

KENTUCKY Kernel

an independent student newspaper

University of Kentucky
Lexington, Kentucky



By DIANNE MILAM/Kernel Staff



By TOM MORAN/Kernel Staff

Weekend in the country

There's a variety of happenings in the country on the weekends, both educational and equestrian. Above, two horses ford a stream in the Iroquois Hunt Club's 27th Annual point-to-point feature race, sponsored by the Kentucky Hunt Club. Faren Warrior, ridden by England's top jockey George Sloan, won the event. Pictured at right are geology students in Dr. Lois Campbell's Landforms class. They traveled around the state Saturday, observing various geological formations. While in Pulaski County, they viewed a Karst window, which occurs when the limestone beneath the earth's surface collapses, revealing the drainage system below.

At U Senate

Withdrawal policy could be changed

By DEBBIE MCDANIEL
Copy Editor

A new withdrawal policy, which introduces a "W," "P" or "W-F" grade for students withdrawing during the second half of the semester, will go before the University Senate today for action.

If approved, the policy will change the definition of the "W" grade from "withdrew passing," to "withdrew."

During the second half of the semester, students withdrawing from a course will receive an earned grade from their instructor, unless they petition to withdraw for "urgent" non-academic reasons. These include illness or injury, serious personal or family problems, financial inability to continue at UK or a call to military service.

According to the proposed changes, if the advisor, instructor and dean of the student's college approve the petition, the student will receive a "W," "P" or "W-F" grade — these marks, like the "W," are for information only and will not be calculated in the student's grade point

average.

The symbols will appear on the student's grade transcript.

Under the present policy, students receive an "E" if they withdraw during the second half of the semester without petitioning — the "E" carries a GPA penalty and is added into the student's grade point average.

The present policy, approved by the Senate Dec. 12, 1977, has been in effect for one year. The Rules Committee of the University Senate and Senate Council has made rulings since the policy went into effect to fix the interpretation of one or two disputed points. One major problem involved the difference between the use of the "W" grade for withdrawals during the first and second half of a course.

Both the Rules Committee and the Undergraduate Council developed withdrawal policies, and the Senate Council voted to allow input on the policies by members of the University Senate before selecting a new withdrawal system.

The two policies were discussed on the floor March 12, and at the conclusion of the meeting senate

members voted by a hand count on which policy they favored.

The Rules Committee proposal used a grade of "X" for students withdrawing before the midterm, while the major differences in the Undergraduate Council's proposal were to change the meaning of "W" to "withdrew" and eliminate the approval required by the student's advisor and instructor in the petitioning stage.

The University Senate opposed the Undergraduate Council's policy 39-26, and the Rules Committee's policy was opposed 40-18.

When the senate took a straw vote on a policy using the W grade for withdrawals during the first half of the semester, and a "W-P" or "W-F" grade during the second half, the members voted 47-9 in favor of the proposal.

If the new proposal is approved today, it will become the official withdrawal policy Jan. 1, 1980, because of programming changes that will have to be made at the Registrar's office.

Senate Council approves report recommending focus on research

By DEBBIE MCDANIEL
Copy Editor

A report recommending the establishment of a vice president for research and a University-wide focus on research will be presented to the University Senate today.

However, the senate must waive the 10-day circulation rule before it can accept and discuss the report from the University Senate Research Committee. The report has been before the Senate Council for two weeks.

"The combination of many factors, including increased enrollments, expanded service demands, inflation and budget problems threaten to erode faculty and student opportunities to engage in research," the report states.

The report recommends: — A multi-disciplinary research bulletin featuring review articles written by UK faculty, or a monograph series — a scholarly book on a single subject — on in-depth studies of UK research areas be initiated to show UK "has a significant role to play in the nation's academic research arena."

A cabinet-level unit be established to support activities such as computing, purchasing for research purposes and seeking sources and agencies for financial support.

— UK establish a non-tenured research staff series with ranks equivalent to the regular professional series, and pay the staff from extramural grants and contracts. A contingency fund could be established to provide support during periods of

low contract activity.

— Establish a rotating "research semester" every three or four years and award positions to regular faculty members. Principle funding should come from extramural grants and contracts.

When the report was discussed at the March 31 council meeting, members questioned several points and the report was held over for discussion last Friday. The report was brought before the council by Roger Eichhorn, a member of the Senate Council and chairman of the research committee.

Joe Krislov, the most outspoken opponent of the report, attacked several recommendations Friday. "I see no reason to embark on a program that is going to give research a claim on resources without some notion of results," he said.

"I think it's very dangerous to have a vice president of research," Krislov said. "I think the other areas of the University are going to suffer seriously."

My second great problem is I think the idea of non-tenured research people is a mistake," Krislov said, adding that these people would probably be lured away to tenured-teaching positions.

"I just think if people are very good at research and (if) that is one of the missions of the University, we should get them tenure on the faculty," he said.

Krislov said he also had questions concerning how much funding the University could depend on from extramural grants and contingency

funds to carry out the proposals, which include publicizing the University research projects.

"All this is going to come out of the teaching and regular budget of the University," Krislov said.

Eichhorn said, "All (the committee) is trying to do is point out a number of problems. There's nothing in here Singletary hasn't heard in the past 10 years."

The council voted to bring the report before the University Senate to obtain feedback, and then discuss the report's recommendations this Friday before circulating them to senate members for action.

After deciding how to word the recommendations, the council will make a motion — which will go before the University Senate — that the senate "endorse to the administration the numbered items listed under the conclusions."

In other action, the Senate Council unanimously approved a proposal to allow people past the age of 70 to teach on a year-to-year arrangement.

Under the present administrative regulation, the University can appoint people on a fee-schedule basis regardless of age.

Although members of the council questioned the proposed rule because they thought it might eliminate retirement or force deans and chairmen to carry infirm professors past the age of 70, they agreed that in special cases where it was impossible to fill a position with a fully qualified person, the administration should be able to retain 70-year-old professors who were still mentally alert.

Kernel names 1979-80 editors



JAY FOSSETT
Summer Editor

Editors have been selected for the *Kentucky Kernel* next year and for the summer session.

Debbie McDaniel, Journalism sophomore, was named Editor-in-Chief for the 1979-1980 year. Jay Fossett, also a Journalism sophomore, will be Editor-in-Chief for this year's summer editions.

The selections were made last week by the Kernel Board of Directors. The editors will choose the remaining members of their staffs.

Next year, the *Kernel* will combine in-depth features on student and faculty lifestyles with its basic news coverage of the UK campus and Lexington community.

McDaniel said. In addition, the *Kernel* will rely more on unpaid reporters and volunteer correspondents to expand its coverage of campus groups, colleges, and events occurring during the fall and spring semesters.

This summer's *Kernel's*, tabloid issues which appear either weekly or twice a week — will include feature stories about campus activities such as concerts and plays, said Fossett.

Basically, Fossett said, the summer *Kernel* will be similar to the regular paper. He said the paper will continue the normal reporting and news coverage at UK.



DEBBIE MCDANIEL
1979-1980 Editor

today

local

DEMOCRATIC GUBERNATORIAL CANDIDATE John Y. Brown, Jr. and his wife Phyllis George, the former Miss America, have purchased a 17-acre farm in Fayette County. The farm was purchased from Mr. and Mrs. William B. Darrah III for \$450,000, according to Fayette County courthouse records.

HOUSE SPEAKER WILLIAM KENTON retained his 75th District seat in 1977 after a heated, sometimes bitter, primary campaign against Theodore Berry.

Kenton's 150-vote victory margin was viewed by some as surprisingly slim. Berry now is challenging Kenton as a second time and the race promises to be just as heated.

The central issue is likely to be legislative redistricting, which added eight precincts to the 75th District.

Berry, a black attorney, says redistricting was masterplanned by Kenton to add 5,000 white voters to the district. Kenton says local growth mandated it.

state

THREE PRISONERS ESCAPED from the Scottsville-Allen County Jail Sunday afternoon by sawing through cell

bars and using bedsheets to exit through a third-floor window, authorities said.

Julius Donald Renick said the three kicked in a second-floor window while making their escape, but by the time he reached the second floor to investigate, the subjects had fled.

ONE OF 10 PERSONS CHARGED with first-degree murder in the shooting death of a Kentucky man remained at large in Arkansas yesterday. Nine other persons charged in the death of Richie Franklin, 32, of Elkhorn, Ky., were being held yesterday in Mena, Ark. where a bond hearing has been scheduled for today. Arraignment is set for Wednesday.

Franklin's body was found Wednesday night partially submerged in a lake five miles southeast of Wickes, Ark. Arkansas police had been searching for him since March 25 when his wife Janet telephoned from Kentucky to report him missing.

nation

GOV. DICK THORNBURG'S ADVISORY that pre-school children and pregnant women stay outside a five-mile radius of the damaged Three Mile Island nuclear reactor may be lifted Monday, the governor's spokesman said.

Thornburgh decided yesterday to continue the advisory for at least another day after meeting with Joseph Hinde, chairman of the Nuclear Regulatory Commission and NRC operations chief Harold Denton.

A SHORTAGE OF VITAL PARTS normally supplied by truck threatens to choke the auto industry as a Teamsters trucking lockout and strike enters its second week.

As the Labor Department kept watch over the strike's effects, it was estimated that 200,000 auto workers — or a quarter of the hourly work force — would be laid off this week. Elsewhere, the impact has been slight.

The industry — the five major U.S. manufacturers — already had laid off 56,275 workers last Friday and had 74,200 on short-hour shifts.

world

CAMBODIAN TROOPS LOYAL to ousted Premier Pol Pot fought back along the Thai-Cambodian border yesterday, and said they regained control of the strategic town of Poipet from Vietnamese and Phnom Penh government forces.

The flag of the Vietnamese-supported Cambodian regime of President Heng Samrin was hoisted down at the bridge marking the boundary between Poipet and Arranayaphet, Thailand. Pol Pot guerrillas said they virtually controlled the area around Poipet since overrunning the town Friday.

IRANIAN REVOLUTIONARY AUTHORITIES, rejecting U.S. and other criticism of their execution of a former Iranian prime minister, sent six more men to their deaths before firing squads Sunday, Tehran newspapers reported.

New violence flared in the streets of Tehran in the aftermath of Saturday's execution of Amir Abbas Hoveida, who served as

prime minister under the now-exiled shah for 13 years.

Yesterday's six executions took place before dawn in four cities, the newspapers said. Those executed included two pro-shah army men, three of the shah's policemen and a landlord who was charged with illegally seizing land and raping several women.

FOUR JOURNALISTS — TWO SWEDES and two West Germans — were captured by Ugandan President Idi Amin's secret police and shot to death as they tried to sneak into Uganda, the *London Daily Mail* reported in today's editions.

Other sources said the four had hired a boat and were attempting to enter the country by crossing Lake Victoria, which lies on Uganda's eastern border.

In the continuing fighting, Tanzanian forces pounded the southern approaches to Kampala with heavy artillery fire yesterday after apparently being stopped by unexpected resistance from fresh Ugandan troops, according to exile sources and residents of the Ugandan capital.

weather

STILL NO DECISION as to whether it is spring or winter as the temperamental weather continues. Today will bring partly cloudy skies and a 50 percent chance of showers with highs soaring (?) into the low 50s. The mercury will plunge back to near freezing tonight, only to return to the upper 50s for Tuesday's sunny skies.

KENTUCKY Kernel

editorials & comments

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Movie, accident shouldn't mean end of nuclear power

"Art predicts life," agreed Jane Fonda with host Dick Cavett on his television talk show last week. Fonda's appearance resulted from her new film, the nuclear disaster thriller *China Syndrome*, and her comment referred to a stunning news announcement that dramatically coincided with the movie. Five nuclear power plants in New York state had just been shut down by the Nuclear Regulatory Commission as a precaution.

Little did Fonda and Cavett know how prophetic their observation would be. The program's taping came days before the mishap at Three Mile Island, Pa. — America's worst such "event" ever — and one that closely parallels Fonda's movie.

In the days that have followed, people in America have read and learned quite a bit about nuclear power. Using atomic energy has always been a calculated risk. The only point of contention has been what the odds of disaster are. But in the debate about safety, critics of nuclear power now have the upper hand, and will feel much less defensive in the future. Last weekend there were dozens of demonstrations throughout the country against nuclear power.

It's interesting that neither Three Mile Island or its cinematic counterpart dealt with an aspect of nuclear power that is even more troubling than the potential for accidents. That aspect is radioactive waste, and what to do with it.

Supporters of nuclear power argue that storing radioactive waste is simply a problem of planning

and logistics, but critics contend that the virtually perpetual storage of any dangerous material is hazardous. After the Three Mile Island incident, stories appeared about an explosion of radioactive waste in the Soviet Union, which is reportedly less careful about nuclear energy. The blast killed an estimated hundred people and spread contamination over a large area.

If anything, the result of the Three Mile Island "event" will be to slow the installation of planned nuclear power plants by forcing them to go through even tougher examinations and by requiring them to meet even higher standards of safety.

One benefit would be to create an inspection agency that is separate from the Nuclear Regulatory Commission. A group that both formulates standards and checks on them is just too vulnerable to abuses, however unintentional.

Another benefit will be the increased attention that alternate forms of energy will receive. The research and development of solar energy — in the various mediums of wind, tidal and direct sunlight power — needs much more funding, as does the study of coal gasification and nuclear fusion (which may be the best hope of all).

Nuclear power must continue to be considered as one source of power. Now, more than ever, America must continue to look for other sources of energy that will work in certain areas, and must look for sources of power that can be used without the trading away of security.



"DO YOU THINK MR. RAFTSHOON COULD HELP ME WITH MY IMAGE...?"

Mister Potatohead speaks out on campaign, SG election

By MISTER POTATOHEAD

My entire campaign staff and I would like to take this opportunity to sincerely congratulate Student Government president and vice-president elect, Mark Metcalf and Sid Neal. On a more personal note, I would like to express my thanks to all those who supported me and gave me their time and effort in this long and hard-fought campaign.

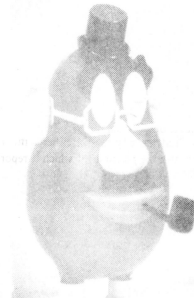
that Mr. Metcalf, after interrupting his spring break to send in his press release (after the deadline), should be

publication, I'm glad that those SG authorities involved ignored me and all those other non-incumbent candidates.

The saddest thing of all, however, is that someone owes Mark Metcalf \$600 — or make that \$300. Buzzy D. and Bob deserve the other half. It is fortunate that Mark was able to overcome this obstacle by his ability to accost every UK student within a three hundred-yard radius of the Office Tower: he shook everyone's hand, no matter where they had been; I admire that in a white man.

All in all, Mark Beefeater ran an exceptional campaign: every aspect of his campaign was an exception to all election laws and rules of fair play.

I would offer Mark an honorary membership in my fraternity, but I do not think that a white man would want to join a brown vegetable's fraternity.



MISTER POTATOHEAD

denied this opportunity to distribute his platform at the students' expense. Since this was the fate of the

This commentary was written by freshmen Keith Barton, John Belanger, Vic Chaney, David Dickinson, David Hardin, Bruce Horning, Richard Neill, Todd Struttman and Mark Vonderheide.

Home sweet home

Franklin fondly recalls the night they drove old Bad Hole down

Franklin's been my roommate for four years. We live in a student ghetto apartment that's as airtight as a pup tent. Our toilet doesn't have a handle (it flushes automatically) and everytime the people upstairs take a shower our sink fills.

But I'm not complaining, because for three years Franklin and I lived in the land that Housing Services forgot; where roaches checked in but didn't check out.

I'm speaking of course, of the Northside Nuclear Waste Dump; that staid old structure known as Bad Hole. Don't get me wrong. We had many great times there. But they're overshadowed by that one, terrible evening: the night they drove old Bad Hole down.

As I recall, Franklin, I and about 10 others were sitting in our room, wearing gloves and parkas, playing cards when the door opened and Craig stepped inside. His face was pallid and his arms were quivering. "Guys, I'm scared," he said. "I just saw this huge rat out in the hall..."

"...Big deal..."

"...And this cockroach ate him..."

"What'd the cockroach look like?" Franklin said, standing up.

"It was two feet long and wore cowboy boots..."

"Oh no," Franklin said nervously.

"That's all!" He threw off his blanket and picked up his coat. "I've got to find him. Rats give him heartburn." He ran out.

"Franklin has a pet cockroach?" Yaksen asked me.

"Yeah," I answered, shuffling the deck. "Every morning it comes by and he rides it to the shower..."

Dan spoke up. "Anybody know when the Northside Maggot Races are?"

"I think they're two weeks from Saturday," Jack answered. "They had to be postponed because Base Cafeteria accidentally cooked the ones they were going to use..."

"I thought that rice seemed kind of hollow the other day," someone chimed in.

Franklin came back in. "Deal me out," he said. "I'm taking Al to the Med Center..."

"Franklin," I said, "why don't you just give him some Roloids? They won't pump a roach's stomach..."

"I know. I'm going to put him in a suit and tell them he's Tim L. Lynn Williamson. Can anyone loan me his car?"

Doug threw him some keys. "Hurry back," he said, his breath frosty in the air.

As Franklin left, Mark ran in. "Come quick," he said. "The shower has two feet of water in it..."

"So call a janitor," I said.

"But there's already one down there," Mark said. "And he's floating face down..."

'Franklin and me'
by gregg fields

We all ran to the bathroom. Bill jumped in, swam to the floating body, grabbed it and swam back out. "Mark, you big nit," someone said. "That's not a janitor, it's an R.A..."

"Why don't you get us upset over nothing?" someone added.

My phone rang and I went to answer it. "Gregg, this is Franklin..."

"How's Al?"

"Fine. But I can't get Doug's car out of reverse..."

"Why?"

"Al ate the gearshift..."

The group began reassembling in my room. "Well, I'll tell him. And ask somebody to send an ambulance over here. One of the RAs just did a lousy Lloyd Bridges imitation..."

We had resumed playing cards when Ronald, who lived next door, ordered everyone to get quiet. "Listen to my roommate," he snickered.

We went to the wall and pressed our ears against it. Randy, Ronald's roommate, was apparently sitting on his bed with a girl. "I don't know why you act this way," he said to her.

"It's your fault..."

He sighed. "Listen, do you think I enjoy holding your breast? Do you think it gives me some kind of thrill? I thought you'd enjoy it. I was doing it for you. But you don't appreciate any nice thing I try to do..."

"Oh, all right," she said. "But are you sure you've never done this before?"

"WHY DON'T YOU ASK HIM FOR A RESUME?" Ronald yelled through the wall.

The crowd roared its approval, but

quickly ran out of the room to avoid the wrath of Randy, who ran out of his room wearing blue bikini underwear.

He swung at D.J., who jumped up and grabbed a sprinkling system pipe, trying to dodge him.

But the pipe broke. A wall of water poured forth, knocking me and several others to the floor. "Abandon ship!" someone screamed.

