the gall to refer to them as a "get-up-and-boogie band" is taking journalistic license over the edge. (By the way, Manor ought to have hers revoked.)

True, the sound recording of the album is subpar, but to take that as an excuse to rap the Stones as musicians and songwriters is a low blow. "Decent technicians" have screwed up the sound quality of many an album. See 'em live, Manor. And next time, save your smoking and drinking for concerts, not review writing.

Once past that trash, the rest of *Amperсанд* is excellent reading. Keep up the good work. Save Manor to review the next Kiss record. Right up her alley.

DEAN AHEARN
UNIVERSITY OF MARYLAND

In your "On disc" article of the November supplement, a part concerning the Rolling Stones leads me to believe that your writer either suffers from loss of memory or lack of experience in such matters.

Having been a professional musician for over 17 years I've seen the vast and rather swift evolution of Rock music stemming from the likes of Pat Boone and Rick Nelson on up to the so called, hard Rock groups today who's on stage show and appearance far exceed their musical talents. I have excluded Elvis due to the fact that he reigned over his own musical world, uncomparable to any other type music.

My feelings toward the Rolling Stones run along those same lines. Their contributions to the world of Rock music are also uncomparable. And the only thing flabby about them is probably their bank books. Even the picture in the article contradicts the statement concerning the amount of "Get up" left among the members of the group. After all the blood, sweat and tears emitted throughout their career it's a wonder Jagger is still able to get that high off the ground. The Lord also knows how.

Rock or Blues or Ballad, The Stones also reign over their own musical world, not to be judged by anyone. I look forward to every

release and concert from them, and I'm sure I'm not alone.

MICHAEL SHIFLET,
INDIANA UNIVERSITY STAFF

Our reviewer, Lynne Manor, says that she'll make a deal with you: you don't try to spell, and she won't try to play a guitar. More seriously, she says that she's been a fan of the Rolling Stones long enough to wish they'd quit while they were ahead, so that we could all revel in the memory. Is that really all that Jagger, Richard and company want to do for the rest of their lives? If they're still so good, why don't they expand their horizons a bit and try something new? Same goes for Led Zep.

Ask Us

The first issue I saw of *Amperсанд* had letters in it commenting on an article you ran about Kiss — too bad I never saw that issue — I'd have loved it because I hate Kiss.

There is one "Kiss" I do like. That's "French kiss", by Bob Welch (formerly of Fleetwood Mac and Paris). This guy is my hero — you will probably laugh but I really think he is the greatest guitarist ever. I've got every "F-M" album he played on and both Paris albums. I was awaiting the third Paris album when I saw his solo album.

I know this might be impossible, but I would really like to know what happened to Paris, and for that matter, why Fleetwood Mac and he went different ways. You said you'd answer some letters and I hope this will be one of them.

JEFF CHAMBERLIN
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

Ask Mr. Music: Glenn Cornick is living in Los Angeles, and putting together a band. Hunt Sales has been on the road with various acts, notably David Bowie.

Bob was a member of the group when they were embroiled in legal battles with the fellow who was trying to sell an ersatz Fleetwood Mac to an unwary public. Tired of the litigation, and wanting to make his own music, Bob left. He's still pals with the band, though, and is currently managed by Mick Fleetwood.

This past summer I was introduced to the music of Richard Torrance and just this month I had the pleasure of meeting this great artist in Lincoln, Nebraska. His music has a beautiful style and his personality and character match it.

Would you please print up a little introductory information on Richard Torrance soon.

I know he has four albums now, with a new one to be released in January. There are 3 of the albums now in the U.S. but the 4th is only released in Europe.

Can you tell me where I can find *Belle of the Ball*? I've searched high and low!

M.J.P.
NORTHERN ILLINOIS UNIVERSITY

Richard Torrance, in his mid-20s, is based in Los Angeles. He was born in Fargo, North Dakota and raised mostly in Santa Barbara, California. He's never been in any hands that anyone has heard of and was signed to Shelter through independent producer Duane Scott. Richard's last album was on Capitol, as will be his next, due in March. The new album, which is just being finished, features Richard with the band he used in Lincoln; it's being produced by John Haery. Although he's not world-famous, Richard sells well and is respected

enough in Europe to release that odd album; contractual problems tied it up here. Eureka and Belle of the Ball are currently available through ABC, which now distributes Shelter.

Stop Complaining

I assume Jacoba Atlas is the J.A. of the movies review of *Valentino*. If Jacoba is a woman she should think about her statement that Valentino was "every woman's rape fantasy in the 1920's." If Jacoba is a man — he should totally withdraw the statement. Women may have "lovenaking" fantasies — no one wants to be raped — it's not pleasurable and such remarks only perpetuate a myth — otherwise nice paper.

TONI EBEL
HOUSTON, TEXAS

Jacoba (Woman) Atlas stands by her statement. "Valentino was marketed as a rape fantasy; just look at The Sheik: a woman is raped, but there is no pain, and they fall in love later. That's a rape fantasy. No one wants to be raped, but many women have rape fantasies. There's an important difference."

Amperсанд is great — only one complaint — it's not big enough!

TAMMY LEPAGE
TEXAS TECH

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ON THE COVER

Randy Newman had a bad throat and couldn't talk the day this photograph was taken by Neal Preston. Not even a whisper or a croak; Randy just stared and laughed.

& OUT THE OTHER

BOID



MICHAEL WARD, LONG BEACH, CA

The Bob Dylan Report

OL' BOB WILL BE BUSY this year; this month he auditioned musicians for a band which he'll take on tour to Tokyo in February, Australia in March, a U.S. recording studio in April, and a U.S. or Western European tour (Bob is undecided) after that. Meanwhile, his first film, which he wrote, produced, directed, stars in and distributes, *Renaldo and Clara*, opens right about now in New York, Minneapolis and Los Angeles.

Overdoing It

COLUMBIA PICTURES bought screen rights to the hit musical *Annie*, but won't turn it into a flick until 1981, by which time star Andrea McArdle will be too old, but that's only slightly tragic. What's really tragic: Columbia paid \$9.4 million for the rights, the most ever paid for any property (runner-up: \$5 million for *Chorus Line*). That's just for the use of the name, words, and music, folks; that doesn't include salaries, sets, costumes and other incidentals. And for a one-song musical, at that.

LARRY FLYNT, THE OL' HUSTLER, has purchased the *Los Angeles Free Press*, which he intends to turn into a national weekly cross between the *Village Voice* and *National Enquirer*. First edition, which should be on the stands any minute, will be a special Kennedy assassination issue. Then there'll be a few weeks regrouping time, and then the national version on a regular basis. Flynt has been pouring considerable money into the faded rag, and hopes to overcome the range of emotions, from apathy to downright hostility, that have greeted the *Free Press's* most recent incarnation as a low-circulation sex tabloid with a bit of third-rate reporting thrown in. Can't say that Larry doesn't have a sense of humor: he also just bought a weekly in Plains, GA.

NO WONDER BOOKS ARE SO EXPENSIVE: Candice Bergen received \$250,000 (that's right, a quarter of a million) from Random House to write her autobiography.

MARIANNE FAITHFULL IS MAKING A FILM comeback. Some of us recall, under duress, that Marianne starred, several years ago, in the easily forgotten *Naked Under Leather* (originally titled *Girl on a Motorcycle*), and before that she played Ophelia to Nicol

Williamson's filmed *Hamlet*. Since then she's had trouble with men (ditched by Mick Jagger) and drugs; now she has trouble with movies. Seems she plays the pregnant mother of Sex Pistol Sid Vicious in *Who Killed Bambi?*; in this case the son is also the father. *Bambi* was to be directed by Russ (Vixens) Meyer, but he's been fired from the project.

SPEAKING OF FUNKERS, The Dead Boys played a memorable set at the Starwood in Los Angeles recently. Lead singer Stiv Bators wore crotchless pants and funny underwear, writhing through his usual pained vocals, whereupon a female member of the audience tried to remove his underwear and molest Stiv in mid-moan. She was hauled away before anything serious came up.

Casting Pearls & Swine

ON YOUR KNEES, DIAMOND! Neil, that is, who's apparently still smarting over the fact that he wasn't chosen for the lead in *Lenny* or *Jonathan Livingston Seagull*. Diamond's latest attempt to become a movie star involves his plan to feature himself in a remake of *The Jazz Singer*. Al Jolson told us that we "ain't heard nothin' yet." This time, we've heard enough already.

EAGLES' MANAGER IRV AZOFF, bowing in the movie biz as producer of *FM*, flick that takes *Car Wash* (or *Grand Hotel?*) to a radio station, is hedging his bets. In addition to actors Michael Brandon, Eileen Brennan, Alex Karras, Cleavon Little, Cassie Yates and Martin Mull, Azoff has included a concert sequence by his client, Jimmy Buffet; a title number by his client, Steely Dan; and more live footage, by Linda Ronstadt, who is — amazing! — not an Irving Azoff client. There are, apparently, no Eagles and no Dan Fogelberg (more Azoff clients), but who would recognize them anyway?

MARY TYLER MOORE IS COMING BACK to television in a weekly series next fall, but not as Mary Richards. She insists, and we have little reason to doubt, that the format for her return has not been chosen yet.

BOB HOPE WILL BE THE ONE and only host of the 50th Academy Award celebration April 3 (and imagine how soggy it can get when Hollywood celebrates Oscar's golden anniversary!). This will be the 23rd Hope

appearance at an Oscar ceremony, his ninth solo host job. Lay in a good supply of nerve gas.

JANE FONDA, JACK LEMMON AND MICHAEL DOUGLAS will star in *Eye Witness*, about a television reporter and crew in a nuclear power station... Arnold Schwarzenegger was signed by director/writer John Milius to play *Conan*, the weirdo armor/chains/whips conqueror of pulp fiction... Director Sam Peckinpah will make his acting debut in *China 9-Liberty 37*, a western love story... and although *Grease* hasn't even been released yet, a sequel is already being prepared, called *Summer School*. Meanwhile, *Grease* star John Travolta will make a film with Lily Tomlin in which he plays a delivery boy involved in the drug scene and Lily a bored Beverly Hills housewife.

The Jungfrau Does Not Resemble Pike's Peak, Stanley

STANLEY KUBRICK'S NEXT PICTURE, *The Shining*, a supernatural thriller dealing with c.s.p., stars Jack Nicholson and Shelley Duvall and will be shot in London and Switzerland. The story's set in Colorado, but director Kubrick (an American) doesn't want to leave Europe.

Word of Mouth

QUOTE-OF-THE-MONTH (movie division): "Even your most intelligent people go to the movies to escape, not to ingest information that they have to put together in their heads. I know that's true of me. If I were an audience and not part of the craft, I probably would never see Bergman movies or Zeffirelli, or Fellini or Costa-Gavras. I'd probably just see Irwin Allen disaster movies and Lucas films." — Steve Spielberg, director of *Jaws* and *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*, in *New West*.

QUOTE-OF-THE-MONTH (music division): "Hot Tuna would play for four hours and the audience would fall asleep. Then the music would get loud, the audience would wake up, applaud in the middle of a song, and go back to sleep." — Papa John Creach, explaining why he left to form his own band.

QUOTE-OF-THE-YEAR (but it's only January): Barbra Streisand's *homme fatal*, Jon

Peters, the former hairdresser who just signed a production and talent acquisition pact with CBS Records and is finishing production of the film *Eyes*, claimed "I'm the Muhammad Ali of the movie business."

Loony Tunes

BURTON CUMMINGS'S SOLO CAREER since he left the Guess Who hasn't taken off the way he'd like, and Bachman-Turner Overdrive seems to have bitten the dust. Cummings and his former Guess Who mate Randy Bachman have been working together on some projects. There's no truth to the rumor, apparently, that they'll form a new band and call it the Guess Why.

ROBERT GORDON'S NEXT ALBUM, due soon, will be titled *Fresh Fish Special*. Dazzle your friends with this trivia: the title comes from what fellow-prisoners called Elvis Presley's haircut in *Jailhouse Rock*. Really.

NOBODY SEEMS TO HAVE POINTED OUT, or noticed, that the "man" on Joni Mitchell's new album is Joni herself in blackface. Look at the hands and cheekbones, if you don't believe us.

LOOK FOR A RINGO STARR TV SPECIAL this May, described as a book musical based on *The Prince and the Pauper*. Taping is scheduled to begin mid-February. The show'll be on NBC.

LED ZEPPELIN PEOPLE are denying the rumor, from reputable sources, that the band has fired most of its road crew and is well on the way to — at last — retiring from live performance.

Spare Us

PETER BOGDANOVICH, editing *At Long Last Love* and *Nickelodeon* for TV showings, swears that this time he's going to get them right. We'll see (actually, we probably won't bother to watch...). Meantime, the aging wunderkind is working on a melodrama, *Saint Jack*, to be filmed largely in Singapore. Good news: Cybill Shepherd isn't in it.

FRANK CAPRA, JR. WHOSE FATHER directed classics like *Mr. Smith Goes to Washington*, is not trudging in his father's footsteps. Junior is producing *Born Again*, based on Charles Colson's book.

GOOD NEWS: NBC renewed *CHiPs*. **GOOD NEWS:** ABC cancelled *The San Pedro Beach Bums*.

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Jungle Fun, Dancing Men & Women Photographers

Reading *Black Orchid*, a new romantic adventure novel written by, according to the book's dust jacket, "Nicholas Meyer author of *The Seven-Per-Cent Solution* and Barry Jay Kaplan" (Dial Press, \$8.95), one can almost smell the popcorn. What a movie this one will make!

What reader, caught up (however involuntarily) in this rich, lush saga of love and danger in the jungles of the Amazon, will not long to actually see and hear the orange-haired dancer Athéné "gasping and panting like a racehorse" in the arms of travel-worn soldier-of-fortune Harry Kincaid — or the same Kincaid's coupling with the calculating Mercedes Coutard in the mud of the Rio Negro? What heart will not thrill to the spectacle of an opening night at the opera, full of secretive flirtation and intrigue — but on the very edge of the mysterious, forboding rain forest? What pulse will not quicken as Kincaid and company kidnap the plantation owner's beautiful daughter, Dolores Mendonca, even as a

Black Orchid is a successful, undemanding entertainment, almost worth reading for the comparative novelty of its setting alone. It is not so carefully written as Meyer's Holmes books were: Meyer's Dr. Watson would never have permitted himself the inelegance, for instance, of speaking of "three ships that had to be gutted and the holds rebuilt to accommodate the girders." And some of the language borders on pure pulp: "'Don't go,' she begged, knowing no shame now, only her own desperate desire," or "'We have several advantages,' the Colonel said ... 'We know the river; he does not.'" But the book is mostly easy fun — and is easily as full of decorative detail as, if no more enduring than, the city of Manaus was herself.

Women See Men (McGraw-Hill, \$12.95 hardcover; \$7.95 softcover), edited by Yvonne Kalmus, Rikki Ripp, and Cheryl Wiesefeld as a successor to their previous book, *Women See Women*, may or may not say something about men, or about women, or about the spaces (or lack of spaces) between the two halves of the human species — but it certainly doesn't say very much about photography.

With a handful of exceptions (Eileen K. Berger's ritualistic "Two boys fighting in landscape"; Karen Tweedy-Holmes' comic nude, "Franks"; Inge Morath's classic masked portrait of Saul Steinberg; etc.), the images presented here are mostly pretty

In Print

splendorous costume ball in her honor spins on and on? And — let's face it — which of us will not watch with fascinated horror as piranhas nip at Kincaid's legs (for all is not orange-haired dancers and plantation owners' daughters for travel-worn soldiers-of-fortune), or as the adventurer's assistant is eaten to the bone by killer ants?

Ironically, *Black Orchid* started out as a movie — or, anyway, as a movie script. Meyer, whose witty and well-crafted Sherlock Holmes parodies — *The Seven-Per-Cent Solution* and *The West End Horror* — established him as one of the best and most clever of our popular novelists, grew fascinated with the true story of the city of Manaus. A kind of boom town built around the rubber trade, Manaus, deep in the Amazon wilderness, was, in the late 19th century, the sixth-richest city in the world — with a sophisticated system of public transportation, complete electrical power throughout, and an opera house said to have been more magnificent than La Scala. Based loosely on historical fact, Meyer wrote, as a screenplay, a story about a man sent to Manaus by the British to steal rubber seedlings for replanting in Southeast Asia — in order to break the Brazilian monopoly on the product. Meyer's script was bought but never produced; he liked the story well enough to buy it back from the studio and to work on turning it into a book, with the help of Barry Jay Kaplan, a college friend of his, who had written "a dozen romances and gothics under various pen names." It will be Meyer's sweet revenge on whatever laggardly studio bosses they were, presumably, if *Black Orchid* is bought again for film production — as it almost certainly will, and at a good price to boot.

dreary ones, undistinguished as craft and unconvincing as art. (And too many of the really good female photographers in America today are missing — Claire Steinberg, Lynn Davis, Jane O'Neal, Jennifer Griffiths, even Annie Leibowitz, even Deborah Turbinville.)

The equivocal introduction and pre-tentious text are by Ingrid Bengis, author of *Combat in the Erogenous Zone*.

Another, rather more interesting, volume of photographs of men is *Dansur: The Male in Ballet* (A Rutledge Book, McGraw-Hill, \$19.95) by Richard Philp and Mary Whitney. "Ballet has long been stigmatized by men in America," the authors note, "as a 'sissy,' 'elitist' art form, but as dance increases in popularity and our society relaxes its puritanical guard about male self-expression, more and more men are attracted to dance." Some of the most famous and best of the men who have been attracted to dance, despite its stigmata, in the recent and distant past — from Nijinsky to Nureyev to Richard Cragun, Anthony Dowell, and the remarkable Peter Martins — are shown here, in action, in rehearsal, and in repose. The text is sensible and the photographs, which include some original material by Herbert Migdoll, art director of *Dance Magazine* and *After Dark*, are eminently workmanlike.

Dream Diary (William Morrow, \$4.95) is a harmless non-book — a cleanly designed little journal inspired by Hugh Lynn Cayce's advice that "The best book on dreams you will ever read is the one you write yourself." Presented here are neatly-lined pages in which one's dreams may be recorded, a check-list of important dream imagery, and

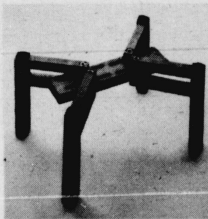
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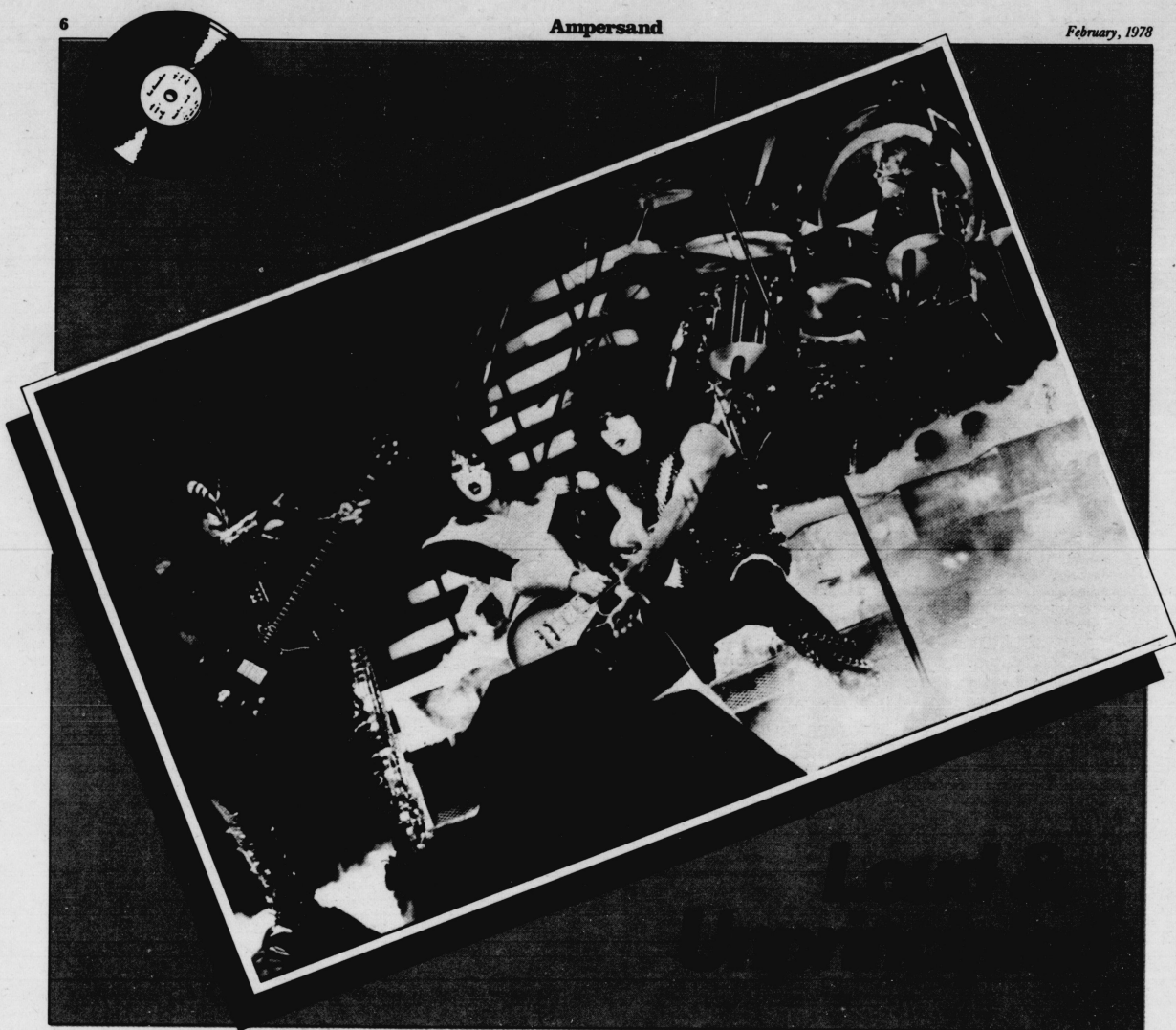
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Four middle-aged black men?

Kiss: Alive II (Casablanca)
Alice Cooper:
The Alice Cooper Show (Warner Bros.)
Sammy Davis Jr.:
A Live Performance of His Greatest Hits
 (Warner Bros.)

There's a story going around in music business circles that's so hot you won't read it in the major magazines. *Rolling Stone*, *Circus*, *Crawdaddy*, and even *The Music Gig* are staying away from this one. Editors point out that the story is simply unsubstantiated rumor, based on circumstantial evidence. Well, a lot of good people have gone to the electric chair for less! So here goes, and remember that you heard it here, first.