Slowly we edged our way down the hall. D.J. jumped onto a newly-formed iceberg and floated away.

People began running out of their rooms and someone set off the fire alarm...

Once outside, the head resident stood on the steps and spoke. "It looks like we'll have to stay in Alumni Gym tonight," he said, the sound of floors collapsing in the background. "It'll be cold, the roof leaks and there's reportedly rats and bugs. But it's just for tonight..."

The guy beside me smiled contentedly. "Ah," he said, "just like home..."

Gregg Fields, Journalism senior, reportedly is quitting the Kernel in order to start a skateboard business, in which he attaches wheels to his dirty socks. Until then, his column will appear every Monday.

opinion

Although I have never met Messrs. Metcalf and Neal, I recognized them from their picture on the front page of the March 1979 Focus. Unfortunately, before I was able to read their platform, the Focus was removed from my possession by an overzealous censor. I was shocked and appalled when I later learned that this repressive zealot was really an incumbent and now elect SG senator. I feel that this is unfair to Mr. Metcalf! I feel that a \$600 publication should not be taken so lightly: it is a shame

Letters policy

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

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

The Kernel reserves the right to edit all submissions for spelling, grammar

clarity and libelous statements. The paper may also choose to condense or reject contributions as well as limit the number of submissions by frequent writers.

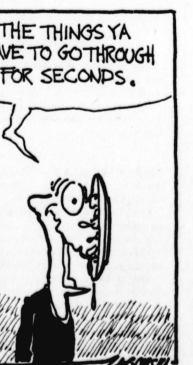
Letters to the Editor, opinions and commentaries may be delivered personally to the Kernel newsroom, 114 Journalism Building. Some form of identification is required. Submissions may also be mailed to Editorial Editor, Kentucky Kernel, 114 Journalism Building, University of Kentucky, Lexington, Kentucky 40506. For contributions being mailed on campus, our Speed Sort number is 04221.

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

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

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

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



1979 SG election results

Referendum: MANDATORY HEALTH FEE?	Bobby Gunell 763	Karen Barnes 536	Lowell Kennedy 366
YES	Ken Berry 444	Tom Ranieri 532	Rudy Bisciotti 356
NO	Craig Ross 344	Cheryl Hillen 520	Frances Catron 330
	Write in 25	John Stocker 509	James Carpenter 327
		David Brewer 506	Barbara Holthaus 297
		Brett Coldiron 506	Michael Koehler 297
		Jane Clay 489	Scott Cox 290
		Melanie Miller 486	Melanie Miller 290
		Jim Greer 472	Barbara Cook 273
		Write In 467	Robert Perry 265
		Jerry Caudill 458	Frances Haman 255
		Kirk A. Volk 436	James Pepper 232
		Jeff Quinn 424	Larry Hicks 223
		Glenn Lipton 411	Ann Andrews 208
		Mitch Marshall 409	Mike Funk 206
		Becky Jordan 406	Greg Heinen 204
		Hank Datum 389	Brett Siersevel 146
		Phillip Cassidy 388	Thomas Coward 101
		Tom Canary 385	(Doug Watts withdrew before the elections.)
		Doyle Freand 381	

SG presidential candidates haven't filed challenges

It appears that Mark Metcalf will assume the Student Government presidency without challenge from the other candidates. Charles Main, Bert Clark and Buzz English have all said they will not file challenges to the results tabulated last Thursday, which showed Metcalf the winner with 1,099 votes. Main was second with 904. English received 765 votes, Clark 525 and Chuck Malkus 330.

Malkus said Wednesday night that he would file a complaint Thursday morning with SG Elections Board Chairman Steve Washington, but did not do so.

Last night Malkus said he will not challenge the results. "I don't want people to say I'm crying sour grapes," he said. "Although I think the election was a mockery, I'm going to leave it at that."

The deadline for filing challenges is 5 p.m. tomorrow. Main, too, considered filing challenges last week after an edition of *Focus*, the SG-Student Center Board newsletter, carried front-page stories on Metcalf and English, both SG incumbents. It did not mention the candidacies of Main, Malkus or Clark—none of whom have ever been in SG.

More than two thousand copies of the tabloid, whose printing costs were shared by SG and SCB, were distributed Tuesday night, but were quickly retrieved under the direction of Washington.

SCB President Lisa English said SG must pay SCB's half of the printing costs—about \$300—but SG President Gene Tichenor said that "we'll have to work something out later." SCB is funded by student activity fees, while SG's budget comes from the University's General Fund.

College senators

Agriculture (2)	Chris Shaw 151	Engineering (2)	Law (1)
Tim Smith 148	Write in 17	Dave Elder 121	Barb Bryant 115
Scott Davis 127	Business and Economics (2)	Mitch Griffin 117	Write in 11
Richard Perkins 111	Bob Clark 263	Greg Jones 105	Medicine (1)
Arvin Webb 110	Mike Walsh 213	Al Whitaker 90	Bob Culbertson 108
Write in 4	Mike Walsh 169	Steve Clifton 68	Nursing (1)
Allied Health (1)	Tim Teske 153	Write in 10	Ken Corn 25
Charlotte Clark 39	Write in 49	Fine Arts (1)	Jana Floyd 10
Architecture (1)	Communications (1)	Leslie Bingham 51	Pharmacy (1)
Steve Goldstein 36	Margaret Cornell 86	Write in 2	Anne Policastri 38
Mark Birkebak 21	Pam Schoenbaechler 66	Graduate School (2)	Social Professions (1)
Arts and Sciences (3)	Dentistry (1)	Kevin Ellis 29	Kevin Vaughn 7
Lynn Crutcher 393	Tom Francis 40	Vincent Yeh 22	
Mike Breen 295	Education (2)	Bill Ruf 15	
Rusty Ashcraft 268	Terry Squires 110	Jim True 7	
Kelly Dingus 253	Paul Roark 100	Write in 1	
Larry Green 208	Home Economics (1)	Home Economics (1)	
Randy Hardesty 152	Freddie James 75	Write in 9	

(There were no announced or written-in candidates for senator from the College of Library Science.)

campus briefs

Science award

Dr. Lawrence Craig Evans, UK associate professor of mathematics, is one of 78 scientists from 39 U.S. and Canadian colleges and universities recently awarded Sloan Fellowships for Basic Research.

The scientists, whose average age is 31, were chosen on the basis of their exceptional potential to make creative contributions to scientific knowledge in the early stages of their careers. Their research is expected to advance the frontiers of physics, chemistry, mathematics and neuroscience.

Evans' main research interest is partial differential equations. Last year he received a \$500 award for distinguished contributions to research from the UK Research Foundation.

A&S election

The College of Arts & Sciences will hold elections for a Student Advisory Council on the mezzanine of the Patterson Office Tower during advance registration, April 16-25. The purpose of the council will be to represent the interests of the students in the college by advising the Faculty Council

and various faculty committees as to what those interests are.

Any undergraduate in the college may run for the council by submitting their name, phone number, year, and major to the dean's office, second floor, office tower.

Students may run for either an at-large position (of which three will be chosen) or to represent their "area." The areas are as follows: Physical Sciences, Social Sciences, and Humanities.

One candidate from each area will be elected. Officers for the council will be chosen after the elections by members of the council.

The deadline for applying for candidacy is tomorrow, April 10.

Reston speaks

James Reston, national columnist for *The New York Times* and a two-time Pulitzer Prize winner, will speak today in the Joe Creason Lecture Series.

Reston's speech will begin at 8 p.m. in Seay Auditorium of the UK Agricultural Center. The lecture is free and open to the public.

Reston, 69, retired in 1974 as a vice president of The New York Times Company. He continues to write his syndicated editorial-page column on national and

international affairs three times a week for *The Times*, and has retained his membership on the company's board of directors. Reston's Pulitzer Prizes were awarded in 1945 for his coverage of the Dumbarton Oaks Security Conference and in 1957 for distinguished reporting from Washington.

Greek forum

What good is Greek life? In a forum bearing the same title, two UK students, a sorority province president and the assistant to the vice-president of student affairs will answer that question tonight at 7 p.m. in room 122 of the Classroom Building.

Dr. David Stockham, assistant to the vice president of student affairs, will speak about how Greek life promotes leadership abilities.

The two students are Kris Plinke, a UK senior and former Panhellenic president who was named Outstanding Greek Woman of the Year Saturday night; and UK junior Mary Stan Fizer, a Panhellenic delegate and president of the Keeneland House Council.

Dr. Jenny Lacharite, province president of Kappa Kappa Gamma supervises its Kentucky chapters and will discuss how the Greek system promotes good study habits.



Crude display

If you thought there were fewer *Kernels* on campus Friday, you were right. Vandals poured oil over 80 percent of that day's editions when they were still stacked on the loading dock behind the Journalism Building. The incident occurred between 6 a.m. — when the papers were dropped off — and 7 a.m., when circulation workers arrived. According to reports, over 15,000 of the total 18,000 *Kernels* were ruined. Campus police were notified and are investigating the incident.

A Noon Seminar
THE HANDICAPPED WOMAN
 Guest Speaker: Kathy Taney, Director,
 Student Services for the Blind, UK
12-1 pm Student Center Rm 214
April 11, Weds.
 sponsor:
 Continuing Education for Women
 and Student Services for the Blind.

Join us for a day of ...
Authentic Old-Time Appalachian Music
April 16
 1-3 pm
 Gallery of Special Collections
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 April 9 12 pm-4 pm
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Carson emcees

John Wayne returns with Oscar appearance

By **BOB THOMAS**
Associated Press Writer

HOLLYWOOD (AP) - After a half-century of providing memorable moments, Oscar has a special one for Monday night's awards - the first public appearance by John Wayne since his Jan. 12

spotlight. The 71-year old star underwent surgery to remove his stomach and gall bladder in a nine-operation at UCLA Medical Center. Since he had already lost a lung to cancer and had undergone open-heart surgery, there was concern for his survival.

In his first appearance for the Oscars, Johnny Carson will act as master of ceremonies. The Music Center ceremonies will be telecast on ABC beginning at 10 p.m. The program is expected to last 2 1/2 hours.

Gregory Peck and two stars of *The Wizard of Oz*, Jack Haley Sr. and Ray Bolger. Producer Haley Jr. has also rounded up presenters from today's film scene: Richards Dreyfuss, Margot Kidder, and Christopher Reeve of *Superman*, Brooke Shields, Robby Benson, Jon Voight, and Ricky Schroder, the kid from *The Champ*.



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LEXINGTON CENTER'S RUPP ARENA WKQQ

Last Tuesday, Wayne signaled his progress by flying to Mexico for a visit with long-time friend, Gov. Roberto de la Madrid of Baja, California. Wayne told *Daily Variety* columnist Army Archard, "I ate some hot food and had a shot of tequila." The actor said that he had run 60 yards and walked a mile on a recent morning and had gained back five of the 40 pounds he

had lost. In his first appearance for the Oscars, Johnny Carson will act as master of ceremonies. The Music Center ceremonies will be telecast on ABC beginning at 10 p.m. The program is expected to last 2 1/2 hours.

What film will be announced the winner by John Wayne? The odds-makers have predicted a close race between *The Deer Hunter* and *Heaven Can Wait*. But *Coming Home* could also score. Less likely nominees are *Midnight Express* and *An Unmarried Woman*.

Jose Greco coming to Centre

Jose Greco will present a lecture-demonstration-recital, "An Evening with Jose Greco and Friends," on Wednesday at 8 p.m. The concert will take place in Newlin Hall of the Centre College Regional Arts Center.

and friends detail the ways in which the dance evolved into the unique Spanish genre, giving special emphasis to the vastly distinct styles of dance in Spain. Greco has been dedicated since childhood to Hispanic dance, music and culture. Born of Spanish-Italian parents, he studied under various Spanish dance instructors. His talent attracted the attention of dancer, Argentina, who

engaged him as her partner, despite his youth. After her sudden death, Greco co-starred with her younger sister, Piper Lopez, and toured with her throughout Europe. Subsequently, he organized his own company and completed a critically enthusiastic tour of Europe and Great Britain. Greco made his American debut in 1951.

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As prima ballerina with the Jose Greco Company in recent seasons, Nana Lora's today displays her talents as a co-star with Greco. Born in Lorca in the Province of Murcia, her artistic abilities were revealed at a young age. At nine, she took the Grand Award at Zaragoza with her interpretation of the "Jota." Her studies continued in Madrid where she graduated from the Royal Conservatory of Music and Declamation. The event is free and open to the public, and is the final offering of this year's Musica de Camera II series.

UK's 'Equus' opens tomorrow

The UK Theatre's production of Peter Schaffer's *Equus* opens tomorrow night in the Guignol Theatre of the Fine Arts Building. The plays involves the story of a psychiatrist who takes on the case of a youth who has unexplainably stabbed the eyes out of six horses. The part of the psychiatrist, Dr. Martin Dysart, will be played by Kevin McCarthy, guest artist-in-residence. The play continues through Saturday, with a curtain time of 8 p.m. for each performance. For ticket information, call 258-2680.


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"Okay, who's the wise guy?"




For the real beer lover.



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Georgia State Senator and Civil Rights Leader



Topic: What's Next?
Monday, April 9 8 PM
SC Ballroom Free

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Now!!!!

Errors, rain help Volunteers knock off Wildcats 6-2

By JOHN CLAY
Assistant Sports Editor

If you don't believe the old saying "when it rains it pours" just ask UK baseball coach Keith Madison.

The rains came and then they stopped. And then they came back hard enough to call off yesterday's baseball contest between Madison's Kentucky Wildcats and the Tennessee Volunteers after seven innings. But that was just long enough for the Cats to commit four errors and drop a 6-2 decision to the visiting Volunteers.

The loss was a crucial one for the Cats, who are engaged in a race with Georgia for second

place in the Eastern Division and a spot in the SEC playoffs. Coupled with Saturday's split of a doubleheader with the Vols (The Cats dropped the first game 7-6 in nine innings but bounced back to take the second 7-1), Madison's ballclub dropped the weekend series to the Eastern cellar-dwellers.

"Right now Georgia is 5-5 in the SEC and now we're 7-8," explained Madison, whose squad is 13-12 overall. "Losing today makes next weekend's series with Florida here (the Eastern Division leaders) very important. We have to take two out of three in that one."

It looked like the Cats were

going to take two out of three in this one, but then UK's fortune took a turn for the worse.

Leading 2-1 in the fifth, UK starting pitcher Kerry Jolly made a mistake that set the tone for the rest of the game. The Vols' Barry Wright led the inning off with a single and when Jolly tried to pick him off at first base Mark Hredzak could not handle his low throw and the ball skipped past. After Hredzak tracked the ball down he overthrew third and Wright coasted home to knot the contest at 2-2.

That play seem to affect Jolly, who dropped to 2-1, the rest of the way.

"I think it bothered him,"

said Madison. "Because he was breezing along with ease up until then. He was making it look easy."

After taking the lead in the

sixth, the Vols blew it open in the seventh when second baseman Randy McDaniel crashed a three-run homer.

Jimmy Gaylor, 3-4, picked

up the win for the Volunteers. The Cats resume action tomorrow when they travel to Indiana for a doubleheader with the Hoosiers.



By TOM MORAN/KERNEL STAFF

There's always tomorrow

Kentucky starting pitcher Kerry Jolly stares at the ground in disgust and third baseman Steve Roberts does the same as Tennessee's Randy McDaniel rounds third after pounding Jolly

for a three-run homer in yesterday's game between the two conference rivals. McDaniel's seventh-inning blast helped the Vols to a 6-2 victory in the rain shortened contest.

Double Q Parties For The March of Dimes

Join the WKQQ jocks at a party with 25 cent beer and free albums. The party is tonight from 8 pm to 1 am at

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All profits go to the March of Dimes.

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Campus Calendar

Friday April 20 3:00
Ballon, Bluegrass & Arts & Crafts Festival
Commonwealth Field

Saturday April 21 11:00
LKD Bike Race
Debutante Stakes & LKD Queen Finals
Shively Sports Track

Sunday April 22 10:00
10,000 Meter Run
Seaton Center

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April 9 S.C. Grand Ballroom 8 p.m.

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Mon. April 9
"THEM" 6:30 & 9 pm
Tue. April 10
"Masculine Feminine" 7 & 9 pm

Wed. April 11
"The Lodger" 7 & 9 pm

Thur. April 12
"Lith" 6:30 & 9 pm

Fri. Sat. Sun. April 13, 14, 15
JESUS CHRIST SUPERSTAR 6:30 & 9 pm

APRIL

9 MONDAY
-SCB Movie—"Them." SC Theatre, SC, 6:30pm and 9pm. Adm. \$1.00.
-Intramurals—"Fraternity Tennis Doubles." Tennis Courts, 6pm. April 9&11.
-Social Event(Banquet)—"Senior Honors Night." Student Center, Presidents Room, 6:30pm. Adm. \$4.00.
-School of Music—"Concert: UK Jazz Ensemble, I, Vincent Dimartino, Director." Memorial Hall, 8:15pm.
-Spring Sign—Lips for Fall Rush '79. Student Center, Cafeteria, April 9-13.
-Symposium—"What Good are Greeks." Classroom Bldg., rm. 122, 7pm.
-SCB Speaker—"Julian Bond, a prominent national political leader and civil rights advocate." Student Center, Ballroom, 8pm.
-SCB and UK Student Barr Association presents—"Sard Weddington, Special Assistant to the President on Women's Issues; she will speak on women's concerns." Law School Bldg., Courtroom, 12noon.
Tax Return Assistance. Student Center, rm. 119, 3pm-5pm. April 9-13. Free.

10 TUESDAY
-SCB Movie—"Masculine Feminine." SC Theatre, SC, 7pm and 9pm. Adm. \$1.00.
-SCB presents a Puppet Show—"The Hobbit." Student Center, Ballroom, 8pm.
-UK Theatre Arts—"Play: Equus." Fine Arts Bldg., Guignol Theatre, 8pm. April 10-14. Adm. Student-\$3.00 Public-\$4.00.
-Council on Aging Forum—"Vision Problems of the Older Person." Student Center.
-Women Writers Conference—"Maya Angelou, poet, actress, dancer, novelist (I know why the Caged Bird Sings)." Memorial Hall, 8pm.

11 WEDNESDAY
-SCB Movie—"The Lodger." SC Theatre, SC, 7pm and 9pm. Adm. \$1.00.
-SCB presents—"Great Acts in the Great Hall: Lexington Ballet Company." Student Center, Great Hall, 12noon-1pm.
-Continuing Ed. for Women and Student Services for the Blind Lecture—"The Handicapped Woman." Student Center, rm. 251, 12noon-1pm.