It all started with Led Zeppelin. When Jimmy Page and John Paul Jones proved that it was possible for session musicians to make a huge amount of money if they were

to forget their principles, play loud, and yell a lot, studio players around the world tried to find a way to follow suit. Most of them, though, were just too musical for their own good.

But then, just a few years ago, several of New York's very best session men were hit with inspiration. We can't give their names here — this is too hot — but just look at the back of any album made in New York during the last ten years.

They could play loud, and they even found someone who could yell nearly as effectively as Robert Plant. But there were problems. The singer didn't look at all like Roger Daltrey (a prime requisite, they believed), and the players were all black and in their forties. Hardly the acceptable image for a power band.

And so here's where the inspiration came in. The musicians would work in the studio, creating the loudest records that they could.

Then they'd get a number of kids off the street, paint them with makeup so that nobody could tell what they really looked like, and put them on the road pretending to play over prerecorded tracks. Such details as personal background, deemed unimportant anyway, were left to the record company mythmakers, who were used to fabricating careers on the spot.

Imagine! Every concert would sound just like the record; there'd be no troublesome ego problem (if one of the road "musicians" gave any trouble, he could be replaced — as several have — and no one would be the wiser); the entire career could be carefully controlled; and the studio musicians would never have to go on the road. They could remain in New York and make their usual triple-scale backing up sensitive singer-songwriters and cutting one-take disco sessions.

Now there's no way that any of this can be

proven. It was too carefully planned for that. But listen to "Beth" and tell me that that track isn't prerecorded. Anybody who attended the concert (as I did) can tell you that "Detroit Rock City" was an encore, not the first number played. If they'll fiddle around that much, why not all the way? And why is it that the chief thing to have been written about Kiss and issued through official channels is a comic book? Huh?

Now if all of that is true, we've got to admire the New York studio musicians for doing a fine job. Kiss are just as loud as Led Zeppelin, and nearly as unsophisticated musically (can't expect these guys to have unlearned everything, after all). The choice of an old Dave Clark Five cut ("Any Way You Want Me") is perfect: the Five were pulling this sort of thing on their audiences at the start of the Beatles era. For any band, even Kiss, to be able to do a Dave Clark number more crudely than Clark himself

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Side Four has no applause on it. What could the guys have been doing wrong?

Alice Cooper's "live" album, recorded during his last tour, was meant to sum up his career thus far. That it could be done, and in under 40 minutes, tells more about Alice than I could. After completing the vocal overdubs (What? Him, too?) on this album, Cooper went to the hospital to dry himself out.

The playing, by Dick Wagner, Steve Hunter, Pentti Glan and Prakash John, is superb heavy rock and roll. Cooper's songs are a matter of taste: for mine, "I'm Eighteen" and "School's Out" are among rock's greatest anthems, but stuff like "I Love the Dead" (and no, he's not talking about Jerry Garcia), "Is It My Body," and "Sick Things," are pretty silly after the first time through.

The entire album sounds as fine as a fan could want and should be pretty definitive. Oh, yes, the two ballads "You and Me" and "Only Women Bleed" are here, too.

People may kid about Sammy Davis Jr., but even his detractors must admit that he puts on a hell of a show. Singing, dancing, impressions — they're all here. Plus Sam's own inimitable patter between the numbers, not to mention the clanking of heavy jewelry. Included are such all time favorites as "Talk to the Animals," "Mr. Bojangles" (your heart will cry during this one, Sammy packs so much emotion into it), "I Gotta Be Me," "What Kind of Fool Am I," "Baretta's Theme," and of course the jubilant "Candy Man." If you buy this album, you can toss out all of the rest of your Sammy Davis Jr. albums, that's for sure. A beautiful man. A great entertainer.

He's so good, in fact, that with a little clown makeup, he could go on the road with Kiss. Then he'd be making some real money.

Lynne Manor

Piper: *Can't Wait* (A&M)

Rex: *Where Do We Go from Here* (CBS)

DADADADA, and aren't you glad you took your Benzedrine this morning? In recent years, chunka-chunka dynorock stylisms and pretty-boy vocal infatuations have typified the current crop of heavy-metal piledriver ensembles, and Piper and Rex (along with Cheap Trick, Detective, Starz, most of the New Wave neurotics, and a host of other megadeath axe victims) rush right along with amphetamine urgency and contemporary claptrap lyrical invocations, a slew of new toys in the attic to tide you over until Aerosmith (reigning guitar gods and standard-bearers of the syndrome) get around to releasing their next sonic sensation. I must admit to a certain partiality to this type of electroshock mindrot, but how many Steven Tyler clones can rock 'n' roll cope with?

At least one more, according to Rex Smith, method frontman and androgynous sex stud for (how's this for modesty?) Rex, latest in a long life of misguided Rolling Stones survivors; it's only rock and roll, but we fake it, make it, yes we do. *Where Do We Go from Here* is basically the same old song and dance that's been recycled from 12 x 5 since the invention of feedback, which makes the album as bad as any punk posturing or as good as *Rocks*, depending on your musical inclinations and/or blood toxication. Nothing mindshattering here, just a bunch of I-IV-V Jimmy Page progressions, castration shrieks, and token slow songs for the teen queers to swoon over, but I'm not complaining (yet).

In the same league as Rex, but higher in

the proficiency standings, is Piper, another Boston (the town) be-bop outfit complete with three, count 'em, 3 guitarists, Mick Jagger's alter-ego at the mike, and enough curly hair for a busload of Peter Framptons. Their second LP, *Can't Wait*, maintains the warp-drive ferocity so essential to the genre, while churning out plentiful helpings of blatant Boston (the group) bombast and teenage paranoia for the Ted Nugent terrorists in your neighborhood. Songs like "Little Miss Intent," "Bad Boy," and "Blues for the Common Man" would sound fine on any (insert distorto-rock band of your choice) album, while Billy Squier screams, struts, and serenades as well as anyone. Unconditionally guaranteed, and not one safety pin in sight. Get it before it gets you.

If your idea of an entertaining evening at home is curling up with your horoscope while listening to *Rumours*, then these albums are definitely not for you. But, if you're one of those quazy Quaalude queaters who gets off on blasting old Deep Purple records at decibel levels that give your pet rock a headache, grab one of these, take twenty sops at fifteen-minute intervals, and let it rock. It may not be Nirvana, but it sure beats disco: the dishes or Dan Fogelberg. Proceed at your own risk.

Chris Clark
University of Colorado

Urbie Green

Senior Blues: (CTI)

Art Farmer

Something You Got (CTI)

Tying these albums together is their simultaneous release and the fact that both "leaders" are backed by Dave Matthews' small-sounding big band. Many of the things that people don't like about CTI albums are missing: no vocal choruses, Joe Beck, no soul-disco, no Bob James, and there is little over-extension of the arrangements, and only one obvious inclusion of a song ("I'm in You," on the Green album) for pure commercial reasons.

CTI's virtues happily remain. The music is nicely recorded, respectfully packaged, and certainly pleasant to listen to. The only people likely to be offended by the music here are those who believe that jazz is, by nature, wildly experimental.

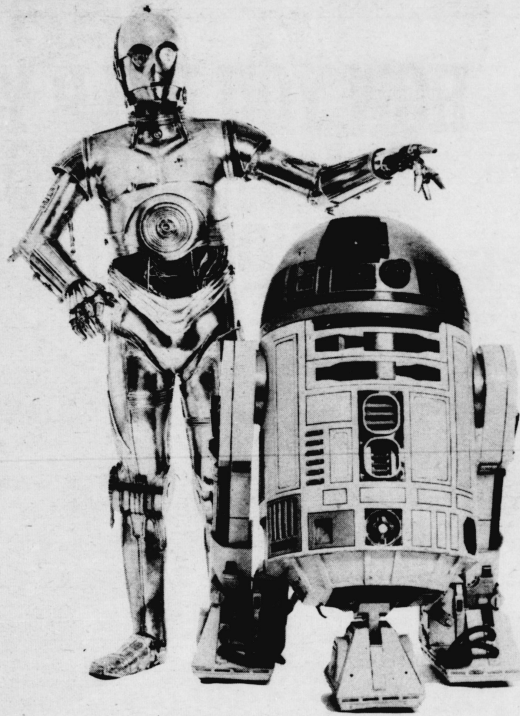
Both albums mix pop material, jazz standards, and Matthews' originals in a particularly challenging variety; whoever selected the material deserves commendation in both cases. Matthews' charts, often reflecting a Gil Evans influence, are likewise imaginative.

Songs on Green's album include Chick Corea's "Captain Marvel," Charles Mingus's "Ysaac's Table Dance, Horace Silver's "Senior Blues," Stevie Wonder's "I Wish," Billy Preston's "You Are So Beautiful," and the above-mentioned Peter Frampton tune. Farmer plays Chris Kenner's "Something You Got," Corea's "Spain," Clifford Brown's "Sandu," plus a couple of new titles.

Band personnel is largely the same for both albums, with super guitarist John Scofield replaced by also-fine Hiram Bullock on Farmer's set. Not unexpectedly, trombonist Green and trumpeter Farmer get most of the solo space, but several of the other musicians do get some licks in, notably Grover Washington, Jr. and Frank Vicari on Green's album, and Yusef Lateef on Farmer's.

Though cynics might say that CTI's albums generally qualify as elevator music, the very least that can be said about these two is that they take that elevator music to a higher level.

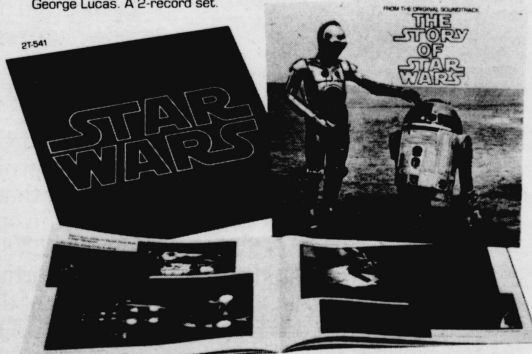
Del Porter



STAR WARS

The original music soundtrack. Composed and conducted by John Williams. Performed by The London Symphony Orchestra. Produced by George Lucas. A 2-record set.

1590



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project now. Make it important. Maybe you'll win a Journey of a lifetime!

Official Rules

- 1.** All entries must be received by Ampersand and Columbia Records no later than May 31, 1978, and will become the property of Ampersand.
- 2.** The report must outline a new project beginning no sooner than January 1, 1978, but in operation by April 30, 1978. Entries must include starting date and the name of the individual student most responsible for coordinating the project.
- 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.



"INFINITY"
ON COLUMBIA RECORDS
AND TAPES.

* Produced by Roy Thomas Baker.

Play Around This Year

Games are serious business. Last year, Americans spent more than \$300 million on board games alone (not counting electronic games or sporty games like badminton). Since Monopoly, the all-time favorite board game, was invented in 1935, it has sold 80 million copies, not including its success in 27 foreign countries. Runners-up in popularity are Parcheesi (the oldest, imported from India in 1867) and Scrabble, the baby of the bunch, invented in 1948. Pretenders to the Game Throne are Risk, The Game of Life and Diplomacy. But those are all pretty familiar by now. We decided to ignore these — and the backgammon phenomenon, about which too much has already been written.

We set out to show you something New. Or at least Different. Gripped with the spirit of idealistic consumer research, clutched by a desire to help *Amperand* readers make difficult choices in the days ahead, and tickled by a yen to play some games, we sallied forth to a toy store. Our purpose: to buy, play and evaluate new games. A Reader Service.