-Creative Action in Engineering Conference. Campbell House, April 11-13.
-Lecture—"Transcendental Meditation Program." Classroom Bldg., rm. 102, 8pm.
-Women Writers Conference—"Seminar: Maya Angelou—informal discussion with students." Student Center, President's Room, 10am. Toni Cade Banbara, short story writer (Gorill, My Love; The Black Woman) A Reading." Student Center, President's room, 3pm-4pm. "Ruth Whitman, poet and teacher, (Tamsen Donner, A Woman's Journey." Classroom Bldg., rm. 106, 8pm.

12 THURSDAY
-SCB Movie—"Lith." SC Theatre, SC, 6:30pm and 9pm. Adm. \$1.00.
-Lecture—"The Middle East in the Wake of the Camp David Accords." Student Centr., rm. 214, 8pm-10pm.
-School of Music—"Concert: UK Symphony Orchestra." Memorial Hall, 8:15pm.
-Gamma Sigma Delta Annual Banquet. Student Center, Small Ballroom, 6:30pm. (Members only).
-Classic Film Festival—"Nanook of the North." Classroom Bldg., rm. 118, 7pm. Free.
-Council on Aging Forum—"Agriculture -Kentucky's Dynamic Industry." Student Center.
-Women Writers Conference—"Panel Discussion on the Woman Writer." Student Center, President's Room, 10am-11:30pm. "Ruth Stone, poet and teacher (Topography, Cheap) A Reading. Classroom Bldg., rm. 106, 3:30pm. "Alice Walker, poet and fiction writer (Once: Revolutionary Petunias; In Love and Trouble; Stories About Black Women) Classroom Bldg., rm. 106, 8pm.

13 FRIDAY
-SCB Movie—"Jesus Christ Superstar." SC Theatre, SC, 6:30pm and 9pm. Adm. \$1.00.
-School of Music—"Concert: Trombone Ensemble Recital." Memorial Hall, 8:15pm.
-Colloquium—"Recent Studies of (N,p) (n,d) and (n,a) Reactions." Chem/Physics Bldg., rm. 155, 4pm.

14 SATURDAY
-SCB Movie—"Jesus Christ Superstar." SC Theatre, SC, 6:30pm and 9pm. Adm. \$1.00.

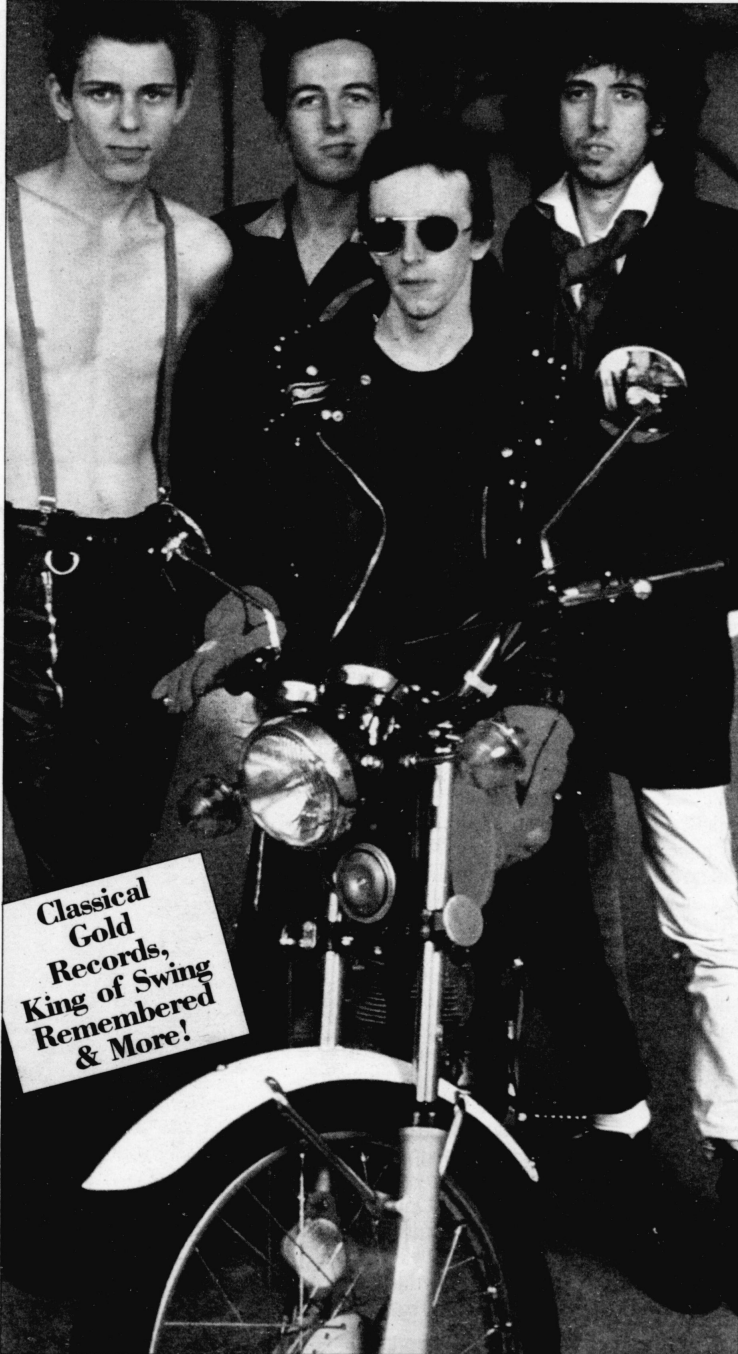
15 SUNDAY
-SCB Movie—"Jesus Christ Superstar." SC Theatre, SC, 6:30pm and 9pm. Adm. \$1.00.

16 MONDAY
-SCB Movie—"War of the Worlds." SC Theatre, SC, 6:30pm and 9pm. Adm. \$1.00.
-Strengthening Clinical Instructional Skills. Carnahan House Conference Center, April 16-20.
-School of Music—"Concert: UK Jazz Ensemble I." Memorial Hall, 8:15pm.
-Clinics for Cheerleader Tryouts. Memorial Coliseum, 7pm-10pm. April 16, 17, and 19.
-See and Hear Martha Layne Collins. Student Center, rm. 206, 7:30pm.

17 TUESDAY
-SCB Movie—"Fata Morgana." SC Theatre, SC, 7pm and 9pm. Adm. \$1.00.
-UK Folk Dance—"General Dancing Taught." Buell Auditory, 7:30pm-9:30pm.
-LKD—"10,000 Meter Entry Deadline." Seaton Center, rm. 135, by 5pm.
-Intramurals—"Track entry deadline." Seaton Center, rm. 135, by 5pm.
-New Students Open House Program. Student Center, Ballroom, 7:30pm-9:30pm.
-Council on Aging Forum. Student Center.

18 WEDNESDAY
-SCB Movie—"Lifeboat." SC Theatre, SC, 7pm and 9pm. Adm. \$1.00.
-Intramurals—"Golf Doubles play begins." Lakeside Golf Course, 12noon. April 18-19. (Res. Hall, Women, and Individuals playon April 18) (Fraternalities will play on April 19)
-SCB presents "Great Acts in the Great Hall: Local Jazz Quartet." Student Center, Great Hall, 12noon.
-Doctoral Dissertation Defense—"Concrete and Formal Discrimination: Cognitive Constructs for the Diagnosis of Autistic Children." Ed./Psych. Library Conference rm., 1pm.
-UK Baseball vs Northern Kentucky. Home, 1pm Doubleheader.

19 THURSDAY
-SCB Movie—"Point of Order." SC Theatre, SC, 7pm and 9pm. Adm. \$1.00.
-Council on Aging Forum. Student Center.
-UK Theatre Arts—"Play: Gold Dust." Fine Arts Bldg., Guignol Theatre, 8pm. April 19-20.



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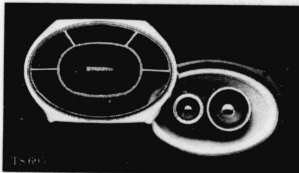
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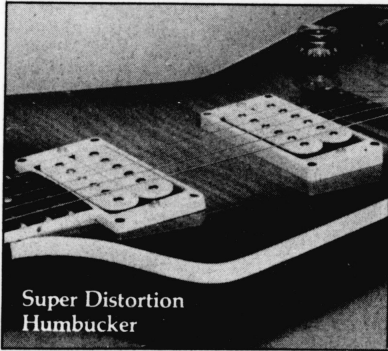
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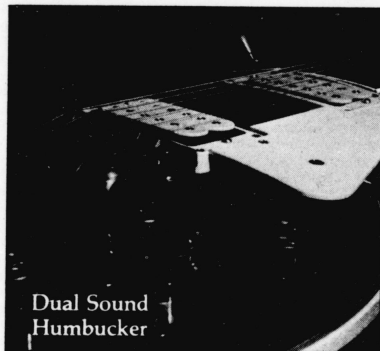
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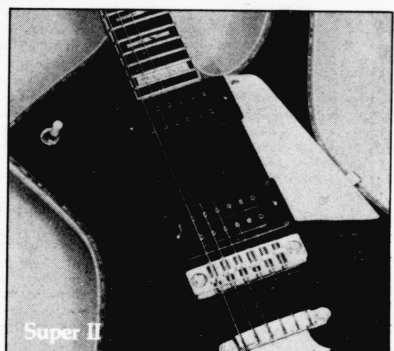
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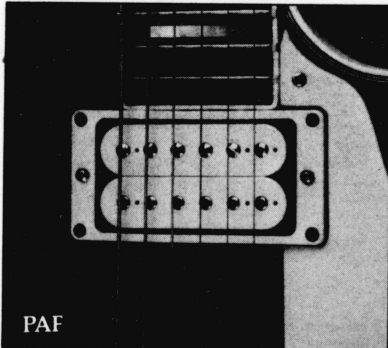
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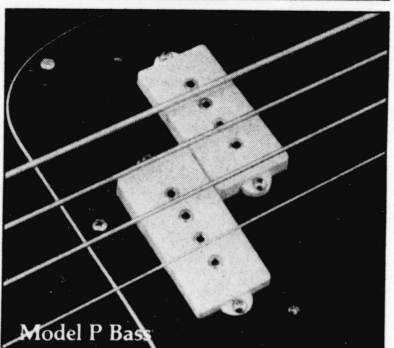


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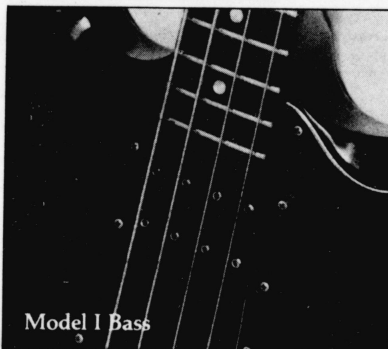


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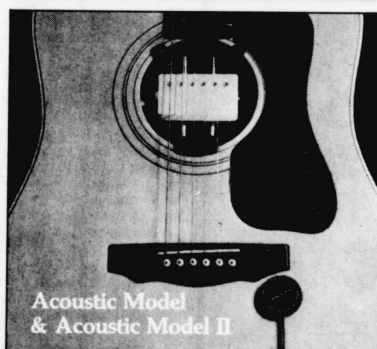
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IN ONE EAR...

If It Wasn't for Bad Letters, We'd Get No Letters At All

I could tell immediately that [Davin Seay] most certainly did not write from experience ["Guide to Europe," March *Amperсанд*]. He correctly pointed out that a stay in France can be rather expensive, but failed to mention that a vacation in Switzerland or Germany costs even more (France is the cheapest country of the three). But my major gripe is about his report of Switzerland. Four languages, eh? And how many people does he suppose he will meet there who speak Raetli only? I suggest, instead of consulting his encyclopedia, he might want to check with the Swiss Consulate to get the needed information on the language patterns in Switzerland. Since he also complained about the high prices in France, I doubt if he would have the necessary funds to go to Ascona (Ticino), and there just went your Italian-speaking portion of Switzerland. As for the slow pace there, well, what does he want to do in Switzerland, take a vacation or run a race? I am quite aware of the fact that we are not always on the go like Americans, but then, that just might be your-alls problem, dontcha think?

I doubt if most Bruxellians would hug and kiss you for the comparison with Cleveland. I know I would not be too happy about it were I a Belgian. Such comparisons are really in poor taste and rather insulting towards Europeans. If you have the notion of comparing Europe with the United States, I suggest you stay on this side of the Atlantic.

At any rate, if he ever does some more research on Europe, he should consult with the respective Consulates and some people who have been there. Do not rely on information from the encyclopedia; they are great for history but serve little as a tourist guide.

A. N. MONGERE
EL PASO, TX

PS: I would also advise people to exchange their money into a major European currency before they leave the United States. Some countries have restrictions nowadays on the amount of dollars that may be brought into the country and occasionally the dollar fluctuates so heavily that European banks do not accept dollars for a week or two.

Davin Seay rebuts: "Having spent considerable time in Switzerland, as both tourist and guest, I speak from non-encyclopedic experience regarding the confusion of tongues and stolid Swiss character; what I neglected to mention was their thin skin."

I have usually found *Amperсанд's* reviews to be quite worthwhile, giving a more honest, student approach to movies, records, and books than found in similar publications. But Terry Atkinson's review of *Quintet* in your March issue was one of the shoddiest pieces of journalism I have ever read.

Robert Altman is one of the best filmmakers around today, whose films have made brilliant comments on many aspects of our society, and your reviewer could not even give the courtesy of viewing the entire film. Perhaps the blame should not all go to Mr./Ms. Atkinson for writing such a poor excuse for a review; after all, you chose to print it.

Assuming, for argument's sake, *Quintet* is a totally worthless movie, you nevertheless owe your readers, at the very least, a fair and honest review. I know you can present worthwhile material; let's see more of it.

JEFF BLOOM
WASHINGTON, DC

Mr. Atkinson replies: "Okay, I failed, I chickened out, I couldn't take it. I asked the readers' pardon in the review and I'll ask it again. While I'm at it, I'll ask if Mr. Bloom has seen this horrid film and if so, why he doesn't present any specific defense of its 'virtues.'"

Yoicks and away! Get out the maps. Dunn, hometown of Debbi Morgan (*Amperсанд*, Vol. II, No. 5), is in North Carolina. It's all the same, I know, to you west coast folks, but to a loyal Tarheel there's a big difference! Now rap that writer on the knuckles with your ruler!

JANICE BLAKELY
ATLANTA, GA

The Exceptions

I love your publication. I read it from cover to cover each time it comes out. It's about time we have some good reviews and "commentary" on the contemporary arts. My only gripe—you don't publish often enough!

W. BRIAN OLIVIA
MICHIGAN STATE

I am so glad that I spent my time between semesters at Oberlin working at the University of Iowa. Otherwise I would not have become familiar with your magazine. Since Oberlin College has long been famous as a progressive school (it was the first coeducational college in the country and the first to admit all races on an equal basis; Oberlin also employed George and Emily Harris of Patty Hearst fame and until last year Tommy Smith of the 1968 Olympic track and Black Power sign fame), I should think that you would want to distribute your magazine on its campus as well as the University of Iowa.

ROBERT VAN BREEMAN
OBERLIN COLLEGE

We add colleges twice a year, in January and September; the editor of Oberlin's college newspaper (if interested in carrying *Amperсанд*) should call our publisher, the handsome Mr. Achee.

Questions

About two years ago there was a group called KLaatu that sounded a little like the Beatles and kept their identities secret. Can you tell me who they are and what they're doing now?

JOE HREDAK
CASTLE SHANNON, PA

They're still keeping their identities secret, as if it were important. The group recently finished work on a five-minute animated film set to the beat of "Sir Army Suit," off their last Capitol album, that aired on Don Kirshner's Rock Concert in mid-March. If you missed it, stay alert: the group threatens to make a 30-minute animated film. Oh yes, the mysterious KLaatu members are now doing phone interviews (gasp!), bravely careless of the possibility that someone might recognize a voice. Yawn.

Write to Us

Many of you have been writing to your local school papers telling them what a swell publication *Amperсанд* is. Don't tell them, tell us! Send epistles to *In One Ear*, c/o *Amperсанд*, 1680 N. Vine Street, Suite 201, Los Angeles, CA 90028. We need all the affection we can get, but we're also grateful for comments, jokes and nasty cracks.

In Here

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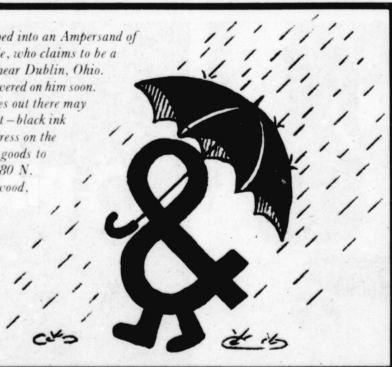
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OUR COVER

Britain's Tidal Wave Rockers, the Clash, with heavy metal vehicle.

Ah, those April Showers, shaped into an *Amperсанд* of the Month by Martin Schneble, who claims to be a horticulture major somewhere near Dublin, Ohio. Twenty-five dollars will be showered on him soon. The rest of you creative types out there may also submit artwork for this slot—black ink on white paper, name and address on the art, and do be neat. Send the goods to *Amperсанд* of the Month, 1680 N. Vine Street, Suite 201, Hollywood, CA 90028.



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& OUT THE OTHER

Harpo, Chico, Groucho & George

EX BEATLE George Harrison, whose newly-released LP celebrates love, higher consciousness and race car drivers, recently piloted a garden tractor over his own left foot. Limping into a subsequently rescheduled press conference at the Burbank H.Q. of Warner Brothers Records, Harrison employed a cane and a wry sense of humor. "Will a Beatles' reunion happen?" one reporter asked.

"I doubt it," Harrison said, smirking. "And if it does, we won't tell you."

Some seventy journalists thrust various mikes toward the genial guitarist like iron filings toward a magnet. Why, someone asked, was the new LP so relaxed?

"Everything's been happening nice for me," responded Harrison.

Why hadn't he seen the widely panned *Sergeant Pepper* film by Robert Stigwood?

"I'd rather see the Fab Four," he teased.

Harrison said he looked back on the Beatles as if they were Laurel & Hardy or the Marx Brothers. "It wasn't as much fun for us, in the end, as it was for all of you. We were four relatively sane people going around the world and everyone was using us as an excuse to go crackers."

But, a reporter pleaded, some desperate fans think a Beatles reunion could save the world.

"That is complete roobish," Harrison shot back. "The Beatles can't save the world. We're lucky if we can save ourselves."

A Wilder & Crazier Guy

"FEDORA," THE TWO-years-in-the-making film by ace director Billy Wilder, starring William Holden and Marthe Keller, can't get released in this country; Allied Artists had it, gave it up, then United Artists picked it up and put it down. All this after Universal, original buyer of Tom Tryon's *Crowned Heads*, of which *Fedora* is one, passed.

So Billy Wilder, one of the best (the man who gave us *Sunset Boulevard*; *One, Two, Three*; *The Private Life of Sherlock Holmes*; *The Apartment*; *Some Like It Hot*; *Witness for the Prosecution*; *Stalag 17*; and lots more), can't get his movie exhibited. But if dozens of college film programmers demanded to see it, we might all get lucky. Start by pestering United Artists; they could change their corporate mind, maybe.