It should be noted here that the Milton Bradley company, largest manufacturer of games in this country, tests and evaluates its proposed games over a ten-to-eighteen-month period, sometimes spending as much as \$500,000 on such research before they ever put the thing on the market. We didn't do quite that much.

Armed with very little information and naive determination, Publisher Achee and Editor Sims found themselves faced with about 500 shelf feet of games in the "adult" section. Eeny, meeny, miny, moe worked for awhile; then they went by manufacturers (one Avalon Hill, one Kenner, etc.), and finally switched to impulse (the brightest colored packages won here).



Their Selections

Boggle (Parker), Spill & Spell (Parker), Panzer Leader (Avalon Hill), The Guinness Game of World Records (Parker), The Ungame (Ungame Inc.), Star Wars (Kenner), and Petropolis (Pressman).

The Test Setting

The palatially furnished tenement apartment of our publishers in Fox Hills, a hitherto unknown section of Los Angeles. They served potato chips and a sour cream dip. The wine was OK, but M&M's?

The Cast

The entire *Amperand* staff—Achee, Dickey, Everett, Hatch, Lampton, Rice and Sims, fleshed out (figuratively speaking) with friends (victims) Pete Senoff and Denise Galvin, plus two children, Lori and Kelley, rented for the occasion (and their Young Opinions).

The Script

Each game, in no particular order, was played and then rated according to time required to set up and learn; degree of challenge and hilarity; attractiveness of packaging; and space was provided for suggested improvement.

The Results

We won't save the best for last. The hands-down winner of the day, which kept five people riveted to a card table for four hours (long moments of silence followed by groans of dismay and whoops of triumph) was Boggle. That's right, a simple word game, where players try to make as many words as possible from a number of adjacent letters. Great fun; no doubt about it.

Spill & Spell, another word game (no we weren't all editors and writers), was the runner-up. With this one, small letter cubes are shaken up, tossed out, and then arranged in as many (preferably long) words as possible, crossword-puzzle-style, within three minutes. Nerve-wracking.

The silliest game of the day had to be Guinness, a board-stunt-trivia ordeal during which children and grownups alike demonstrated their total lack of coordination. Guinness makes you DO things, like tidily winks, bouncing a ping-pong ball off a piece of paper, and other feats of worthless prowess. The multiple choice or true/false questions from the *Guinness Book of World Records* weren't terribly difficult, and the answers were far too abrupt: "Which is smaller? A. smallest reptile B. Heaviest insect." The answer is A, but wouldn't you like to know which reptile is so tiny? Presumably, this game was devised so people would have to buy the book. Only one person said she'd like to buy Guinness: one of the kids, not surprisingly.

Star Wars wasn't as bad as everyone thought it would be; the kids liked it, especially when their opponents were sent to the Trash Compactor, but the game had some serious

drawbacks. Too easy, for one (players ranged in age from 8 to 32; the 8-year-old won, much to the chagrin of the 32-year-old). Too awkward, for another: the playing pieces were too large. Most players agreed they would play Star Wars again—but they wouldn't buy it.

Petropolis is a lot like Monopoly, played with Petrodollars instead of mere dollars. Deals are made, monopolies maneuvered and rents charged, but instead of Boardwalk and Park Place, the prime real estate here is Saudi Arabia (\$1,000,000). Inflation is everywhere.

The Ungame. Blech, yuck and phooey. This is one of those dumb psychological tell-the-truth games where players can wander aimlessly around a board picking cards which pose tasks and questions: "Give one word to describe each person in the group." There are two sets of cards, one called "Light-hearted," the other "Deep understanding." No one wins or loses; it's really an Ungame. All this is meant quite seriously; it's supposed to help you get to know your fellow players. This may be nifty if you're playing with Norman Mailer, Joni Mitchell, or Fidel Castro, (they're not so hot either, now that we think of it), but for us, mix.

Panzer Leader was too intimidating, with maps and thick book of instructions and tiny little squares with letters and numbers. We gave up before we started. Figured it would take less time to re-fight World War II than learn this game. If you start Panzer Leader when you enter college, you'll probably have it set up and ready for play by the time you graduate. Nobody could ever say you wasted four years.

That's it, folks. Our First (and probably last) Annual Game Tasting Party. If any of these games inspire you with a spirit of competition and greed—just think how useful they'll be during final exam week.

Randy Newman Ain't So



Why must everybody laugh at my Mighty Sword?
—Randy Neman, "A Wedding in Cherokee County"

Tall

BY SAM SUTHERLAND

SEPTEMBER 9, 1977—Randy Newman explains the significance of "Short People" thus: "See, I'm real fond of 'Short People,' but all it is, is funny. It isn't quite only funny, because I think a lot of people who are short do feel victimized."

"Then you're giving their worst paranoid flash substance," suggests the interviewer.

"That's right. But I don't think that's insulting. It's close, just like 'Rednecks' was, but I think if people can laugh at the ridiculousness of feeling that just because you have a real tiny little penis . . ." He dissolves into easy, hoarse laughter.

"No," he chokes. "I can't help it. I hate 'em."

Three months later, "Short People" is Randy Newman's first Big Hit Single, but he remains every bit as unwilling to take it too seriously. Like his oldest fans, he is both surprised and a bit skeptical of its success; he knows the record is being played over car radios and as the soundtrack for the daily chores of countless housewives and school kids, sandwiched between the hyperkinetic doggerel of station jingles and hit parade countdowns.

"I mean, this is luck, this kind of thing," Newman cautioned. "I don't think I can do this all the time. I don't know. I just don't have the feeling I could come out with hit singles all the time. I'd like to, but I think I write too oddly to do that." Later, he broke up again, considering the consequences of his cheerful attack on people of, ahem, modest stature, for the theoretical 10-year-old who goes out and buys the album. "A shattering experience," he predicted with wicked glee.

Newman could be one of his own characters. Neither physically nor conversationally imposing, he is a perfect criminal: medium height, medium build, no distinguishing features beyond that occasionally stoic mouth and delicate chin and a nimbus of curly dark brown hair. Sitting in a curved Colonial armchair in his manager's Beverly Hills office, Newman laughs easily, deflecting any sense of high seriousness unless we talked about the music itself; then his deft humor was reined, his answers brief and direct. He is unusually pale for an Angeleno, making it clear he doesn't live here for his health; his speech, delivered in a slightly nasal, dry voice, is an amalgam of western, southern and — oddly — a certain New York tautness that appears to have no geographical cause. He laughs often and easily, revealing rather small, even teeth.

"I wouldn't be short for anything," he told me laconically. "That's almost as bad as being foreign."

At 33, and 5' 11", Randy Newman has been offsetting the gravity of his work with the same affable, rather self-deprecating humor for nearly a decade, not only in interviews but onstage and in the songs themselves, which often openly mock fame ("Heroes and glamor: I don't believe in heroes, and glamor is bullshit," he observed during our first interview). His protestations, taking the form of self-parody at the keyboard and periodic confessions of his lazy, somewhat fumbling approach to his career, have failed to undermine a critical reputation as a brilliant maverick, a true pop genius. A quintessential cult figure, Newman was impervious to his early commercial failure; when his first albums sold dimly, his record company, Warner Bros., trumpeted the news, wearing their red ink like a badge of honor.

Newman has never been considered a prototypical "sensitive singer-songwriter." Particularly when viewed from an auditorium seat, Randy Newman is, well, too funny: eyes shaded by lids that never rise above half-mast, backed not by a wall of amplification and thundering drums but by his spare, loping piano style, he slouches forward into the microphone, the antithesis of the rock hero. When he sings, it is through what Warren Zevon, another Californian songwriter, calls "a mouth without lips, an angry comma." Extolling the virtues of slavery, muttering oblique but ominous threats to a harassed lover, or preparing for sexual rejection, he draws charged laughter from his listeners. But on record, without reassuring titters or ad-libbed comic relief, the same lyrics darken. The lurking deviate who sings to "Suzanne" seems at once both pathetic and menacing; the frustration and rage boiling beneath the block-headed camaraderie of "Rednecks" breaks through its relaxed major-keyed melody and seemingly comedic exaggerations to rub salt into old but raw wounds.

Newman's refusal to plumb the familiar depths of conventional romantic songwriting began early in his career, before he began performing his own work, when singers like Judy Collins ("I Think It's Going to Rain Today") and England's Alan Price ("Simon Smith and the Amazing Dancing Bear," "Tickle Me," and others) recorded songs which indicated that Newman had practically bypassed adolescent passions central to early '60s pop and rock.

"I mean, what I do now didn't exist when I started, when I was 16 or so," he said. "That's more than half my life, now, that I've been getting paid." What did exist was assembly-line pop, which needed catchy if disposable songs on which to hang pleading vocals and impassioned ar-

rangements. Newman's abilities as a musician were already apparent, and given the film scoring credentials of his uncles, composers Alfred and Lionel Newman, Randy's precocity led friend and future producer Lenny Waronker to encourage him to write. Newman remembers singles by Gene McDaniels and The Fleetwoods with titles like the latter's "They Tell Me It's Summer." He would prefer to forget an early attempt to fuse his twin enthusiasms of music and football, a Pat Boone single called "Golden Gridiron Boy." ("Oh Jesus," Newman groaned when reminded of the record, "that was a long time ago . . . It was a disaster, it stunk.")

By the mid-'60s, he was no longer attempting a reconciliation with time-honored pop themes, although his melodic style was laced with tonal Americana. A general shift toward self-contained writing performers likely helped spur Newman to begin recording the songs himself. By his fourth album, 1972's *Sail Away*, sales tallies had started catching up with his reviews, but that didn't prevent him from waiting nearly three years to complete a conceptual follow-up, *Good Old Boys*. A loosely structured opera exploring the contradictory sensibilities of the modern South, where Newman was born (in New Orleans) and from whence he has culled both melodic ideas and a certain drawled, drowsy diction for his characters, the album marked another extension of his audience, despite the volatility of the themes explored in the songs.

Still, even the added momentum generated by that record couldn't dissuade him from wanting another three years to



"I wouldn't be short for anything . . . that's almost as bad as being foreign."

finish his sixth and current album, *Little Criminals*. A few days after completing the album, Newman expressed uncharacteristic satisfaction with the results, guardedly agreeing there was evidence of Commercial Potential. "What can I tell you?" he said. "I think it's good, and I've never thought that before. I mean, it could be that I'm wrong this time — everyone else thought the others were good. And I think they're good in retrospect. But there's some good stuff on this. I think it's going to be very difficult for the people selling it. Some of it's very easy, almost commercial. But there's so many different people, third person stuff: a child murderer ["In Germany Before the War"], "Texas Girl at the Funeral of Her Father," this kid who's a delinquent type [the title song]. There's a song about a police parade ["Jolly Coppers on Parade"], my first fascist song, I think . . . I'm worried about it. They'll relate me to Ronald Reagan or something."

If anything, the rapid airwave conquest by "Short

People" worried him even more. "You know, there's something about this that doesn't make me quite . . . happy . . . I'd like to know what the album would do without it," he now wonders. "But it doesn't work like that."

It's a familiar note of resignation, buffered by off-hand delivery, but no one really expects him to zero in on broad comedy, something he has rarely done (earlier, he had criticized another broadside, "Political Science," by agreeing the song is closer to '50s satirist Tom Lehrer than most Newman songs). "Maybe I'll have to do some Jim Stafford songs or something, or 'The Purple People Eater,'" he mused, but later he addressed the problem more directly.