Pairings

MEAT LOAF, now working on the follow-up to his surprise platinum debut, *Bat Out of Hell*, paused February 23rd to take a wife. Meat and his new bride met three weeks prior to the ceremony, held in Bearsville, New York, where she manages Todd Rundgren's recording studio. The new Mrs. Loaf wore a \$900 gown and \$5,000 Cartier diamond ring for the ceremony, celebrated at Utopia, Rundgren's Bearsville farm, by a 93-year-old excommunicated Catholic priest whose robes were set momentarily afire by altar candles. No little Loaves are known to be in the oven, but the new family does in-

clude a three-year-old daughter by Mrs. Loaf's previous spouse.

FILMMAKER JOHN CARPENTER, who perpetrated the cultish *Halloween*, married Adrienne Barbeau, who played Maud's daughter on television and about whom we will make no big tit jokes, though we could. Carpenter begins his next, *The Fog*, in Northern California soon.

IAN HUNTER, the mysterious force behind Mott the Hoople, recently recombined with Mick Ronson, ex-Bowie sideman and collaborator on some of Hunter's best work, for a new album entitled *You're Never Alone with a Schizophrenic*. Considering Hunter once wrote a song called "I Wish I Was Your Mother," the title doesn't seem particularly odd. Part of Bruce Springsteen's E Street Band plays on the album.

KURT RUSSELL AND Season Hubley, who co-starred as Elvis and Priscilla Presley in the TV movie *Elvis*, were married in New York March 17.

Hey, Man, This Music Makes You High!

VIGILANT CANADIAN MOUNTIES recently discovered 1,200 record-shaped hunks of compressed marijuana, some 350 pounds of "product," slipped into classical covers. Five people were arrested.

Snappy Comebacks

ROY ORBISON, obsessively romantic Fifties ballad rocker ("Running Scared," "Only the Lonely," "Pretty Woman"), once saluted by Elvis Presley as "the greatest singer in the world," just finished his first album for Elektra-Asylum down at Muscle Shoals, Alabama. Meanwhile, Jerry Lee Lewis, the raunchy essence of rockabilly personified, is debuting on the same label with a new single, "Rockin' My Life Away" b/w "I Wish I Was Eighteen Again."

EMMYLOU HARRIS' first hit, "Together Again," was from the repertoire of Buck Owens, a major force in country music in the Sixties before becoming a clown on *Hee Haw*. Buck was so big at one time that they called his hometown of Bakersfield "Buckersfield," even though C&W giant Merle Haggard lives there too. Anyway, 1979 finds Owens gunning for a comeback and Emmylou's regular band will back him in sessions scheduled at the Enactron Truck, Emmylou's mobile studio.

THE SEARCHERS, one of England's most respected groups, is poised for a comeback, although technically they never left—they just haven't made records for years. They've signed with Sire and their first album will include customized songs for them by some of their fans: Mark Knopfler of Dire Straits, Elvis Costello, Jo Callis and more. Three of the Searchers, Chris Curtis, Mike Pender & John McNally, date back to the original early-Sixties band; the new guy, Frank Allen,

has been with the group only fifteen years.

On the Street

CARL PERKINS, author of "Blue Suede Shoes," has been derailed in mid-comeback by CBS Records, owner of Perkin's last label, Jet Records. After a triumphant swing of major clubs last fall, resulting in stories in *Rolling Stone*, *Crawdaddy* and *Village Voice*, Perkins was booked to open Elvis Costello's recent American tour date—sort of a twist on the Elvis and Carl dominance of pop music in 1956. But CBS, which has in waiting a reportedly dynamite Perkins album—featuring members of Presley's old band—decided not to finance the tour, according to a spokesperson at Jet. Perkin's manager is now label-shopping.

CAPTAIN BEEFHEART, whose return to Warner Brothers Records cheered rock enthusiasts late last year, is again an Avant Garde Artist Without a Label. It seems that Virgin Records of England claimed its contractual rights to Beefheart's work were still in effect. It was fight or flight for Warners' legal department, and they fled—leaving one of rock's true eccentrics in the cold once more.

Megamoney

STEPHEN SHEPPARD'S novel, *The 400*, recently sold to Warner Bros. Pictures for a million bucks; the story is about a group of Americans who plot to rob the Bank of England in the late Victorian era. This is Sheppard's first novel. One million dollars.

OVER AT WARNER BROS. Records, execs are mapping the largest, most expensive promo campaign ever for an up-coming album—the one by Fleetwood Mac that isn't even finished yet (tentatively titled *Tusk*). Insiders estimate a whopping \$1 million-plus bucks will be spent hyping an album that will probably sell zillions anyway.

The Small Box

YOU WON'T be seeing *Mr. Dagan*, the new Norman Lear comedy about a black congressman, because the Black Caucus in Washington and other black organizations raised cries of outrage at the portrayal of the main character.

GOOD NEWS: Bill Cosby and Robert Culp will reunite for a TV series, a thriller but not an *I Spy* revival; and Telly Savalas will return in an hour-long series, but not, alas, *Kojak*.

BAD NEWS: Look for a televised disco awards show.

Sour Grapes

THE USC football team, which takes show-ers together, also likes Queen together. The winsome extravaganza-rockers recently had their "We Are the Champions" single voted in as team song. "That's terrific," an unimpressed professor was heard to mutter, "latent homosexuality combined with latent fascism."

MIKE MAITLAND, who was replaced as president of MCA Records by Bob Siner on January 8, is suing his ex-company for \$24 million, claiming breach of contract, intentional infliction of emotional distress and defamation. Maitland was prez for seven years, during which time label profits went up . . . and then not up.

"IT'S NOT AN antiblack issue," insisted Grand Ole Opry performer Del Wood. But when Porter Wagoner, Dolly Parton's former co-singer and an important C&W star in his own right, invited "Grandfather of Soul" James Brown for a special guest appearance at the Opry, a number of red necks suddenly sported raised hackles. "What's he going to sing?" demanded performer Justin Tubb. "Pappa's Got a Brand New Bag?" Perhaps Brown, whose flamboyant stage manners have influenced Mitch Ryder, Mick Jagger and Bruce Springsteen, ought to do one of his famous knee drops and sing "Please, Please, Please."

MCA AND ROUNDER RECORDS may soon be dukin' it out in the courts. The point of contention is George Thorogood, the fervent blues-rockster now climbing the charts with *More It On Over*. Years ago, Thorogood was managed by Danny Lipman—who recently sold a tape of twenty Thorogood performances to MCA. Rounder, a miniscule, folk-based label from Somerville, Massachusetts, has put out two Thorogood albums and recently re-signed the artist to a three-record contract. But MCA, the industry giant that recently swallowed ABC Records, plans to market a Thorogood album by the end of April.

"It almost seems impossible to avoid a court fight," says a Rounder spokesperson. "It's pretty clear that Lipman's rights to the material have expired. George's plans are solid and our plans are solid." Rounder also maintains that Thorogood has sent Lipman registered letters instructing him not to use the material.

Spare Us

ETHEL MERMAN, the Grand Old Lady of the musical theater, the one who belted out "No Business Like Show Business," "I Got Rhythm," and "Anything Goes" in dozens of Broadway musicals and Hollywood movies, is about to cut . . . a disco record. She'll record her Broadway hits in a "pure disco" vein, to be produced for A&M by Peter Matz, who should be ashamed of himself.

Wrong, Wrong, Wrong

WE WOULD LIKE to abjectly apologize for last issue's mistakes: we called Michael Ochs the producer of *Heroes of Rock and Roll*, when in fact he was Music Consultant; we said Stevie Nicks would make a film of "Rhiannon" for 20th-Century Fox, but it was United Artists (and it may not be anything, since Warner Bros. Music Publishing won't release the song). The perpetrator of these errors is sincerely sorry for the disgusting display of sloppiness; she is now out of the intensive care unit, may regain the use of her legs, and promises to be more careful.

Benny Goodman:

Last of the Red Hot Poppas

BY HARVEY GELLER

In a moment of extravagance the late jazz critic George Frazier announced that he had offered his right arm on a number of occasions—but never for keeps. He was saving it for a night when he might return to the Midway Garden Club in Chicago to hear Louis Armstrong, Frank Teschemacher, Bix Beiderbecke and Muggsy Spanier. "For that," George allowed, "I would give my right arm."

Frazier's offer was eloquent but guarded—Teschemacher and Beiderbecke had already passed on. Now Spanier and Armstrong and most of the immortals who began on Rampart Street with Buddy Bolden, then blossomed with the Five Pennies and flourished with the big bands, are gone. A few are still around but most of them are rusted, wrinkled, sad old men—imprisoned in their vintage '32 solos—recalling the codas of long away and far ago. Some still loiter in bistros or are occasionally resurrected for jazz festivals, impersonating their former selves. But seldom, if ever, does their music match the power and majesty of those lost years.

But there is one ancient pancratist still flailing away with just about the same proficiency he had 44 years ago when Joe Louis was the heavyweight champ and he was "The King of Swing." In that golden age he was also known as "the Man," "the Ray," "B.G." and "Poppa." He was the Beatles of 1937, the reason thousands lined the streets surrounding New York's Paramount Theater, danced in its aisles, took to Selmer clarinets, horn-rimmed glasses, Victor and Columbia records. His Saturday and Sunday performances at the Paramount in the spring of '37 drew 29,000 fans, shattering all records. No other "pop" weekend so profoundly affected a generation until Monterey's "Music, Love and Flowers" festival 30 years and three months after. His January 16, 1938 date at Carnegie, the first jazz concert ever in that hallowed hall, was almost equally historic, for in those halcyon years Benjamin David Goodman fronted the most eloquent big band the world has ever known.

When the Carnegie program was being planned someone asked Goodman about the intermission. "How long should it be?" "I dunno," he responded absent-mindedly, "how much does Toscanini have?"

By '38 Benny was an international passion. Thousands of beardless, crew-cut youths all over this planet tried to imitate those scorching legatos, that inventive phrasing, even the optical "ray" that pierced his sidemen when they didn't perform to expectations. Tykes, sprouting to tycoons, would arrange to arrive hours early at the Hotel Pennsylvania's Madhattan Room or New Jersey's Meadowbrook Casino, standing in awe-struck devotion while Goodman tested his clarinet reeds—puffing scales which, to them, were celestial concertos.

Benny was born on May 30, 1909 in Chicago, Illinois, the eighth of eleven child-

ren. By the age of twelve he was playing professionally. There's an apocryphal tale concerning a riverboat date in 1923 when Bix Beiderbecke supposedly discovered a kid in short pants fooling around with instruments just before the first set. Bix chased him away. "But sir," protested the youngster, "my name is Benjamin Goodman and I'm booked to play with you tonight."

By the time he arrived in New York Goodman was considered the best pop clarinetist around. His first engagement fronting a big band was at New York's Roosevelt Grill with Gene Krupa pounding on drums. It was a mirror-pannelled room and the glass rattled and nearly shattered in a space designed for the likes of Guy Lombardo and Sammy Kaye. The hotel's president came close to a massive coronary. "You've got two weeks notice, right now!" he roared at Goodman and his agent. "A bonehead booking," wrote critic George Simon in *Metronome*, "(but) the outfit is the closest to perfection this reviewer has heard in many moons."

The weeks following the Roosevelt disaster didn't improve Goodman's morale. "We headed west," he remembers, "Columbus, Milwaukee and then Denver. We laid an egg in Denver and then played a few one-nighters, one in San Francisco that wasn't too bad."

On August 21, 1935 the band opened at L.A.'s Palomar Ballroom. "I decided to shoot the works—actually, though, we were scared to death. From the moment I kicked off, the boys dug in with some of the best playing since we left New York. I don't know what it was but the crowd went wild... that was the beginning." On a hot August night in 1935 an era was born and, for those of us who were in the delivery room, the music world has never been quite the same.

During the next dozen years the giants who joined him became as household as Sal Hepatica. There were Bunny Berigan, Mildred Bailey, Teddy Wilson, Jack Teagarden, Lionel Hampton, Johnny Guarneri, Mel Powell, Count Basie, Cootie Williams, Peggy Lee, Ziggy Elman, Harry James, Billy Butterfield, Bud Freeman, Ella Fitzgerald, Bobby Hackett, Helen Forrest, Miff Mole, Georgie Auld, Lester Young, Freddie Green, Dave Tough, Vido Musso, Jess Stacy, Patti Page, Dick Haymes, Buck Clayton, Johnny Mercer, Fletcher Henderson, Stan Getz....

Those early 78 RPM shellac sides are suddenly available on albums, and it's like finding a field of four-leaf clover. RCA has reissued them on the Bluebird label in double-record sets. The series is titled *The Complete Goodman* and includes about 160 signature songs in five miraculous albums.

I first heard him at a little club in the east Bronx, backing singer Russ Columbo, circa 1933. When he played the Rainbow Grill in Manhattan recently I sampled him again, probably for the hundredth time. I phoned



thrilling instrumentalist in jazz." In '79 he is no less splendid than in '29. "Too much importance cannot be placed on Goodman's position as a jazzman," writes former *Downbeat* editor Dave Dexter, Jr. "Without a doubt he's the greatest jazz clarinetist in history but, in addition, he has done more for jazz than Joe Oliver, Louis Armstrong and all the others together. His work in making jazz acceptable—even popular—is enough to qualify him as the outstanding figure in all jazz history."

Before Goodman's band arrived in '35, Dexter recalls, "sweet" was America's favorite sound and jazz made little headway in its struggle to survive. "The early Thirties were dark days for jazz," he writes. "Unemployment was nation-wide. Scores of ballrooms closed their doors. Guy Lombardo was The Band along with Wayne King, Isham Jones, Fred Waring, George Olsen—unimaginative and unexciting commercial orchestras... Goodman blazed a path which others followed to success."

That innocent age when the Big Band began its rise to glory at the Palomar ended sometime between World War II and Korea. The 20 per cent amusement tax, extended musicians' strike, popularity of television and an inexcusable foolishness called "bebop" coupled with pretentious, undanceable arrangements contributed to its demise. But primarily it was the public's new passion, the solo singer, that sired its swan song. By 1948, while orchestras played second fiddle, nearly every major recording artist (Frank Sinatra, Bing Crosby, Perry Como, Dick Haymes, Doris Day, Peggy Lee, Kay Starr, etc.) was a former band vocalist.

Goodman was the symbol, the pied piper, the Golden Boy of those Big Band years. We didn't go just to dance or listen to his music. We stood in wonder to watch and worship. He'd swing into a set of "Stompin' at the Savoy," "Big John Special," "Bugle Call Rag" and, so-help-you-God, angels would sing. Goodman was the giant on the earth of my childhood and his music was the days and nights of my youth.

The indisputable fact is that Benny and his band were the treasure-trove of an art form called jazz. And for this reason, quite apart from mere nostalgia, the enchantment of his accomplishments will be savored for centuries.

✂

my 24-year-old son that afternoon. "How'd you like to see Benny Goodman tonight?" "Who's he, a new comic?"

Last year I escorted my daughter to a Cleo Laine concert and Goodman strolled by during the intermission. We chatted for a few moments and I introduced my 20-year-old ingenue. "Benny Goodman," she repeated as we walked to our seats, "I've seen him on television, doing an American Express commercial."

For those, like my kin, who weren't around to witness the grace of Ted Williams rounding third, Jolson on his knees at the Palace or Earle Sande atop Man O'War, take heart. Benny still rides. Like Santa and the first cuckoo of spring, a legend with a licorice stick is coming to town. In April he'll be performing in Youngstown and Cincinnati, Ohio, and New York City. And in May he'll be celebrating his 70th birthday. A lot of men are still active at 70 but Goodman is beyond the boundaries of senescence. His uniquely gorgeous tone, fluent imagination and unlimited technique remain fresh, beautiful and exciting. If his sidemen are less than spectacular, Benny compensates with delicacy and passion. A few detractors, reviewing recent recordings, contend that Goodman is no longer in his prime. Still they'll have to concede that his current cuts are, at the very least, USDA choice.

"I've been playing for 60 years," he says, "since I was nine years old. You just can't turn off a switch and say you're finished. I love to play. I've got nothing to prove anymore but I'll know when I can't play."

George Simon once labeled him "the most

Harvey Geller has written songs, a column for Cash Box, features for numerous publications, and now works for Billboard Magazine.

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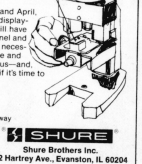
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2. The prize winner (1st, 2nd, 3rd) will receive a poem from the book. All other entries will receive a free copy of *The Bell Jar* from Avco Embassy Pictures.
3. All entries must be received by April 30.
4. All entries will be judged by the following judges: Elizabeth Searles, Elizabeth Searles, and Elizabeth Searles. The judging will be done by the following judges: Elizabeth Searles, Elizabeth Searles, and Elizabeth Searles. The judging will be done by the following judges: Elizabeth Searles, Elizabeth Searles, and Elizabeth Searles.



On Screen

NORMA RAE, with Sally Field, Ron Leshman and Beau Bridges. Written by Irving Ravitch & Harold Frank, Jr. Directed by Martin Ritt.

Recent movies, lacking excitement, have produced very few satisfying experiences. Those that touch us emotionally, say *Body Heat* or feeling slightly embarrassed that we accepted the cure, and those that touch us intellectually, say *Autumn*, leave us feeling slightly annoyed that we accepted the prescription.

But we can now take heart... and mind... to *Norma Rae*, a refreshingly unmythical movie that celebrates the power of each person has to better not only his (or her) own life, but the lives of everyone he knows. In its own way, *Norma Rae* is a Pollyanna movie, but it leaves no bitter aftertaste as saccharin about real people (loosely based on the J.P. Stevens Company's labor struggles). It is neither naively idealistic nor calculatingly propagandistic.

Norma Rae is about a union organizer from New York who travels a small Southern town bent on turning exploited textile workers into free-lance union people. But make no mistake, this is not a political polemic, it's a deeply moving film that's both funny and insightful. The dialogue by Frank and Ravitch fairly crackles with the kind of wit that seems almost lost to movies today, and the actors all meet the challenge of the story with a wealth of invention. There's no fawning performance of Sally Field, who is tough and artsy in this movie, or Ron Leshman, who finally has a character his kind of qualities can enhance. Also first rate is Beau Bridges as Field's understanding husband.

There are so many unexpected pleasures in this movie. For one thing, *Norma Rae* is a heroine with a past, a woman who's made more than her share of mistakes, but she's learned from them. One reviewer damned that "where with the heart of gold" character as a liberal condescension, but to my mind, it's a reality that's long overdue on the screen. Women with fully rounded lives rarely exist in movies. If a director deals with a woman sexually, as in *An Unmarried Woman*, that's the beginning and the end of the deal with her, politically, as in *Julia*, that's the beginning and the end. *Norma Rae* may not be an ideal, but she's a real heroine.

And here's also a great deal of humor in this film coupled with some honest tears and



Sally Field in *Norma Rae*, strong arm and out in a Southern textile mill for unionizing.

wants unionism to bring him a free ride, and *Lazy Day* and the *Strokes*, another variation on that theme. It was standard procedure for Hollywood movies to tell employers to give workers a fair deal, but the operative word was *go*. That attitude prevailed into the Thirties and Forties with movies such as *Black Fury* with Paul Muni and *Rally of the Wobblies* with Gregory Peck and Greer Garson, where sympathy is with the workers, but the message clearly states that unionism (i.e., the Closed Shop) has no place in a free America.

That attitude on the screen reflected what was happening to the film industry behind the camera. Producers knew organized labor meant rising costs, and they fought like hell to keep unions out of the industry. Part of the original lure of Los Angeles was General Harrison Gray Otis, owner and founder of the *Los Angeles Times*, who promised that the City of Angels would remain an open shop town with a steady stream of cheap labor. But movie workers weren't buying what Otis was selling.

The first strike against producers occurred in 1935, with sporadic strikes following until 1937 when IATSE (International Alliance of Theatrical and Stage Employees) staged a walk-out that for a time crippled the industry. The major studios housed longhairs, scabs and strike-breakers and the walk-out was quelled (see Fitzgerald's *The Last Days of an American* for an interesting account of this), but the threat remained. The unions finally won a closed shop in 1937 after bloody battling and strong-arm tactics on both sides, but it was a double-edged victory for labor because the closed shop was won under the questionable leadership of two men, Budd and Browne.

The rigors of Budd and Browne saw cinema. Unions had lost their sainthood and union supporters had lost their innocence. When the American Communist Party bailed for control of the Writers Guild in the late Thirties and into the Forties, many of the rank and file membership were left behind. The sense of betrayal was growing stronger, and it was that climate of mistrust that produced Hollywood's most famous labor film, *On the Waterfront*, which clearly examined unions as corrupt. The offspring of *Waterfront*, *F. O. C.*, and *Rise, O Color*, also showed unions as fraudulent and corrupt.

There have been a few movies which champion labor, but not many. Some might

include *The Molly Maguires* (made by Martin Ritt, who directed *Norma Rae*) in that positive line-up but that underrated movie is really about anarchism in the coal mines, not about organizing unions. It does, however, introduce audiences to a fascinating character—the very real James McParlan, who got his start as a fearless strikebreaker by infiltrating the incendiary Mollies and turning up for the Pinkertons. McParlan ended his career turning the Ludlow strike into a massacre for the Rockefeller's. There is also *Softly* (made by blacklisted people outside Hollywood), and a couple of excellent documentaries such as *Union Maid* and *Harlan County, USA*. From mainstream Hollywood came the box-office failure *Hard for Glory*, which reintroduced the working man and union organizers.

But the exceptions seem to prove the rule. For an industry that thrives on heroes, an industry that has contrived to make heroes out of everyone from Alexander Graham Bell to John Phillip Sousa, it seems incredible that such scrappy, courageous and dramatic people as labor leaders have been so thoroughly shafted. Where are the movies about Mother Jones, Elizabeth Gurley Flynn, Bill Hayward, Emma Goldman, Joe Hill (there was a movie about Hill—*Swordfish*), Eugene Debs or even Harry Bridges? Perhaps *Norma Rae* signals a change. Perhaps the recent airing of the *Ringside Story* *Janis Joplin* on NBC, recounting one of the great tragedies of this century, signals a change. Perhaps Warren Beatty will really make that movie on radical journalist John Reed that he's been planning for seven years. They are all long overdue.

Jacob Aitiss

HAR, starring John Savar, Brad Williams, Barry D'Angelo based on the musical play, book & lyrics by Terence Rattig & James Kirk, music by Galt MacDermot, directed by Miles Forman.

When *Har* first saw the light of theater in the late Sixties, it was, to some, shocking and titillating with its nudgy and easy sex; to others of us, it was corny and unattractive. The City of Angels would remain an open shop town with a steady stream of cheap labor. But movie workers weren't buying what Otis was selling.

The players are generally good. John Savar, who was excellent in *The Day After Tomorrow*, is a believable Claude; Williams as arch-bishop Berger is dazzling (his kid's gonna be a star, as they say), but D'Angelo's Sheila (who has been transformed into a substitute of all things) is a bit dull. Two numbers, "Aquarium" and "Easy to Be Hard" are awfully performed, and two other numbers, "I Got Life" and "Black Boys/White Boys" inspired heavy applause from the previous audience.

Though Carch expatriate Forman fills the screen with thousands of extras, it's all sound and fury, signifying nothing. It's not that he isn't faithful to some great work of art, it's that he hasn't changed it enough. It remains superficial as ever.

The hippie ethic has long since been repudiated as irrelevant, naive and selfish; what once seemed so benevolent now looks embarrassingly ignorant in the cold light of history. It would be difficult to make these characters, relevant today; the current approach might be no-alcohol exploitation, but *Har* doesn't even go so far. Forman's clean, sincere hippies are so uncomfortable they're boring. Forman added some political overtones with army boot camp language and a poignant role-overed

(Continued on page 20)

Bad Company

Desolation Angels



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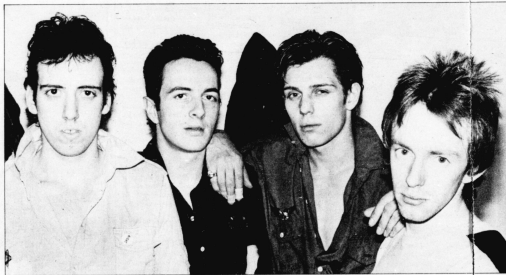
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(Continued on page 20)

THE CLASH

Defiance Makes A Comeback

BY BYRON LAUSSEN & HOWIE KLEIN



Mick Jones, Joe Strummer, Paul Simonon, Nicky "Topper" Headon—punk with a purpose?



"If you've lost a battle then go on and keep about it. Sometimes you're got to make up in the morning and think. Screw 'em. We've gotta see the bloody battle."
—JOE STRUMMER

"A working class hero is something to be..."

—JOHN LENNON

Year's despair for the twentieth century was turned upside-down, if only momentarily, and John Lennon's wish fulfilled, to a bombastic ten-city tour called "Pearl Harbor '79." This February, America finally met the Clash—most aptly named band in the world, scruffy, quasi-political rock heroes whose second album, *Give 'Em Enough Rope*, entered the charts at Number Two in their wide-waked native Britain. Four London toughs still tight with their street environment, the Clash are intellectualizing rebels and, at the same time, slaking rockers with a sound as tough, defiant and complex as their stance.

"We always go on the defensive when confronted with this political stuff," says hair-busted lyricist and lead singer Joe Strummer. "Our politics is spelled with a small 'p.' We want to move in any direction we want, including a political direction. But if everyone is saying, 'Ah, you're a political band...' then it's a trap, a hole to get stuck up in."

"I wouldn't call it political rock," offers Mick Jones, whose dark features and lead guitar playing both suggest a young Keith Richards. Jones' considerate, even soft-spoken, manner, however, is a disarming contrast. "It's just contemporary rock of roll with contemporary lyrics. The songs are just devoted to making people think about their situation. You could call it 'attitude rock,'" he adds, smiling. "The people who purport to have political answers are generally full of shit."

Paul Simonon, the group's lead, scowling bassist, caps off the topic. "I find politics quite boring. What we're doing is similar to the hippies because we're protesting certain things. But it's not peace and love now, it's hate and war, and we're pointing at the same thing as it really is. We're like the revenge of the hippies."

Strummer's father, a diplomat, left him when he was nine at a Yorkshire boarding school. "My dad's a bastard," Strummer says flatly. "Only saw him once a year after that. I did love in school. I hated the rock rich people's sick rich kids." A brother one year his senior committed suicide in 1971. Bitterness taught Strummer self-reliance and made distrust an instinct. Luckily, compassion remained. Contemporary England, with strikes, inflation and bleak economic prospects for its youth, is bargaining with underdogs looking for leadership.

"I'm in a pain, someone came from the room asks, 'living in London these days?'"

"What do you mean a pain?" Strummer forces a hard snarl on the question. "It ain't a pain, it's where we live." He sweeps an arm in the general direction of Los Angeles. "You don't think it's all right here, do you?"

Jones grew up in Britain, a poor, working class district of London, and lived with his grandmother after his parents' divorce. Reverting into books and music, Jones bought a guitar at age sixteen and found, in rock & roll, the way out of his misery.

Simonon, also from Britain, came from a broken home as well. Living with his father, holding down odd jobs, he was one of a team of half-brother white kids in the school he attended. He grew up hearing black music—to the exclusion, largely, of white rock & roll. After leaving school he worked in a factory but was fired for taking days off to read. He later won an art school scholarship and wound up "going around with rich girls, getting laid, making points."

Meanwhile, Jones was in and out of rock bands, some of which never went further than rehearsal rooms. "I've always been a fan," he says. "I really like the Stones when they were happening. I liked the Kinks. I really liked Dylan. But then the Hoochie, they were the ones that made me decide to pick the guitar up. They were the group that was getting people to smash the seats." With an impish grin spreading on his face, Jones gets deeper into his influences. "God touched me," he says. "I was going up the stairs one day and God hit me on the

"Things fall apart; the centre cannot hold; Mere anarchy is loosed upon the world, ... The best lack all conviction, while the worst Are full of passionate intensity..."

—WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS

head with a mallet and said, 'You be in a group!' And I said, 'Okay, God. Being in a band was always the thing for me,' he says, a serious look returning. "It's the way you get ideas across faster than anything else."

London SS, Jones' last band prior to the Clash, drew Strummer in early 1976 from a rhythm and blues band called the 101-ers. The Sex Pistols were then beginning their outrage-provoking assault on London's music scene, and Strummer wanted to link with a band of similar intent. "As soon as I knew them," he says, "I knew what a group was supposed to look like."

Simonon came to London SS rehearsals with a friend around the same time. Jones liked his fierce appearance and decided to teach him to play bass. "I couldn't do anything," Simonon says, as if still embarrassed. "I was useless. Mick, in fact, taught me how to play. Every now I hit, that's all from what Mick taught me. We even painted the notes on the bass, so I knew where to put my fingers."

The Clash included Jerry Climer on drums when they signed with CBS Records in early 1977. Egan, their state-label, decided to release *The Clash*, their first album, though it entered the British charts at Number Twelve and sold well here as an import. "I don't think CBS thought it was good enough," says Simonon. "I don't care what them people think. They've got no idea."

"They don't know what to do with us," Strummer adds. "They ought to leave us alone, for a start."

Nicky "Topper" Headon, whose headlong, full-capacity drum attack took nearly with Jones' guitar work, came into the group when Climer defected after the first album.

CBS claims their decision to withhold *The Clash* from American distribution traces to the record's "sheepiness of production and unmarketable lyrics." "I wish to shatter the message," Strummer says. The group and the corporation compromised, naming Sandy Pearlman, known for his work with the Blue Oyster Cult, to produce *Give 'Em Enough Rope*. "E's great," Strummer acknowledges, "he done a good job." Cutting the album took six harrowing months, the group suspicious all the while that an outside producer might take the edge off their sound. Pearlman, for his part, calls the Clash "the greatest rock & roll group around," even though they want us to do their next record alone.

Five American stations are willing to play the current record. Though the lyrics are still difficult to pull out of the album's chaotic mix, they are, on emergence, provocative and defiant. Jones, for example, salutes an outcast friend in "Stay Free":

"Not when we were in school
Not when we were in the street
Not when we were in the crowd tonight, have a drink on me.
Stay free."

Strummer, in "Guns on the Rooftop," sketches a world where vested powers will kill to keep their dominion. Remembrance of Mick Jagger's committed demon persona in "Symphony for the Devil," he sings:

"I like to be an affiant, a band on the final drum.
I like to be in USA, pretend that the war is done.
I like to be in Europe, spring conflict in Europe..."

Jones sees the lyric that with a menacing guitar passage worthy of *Let It Bleed*-era Keith Richards.

"Pearl Harbor '79" is all the more impressive for radio's reluctance to play *Give 'Em Enough Rope*. Most dates were sold

out and the album has gone beyond 75,000 in sales—not Fleetwood Mac territory, but certainly a healthy wedge.

The Clash, meanwhile, plan to wax in the pattern they've set, sticking with the kind of people they grew up with, playing frequent, small dates. "That's what we do, the way we live," Strummer says. "Don't even think about it."

"I don't think I've got something to say that the back down the road hasn't got," Jones adds. "I just happen to be the one that's doing it. It's just continuous communication. It's so do with ideas—being able to stand up and have your say."

Santa Monica: Enemy Territory Besieged

BY DON SNOWDEN

The arrival of the Clash was an event L.A.'s hard-core rockers had been awaiting anxiously for 18 months—since the release of the band's first album. Mother Nature even played her hand, blanketing Santa Monica with a London-style pea-soup fog.

With high hopes came the fall of great expectations—Cowan the Barbarian, the Mighty Thor and Superman would've been hard passed to satisfy Santa Monica's expectant crowd. But the Clash trampled with the most exciting rock the rock-and-roll circuit has witnessed in years.

Rock and roll takes on the nature of a holy war for the Clash. Much has been written about the political content of their songs and, indeed, Joe Strummer's militant imagery provides both food for thought and a call for radical action. But the Clash live survives stems from their sheer energy and raw power as a classic rock and roll band.

The set, a well-structured blend of material from both

albums and their string of memorable British singles, covered some twenty songs in little over an hour. The accent was on high energy rockers with undertones of the early Who and Kinks—"Capitol Radio," "Guns on the Roof" and "Clash City Rocker" among them—but the band showed musical resources beyond the one-dimensional thrashing typical of many new wave outfits.

In its populist sensibilities and ability to create a hard rock frenzy, the Clash most resembles Mott the Hoople. Lead guitarist Mick Jones' "Stay Free" captures the sort of vital nostalgia that Ian Hunter used to rekindle, and "Complex Control" and "Sole European Home" are centered around guitar riffs that would fit snugly in the Mott songbook. But the Clash also has a hidden weapon in the ability of bassist Paul Simonon and drummer Nicky "Topper" Headon to handle reggae—"White Man in Harem" and "Police and Thieves" and New Orleans rhythm and blues—"I Like to Be in the Crowd" (which, with funky panache...

Clash concert is an exercise in non-stop action; they start in overdrive and don't let up for a second. Jones dashes exuberantly from one end of the stage to the other. Simonon looms about the front of the stage while Headon provides a ferocious and impeccably precise foundation for the three front men.

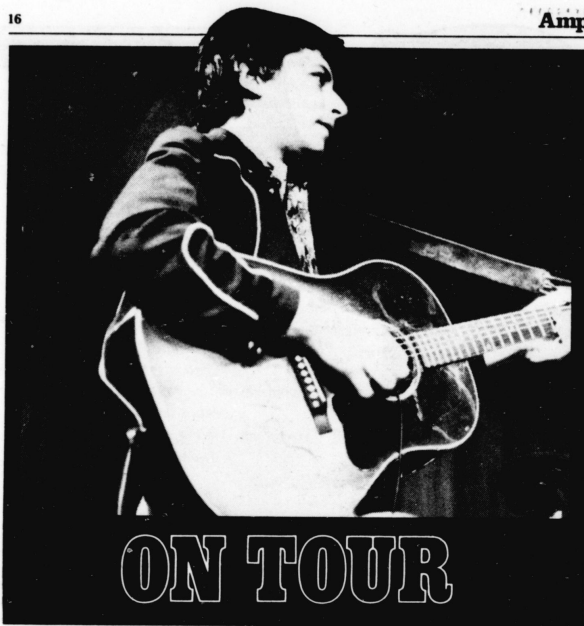
Few performers become so physically caught up in music as lead singer Strummer—slaking as his battered Telecaster with mouth agape, left leg pumping like a piston and eyes opened wide, he appears totally possessed, body and soul.

More than anything else, a Clash concert is characterized by a sense of struggle. One's less than spectacular night, the battle is merely to keep the songs from falling apart as the MCs. When they're clicking on all cylinders—as at Santa Monica—it's a fight to avoid being overplayed by the tremendous energy unleashed onstage and in the audience. At moments the set seemed about to career out of control, but the Clash relishes the edge of anarchy. Strummer's only smile of the evening came after he narrowly missed being guitar-bashed by during beneath one of Jones' leaps from the drum riser.

Yet, in the middle of a song, Headon stopped playing to announce aid for a fan being squashed against the stage. In England, the band often brings its own boumiers to prevent the madmen often caused by the strong-arm tactics of a club's employees. Anarchy as they may seem to be, the Clash is probably the only band that actually takes some responsibility for policing a gig themselves. And no ordinary band would be capable of stopping in mid-song and sixty seconds later being back at the same level of intensity—the Clash did.

In the midst of an otherwise tepid press conference after the gig, Strummer defined the group's perspective: "The important thing is to rock & roll, rock & roll, and never mind this lecture bullshit... We never said I was a Vegeta. Rock & roll is played on every ground."

Have a drink, in remembrance of the Clash over time, from San Francisco and across the England. New Musical Express, Corbis, New York Rocker and New Wave Rock. He also has the program on new radio shows on KISS - FM 95.5 San Francisco.



Joe Ely
The Roxy, Los Angeles

To the many who reckon Joe Ely and his Texas band among the healthiest forces in both country and rock, Ely's recent lukewarm stand at the Palamino in North Hollywood was a letdown. Luckily, Ely secured the opening slot for McGuinn, Clark & Hillman at the Roxy in Hollywood two weeks later and, with a muscular set, reversed the Palamino impression. It was supposed to be the Night of the Living Byrds, but Ely, singing the hell out of his best material, made himself the evening's star.

Backed by drums, bass, guitar, steel guitar and accordion, Ely played his weathered Gibson acoustic, its face scoured by hard strumming. No drugstore cowboy, the Lubbock, Texas, native wore a short, black cotton jacket with white piping and tooled silver tips on its collar. No matinee idol either, Ely stood short, with thick, lightly greased black hair.

"Down on the Drag," from his same-titled new MCA album, a rock-beat street wanderer's song, opened the show. Lloyd Maines played smeared tones in the range of a standard guitar on his double neck Sho-Bud steel guitar, instead of the high, chiming, weepy licks usually wrought from that instrument. Guitarist Jesse Taylor, on a Les Paul Junior, wrote blues licks into the song's country feel. Like Buddy Holly, also of Lubbock, Ely likes to link musical styles. "Cornbread Moon," from *Honky Tonk Masquerade*—his second and strongest album—had a fat, punchy Western Swing beat, spiced with a brisk tempo change in mid-song.

"Boxcars," a minor key country song, revealed Ely's moody side:

"This world may take my money and time
But it sure can't take my soul.
I'm going down to the railroad tracks
And watch them lonesome boxcars roll."