"I'm fearful of the prospect of the crowd's changing to the extent — see, I can find a bad side to anything — where I can't get away with doing 'Davy The Fat Boy' or 'God's Song,' stuff like that." Still, there is the quick punchline to lighten the load, much as his double entendres or fractured narrative myopia leave a basically existential thread that runs throughout his writing. "I like the Rod Stewart record 'You're In My Heart,' though. That's funnier than 'Short People.' He loves her despite the fact that he disapproves of her fashion sense. He's my hero. There's stuff on that record I don't believe, real jet set stuff." Does this mean he's ready for neck chains and a deep suntan? He enthusiastically assents. "Yeah, I'm ready. Maybe I'll get a divorce. Well, I'll do something to keep my name in the news."

Randy Newman won't be wearing neck chains, and his marriage (to a German woman, Roswitha; they have two sons, Eric and Amos) has already outlasted usual Hollywood expectations. But then Newman doesn't live in Hollywood; he lives on his own dimly-lit "Main Street" in Santa Monica Canyon, far from the hip bustle of Sunset Strip or the heavy-handed opulence of Beverly Hills, the distance measured in attitudes expressed in his songs. He will continue to procrastinate, only to insist later that he is really very greedy; when a given project collapses, like his scoring/songwriting assignment for Robert Altman's scuttled film of E.L. Doctorow's *Ragtime*, he'll shrug it off with an anecdote.

Newman had previously been mis-used by producer Norman Lear (who tucked his songs rather neatly into the background of a feature film, *Cold Turkey*) and practically cannibalized by the producers of a television drama about Huey Long, which employed several tracks from Newman's *Good Old Boys* album that described Long's power as an image of blue collar demagoguery. For the Altman project, there was the promise of a more central role, as well as Newman's seasoned pianistics, which had long employed ragtime figures.

"Dino De Laurentiis called Elliot (Abbot, Newman's manager) and said, 'We want to see him.' So we went down there to see him, much like this." He indicates his own inflexible fashion sense of jeans and shirt. "Not even dressed this well. Elliot looked like he looks, and we went in, and there he was. A real whirlwind. He hands me this book: 'We want you to do this, we'll fly you to Canada to see Altman, blah, blah, blah.'"

"He was fantastic. I mean, if he terminated the project, I'd like to get fired by him." He was laughing, and he really meant it; he'd simply enjoy the audience with the producer. "I mean, I never heard what happened. But he was the greatest. I loved him: speaking Italian and calling Yucatan. Elliot and I were back out on the street and it was like we'd been hit by a truck."

So Randy Newman snatches humor from the jaws of defeat, which is more or less consistent with his songs; but while that light tone is intended to discourage us — and, one suspects, the writer himself — from taking his work too seriously, even the most irreverent Newmannism can't eclipse the fatalism behind his lop-sided grin. *Little Criminals*, with its punchy rhythm section, hard-edged guitar and guest appearance by the Eagles, nevertheless continues Newman's odyssey as a composer of tersely evocative melodies and a lyricist of unflinching candor.

There are a few arguable commercial precedents for that verbal darkness, notably Paul Simon and Steely Dan, but Randy Newman is still facing certain dispiriting verities of the national character that would seem unwelcome in an era when popular culture generally evinces a preference for anaesthesia, as reflected in the resurgence of traditional romantic formulae and a pervasive public hunger for escapism in a variety of forms. Sometimes Randy Newman implies that he, too, would like to escape. His songs say that he can't. ☞

Sam Sutherland is West Coast Editor of *Record World*, of medium height, and also refuses to live in Beverly Hills.

HOLLYWOOD GOES TO WAR

(Again)

BY JACOBA ATLAS

War may be Hell, but to Hollywood it has been the nearest thing to box-office Heaven. War movies bolstered morale, explained strategy, rallied idealism and generally served The Cause. They also made people rich. War movies are a capitalist's dream, and like detective movies, the western and the musical, war movies are an American specialty. Other countries can and do make war movies, but the genre's perfection came from the U.S. of A., perhaps because during both World Wars, we stayed clear of the action long enough to turn our resources to movies rather than the military.

Then, a decade ago, after more than 50 years of successful box-office battle, Hollywood in the sixties gave a war and no one came. The film generation, that celluloid-happy audience demographically between the magic ages 18-30, wasn't interested in waving the flag, except in protest. As the Viet Nam war escalated, the market for war films diminished. It became impossible to use the traditional guidelines of good guys and bad guys, and unless those battle lines could be drawn, there was no way of making a commercial hit.

The country was politically and morally divided about Viet Nam, and that made all wars suspect. Hollywood responded to this ambiguity by taking its usual affirmative stand: it ignored the subject completely. Except for one or two films made during the Sixties, such as *Alice's Restaurant*, the industry pretended the war didn't exist. A few forays into student protest, such as the disastrous *Getting Straight* or *The Strawberry Statement*, told Hollywood pundits that student unrest and revolution weren't box-office dynamite, and whatever creative impulse might have led filmmakers to come to

terms with the fundamental issues pulling America apart during the Sixties and early Seventies was nipped in the bud.

But war is once again in bloom, with studios putting up big dollars hoping for big revenues. Perhaps the time is right, we're safe enough now to open old wounds; maybe it is simply impossible to look the other way any longer. Or perhaps there is another, more cynical *modus operandi*: war movies offer a great storehouse of material, and Hollywood is desperate for good scripts. War is intrinsically dramatic, exciting, dangerous, heroic even in the most ambiguous situations. A writer needs very little imagination to write a powerful war movie; men in crisis write their own sagas, as Irwin Shaw (*The Young Lions*) and James Jones (*From Here to Eternity*) have said on more than one occasion.

It's easy to understand the appeal of World War II. This war still remains the only recent conflict where there were clear-cut issues and easily defined heroes and villains. Interestingly enough though, this black and white dichotomy is only true for Americans: European filmmakers, those born and raised during the rise of Fascism, are now exploring their past with the same trepidation our filmmakers are showing Viet Nam. However, for American filmmakers World War II is still the War of Wars.

But the impulse to investigate Viet Nam springs from the much more elusive effort to come to grips with our country's recent traumatic history. Although Viet Nam films will no doubt offer as much blood and guts as their World War II counterparts, it will be impossible, even for a film like Francis Coppola's epic *Apocalypse Now*, to couch the brutality of the

war in glamour and romance — two commodities totally missing from this Asian encounter.

Viet Nam still divides this country; the publishing world can testify to the lack of dollars for war tomes. Such books may win awards, but today they rarely fill best-selling lists. The Viet Nam war has not produced popular novelists such as James Jones, Norman Mailer or Irwin Shaw and such admirable recent works as *A Rumor of War* by Philip Caputo do only reasonably well, not nearly well enough. It's doubtful the great American populace wants to spend its hard-earned money reliving the war, but American movie makers may not give them a choice.

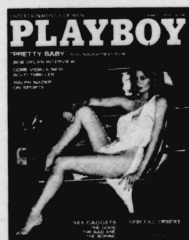
The great fear in Hollywood is a battle-backlash, a boycott of the very subject matter which currently grips some of Hollywood's best filmmakers. This situation is unique: usually movies strive to *reflect* the mood of America, not create it. It's apparent America's mood does not relish reflecting on war, so Hollywood is gambling with films which treat Viet Nam seriously. Filmmakers are betting they can shake America out of its apathy and force us to take a long look at troubled times. If Hollywood succeeds, it'll be one of the few times the industry has taken a strong political stand against the economic pressures of the profit motive.

Any discussion of Viet Nam movies must begin with Francis Coppola's *Apocalypse Now*. The script was written in 1969 by a very young, very confused John Milius and bounced around the studios for almost five years. The original version is filled with adolescent battle fantasies about the end of the world and the nature of evil, so much so that one studio executive called it *Infantile*. Coppola saw something else



DYLAN IN PLAYBOY

At 25, Bob Dylan was prophet to a whole generation; at 30, a full-fledged superstar. For more than a decade now, his music has remained an important part of our culture. Through it all, however, Dylan the man has been an enigma, fiercely guarding his privacy. In his March *Playboy* Interview, Bob Dylan opens up to talk about his music, his life, his future. In the same issue, Gore Vidal ends the world once and for all, Ralph Nader tells how team owners get fat ripping off fans and Craig Vetter risks life and limb for PLAYBOY in his first ski jump. Also, a look at the people who design sexual aids and a road test of some of their fascinating little bedroom helpers. All in the exciting March PLAYBOY. At your newsstand now.





The Boys in Company C (above and below), about five young Marines from boot camp to combat.



(more?) in the treatment of Viet Nam and bought the script. After forking over the asking price, Coppola immediately began rewriting, to such an extent that Millus, once Coppola's good friend, is now barely on speaking terms with the older director.

It's widely agreed that *Apocalypse Now* is based on Joseph Conrad's brilliant novel, *Heart of Darkness*, but one reader of the Milius/Coppola script calls that bunk — intellectual posturing by sycophants who wouldn't read Conrad anymore than they'd thank their agents. However, certain similarities do exist.

"We came upon a man of war anchored off the coast," wrote Conrad; Coppola's man of war is anchored on a Viet Nam river, skippered by a captain also named Kurtz (played by Marlon Brando), who sails up the river into the heart of darkness and tries to 'tame the natives' through perversity and violence. Kurtz's mission becomes para-military and eventually the high command sends up another war-lord, played by Martin Sheen, to terminate Kurtz.

Apocalypse Now was originally bankrolled by United Artists for a tidy \$8 million dollars. Conservative estimates now put the film at \$25.5 million, making it the most expensively budgeted in movie history. Monsoon rains, hurricanes and other natural disasters, along with bruised egos and Martin Sheen's heart attack, contributed to the film's lengthy, debilitating schedule. Coppola lost forty pounds; reorganized his film company; mortgaged everything he owns or may own, including future percentages of *The Godfathers I and II*; and according to sources on the film, went through some of the same horrific changes as Conrad's Kurtz. Coppola is in fact so aware of the public fascination with the situation surrounding *Apocalypse Now* (can that fascination be translated into box-office dollars?) that he issued an official memo ordering his employees not to talk to the press.

In one of the few public statements Coppola has issued about the film, he says tersely, "I'm cauterizing old wounds. Trying to let people put the war behind them. You can never do that by forgetting."

So filmmakers would like us to be past forgetting. Jane Fonda is another member of the let's-think-about-it-first brigade. Her upcoming film, *Coming Home*, due for release in January, takes a look at returning Vets and what the war did to the psyches of men and women. Written by Waldo Salt (*Midnight Cowboy*) and directed by Hal Ashby (*Bound for Glory*), *Coming Home* is the story of a woman married to a Marine Viet Nam vet (Bruce Dern) who falls in love with a paraplegic (Jon Voight). Her Marine husband, unable to come to grips with the contradictory information about heroism, manliness and the war, chooses suicide as an alternative.

Jane sees the film as a strong statement about the war, fatigue and personal commitment. She also sees it as a truly feminist film. "The part I play is a conservative, male-defined Marine officer's wife. She married her ex-football player



when she was just out of high school. She views the whole world through his eyes, but then she begins to go through some changes. Now, there are millions and millions of women just like her. And if we can begin to show her the way she really is, she can be a kind of heroine."

Viet Nam vets may have been heroes, but to themselves and the rest of the country, they were psychologically scarred victims at best. *Coming Home* deals with that torture; so does John Milius' ode to Sixties friendships, *Big Wednesday*. The ironically titled *Heroes* with Henry Winkler also shows a mind-damaged veteran.

The Deer Hunter, with Robert De Niro, filters back and forth between the war zone and the home-front; *The Boys in Company C* and *Go Tell the Spartans* both deal directly with soldiers during the heat of battle. *Dog Soldiers* takes the drug scene in Viet Nam stateside and shows a group of vets dealing the hard stuff.

To be sure, World War II produced a fair share of films about war's tragic aftermath, including the highly regarded *Best Years Of Our Lives*, *Home of the Brave*, and *The Men*. But the overall message of those movies was optimism, the American spirit triumphant against all odds. With World War II, when all else failed, a viewing of the concentration camps put everything back into perspective. But it's impossible to put the egos, miscalculations and greed of the American military industrial complex to that same use.

The Deer Hunter, *Boys in Company C*, *Go Tell the Spartans*, *Coming Home* and the *Dog Soldiers* have been condemned by the State Department and the Defense Department. These two government agencies insist producers only want to show the "unattractive side of Viet Nam, the inflated drug scene; the mundane chore of saving Viet Namese lives, the things men went through day in and day out, wasn't very appealing."

It's a grim thought, but the Defense department may be right. There's an uncomfortable feeling surrounding some of the Viet Nam films that smacks of exploitation. These films may indeed be the strong political statements needed to balance the war, or they may be nothing more than potboilers designed to show off violence, like the reprehensible *Rolling Thunder*, which used a Viet Nam vet as a vehicle for uncivilized destruction.

War movies have traditionally pleased everyone: studios, audiences, even the State Department. Our government readily concedes World War II would have been even harder to fight without the support of Hollywood through training films, propaganda movies and just good old morale boosters. Films like the *Sands of Iwo Jima* and *They Were Expendable* have even been cited as recruiting tools. It's doubtful *Apocalypse Now*, *The Deer Hunter* and *Coming Home* will serve the same purpose. The closest we're going to get to flag waving is Coppola's statement that his film "is honest, pro-human and therefore pro-American."

Considering the trauma of Viet Nam, no one should expect more.



The Deer Hunter stars Robert De Niro (top photo, in jeep, wearing beret); Burt Lancaster heads cast of Go Tell the Spartans (above and below).



IN BOTH EARS

With the give-and-get spirit of the holiday season just past, it may be financially comforting to know that for hi fi the New Year is bargain time. During the first week in January 1978 high-fidelity manufacturers will be removing the wraps on new product lines and encouraging their dealers to clear the shelves. A bit of canny shopping will help you uncover audio bargains and a number of special hi-fi deals. The prices indicated here are 'tops' - you should be able to do better.

The first component in the cornucopia is Sansui's Model G-2000 AM/FM receiver. It uses just 16 audio watts, so your accompanying speakers should be fairly efficient. Stereo separation is 40dB at 1 kHz. With proper speaker placement you should be able to enjoy positive spatial effect. The G-2000 features an illuminated wide tuning dial, a maximum signal strength and zero center tuning meter. It also has the circuitry you would normally associate with more expensive receivers: a four element ceramic IF filter using integrated circuits, a phase-locked loop differential demodulator for minimum harmonic distortion and a low-pass filter to suppress carrier leakage. The receiver also includes a mike mixing facility equipped with a level control. (\$230).

Looking for something out of the ordinary? Consider the GLI Creative Controller, consisting of a #3880 mixer module with a #1000 signal processor. The Creative Controller is ideal if you are an active audiophile who wants to go beyond just listening to participation. This unit will let you play disc jockey at parties, assembling tapes with excerpts dubbed from a multitude of sources, or changing the tonal balance of a recording. The Controller includes phono mixing and dynamic range enhancement. If you couple it to a multi-channel tape deck you can have your own instant living room recording studio. The unit, a pre-amp plus full controls, lets you do deck-to-deck dubbing, apply equalization to tape input or line output, use cue input selectors and operate a slide fader for two inputs.

With some 200 speaker manufacturers pouring out a product line at a fine rate, selecting a speaker can be a bit more difficult than choosing a mate for life. If your power amp can supply from 12 to 60 watts per channel, give some thought to the Leak 3050. It is equipped with a pair of 170mm (6-3/4") bass/mid range drivers and a 19mm (3/4") dome tweeter. The operation of the bass units up to the crossover at 3kHz is achieved by an 11 element crossover. In a conventional speaker system the points of origin of sound at different frequencies aren't the same distance from your ears. This results in time distortion, an effect that is eliminated in the Leak 3050 since it is time-delay compensated. The treble unit is mounted a precisely calculated distance behind the plane of the woofer panel so that the musical harmonics it reproduces will arrive at your ears precisely in step with the fundamental frequencies from the dual woofer/midrange drivers.

The Wharfedale E70 (the E is for efficiency) will play along with any stereo power amp that can supply as little as 3 watts per channel to as much as 120 watts, and that just about includes everybody's amp. Highly

efficient, it can produce a sound pressure level of 94dB at a distance of 1 meter with just 1 watt input. It has a 250mm (10") woofer, a pair of 100mm (4") midrange drivers and one 25mm (1") horn loaded tweeter. Twin 5-position contour controls are an unusual feature of the Wharfedale E-70, permitting adaptability to individual room acoustics. You can get up to 5dB of frequency adjustment in the 200-2kHz and 2-20kHz ranges. Typical system response is virtually flat from 50 Hz to 18kHz. (\$430)

If you aren't quite satisfied with the sound you've been getting out of your phono records, you might try changing from a moving magnet cartridge, quite probably the type you are now using, to a moving coil unit. The Satin moving coil cartridge produces a full 2.5mV signal level, so you can plug it directly into any phono amplifier input. This cartridge also eliminates the nuisance of stylus replacement, something that sometimes requires the digital ability of a Heifetz or Menuhin. You can do it yourself. The Satin Model M-18E has a 0.2 x 0.8 mill elliptical diamond stylus and a rated frequency response from 10Hz to 30kHz. Your ears should work that good.

Cartridges vary widely in price (and in quality). You can pay as little as \$20 or go beyond \$200 with ease. A lot depends on what pleases your ears, and that's a purely personal matter. Empire has a line of cartridges, from their model 2000 at \$30 to their 2000Z at \$100. You can get a Pickering Micro IV AC for \$24.95 or their discrete 4-channel cartridge, UV-15/2400Q, at \$125.

Hitachi has a rather nice AM/FM tuner, its Model FT-920. It has a light gold front panel and a slightly recessed and back sloped dial scale. One of the tuner's unusual features is an auto lock, a type of automatic frequency control. This turns off the moment you start turning the tuning knob. But when you stop tuning, the auto lock comes on again and holds the tuned station precisely. (\$300)

There are several trends in turntables and you might keep them in mind when shopping. Many manufacturers are now supplying direct drive, but don't discount belt drive. Thorens, an old line company with a fine reputation, has belt-driven turntables in its line. Quartz crystal oscillators for controlling turntable speed seem to be the latest trend. These supply just about perfect speed accuracy and levels of flutter so low that it's difficult to see how they could be measured.

Pioneer's PL-570 is a fully automatic, single play, direct drive record player with speed control through a quartz crystal oscillator. (\$294). The Thorens TD-160 is a belt-driven, single play unit, but is completely manual. (\$275). Garrard's GT35, also belt driven, is \$249.95.

Now that cassette decks have made the grade as true high-fidelity components, you can have the convenience offered by cassettes and the enjoyment of quality sound. Kenwood's KX-1030 uses three separate heads for erase, record and playback. And the component has a frequency response of 35 Hz to 18 kHz, plus or minus 3 dB, when using chrome tape. This unit is distinguished by the fact that it has a double Dolby system with separate circuits for the record and playback amplifiers. This means that as you record with Dolby, you can also tape monitor with Dolby so you hear exactly what you record.

Another unusual feature is the variable bias adjustment control that lets you adjust the exact bias for the kind of tape you use. Most cassette decks have either a two or a three-position bias and equalization switch, but with the Kenwood KX-1030 you should be able to use any cassette tape, now available or coming at you in the future.

Martin Clifford

InPrint

(Continued from page 5)

an introduction on the theory and interpretation of dreams — all interspersed with Kathy Miyamoto's breezy comic sketches and with various appropriate quotations (the latter of which do not include the Bard's warning, "Let not our babbling dreams affront our souls").

Colman Andrews

Unholy Grail

J.R.R. Tolkien's posthumous *The Silmarillion* comes equipped with 365 pages of more-or-less text (including maps of Middle-Earth, Elvish genealogy, etc.) and costs \$10.95 to buy from Houghton-Mifflin.

Tolkien himself had a use figured out for this unwieldy object. He was forever writing away at it in an attempt to fill the gap left by the early practitioners of English literature. These ancestral goofoffs had failed to leave English readers with a coherent body of myth and epic like the Norse *Edda* or German *Nibelungenlied*. This clumsy neglect had dire consequences: there was no source, Tolkien held, to which the English reader could go for the Big Picture on good and evil, heroism and villainy, roots. He, Tolkien, would do what our literary forbears had left undone: he would write the great definitive mythic work. Tolkien's colleagues were less than inflamed with the notion, pointing out to him that the writers of such a work should really have been dead for several centuries at the least. Tolkien, on the other hand, was alive, at least while he was writing his *Silmarillion* (his son Christopher took over and pulled the manuscript to-

gether after his father's death). He was also much too fully aware of what he was doing, too full of pedantry, too playful and, in three words, too Twentieth Century. As for Tolkien's publisher, he wanted more cute hobbits. He also objected to Tolkien's use of a rather fossilized-sounding pseudo-Biblical language.

Despite these discouragements, the volume is here, and tells, mostly, what happened in Middle-Earth during Ages I and II, which is to say, what went before the events narrated in the rest of Tolkien's work, plus a quick rundown of Age III, the *Lord of the Rings* trilogy plot. What it all comes to is the creation of Middle-Earth out of music, battles, three Silmarils (magic stones) full of light from the Two Trees of Life, battles over the silmarils, battles over territory on which the stones might be found, the use of human mortals in Elvish battles, battles to defeat the murky villain of pinched evil (whose title is Black Foe of the World) and some more battle scenes. That's a whole lot of swords flashing like ice and wounded heroes looking sad but not unhappy and bonked warriors falling and knowing no more, plus old kings with carven faces and iron mountains belching flame. Enough is enough.

Tiresome as the battle scenes may be, their accumulated tedium is nothing compared to the massive trumped-up history of Middle-Earth. Everyone must know at least one Middle-Earth Society type who has mastered an Elvish language and can sing several lengthy hobbit songs without being asked. Until now, these madmen had to rely mainly on The Appendix. This was a bunch of extra pages at the end of the *Rings* trilogy where Tolkien was allowed to put all the dull made-up geography and genealogy and linguistic information that would have bored his sane readers. In the *Silmarillion*,

(Continued on next page)



Ampersand of the Month: Fontanesi

OK, art majors and assorted creative types. This is another Big Chance from Ampersand. Each month we feature an Ampersand of the Month.

We've been lifting them from any old available type face, but we'd much rather have brand new, original, never-before-devised Ampersands. From you.

Restrictions and rules: they must be in black ink on white paper, neatly done; and they must be original. If you plagiarize, we will embarrass you in front of all your friends and then stomp you into dust.

Each original Ampersand we use will earn its maker \$25.