Hank Williams' "Hey Good Lookin'" hit a lighter tone. Then "Crawdadd," like an atom from a Peckinpah movie, packed a big metaphor into a little incident. "He was brave all right, brave as any man," Ely sang

of a crowd that wouldn't back down from an onrushing train, "But his judgment, Lord, it wasn't worth a damn."

Though tongue-in-cheek humor inhabits Ely's lyrics, so does a worry about what lies behind appearances, behind, for example, the "big old Buicks by the Baptist Church, Cadillacs by the Church of Christ." Direct involvement, too, colors Ely's songs, and those picked from collaborator Butch Hancock's folio. In "Standin' at the Big Hotel," Ely notes disgusting creatures from "the wilds of Hollywood," pledges love for his absent "Southern belle," then strides lustily into the middle of the action "... with a bird dog and a bottle of muscatel/Standin' at a big hotel."

The show closed with "Honky Tonkin'," another Hank Williams standard. Inspired, almost chaotic, the arrangement started with a solo vocal, then rocked through lunatic phases of instrumental chorus-trading up to triple unison guitar lines by Ely, Taylor and Maines. A high school dropout who claims he's shy about playing college dates, Ely proved at the Roxy that his post-school studies included learning how to wring an audience out and leave them wanting more.

Byron Laursen

Preservation Hall Jazz Band University of Iowa, Iowa City

Hancher Auditorium was SRO once again for these venerable reminders of early New Orleans and the music that shaped the first quarter century of jazz. Trumpeter Kid Thomas Valentine led his band through the circus clash of horns and reeds that have kept "Tiger Rag" and "Alexander's Ragtime Band" standards throughout this century. Kid Thomas is a spry, happy-faced man who can always get a laugh from the audience but can't hit a high note.

The sidemen, most of whom were not yet born when the famous bordellos of New Orleans' Storyville were closed by the Navy, presented an oft-applauded display of hot licks, hocus and historical inaccuracies. Manny Crusto is a top flight clarinetist with his hot, sweet lines accented by the trombone

of Worthia Thomas. The rhythm section (Alonzo Stewart, drums; Joseph Butler, bass; and Emanuel Sayles, banjo) pounded the steady two- or four-beat measures with the characteristic stomp of trad jazz, pushing the front line through up-tempo marches, slinking through "St. James Infirmary" or dragging the funeral march, "Just a Closer Walk with Thee."

Any parade band and any early band with a banjo would have also had a tuba in the rhythm section, not likely a double bass. Piano player Dave "Fat Man" Williams' song, "I Ate up the Apple Tree," swung like a jump blues from a Thirties big band. The saxophone, played by Emanuel Paul, wasn't a significant jazz instrument till the Thirties, when many of the originators of New Orleans jazz were either dead or no longer active musicians. This made the band no less entertaining, but trad jazz is better moved to—danced or even marched—than sat through and applauded after each solo (no matter how mundane). The evening ended with the band playing "Saints." Then, while the Kid packed up his equipment, they played his theme song, "I'll See You in My Dreams."

Dave Helland

Elvis Costello Paramount Theatre, Portland, OR

The last time Elvis Costello played Portland (a year earlier) his set was interrupted when a beefy firecracker exploded onstage by his feet. The band dropped everything and bolted. Costello stood his ground, finishing "Watching the Detectives" a capella, till the band timidly returned. This year's model, only the second stop on his American tour, was higher priced and better attended, crisper and more obviously staged than its predecessor, almost as short (its full length even with two encores was just over 50 minutes) and nearly as unsatisfying.

Except for a smattering of songs from *This Year's Model* (most of them in the encore) and a trio of unrecorded tunes, the evening was devoted to *Armed Forces*. That would have been fine, but the sound—which had been sprightly and clean for the opening act, the Rubinos, a scrubbed and exuberant bunch of rock archivists from Berkeley—was badly mixed and poorly projected. The result everywhere in the hall was a murky, impenetrable wall of mud.

The botched sound was especially disappointing because of scattered hints that Costello had changed in the last year, that he'd matured and grown and was back with new lessons. A lot of those new twists showed up on *Armed Forces* and the crowd wanted more glimpses behind the mask.

But there were a few in evidence. Where Costello used to stave off his audience with a nervous, haughty arrogance, now he appears to want them to like him, or at least to recognize his humor. Uncharacteristically talkative, Costello filled the infrequent pauses between songs with oblique patter, spoken almost as dramatic asides. "Things have changed since the last time we were in America" he began while introducing "Radio, Radio," "They've gotten worse."

For their part, the Attractions—a band that keeps getting better in startling leaps—were excellent. In spite of the sound, the band's distinctive features—Steve Naive's enthusiastic organ, less one-dimensional and more idiosyncratic than it's been before, Bruce Thomas' dark bass lines and Pete Thomas' precise, staccato drumming—were more obvious in the unembellished live mix than on *Armed Forces'* layered thickness.

Probably no show that Costello could do

would completely satisfy his audience, no matter how crisp the sound or how long the set. But soon after Costello's American tour began in February he appeared in a brief snippet of the "Heroes of Rock and Roll" TV special, tearing his way through a bitter and forceful reading of "Pump It Up." It was the same tune Costello chose to encore with in Portland and the televised version had a power, authority and wildness the Paramount show never approached.

Peter Siström

Count Basie Orchestra/Dexter Gordon Quartet at Bridges Auditorium, Claremont Colleges

This was Dexter Gordon's first gig on L.A. turf in well over a year and he was clearly glad to be back under such circumstances. A veteran of the most ill-fated musical generation of all, the beboppers, Gordon is in a state of grace. A rare appearance in 1976 at New York's Storyville virtually brought him out of eclipse and reestablished an American audience for possibly the most gifted tenor saxophonist to come out of the late 1940s.

Gordon now works with just a rhythm section and although he doesn't have another linear voice to respond to and play off of, the trio affords him a showcase setting. Eddie Gladden is a potent drummer and Rufus Reid attains a very Middle Eastern tone on his bowed bass.

On Harold Arlen's "Come Rain or Come Shine," Gordon used a breathy vibrato that came off a little stiff and reminiscent of "Body and Soul" from *Manhattan Symphonie* LP, that album's least satisfying cut.

Continuing with "something in a modal mood," Gordon picked up a soprano sax for "A la Modal" off the *Biting the Apple* album, moving steadily from one energy level to a higher one, ending in a balls-out fortissimo.

Gordon closed with "Backstairs," an up-tempo ripping flagwaver that comprised too short a segment in his set. Alone in front of a rhythm section without a challenging co-soloist, Gordon can sometimes get a little paunchy. With "Backstairs," the audience was left with the more admirable traits of Dexter Gordon's compelling sound.

Arguably the most virile swing orchestra currently performing, Count Basie and his band were in town to give their yearly annual report on the state of the big band. Since the 1950s, the band has relied more on arrangements that bring into focus the total sound rather than individual soloists. Arranger Sammy Nestico, whose charts generally have an indolent sense of swing, has become the most notable contributor.

Basie himself is 74 and tends not to feature himself so often. When he does play, usually with the rhythm section, it's his spare blues punctuations over the patented four-to-the-bar beat. Basie is a master of haiku—he knows how to say more with less, and was the first jazz pianist to do so.

Through it all—the hard-driving and supremely swinging arrangement of "April in Paris," Pete Minger's soft flugelhorn on "The Eyes of Love," Dennis Wilson's muted trombone testimony on "J.J. Johnson's Lament," and drummer Butch Miles kicking the band all night long with his enthusiasm—sat the implacable guitarist Freddie Green, like a jaded Buddha. Green has been in the band for nearly 42 years and he has seen all of the great players pass through.

The encore, as always, was "Jumpin' at the Woodside," a time-honored warhorse composed of riff-choruses. Two of the tenor players exchanged fours, trying to outdo each other, proving that the big band tradition is intact and thriving.

Kirk Silsbee

Sometimes just becoming a woman is an act of courage...



A LARRY PEERCE/ROBERT A. GOLDSTON FILM "THE BELL JAR"

Starring MARILYN HASSET

JULIE HARRIS · ANNE JACKSON · BARBARA BARRIE and ROBERT KLEIN as LENNY

Screenplay by MARJORIE KELLOGG · Based on the novel by SYLVIA PLATH · Produced by JERROLD BRANDT, JR. and MICHAEL TODD, JR.

Music by GERALD FRIED · Executive Producer ROBERT A. GOLDSTON · Directed by LARRY PEERCE · Co-Produced by TONY LaMARCA and ANDREW P. BONIME

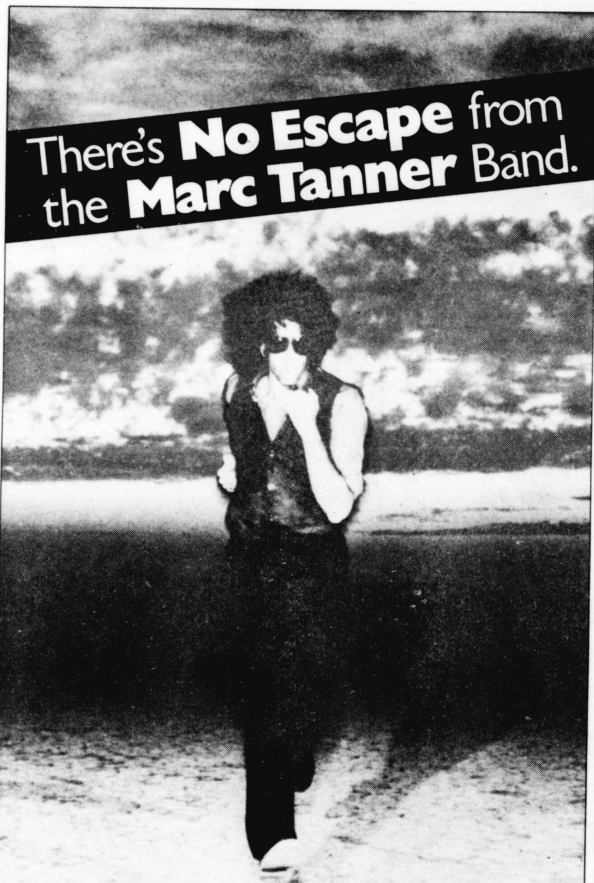
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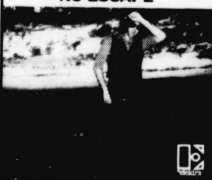


There's No Escape from the Marc Tanner Band.

CATCH HIM WHILE YOU CAN! The Marc Tanner Band Tour

3/17 Stockton, CA	4/7 Durango, CO
3/18 San Francisco, CA	4/9 St. Louis, MO
3/19 Fresno, CA	4/10 Minneapolis, MINN
3/20 Cerritos, CA	4/11 Stevens Pt., WIS
3/21 San Diego, CA	4/12 Marquette, MICH
3/22 Los Angeles, CA	4/13 Milwaukee, WIS
3/23 Huntington Beach, CA	4/15 Madison, WIS
4/1 Phoenix, AZ	4/17 Detroit, MICH
4/2 Boulder, CO	4/18 Grand Rapids, MICH
4/4 Ogden, UT	4/19 Cleveland, OH
4/5 Boise, ID	4/20 Marietta, OH
4/6 Provo, UT	4/21 Chicago, ILL
	4/24 Cincinnati, OH
	4/25 Indianapolis, IND
	4/26 Columbus, OH
	4/27 Pittsburgh, PA
	4/28 Norfolk, VA

THE MARC TANNER BAND NO ESCAPE



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n disc

THE POLICE

Outlandos d'Amour (A&M)

The Police may have benefitted from the trend towards simple, unadorned music prompted by the punk movement in England, but they're not a punk band per se. All seasoned musicians, the British trio operates from a basic hard rock format tempered with a healthy dose of reggae stylings and romantic lyrics with an often perverse twist.

The band's motto is "May You Be with the Force" but it will probably take a bit more than *Outlandos*, their debut album, to induce listeners to sign up for a hitch. Lead singer Sting has a haunting, high-pitched voice that's effective in small doses but for some reason doesn't hold attention over the course of an entire album. But the chief problem is the material—the stripped-down trio approach can be a perfect vehicle for strong songs, but if the tunes aren't there the sparseness of the instrumental attack just can't compensate.

When the Police are on the mark, they're very, very good—witness "Can't Stand Losing You," the jazzy "Hole in My Life" and particularly the exquisite "Roxanne." But the band just isn't consistently good enough on *Outlandos* to win a whole-hearted recommendation.

Don Snowden

FABULOUS POODLES

Mirror Stars (Epic)

The official biography accompanying *Mirror Stars* would have you believe that the Fabulous Poodles—presumably the name comes from lead singer-songwriter Tony de Meur's marked facial resemblance to said beast—is an outrageous satirical rock band in the Zappa vein. But the Poodles' humorous content must be confined to their stage act because on this, their first American album, the quartet lives up to its namesake by behaving like a well-trained lap dog.

The Poodles draw heavily on Fifties American and Sixties British rock influences to fashion a melodic, appealing but tradition-bound style. There are some fine songs—the title track, in describing the rock star fantasies of a schoolkid, rings true to real life. "Tit Photographer's Blues" is strong musically and hilarious too, the only instance where the Poodles hit home on the humor front. But it's bothersome that such tame, lightweight stuff is released when formidable bands like Pere Ubu, Siouxsie and the Banshees and the Buzzcocks are still unsigned in America.

Don Snowden

THE BOOMTOWN RATS

A Tonic for the Troops (Columbia)

Bruce Springsteen meets Thin Lizzy on the frenetic shores of the New Wave. Hyper-fast mechanical rhythms punctuate Rats' Bob Geldof's epic tome on subjects as diverse as Howard Hughes, Eva Braun, a high school nympho ("Mary of the 4th Form") and youthful heroes cast in the Springsteen mold—like Billy ("Rat Trap") and Joey ("Joey's on the Street Again"). But while there's a pounding, kinetic beat blasting away, a good portion of *A Tonic for the Troops* (the whole first side and at least two cuts from the second) shares an equal affinity for

strong, catchy melodies and stutter-step dynamics. Reggae ("Living in an Island") and Sixties pop influences are readily apparent—the Rats combine the Kinks' knack for painting societal portraits with the Dave Clark Five's almost stupid (but always charming) enthusiasm. Obviously, the Rats grew up close to their turntables. On *Tonic*, produced by R.J. Lange (Graham Parker, City Boy), it all comes together with zippy, power pop aplomb—the occasional lackluster moments due simply to a deficiency in the melody department.

Steven X. Rea

THE AMAZING RHYTHM ACES

The Amazing Rhythm Aces (ABC)

In typical easy-going, stolidly good-tempered Southern style, the Amazing Rhythm Aces continue to turn out praise-worthy records. The band's rendition of Al Green's "Love and Happiness," which kicks off dangerously close to the original, lopes into a smooth, rhythmic romp. Two other covers, "Lipstick Traces" and "If You Gotta Make a Fool of Somebody," flirt with the second-line New Orleans stylizations of Lee Dorsey and Allen Toussaint. Russell Smith and his fellow Aces' own tunes glide along with a soulful, reclining ease, replete with eloquent guitar fills and rich, earthy keyboard colorings—even when 4-part bluegrass harmonies are invoked on "Say You Lied." And Smith's vocals go down like a shot of Wild Turkey; strong, rough-hewn, but ultimately warm and resonant. *The Amazing Rhythm Aces'* bluesy country/rock/R&B coalescence was produced by Jimmy Johnson and augmented by the Muscle Shoals Horns. Joan Baez, Tracy Nelson and Lisa Gilkyson contribute background vocals. The LP oozes with understated, economical tones and relaxed, down-home conviviality.

Steven X. Rea

CHARLES MINGUS

Me, Myself an Eye (Atlantic)

If someone ever asked me to define jazz, I'd probably just slap one of my fifteen Mingus albums on the turntable and let the late composer-arranger-bassist's beautifully realized music do the talking. Mingus hated having the term jazz applied to his music, but his blend of impeccably arranged compositions, inspired individual and group improvisations and pervasive sense of swing serve as a virtual primer of modern jazz.

Me, Myself an Eye, a big band outing featuring two dozen top New York musicians, is the last installment in the Mingus legacy save for the forthcoming collaboration with Joni Mitchell. The half-hour "Three Worlds of Drums" has its exhilarating moments, but lacks the overall cohesion of the excellent *Cumb'a & Jazz Fusion* LP. But the second side—comprising new versions of two songs Mingus first recorded twenty years ago (the bluesy "Devil Woman" and the superb "Wednesday Night Prayer Meeting") and a memorable ballad ("Keki")—offers a classic example of the wide sweep and power of his musical vision.

Me, Myself an Eye isn't the best Mingus album, but it's a sampling well worth your attention and money. Also in the glut of releases that will undoubtedly hit the stores in the coming months, keep an eye peeled for

the Prestige, Barnaby and Impulse LPs Mingus cut with the late, great reedman Eric Dolphy.

Don Snowden

GEORGE HARRISON
George Harrison (*Dark Horse*)

There's a certain broad irony in the fact that the same week that George Harrison's first new album in two-and-a-half years appeared, Paul McCartney announced his record-setting deal with Columbia—in return for his next three albums, McCartney and Wings will receive a guarantee of \$20 million based on a royalty rate of \$1.45 per copy sold, greater than the amount Columbia will earn.

Life has not been easy for the other Beatles since the group dissipated in the late Sixties. Which is not to say that life has been hard—the Fab Foursome are richer than Croesus—just that creatively Ringo has been turning out musical-comedy quality dreck while John Lennon has vanished in a sea of self-obsessed genius (listen to "Genius Is Pain" on the *National Lampoon's* brilliant *Radio Dinner* album sometime for the whole story) and George Harrison, the quiet one . . . well George has gone through his highs and lows. His *Best of* album of last year showed a brilliant musician, both pre- and post-Beatles. But George's *33 and 1/3* album of the year before was dismal, the singles "This Song" and "Crackerbox Palace" embarrassing, particularly for an ex-Beatle.

His latest album, *George Harrison*, hugs a cautious middle line. There are elements of the old Beatle, particularly in Harrison's clean guitar work and husky voice. And there's a lot of nostalgia about the album—one of the songs, "Not Guilty," was written at the same time Harrison was writing "Guitar Gently Weeps" and "Piggies" back in 1967.

But even the addition of guitar work by Eric Clapton and vocals by Stevie Winwood doesn't alleviate the basic staleness of the album. There isn't the fire here of *Abbey Road*, *Let It Be* or even *The Concert for Bangladesh*. This is a pleasant enough album, but one without conflict, and in the end without meaning. Orson Welles was right in *The Third Man* when he pointed out to Joseph Cotton that hundreds of years of peace in Switzerland could only produce the cuckoo clock. It seems that the Beatles without stress can produce only . . . well, silly love songs.