(As for our less creative readers, you can play too: should you happen to stumble upon a rare, old or merely unusual type face with a nifty Ampersand, send it to us. As a gesture of friendship, since you won't receive payment, just our eternal gratitude.)

Send your objets d'art to Ampersand of the Month, 1474 N. Kings Road, Los Angeles, CA 90009. If you want your Ampersand back, enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

AMPERCHART

ROCK

- 1 Rumors Fleetwood Mac/Warner
- 2 Foot Loose & Fancy Free Rod Stewart/Warner Bros.
- 3 All 'n All Earth, Wind & Fire/Columbia
- 4 News of the World Queen/Elektra
- 5 Out of the Blue Electric Light Orchestra/Jet
- 6 Simple Dreams Linda Ronstadt/Asylum
- 7 Saturday Night Fever Soundtrack/RSO
- 8 Down Two, Then Left Boz Scaggs/Columbia
- 9 The Stranger Billy Joel/Columbia
- 10 Draw the Line Aerosmith/Columbia
- 11 Running on Empty Jackson Browne/Asylum
- 12 The Grand Illusion Sly/A&M
- 13 I'm Gald You're Here with Me Tonight Neil Diamond/Columbia
- 14 Point of No Return Kansas/Kirschner
- 15 Greatest Hits Paul Simon/Columbia
- 16 Alive II Kiss/Casablanca
- 17 French Kiss Bob Welch/Capitol
- 18 Aie Steeley Dan/ABC
- 19 Don Juan's Reckless Daughter Joni Mitchell/Asylum
- 20 Foreigner Foreigner/Atlantic
- 21 Live Commodores/Motown
- 22 Little Criminals Randy Newman
- 23 Street Survivors Lynyrd Skynyrd/MGA
- 24 Slow Hand Eric Clapton/RSO
- 25 Book of Dreams Steve Miller/Capitol

RECOMMENDED RECENT RELEASES

- Endless Wire Gordon Lightfoot/Warner Bros.
- What a Town Rick Danko/Arista
- Live and Let Live 10cc/Mercury
- Cats on the Coast Sea Level/Capricorn
- Burning on Empty Jackson Browne/Asylum
- Don Juan's Reckless Laughter Joni Mitchell/Asylum
- My Aim Is True Elvis Costello/Columbia

COUNTRY

- 1 Here You Come Again Dolly Parton/RCA
- 2 We Must Believe in Magic Crystal Gayle/United Artists
- 3 Simple Dreams Linda Ronstadt/Asylum
- 4 Daytime Friends Kenny Rogers/United Artists
- 5 It Was Almost Like a Song Ronnie Milsap/RCA
- 6 Greatest Hits Olivia Newton-John/MCA
- 7 My Farewell to Elvis Merle Haggard/MCA
- 8 You Light up My Life Debby Boone/Warner Bros.
- 9 Elvis in Concert Elvis Presley/RCA
- 10 Take This Job and Shove It Johnny Paycheck/Epic
- 11 I Want to Live John Denver/RCA
- 12 Heaven's Just a Sin Away The Kendalls/Oration
- 13 O' Waylon Waylon Jennings/RCA
- 14 Love's Troubled Waters Mel Tillis/MCA
- 15 Live at the Royal Festival Hall Glen Campbell/Capitol

RECOMMENDED RECENT RELEASES

- The Best of Freddy Fender Freddy Fender/ABC/Dot
- Road Songs Hoyt Axton/A&M
- Don't Let Me Touch You Marty Robbins
- Before His Time Willie Nelson/RCA

JAZZ

- 1 Heads Bob James/Columbia
- 2 Feels So Good Chuck Mangione/A&M
- 3 Tequila Mockingbird Ramsey Lewis/Columbia
- 4 Ruby, Ruby Gato Barbieri/A&M
- 5 Enigmatic Ocean Jean Luc-Ponty/Atlantic
- 6 Magic Billy Cobham/Columbia
- 7 New Vintage Maynard Ferguson/Columbia
- 8 Quintet V.S.O.P./Columbia
- 9 Nightwings Stanley Turrentine/Fantasy
- 10 Blow It Out Tom Scott/Epic
- 11 Live at the Bijou Grover Washington, Jr./Kudu
- 12 Lifeline Roy Ayers Ubiquity/Polydor
- 13 The Montreux Summit Various Artists/Polydor
- 14 Sophisticated Giant Dexter Gordon/Columbia
- 15 Survivors Suite Keith Jarrett/ECM

RECOMMENDED RECENT RELEASES

- Alone Again Bill Evans/Fantasy
- Inner Voices McCoy Tyner/Milestone
- Live at the Bijou Grover Washington, Jr./Kudu
- Sugar Loaf Express Lee Ritenour/JVC
- Vidic-2

SOUL

- 1 All 'n All Earth, Wind & Fire/Columbia
- 2 Live Commodores/Motown
- 3 Galaxy War/MCA
- 4 Funkentelechy vs. Placebo Syndrome Parliament/Casablanca
- 5 In Full Bloom Rose Royce/MCA
- 6 Reach for It George Duke/Epic
- 7 Thankful Natalie Cole/Capitol
- 8 Menagerie Bill Withers/Columbia
- 9 Secrets Con Funk Shun/Mercury
- 10 Feelin' Bitchy Millie Jackson/Spring
- 11 Mr. Mean Ohio Players/Mercury
- 12 Flying High on Your Love Bar Kays/Mercury
- 13 Once upon a Time Donna Summer/Casablanca
- 14 Barry White Sings for Someone You Love Barry White/20th Century
- 15 Songbird Dionne Williams/Columbia

RECOMMENDED RECENT RELEASES

- Goin' Bananas Side Effect/Fantasy
- Only the Strong Survive Billy Paul/Columbia
- Blue Lights in the Basement Roberts Flack/Atlantic
- The Force Kool & the Gang/De-lite
- Looking Back Stevie Wonder/Motown

InPrint

(Continued from previous page)

the invented erudition overruns its banks, flooding everything with a lot of dates and place names and other data about as exciting as the Biblical "begat" passages. But perhaps it's crass to go on like this. Perhaps I should give it a few years and see if plowing through all this elaborate glittering-sword claptrap has given me a firm mythic-epic grasp on Good and Evil for English-Speakers. I always was a little fuzzy on what could be classified as Base or Vile behavior.

Naomi Lindstrom
University of Texas

The Lone Ranger

Ah, America. Land of *Star Trek*, Buffalo Bill, Superman, *Jaws*, and Walt Disney. Land of supertechnology. Land without myth.

Not so, say Robert Jewett and John Lawrence in *The American Monomyth* (Doubleday). To be sure, Apollo no longer does his daily number with the sun. But Superman still soars across the sky and, in seemingly endless reruns, Captain Kirk still dribbles the Starship *Enterprise* like a basketball across the cosmos.

In the classical mythic set-up, a hero brings useful information from the gods. Power and knowledge go hand-in-hand. Prometheus brings fire to the earth. In the American monomyth, however, the superhero has replaced the hero. The superhero has power enough to perform superheroic tasks, but he brings no new information. Instead he sets things straight. He has what Jewett and Lawrence call a "redemptive task."

Usually the superhero comes from out of the blue, sacks the bad guy (men dominate the examples here), pulls a community out of danger, and disappears.

Superman, of course, fits this scheme perfectly. So does the Lone Ranger, The Virginian and even Mary Poppins.

In the American monomyth, the superhero goes one-on-one with the enemy. He is often a violent anarchist (like Paul Kersey in *Death Wish*). Usually he is a sexual anarchist as well. Clark Kent is in love with Lois Lane; Superman is not. Captain Kirk and Spock resist romantic involvement with superseductive women. Mickey Mouse and Snow White are sexless superheroes.

In addition, the American monomyth pictures superheroes as having amazing powers. Spock can calculate like a Hewlett-Packard and is resistant to many human dangers. Spiderman is equally at home on a vertical or horizontal surface. Buffalo Bill claimed to have killed sixty-nine buffalo in one day.

The authors point out that along with the American monomyth, there is another American myth, the myth of *mythlessness*—or the myth that there is no American monomyth. Because the monomyth is always available, disguised as entertainment, we tend to overlook it. The authors sense a danger here, since a "mythic formula" has the potential to manipulate an audience.

Sometimes Jewett and Lawrence stretch the text a bit so the monomythic pattern will not be disturbed. But in general their account is a believable one. They write in a casual, quick, Shazam-like style. It makes for easy going. *Star Trek* addicts, media aficionados and comic-book fans should like this one.

Diane Michelfelder
University of Texas

On Screen

Low Laughs & Low Life

HIGH ANXIETY, starring Mel Brooks, Madeline Kahn, Harvey Korman, Cloris Leachman. Produced and directed by Brooks.

In *High Anxiety* Mel Brooks, so he says, salutes Alfred Hitchcock, the master of suspense. Well, Hitchcock has withstood everything from 1930's censorship to 1970's semiology and he will, no doubt, survive Brooks' heavy-breathing, but the question is — will audiences? Every laugh *High Anxiety* elicits from an audience seems one more nail in the coffin of American comedy. Right now, except for *Annie Hall*, most of our film humor is in ridiculing others, a manic preoccupation with the comedy of cruelty.

Brooks often veers dangerously close to this kind of humor — the kick-'em-in-the-stomach-when-they're-down school of retching excess — but in the past, he also infused his films with a wistful absurdity that let us take the highs with the lows. Now even that subtlety is totally missing and Brooks comes on with the finesse of a steam-roller.

In *High Anxiety* Brooks plays a psychiatrist with a secret problem who is brought in to head a mysterious hospital for The Very Very Nervous. Strange goings-on happen at the clinic and the plot revolves around Brooks discovering the truth. Along the way we're treated to short "takes" on all of Hitchcock's most famous films, including the shower scene from *Psycho*, the waterfront scene from *Vertigo* (shot at the same location) as well as devices from such non-Hitchcock films as *Blow-Up* and a reference to the curtain crisis from *Cobweb*, a movie

about a mental institution that incidentally was written by William Gibson who incidentally wrote *Two for the Seesaw* which incidentally made a star of Anne Bancroft who is incidentally Mrs. Mel Brooks.

One of the most annoying faults of *High Anxiety* (aside from listening to people around you proclaim the Hitchcock movie now being parodied) is its total lack of suspense. Of what value is a Hitchcock tribute without suspense? We know everything there is to know about the hospital and its madmen far too early; getting to the end isn't even half the fun. Some inventive moments like the use of strange camera angles are repeated so often that their impact disintegrates before our eyes.

Another major problem is Brooks himself in the lead. He's not a particularly sympathetic man (as Woody Allen innately is) and he can't project, on screen, the charisma he displays off screen. His Thorndyke is never really part of the action; we keep waiting for him to call "cut." Also Madeline Kahn, trying to be a cool blonde a la Grace Kelly and Tippi Hedren, is simply miscast and unattractive. Cloris Leachman and Harvey Korman as a sadistic couple are fine — if you like that sort of thing.

There's a popular story about Brooks, that he goes to theatres where his movies are playing and counts the laughs. He's looking for the pinnacle — where it's all one big laugh. He comes close to it in *High Anxiety*, but the laughs are cheap. He might do well to remember that even in comedy, silence can occasionally be golden.

Jacoba Atlas

Brooks and Kahn: Witless, weak & warped.



Travolta:
Smoking, sizzling &
steaming.

SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER, starring John Travolta and Karen Lynn Gorney; written by Norman Wexler (based on a story by Nik Cohn), directed by John Badham.