Merrill Shindler

THE BABYS
Head First (*Chrysalis*)

Head First, the Babys' third album, is their most fleshed-out, satisfying work to date. Guided by producer Ron Nevison (Led Zepelin, UFO, Bad Company), the Babys push it to the limit. Unfortunately, the problem with the young British band is that their limits are many. John Waite's vocals, though distinctive enough for their Foreigner/Bad Company genericisms, are discernibly fragile—his attempts at belting, throaty vocals fail to resound. An underlying anemia pulses through the album's nine tracks.

But on a glossy, surface level, the Babys do fine. Wally Stocker's guitar girds up the title track nicely; the slow tempo, orchestrated "You (Got It)" and "Every Time I Think of You" emotive romantic, if somewhat adolescent sentiments; and the group comes up with a real surprise find: "White Lightning" by Billy Nichols—a reclusive singer/guitarist first discovered by Pete Townsend. "California," Waite's paean to his new homeland, closes the LP in a bouncier pop vein, sporting an appropriate slice of L.A. rock in its shimmering guitar lines. While the Babys

display little evidence of serious artistic intention, they've managed to deliver a consistent, competent—if superficial—record.

Steven X. Rea

BILLY BURNETTE
Billy Burnette (*Polydor*)

Billy Burnette's debut album is a fascinating stew of rockabilly, rock pop, pop rock, country rock blues and Fifties revival. Surprisingly, it all cooks up into a highly palatable, enjoyable journey into the world of musical possibilities.

Burnette wanders from the idiom of the Fifties ("Shoo-Be-Do"), through the sweet world of the country ballad ("Walkin' Marsha Home"), into the ersatz oddness of Jonathan Richman ("I Ain't No Spaceman") with hardly a missed beat or a flinch. Which isn't overly surprising, considering the eclectic band of nouveau-rockabilly advocates he's gathered about himself—the likes of Jody Maphis and Randy Scruggs from the Earl Scruggs Revue, his producer Chips Moman and the not-easily definable Spooner Oldham.

But Burnette's greatest influence comes from his family; not only is he son to songwriter Dorsey Burnette, he's nephew to Johnny Burnette, author of "Dreamin'," "Sweet Sixteen" and "Little Boy Sad." And, with a tip of the family hat, Billy covers Johnny and Dorsey's "Believe What You Say" at the top of side two. And he sings the song a sight better than Rick Nelson ever did a generation ago.

Merrill Shindler

PAUL CHASMAN
Paul Chasman, Solo Guitar (*Rose*)

Traditional musicians, once they approach a level of mastery, either settle in for a lifetime

or look for new challenges and rewards. Three or four years ago Paul Chasman quit something other guitarists would sell their eyes to attain: note-for-note ability on Doc Watson's material and full fluency in bluegrass. He studied jazz, eventually developing a style that combines the warmth, simplicity and humility of folk with jazz's rich voicings. Bill Monroe's "Gold Dust" on Side One is a standout example. Fingerpicked on an acoustic guitar, it evokes the line-driving bluegrass of the original, adding harmonies that sound modern yet recall the British Isles traditional music in which bluegrass has roots.

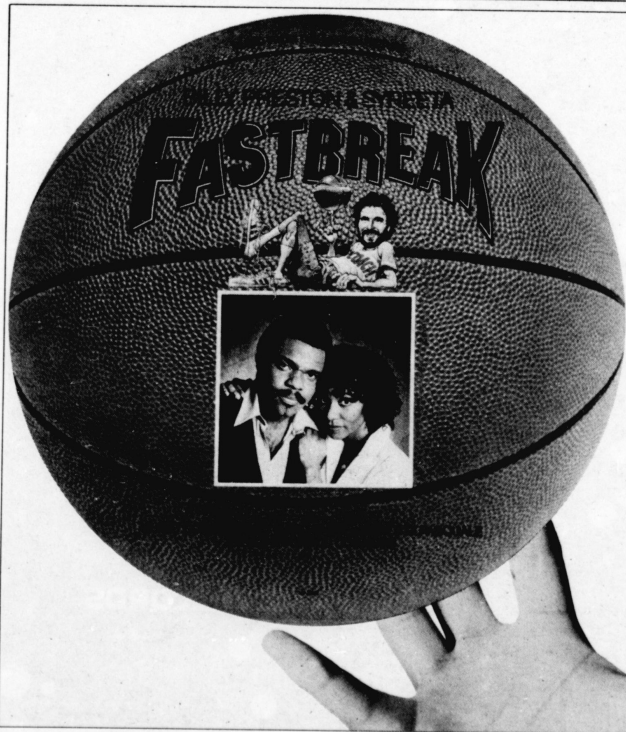
Jelly Roll Morton's "Don't You Leave Me Here," in a version that is both pretty and humorous, connects Chasman to Ry Cooder, another ex-traditionalist now exploring similar territories. Joe Pass and George Van Epps listeners, or anyone entranced by the voice of the guitar, for that matter, should find Chasman's record rich and pleasurable. The album is currently available by mail order only: \$7.25 from Rose Records, P.O. Box 13614, Portland, Oregon 97213.

Byron Laursen

THE MARC TANNER BAND
No Escape (*Elektra*)

This purports to be a rock and roll album. The guy's got long hair and sunglasses, his band plays electric guitars, drums, bass and Moog, there're songs about standing in the spotlight, getting away, mistreating women and being high. So why does it sound like someone forgot to take their Geritol?

From the so-chic front-lit album cover to the current cultural mafia of L.A. session men represented on its tracks, *No Escape* is a signpost of trends which threaten to overwhelm an already ailing art form. There is no



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NIGHT RIDER!

PRODUCED BY TIM WEISBERG
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HIS NEW ALBUM
OF ELUSIVE MUSIC ON
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escape from this kind of music; it is heard on elevators, in neighborhood boutiques that sell expensive French jeans, on jukeboxes, on radio (AM and FM), in cars, in our minds, going round and round, the same song by the same faceless group with the same nerve-deadening result.

Groups like the Marc Tanner Band almost seem to be part of a conspiracy among the mega-buck, multi-platinum mentalities that permeate the recording industry. Minimize risk, maximize profit; peddle pabulum and soon enough no one will remember they ever had a choice. For every Marc Tanner, Toto and similar clone that storms the charts, there's a group with something to say perishing on the vine because the retail/record/radio establishment is trying to turn rock and roll into good business sense.

Davin Seay

JOE PASS & NEILS PEDERSEN
Chops (Pablo)

Joe Pass' deft jazz guitar playing is always excellent, but he surpasses himself on this album. Or perhaps it would be more accurate to say that Pass and Pedersen outdo each other—in perfect complicity.

Those who find bass solos interesting only once in a while will be in for a shock: Pedersen's solos are not only as frequent as Pass', they are every bit as compelling.

Pedersen's accompaniment deserves to be noted too. He has a way of chording that is never harsh and is a perfect fill for Pass' solos. There is no feeling of a "missing instrument." Pass has never been so well-complemented on bass.

In addition to the soloing and accompaniment, there is also a great deal of counterpoint on this album and fascinating double lead lines. This is the best Joe Pass album since *Intercontinental*; musically, it may be the superior album, and if so, Neils Pedersen is at least half the reason.

Clarke Owens

GUISEPPI VERDI

Otello: Placido Domingo, Renata Scotto & Sherrill Milnes; the National Philharmonic Orchestra, conducted by James Levine (RCA)

Sam is a highly critical fellow, one not given to superlatives. According to Sam, Butter-milk Mountain is "a good ski run," no more; and Barbara Tuchman a reasonably good historian, "not Thomas Carlyle, but worth reading."

Thus, when Sam describes this new recording of the late Verdi masterpiece as "magnificent," one ought to pay attention.

"The recording is absolutely spectacular. It is as good a pressing as I've heard with the exception of Solti's 'Ring Cycle,' he announces.

Sam, being Sam, of course has his reservations. Domingo, singing the title role, confronts the opera as a musical challenge, that being the essence of *Italian* opera. John Vickers, who heads two rival versions, approaches *Otello* as drama, Shakespearean drama at that. As a singer, Domingo wins, as an actor Vickers. But Vickers' records "do not have the technical quality, the presence" RCA has managed to impart here.

Ed Cray

DAVID BROMBERG
My Own House (Fantasy)

My Own House is a collection of David Bromberg's favorite acoustic chestnuts, from fiddle tunes to ragtime, country blues to pop standards ("To Know Her Is to Love Her," no less!). A blend of live and studio recordings, the album features only two men behind Bromberg—George Kinder on fiddle and

mandolin, and Dick Fegy (a long-time Bromberg sideman) on fiddle, mandolin and banjo.

Only one Bromberg composition is included, an instrumental. And although there are no outright funny songs on the album, sardonic vocals keep the collection from being a dry historical presentation. Bromberg's musicology is always subordinated to his sense of fun. That's what has always made his eclectic concerts a joy, and likewise the feeling of fun and the love of the music in this album really shine. Bromberg presents the songs already broken in, nice and comfortable.

Gil Asakawa

EDDIE MONEY
Life for the Taking (Columbia)

Eddie Money, in the late-'77 outset of his career, was reasonably impressive... classy, dirtier than Boston and grittier than Foreigner. Money had catchy melodies, gutsy vocals and a more-than-adequate partner in guitarist Jimmy Lyon. The first album, *Eddie Money*, almost sold platinum. Airplay steadily grew as Money played bills with the Stones, the Dead, Santana and others. But working the circuit and following the detailed plans of impresario-manager Bill Graham have depleted artistic energy. Already close, on the first release, to a formulaic performance, Money here repeats himself with less vigor. The melodies have slipped, the good-time feeling has become predictable and an ambitious over-production strains to make it all seem lively. Though still more humanly interesting than most FM staple acts, Eddie Money is in danger of sounding like Any Body.

Gil Asakawa

GIOVANNI PALESTRINA

Missa Sine Nomine, Eleven Motets: Female Choir of the Music High School, Győr; conducted by Miklos Szabo (Qualiton)

The age of this Hungarian release is indeterminate, its availability hard to measure. But whatever the difficulties in getting a copy, it is worth the effort. The unaccompanied choral music of the Renaissance master has not previously been well-served on long playing records and the performances here are luminous.

From the first bars of the mass, the immature, thin voices of the young ladies vest this music with an ethereal quality so instantly appropriate one can only wonder why there are not a hundred such angelic choirs recording such music in this country.

Ed Cray

JEFFERSON STARSHIP
Gold (Grunt)

Gold, a collection of ten Starship cuts culled from four albums, is an impressive testimony to the seminal Sixties band's most impressive asset: their durability. The recent defection of Grace Slick may be yet another chapter in the continuing saga of the band that refused to self-destruct. From all indications, the Starship will survive (they are currently in the studio). Yet, it is not cohesiveness in the face of shifting personnel that is the truest mark of the band's tenacity; rather it is their continued creative vitality. Herein lies the appeal of this, their second greatest hit package.

Gold details a period of musical growth and chart success that seemed well nigh impossible prior to the release of *Red Octopus* and it's across-the-board hit, "Miracles." That album heralded the return of Marty Balin and the soft-psychedelia that established the group's fame as the Jefferson Airplane. Three cuts from the preceding LP, *Dragon Fly*, in-

cluding "Ride the Tiger," testify that the band was regenerating even before Balin's arrival. But it is undeniably Balin's wavering tenor and compelling songwriting skills that defined the Starship's sound during the past five years.

Before Balin, the Starship had been a platform for Paul Kantner's Cosmic Communist manifesto, and as such had pretty well run itself into the ground via several less than brilliant albums which also suffered from

Slick's vocal excesses. With Balin it all came together, without the sacrifice of either faction's basic integrity.

With *Red Octopus*'s "Miracles" and "Play on Love," *Spitfire*'s "St. Charles" and *Earth's* "Count on Me" and "Runaway," all included on this collection, pop paydirt continued to be mined. The melding of Slick and Balin's voices, always a potent combination, reached new heights on much of this material.

(Continued on page 26)

Classical Gold

BY SOL LOUIS SIEGEL

The *Saturday Night Fever* soundtrack, in addition to hyping the worldwide consumption of white three-piece suits, has sold over twenty million copies. That's enough to give everyone in New York City, Chicago and Los Angeles an album and have a loose few million left over. Last year the RIAA (Recording Industry Association of America) certified sixty-eight albums as "platinum" records, which means they sold more than a million copies each. Eleven performers or groups—the likes of Kiss and Shaun Cassidy—had more than one of those records each. All of this is prelude to the fact that Vladimir Horowitz, possibly the greatest classical pianist active and certainly one of the greatest musicians, is approaching "gold" status with his recent live performance of the Rachmaninoff Third Piano Concerto. Not "platinum." Just plain "gold."

In the twenty years since the RIAA started awarding gold records for albums with sales of half a million and singles selling a million copies, about 1,500 LPs have qualified. Only six of those are classical. Classical records, when they hit gold, generally do so because of a particular combination of performer and music, circumstances of time and place, or development in recording technology. The Horowitz record, for example, documents his first performance with an orchestra in twenty-five years as well as his first concerto recording in stereo.

These are the classical world's gold records:

Tchaikovsky: PIANO CONCERTO NO. 1
(Jan Cliburn)

In the Spring of 1958, during the post-Stalin thaw in U.S.-Soviet relations, a tall, skinny young man from Texas became a national hero by winning the piano Grand Prize in the first Tchaikovsky Competition, held in Moscow. RCA quickly marketed the recordings. Even so, it took three years for this most popular of piano concertos to become classical music's first certified gold record. The performance, accompanied by conductor Kiril Kondrashin, is unusually broad and poetic and gorgeously played.

Handel: MESSIAH

(Eugene Ormandy, Philadelphia Orchestra, Mormon Tabernacle Choir)

The cover says it all: the most famous orchestra and chorus in the world performing the most famous choral work in the classical repertory. Financially, it couldn't miss. Artistically it misses by a mile. The music simply wasn't meant to be played by such huge forces. About ten years ago Colin Davis' recording on Philips demonstrated that a small orchestra and chorus could execute the music more cleanly and provide more excitement.

Tchaikovsky: 1812 OVERTURE
(Antal Dorati)

One of the first stereo spectacles, utilizing cannons and big bells in the merry-making, this is really second-drawer Tchaikovsky, but audiences love its joyous noise. Still available on a Mercury Imports reissue, it has long since been outdone by editions employing choirs.

2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY

(Soundtrack)

When a popular movie has a truly memorable soundtrack, people buy it. As independent listening, most of the music Stanley Kubrick used for his magnum opus is heard to better advantage in other contexts, particularly the "Sunrise" from *Also Sprach Zarathustra*, a piece that should be heard in its half-hour entirety. The exceptions to this are the haunting *Atmospheres* and *Lux Aeterna* by Gyorgy Ligeti, of which there aren't many other recordings.

SWITCHED-ON BACH

(Walter Carlos)

This seemed like a revolutionary use of the Moog Synthesizer when it came out; now the record is a period piece. It's probably true that Bach would have used the Moog were he around today, but his compositions and arrangements wouldn't have had the distractingly flashy effects that abound here. It's interesting to compare Carlos' rendition of the *Third Brandenburg Concerto* with a good performance played on instruments of Bach's time. The latter will show Bach to have been as great an experimenter with sound as he was with counterpoint and harmony.

Beethoven: NINE SYMPHONIES

(Herbert von Karajan)

For years, this expensive imported eight-record album was a favorite way for a record collector to show off his class and elegance. This wasn't actually the greatest Beethoven cycle around, but it was quite good enough on the whole, and some of the performances were superb. A steady seller, it took fourteen years for this collection to make gold. Four months later Deutsche Grammophon retired it to make room in its catalogue for a brand-spanking-new von Karajan Beethoven album.

There is also a collection of Mormon Tabernacle favorites, called *The Lord's Prayer*, and an Ormandy-Philadelphia collection entitled *The Glorious Sound of Christmas*, which shouldn't really count. To stretch a point, the gold single of Scott Joplin's "The Entertainer" from *The Sting* could also be included, but the arrangement has at least as much Marvin Hamlisch in it as it does Joplin.

Classical music isn't out to win popularity contests. Like all great music, it survives because it moves people. The fact that it now enjoys more support than ever before is more important than winning the big, shiny prizes of the Recording Industry Association of America.

A Clockwork Lemon?

It was a mistake for Anthony Burgess in his 1985 (Little, Brown, \$8.95) to invoke George Orwell in the title and in the 100-page essay that precedes his novel. For despite his intention to present "an alternative picture" to Orwell's, a corrective that would more literally render a probable future, his work suffers by contrast. 1984 was a dark, bitter look at the large totalitarian forces that were to sweep over the latter half of the twentieth century. Its genius lay less in actually predicting what the future would bring than in characterizing what certain governments would impose on their people, how they would do so, and what the effects on the citizenry would be. And that its predictions were on occasion startlingly sound too can be seen in the newspapers—or the wall posters—of our time.

If Burgess' purpose is more limited than Orwell's, his vision is even more so. The situation in the novel is purely and narrowly English, and its scant 150 pages seem to offer mainly a hurried overview of Burgess' major irritations with present-day England. The future is taken over by "holistic syndicalism"—trade unions and their endless strikes controlling everything, pitting their anarchic and inflationary force against a weak, conciliatory government. The second big bugaboo grows even more out of an apparent annoyance on Burgess' part: England in 1985 is dominated by the Arabs. In some awkward and fictionally unrealized scenes, they are shown as finally clashing with the unions. Burgess doesn't hold their champion, the near-fascist Colonel Lawrence (!) up to praise, but despite that restraint the book can't escape a rather right-wing tone.

So what is of interest here? Some things ring very true: the way Burgess' hero Bev Jones penetrates his apartment's ingenious locking system; his demented daughter's TV addiction (eating her perennial cereal and adding the milk right into the carton); the violence in the nightmarish high-rises; the blare of bad news on the telly. Effective too are the gangs (reminiscent of Burgess' *A Clockwork Orange*) that prey on people out of sheer boredom—though Burgess simply indulges himself when he makes them subversively learned and scholarly. Had he thought through and really developed his occasionally fine grasp of present realities, Burgess would have arrived at a genuine vision of the future and contributed to the anti-Utopian fiction of our time. Instead, he merely sounds rushed and petulant.

Manfred Wolf

Punk Papers

Punk rock, like any good trend, needs to be fully documented before its decline and ultimate collapse, so who better than Virginia Boston, a writer of children's books, to give us *Punk Rock* (Viking, \$7.95)? Talk about proper journalistic perspective! Talk about true Seventies relevance! Talk about existential irony!

Talk about wastes of paper. This quickie collection of record company bios, lyrical incompetence, and divinely-decadent quotations from such safety-pin statemen as Rat

Scabies, Poly Styrene, and Dave Chaos is liberally saturated with dozens of entertaining, but B&W photos from Anarchy's Last Stand in England last year. Of course, the information is already dated (the Sex Pistols and the Damned have long since thrown in their swastika t-shirts) and the American side is consolidated into six pages of pogoing pretensions, but for anyone who has had trouble deciphering the lyrics to "Oh Bondage up Yours" or wants not one, but ten pictures of Generation X's Billy Idol, *Punk Rock* should be right up your nose, er, alley. Just follow the bouncing gob, um, yob, "oh, we're so pretty, oh-so pretty..."