At long last. Someone has finally made a rock and roll movie with all the excitement of the music and dancing, but without the cloying condescension and moribund morality.

The music, most of it written and sung by rock's British castrati, the Bee Gees, has a raw narrative intensity unlike the group's usually insipid hits. We have Robert Stigwood to thank for much of this movie — he produced it, and the music is released on his RSO label, and it's the first time I'm forced to admit the wily entrepreneur may have taste after all. It was Stigwood, remember, who perpetrated, with director Ken Russell, the abomination of *Tammy*.

John Travolta, (nicknamed by some of us John Revolting for his Barbarino character on TV's *Welcome Back, Kotter*) is no less than flawless in his first big screen starring role. He plays Tony Manero, king of the discos, a narcissistic young man full of ignorance but little bliss who marks time all week in a humdrum job and suffocating family until, one night a week, he reigns on the dance floor. Tony is prodded gradually into realizing a better life exists, an awakening speeded by his brother, who leaves the priesthood, and a young woman (Karen Lynn Gorney) who is trying to better herself with a job and apartment in Manhattan. She even tries to clean up her Brooklyn accent.

Bay Ridge, an all-white section of Brooklyn, is the background, an area whose inhabitants, like Tony, seem well enough off — no rats in the alleys here — but can't get out of the lower middle class vise. The realistic street scenes are in vivid contrast to the almost ethereal disco scenes, where the dancers appear suspended in clouds, moving in perfect rhythm with each other, while

outside, in cars, there is casual grasping sex without tenderness.

There is no affection anywhere in this film. Tony is abused by his family, exploited by his job, and in turn he abuses women with casual, easy arrogance. They don't seem to mind.

Director Badham has a hit and a near miss to his credit: the excellent TV film *The Law*, and the pleasant but ineffectual movie, *The Bingo Long Traveling All Stars and Motor Kings*. In *Saturday Night Fever* Badham saunters confidently across a tightrope — very few directors could combine a gang bang, a gang fight, and modern, Macho Fred Astaire-Ginger Rogers falling-in-love-while-dancing sequence in the same movie . . . and make it all believable. Until the end, which isn't very believable, but by then I was so transfixed I didn't care about reality.

The script, by Norman Wexler (who wrote *Joe and Serpico*) is tough and gritty, but some of the characters are all too familiar, especially the desperate young man searching for someone to tell him *not* to marry the girl he got pregnant. He has "Doomed" written all over him.

Another scene, although nicely played, has Travolta extolling the particulars of the Verrazano Bridge to Gorney. Perhaps it's supposed to prove that even an ignorant street kid knows a lot about *something*. The bridge, of course, is a Symbol.

But none of the film's several faults matter that much; what will be remembered about this one is Travolta. He plumbs the same violent sexual undercurrents as Marlon Brando playing Stanley Kowalski; at any minute Travolta could explode and take everything with him. He's dynamite — looking for a match.

The kid is a real star. And just when we needed one, too.

Judith Sims

Extra Credit

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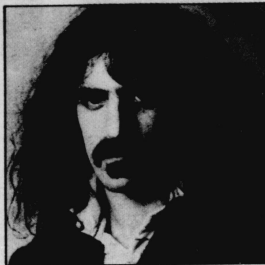
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On Tour



Frank Zappa, Lexington, Kentucky

It will be a comfort to a small but devoted number of rock connoisseurs to learn that Frank Zappa is alive and bonkers somewhere in Middle America. He played in Louisville Gardens recently, bringing with him one of the best bands I have ever heard. The show began on time, with no opener. During the course of about two hours, a fairly complete inventory of Zappa madness and brilliance was heard through a sound system that is advertised as being "very loud ... also very clear." It is. As sports caverns go, the Gardens is small and acoustically better than some. In this setting, the amplification was absolutely perfect, dazzlingly clear.

All the players were super. Terry Bozzio's athletic drum solo was fantastic and his occasional vocal leads were straight-ahead rock like it's meant to be sung. Rhythm guitarist Adrian Belew also has a fine and versatile voice. His Bob Dylan imitation was hilarious and his rock guitar solo, a joy to hear. To mention only these two, however, is arbitrary. There are simply no weaknesses in this band. Still, as good as they all were, when Zappa took off on guitar, it was as if no one else was there. If he is not the greatest living guitarist, then somebody better tell him, because he sure as hell plays like he is.

The show was well received by an unusual audience, by contemporary rock standards. The crowd was older, and people were less sullen, less drunk, and more attentive than is usual at these things. In the beer line, one heard talk about Chick Corea and Stanley Clarke. This was clearly not your standard Kiss crowd, and it was awfully nice to see an old time rock audience get off.

I've seen Zappa three times, over a span of 10 years: once in Manhattan; again at Madison, Wisconsin; then in Lexington. He hasn't changed all that much. The music is tighter, less discursive, but there are important communalities, the most important being humor. He is just so damn funny, totally irreverent, scatological most of the time, but witty. He punctures the various balloons of rock and pop culture without mercy and with skill that is in the finest tradition of the wise fool.

And there is wisdom here, of a sort, insight into our culture and its inherent absurdities (e.g., "I'm goin' to the Love-In, gonna sit and play my bongos in the dirt"). There is also surprising sensitivity. Years ago, the old *Life Magazine* devoted an issue to rock music with long articles on the Beatles and other major bands. Included was an appreciation of Jimi Hendrix which was a moving and very fine piece of writing. Out of that whole issue, it is the only thing I really remember, and Frank Zappa wrote it. This is a complicated man.

When you get right down to it, Zappa has always parodied the conceits and mannerisms of rock music while playing the stuff better than just about anybody, pushing it far beyond its usual limits. That, I submit, is no mean achievement, and with his current band, he is travelling around the country doing it better than ever before. I don't care if he never gets on the radio, he is still one of the greatest talents in the history of popular music. If the word "genius" were not so overused as to have lost its meaning, it would apply here.

J.C. Norton
University of Kentucky

Earth, Wind & Fire, Riverfront Coliseum, Cincinnati.

Earth, Wind and Fire opened their 1977 tour at Cincinnati's Riverfront Coliseum to a surprisingly sparse house. Perhaps Rod Stewart's appearance the night before had an effect on the gate. No matter. This year's version of the Earth, Wind and Fire extravaganza is a feast for eye and ear that will sell out many, many halls before the tour is over.

The opener at Cincinnati was a funk band called Pocket who have the "distinction" of being from Baltimore, Maryland. They played a brief, forgettable set and were followed by Deniece Williams, whose torchy love songs filled the cavernous hall, bringing cries of appreciation from the largely black audience. She'd be devastating in a cabaret.

The headliners took the stage around 10:30, and their entry was spectacular. Firebombs exploded as nine huge silver cylinders descended from the ceiling onto the stage. A troop of people in quasi-Egyptian-looking spacesuits marched around. It wasn't really clear just what the spacemen were supposed to be doing, standing there around the cylinders, when, all of a sudden, the stagelights dimmed and the cylinders lit up to reveal the band members in red satin capes within. The noise in the hall was absolutely deafening. These were *fans*. The cylinders rose again, and as capes were tossed aside, the music started and went pretty much nonstop for two hours.

The playing was professional and tight, and the show was fast-paced with superb solos just long enough to be appreciated. They used a variety of show biz gimmicks with humor and pizzazz. Audience participation bits which, in less skilled hands, are an embarrassing flop, Earth, Wind and Fire pulled off with style. At one point, in fact, Maurice White had to urge the audience to pace themselves. These are showmen in the best sense of the word. They used their two lead singers with such perfect balance that the crowd response just kept rising in intensity as they traded leads. Phil Bailey's falsetto is simply amazing — there's no other word. He takes an audience apart.

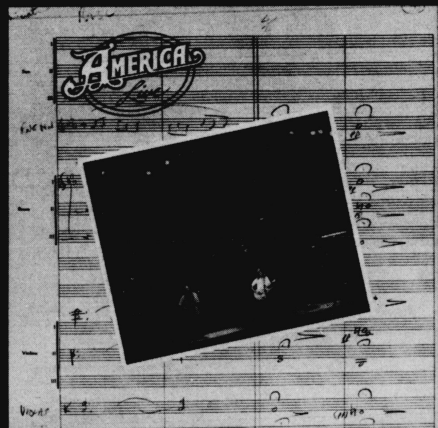
The show ended as it began, with a super visual display. The Egyptian spacemen returned as a silver pyramid descended onto the stage. It came to rest on a "table" that appeared to be open underneath. The players went through a door into the pyramid, one by one, each to a roaring ovation. The thing then began to ascend. I wondered how they were faring, all squashed together in there, when, presto! Firebombs went off and the pyramid burst open, empty. Remember the spacemen? Right. They took off their helmets and they were the band. I'll be damned if I can figure out how they did it. I'm tempted to write that it was an amazing sleight of hand, but that would be tacky. What I will write is that Earth, Wind and Fire have put together a thoroughly enjoyable show, musically and visually. I'm glad I was there at the send-off.

J.C.N.

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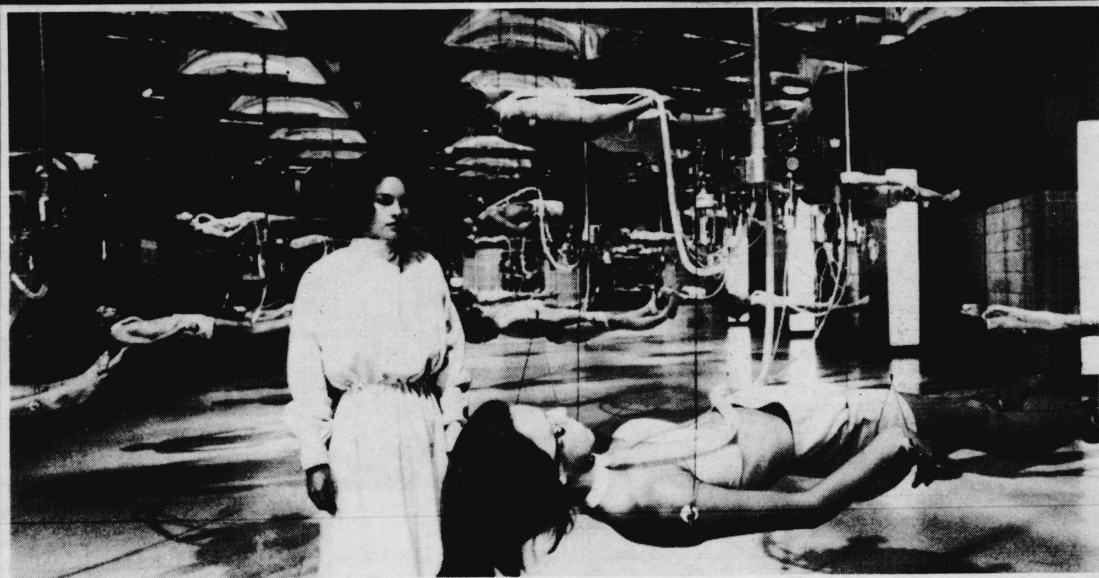


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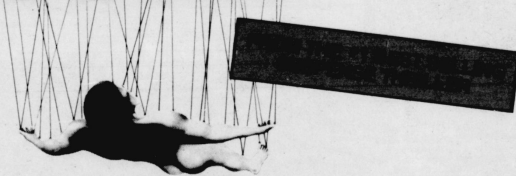
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