Chris Clark

A Soviet Dissenter

In a recent *60 Minutes* broadcast, ballet star Mikhail Baryshnikov, who defected from the Soviet Union in 1974, told an incredulous Mike Wallace that it was impossible for anyone to be honest in the U.S.S.R. Shocked, Wallace repeated, "You mean a couple of hundred million people are incapable of being honest?" To which Baryshnikov answered, "Lying to each other every day."

We've been learning something about those daily lives in the growing body of testimony about life in Russia since the revolution, written not by outsiders, but by men and women who love their country and would like to see the wound of dictatorship heal. The latest addition to the dissent library is Vladimir Bukovsky's *To Build a Castle* (Viking, \$17.95), an eloquent memoir written by Russia's most famous dissident.

Bukovsky now lives in Cambridge, England, where he has, at 35, resumed his biology studies. He was released from the U.S.S.R. after years of tireless campaigning by his mother and various world-wide organizations. His crime: speaking the truth in a nation that prefers silence and lies. Bukovsky subtitles his book *My Life as a Dissenter*, and much of his memoir is spent discussing how and why he broke with his government. There was for Bukovsky no blinding revelation when he realized the Soviet Union was sick; instead, there was the slow realization of rules and regulations that made no sense, and prejudices that damned and punished the innocent without mercy. Bukovsky struck back by reading forbidden books, reciting forbidden poetry and generally refusing to be intimidated by repression.

He paid dearly for his independence. In and out of various prisons, tortured, abused, medicated, Bukovsky suffered all the indignities

we are now learning are commonplace for dissenters in the Soviet Union. But his memoir is remarkably free from bitterness or blame. Instead it's a skillfully written account that's filled with humor and insight. We're given glimpses of life in Russia as we rarely see it, including one fascinating section on the meaning of jokes in the Soviet Union—one of the few acceptable means of expressing anger at the state.

What's perhaps most telling in *To Build a Castle* (a mental exercise Bukovsky practiced in prison to keep from going insane) are the observations on the bleakness and paranoia in the U.S.S.R. His book makes it very clear that every citizen in Russia is a potential informer, that lying is a way of life and betrayal commonplace. But even though his subject matter is gruesome, Bukovsky is not. He is no Solzhenitsyn demanding his pound of flesh. Bukovsky retained his sense of humor and his perspective on life. When he finally reached Switzerland he wrote that he felt he carried a gift out of Russia that no KGB agent could have discovered—a dangerous gift that never should have been allowed to leave—the gift of honesty and laughter.

Jacoba Atlas

Women Speak, Too

The words of Shakespeare, Milton, Plato and Lincoln can be spluttered through any high school sophomore's braces, but who among us can quote Bessie Smith, Katherine Hepburn or Mother Jones in five quick breaths? Elaine Partnow's *The Quotable Woman* (Anchor Press, \$8.95) will help any woman who finds her voice drowned out by the ubiquitous cocktail conversation starter who insists that E.R.A. has lost its cause and who gives a damn about the women's movement anyway?

The contents of this 500-plus-page book (citing 8,000 quotes by 1,300 women compared to the hundred or so women Bartlett chose to include in his *Familiar Quotations*) provide not only adequate ammunition for the woman fighting her umpteenth battle at the bar or office, but also give its readers an inexhaustible supply of literary amusement and teasing.

The Quotable Woman is not a book one can easily read and relax with. Nor is it a book one can put down. The contributors, mostly British and American authors and artists from 1800 to 1975, are indexed alphabetically, chronologically, and cross-indexed categorically. Subjects range from Baghdad and bathrooms to the Yangtze river, but the thrust of these women's words returns always to the womb—to women, the summation of their lives, their relationships, their lot.

There are some embarrassing blemishes poking this otherwise meticulously prepared volume. "Onward Christian Soldiers," written by a clergyman with an androgynous first name, lies between quotes from two

female religious contemporaries. And a quote by male art historian Elie Faure has also ferreted its way into the array of abbreviated, non-musical monologues—an uncharacteristic display of carelessness.

Quote by quote, this extensive compilation might never replace Bartlett's atop reference desks and filing cabinets, but it may sit beside that beaten, hard bound, fat book, adopt the name "Partnow's" and show as many thumbtacks through time.

Lark Ellen Gould

Amazing America

If, like me, you've always wondered where the World Championship Cow-Chip Throwing Competition is held (Beaver, Oklahoma), or which town in the United States is totally without television (Kelso, California), then Jane and Michael Stern's *Amazing America* (Random House, \$6.95) is for you. If you remain unimpressed by such information, you will find nothing in this book to change your mind.

The reader is promised a guide "to the most extraordinary sights in our country," but this is actually another of those list-books which have been springing up almost exactly like weeds lately. And like the others, it is a compilation of arcane trivia that no one has had the time, patience, or inclination to collect before. The attractions are listed by state, and though I'm not an expert at oddities cross-country, as a native Californian I saw little in my state's section that surprised or impressed me. It's difficult to be very harsh on a work that includes entries like "Poultry Hall of Fame" and "World's Largest (or Second Largest) Ball of Twine," but it seems that the Sterns lean in their choices towards the obvious or, to be more specific, the admission-charging. Instead of learning of the really off-the-wall places we'd never find ourselves, more often than not we're guided to the kind of place where the proprietors are likely to slap a bumper sticker on our car while we're inside.

For anyone planning a trip, or just wanting to read about The Largest Cheese in the History of Mankind, *Amazing America* is worth looking into. The more serious reader will, of course, want to settle down with *The Book of Lists #2*.

Mark Bacich

The Voice: Loud & Clear

Started from the savings of its original owners, Edwin Francker and Dan Wolfe, plus seed money from Norman Mailer, the *The Village Voice* soon became one of the most widely read and powerful papers in the country.

More than *Rolling Stone*, *Esquire* or *New York Magazine*, *The Voice* gave birth to *New Jour-*



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nalism with writers from Andrew Sarris to Jules Feiffer to Lucien Truscott. Now reporter Kevin Michael McAuliffe has put the *Voice's* story in *The Great American Newspaper* (Scribners, \$14.95) and anyone who cares about newspapers and reporting in this country cannot overlook this book.

Exhaustively researched, the book gives a much needed cohesive look at the state of flux of New York in the Fifties, when the Village came to life with artists and politics, of the Sixties when the entire country was being torn apart, and into the Seventies when a false sense of security wormed its way into the collective psyche. *The Voice* was everywhere—from Tammany Hall to Berkeley Free Speech, from Lenny Bruce to Dustin Hoffman, from civil rights to feminism. McAuliffe sprinkles the book with articles from the *Voice* so that we get to know each writer and his or her contributions. Reading this book is like seeing three decades of liberal thought laid out on a page.

The *Voice* went through some bad changes and these are detailed here, too: the double-crossing by men like Clay Felker (founder of *New York* and *New West*, now publisher of *Esquire*), whose blood must run cold when he reads this account of his behavior in connection with the *Voice*; or the self-serving infantilism of Carter Burden, a rich kid who promised everything and delivered a swift kick to the *Voice's* stomach. Incredibly, it's Rupert Murdoch, the Australian tycoon and supporter of yellow journalism, who comes out better than good guys Felker and Burden.

Although its always a stretch to write about one specific topic and see it as a microcosm of something bigger, *The Great American Newspaper* does just that. It's a piece of social history that's fascinating and immediate.

Jacoba Atlas

Locating Lucre

The House Ways and Means Committee having blessed such weddings of corporate munificence with individual beneficence, the number of grant-making foundations has proliferated in recent years.

Which same makes *Where the Money's At* (ICPR, \$17.00), a directory of 525 grant-making foundations in California, invaluable for individuals and institutions on the great American alms hunt. Its scope is prodigious, if parochial, from the Cyril C. Niggs Foundations, total assets \$49, to the William and Flora Hewlett Foundation, whose \$200 million in assets will make it the largest in the state this year.

The editors, Patricia Blair Tobey and Irving R. Warner, have culled these from state files, listing officers, sample grants of years past, purposes, and adding helpful hints to mendicants. (E.g., when approaching Adolph's Foundation and Lloyd E. Rigler "Be sure your figures can be defended.")

There is probably not much money here for individuals—writers seeking support for first novels need not apply—but the foundation by foundation sampling of grants is a useful device to aid supplicants who wisely seek to match proposal with prospective donor. Grants often exceed the foundation's stated purpose; past performance is the best indication of future gifts.

It is nice to thumb through this guide and note too that the Big Macs we gobble (Kroc Foundation), the books we read to nieces and nephews (Dr. Seuss Foundation), and the television shows our parents watch (the notably generous Lawrence Welk Foundation) do financially aid good causes.

Even if they aren't much interested in my novel.

Ed Cray

AMPERCHART

ROCK

1. **Spirits Having Flown**
Bee Gees/RSO
2. **Dire Straits**
Dire Straits/Warner Bros.
3. **Minute by Minute**
Doobie Bros./Warner Bros.
4. **Briefcase Full of Blues**
Blues Bros./Atlantic
5. **Blondes Have More Fun**
Rod Stewart/Warner Bros.
6. **52nd Street**
Billy Joel/Columbia
7. **Totally Hot**
Olivia Newton-John/MCA
8. **Armed Forces**
Elvis Costello/Columbia
9. **Toto**
Toto/Columbia
10. **Cheap Trick at Budokan**
Cheap Trick/Epic
11. **Life for the Taking**
Eddie Money/Columbia
12. **The Cars**
The Cars/Elektra
13. **Energy**
The Pointer Sisters/Planet
14. **The Best of Earth, Wind & Fire**
Earth, Wind & Fire/Columbia
15. **Gold**
Jefferson Starship/Grunt
16. **George Harrison**
George Harrison/Dark Horse
17. **Nicolette**
Nicolette Larson/Warner Bros.
18. **Greatest Hits, Vol. II**
Barbra Streisand/Columbia
19. **Double Vision**
Foreigner/Atlantic
20. **Legend**
Poco/ABC
21. **Backless**
Eric Clapton/RSO
22. **Greatest Hits**
Barry Manilow/Arista
23. **Head First**
The Babys/Chrysalis
24. **Three Hearts**
Bob Welch/Capitol
25. **New Kind of Feeling**
Anne Murray/Capitol

RECOMMENDED RECENT RELEASES

- Enlightened Rogues**
The Allman Brothers Band/Capricorn
- Rock Billy Boogie**
Robert Gordon/RCA
- Blackfoot**
Blackfoot/Atlantic
- Night Rider**
Tim Weisberg/MCA
- Midnight Hunter**
Lane Caudell/MCA
- Manifesto**
Roxy Music/Atlantic

JAZZ

1. **Carmel**
Joe Sample/ABC
2. **Touchdown**
Bob James/Columbia
3. **Reed Seed**
Grover Washington, Jr./Motown
4. **Angle**
Angela Bofill/GRP
5. **Exotic Memories**
Lonnie Liston Smith/Columbia
6. **Patrice**
Patrice Rushen/Elektra
7. **Flame**
Ronnie Laws/UA
8. **All Fly Home**
Al Jarreau/Warner Bros.
9. **Children of Sanchez**
Chuck Mangione/A&M
10. **Pat Metheny**
Pat Metheny/ECM
11. **Live! Inside Your Love**
George Benson/Warner Bros.
12. **Super Mann**
Herbie Mann/Atlantic
13. **Mr. Gene**
Weather Report/Columbia
14. **In Concert**
Milestone Jazzstars/Milestone
15. **Follow the Rainbow**
George Duke/Epic
16. **Feet Don't Fall Me Now**
Herbie Hancock/Columbia
17. **Live**
Return to Forever/Columbia
18. **Me, Myself and Eye**
Charles Mingus/Atlantic

19. **Intimate Stranger**
Tom Scott/Columbia
20. **We All Have a Star**
Wilton Felder/ABC

RECOMMENDED RECENT RELEASES

- Awakening**
Narada Michael Walden/Atlantic
- Stuff It**
Stuff/Warner Bros.
- The Three**
Joe Sample, Ray Brown, Shelley Manne/Inner City
- Paradise**
Grover Washington, Jr./Elektra
- Morning Dance**
Spyro Gyra/Infinity

SOUL

1. **Bustin' out of L Seven**
Rick James/Motown
2. **2 Hot**
Peaches & Herb/Polydor
3. **Love Tracks**
Gloria Gaynor/Polydor
4. **Destiny**
Jacksons/Epic
5. **C'est Chic**
Chic/Atlantic
6. **Here My Dear**
Marvin Gaye/Tamla
7. **Chuck Brown & the Soul Searchers**
Chuck Brown & the Soul Searchers/Souice
8. **Spirits Having Flown**
Bee Gees/RSO
9. **Crosswinds**
Peabo Bryson/Capitol
10. **Funk**
Instant Funk/Salsoul
11. **Motor Booty Affair**
Parliament/Casablanca
12. **Energy**
Pointer Sisters/Planet
13. **Madame Butterfly**
Tavares/Capitol
14. **We Are Family**
Sister Sledge/Cotillion
15. **Wanted**
Richard Pryor/Warner Bros.

RECOMMENDED RECENT RELEASES

- Try My Love**
Bata Vega/Tamla
- Intimately**
Randy Brown/Parachute
- Gladys Knight**
Gladys Knight/Columbia
- Feel That You're Feeling**
Maze/Capitol

COUNTRY

1. **The Gambler**
Kenny Rogers/UA
2. **Every Which Way but Loose**
Soundtrack/Elektra
3. **Willie and Family Live**
Willie Nelson/Columbia
4. **TNT**
Tanya Tucker/MCA
5. **New Kind of Feeling**
Anne Murray/Capitol
6. **Totally Hot**
Olivia Newton-John/MCA
7. **Heartbreaker**
Dolly Parton/MCA
8. **Stardust**
Willie Nelson/Columbia
9. **When I Dream**
Crystal Gayle/UA
10. **John Denver**
John Denver/RCA
11. **Sweet Memories**
Willie Nelson/RCA
12. **Expressions**
Don Williams/ABC
13. **I've Always Been Crazy**
Waylon Jennings/RCA
14. **The Best of Barbara Mandrell**
Barbara Mandrell/ABC
15. **Let's Keep It That Way**
Anne Murray/Capitol

RECOMMENDED RECENT RELEASES

- Down on the Drag**
Joe Ely/MCA
- A Woman**
Margo Smith
- Compilation**
Michael Nesmith/Pacific Arts
- Peaks, Valleys, Honkey-Tonks & Alleys**
Michael Murphy/Epic

Marilyn Hassett's Cheery Career: From Paralysis To Breakdowns

BY SUSAN PILE

Marilyn Hassett bounds up the steps to the front door of her Italianate villa overlooking Los Angeles. She wears gnarled Addidas and tattered Levis, with shirttails flapping beneath a down-filled vest. In one hand she clutches a Dynel wig whose Brunette bubble cut has long since lost its set and flipped out of control.

Inside the house, she models her new do. "Do I look like Marilyn Hassett?" she wonders, grinning ironically beneath synthetic curls. A frump, perhaps, but a movie star—never! Off comes the ridiculous wig and down tumbles a stream of fine, straight, golden brown hair. A movie star!

In two days Avco Embassy would sneak preview *The Bell Jar* before unsuspecting audiences in Palo Alto and San Francisco. Hassett stars in the screen version of Sylvia Plath's semi-autobiographical novel: in recent years Plath has been virtually canonized by the



women's movement for her searing illumination of the female condition. Hassett was anxious to observe incognito the first public reaction to a film that represents the most demanding role of her career to date.

Not that she hasn't scored with difficult parts before *The Bell Jar*. In *The Other Side of the Mountain* and its sequel, she delivered an altogether convincing performance as skier Jill Kinmont, whose hopes for a spot on the 1956 Winter Olympic team were dashed by an accident which left her paralyzed from the waist down.

The strength and courage demonstrated in Kinmont's rehabilitation were qualities Hassett was called upon to muster in her own life when, at age 21, during filming of a commercial for a car nicknamed the "Maxi-Brute," her pelvis and legs were crushed by an out-of-control elephant who obviously hadn't studied his lines. Doctors felt she might never walk again, but, after a year of grueling physical therapy and amazing self-determination, she proved their prognoses wrong. (Selected from more than 400 girls auditioning for *The Other Side of the Mountain*, Hassett never mentioned her own parallel experience to the filmmakers until long after she had been chosen.)

Conquering a physical set-back can be a piece of cake compared with the recurrent nature of mental traumas. *The Bell Jar* is a thinly disguised recreation of six very real months in the life of the book's author, Sylvia Plath, who suffered a nervous breakdown during her twentieth year (the period in 1953 covered in the novel and film) and committed suicide a decade later.

Hassett's recreation of Esther Greenwood's crack-up was particularly painful, because she'd undergone one of her own. It's still a subject she's hesitant about revealing to outsiders, although she admits its relevance to her work on *The Bell Jar*. "Not only did I go through it again, but I went further, sometimes not knowing whether I was going to come back or not when I was on the set. I knew they weren't going to put me away, because I was 'acting'."

The coincidence of their respective bouts with madness was not sufficient preparation for Hassett to assume the persona of Esther Greenwood. Hassett immersed herself in all existing works by Plath, from the anguished poetry of *Ariel* and *The Colossus*, for which the writer was so highly esteemed, to the more conventional short stories she tried so desperately to write and sell to outlets like *The New Yorker* and, strange as it may seem, *Ladies' Home Journal*.

"There were so many different parts to her," reflects Hassett affectionately on Plath. "She wanted to have a lot of money. She also wanted to have a lot of power. She wanted to be a mother with two kids and a station wagon. She wanted to be a free woman and never get married, maybe have a homosexual affair and not feel guilty about it. She wanted to have blonde hair and big tits and a sexy ass. She wanted it all. She wanted 100 percent."

Hassett has vied with these extremes in her own life, referring to her duality jokingly as "the Nazi and the Junkie." Born December 17, 1947, Hassett grew up in Whittier, California, renowned hometown of our 37th President. "I didn't talk until I was three years old, and then I demanded chocolate ice cream," she proudly recalls, with memories of her toddler self no doubt aided by her father, a car dealer, and her mother, dubbed "Miss Ammunition" during a brief fling with show business.

After an interrupted stint in high school at Immaculate Heart in Hollywood ("I quit," she says. "I was silenced for defending atheism."), she entered college at Cal State Fullerton in the heart of arch-conservative Orange County. Hoping to enter the Peace Corps, she enrolled in a drama course in an attempt to conquer her prohibitive shyness. Soon she lost both her social inhibitions and her missionary zeal, becoming so obsessed with her newfound craft that she'd sometimes hold down three simultaneous part-time jobs to pay for special acting classes.

"College was very frustrating for me," she says, especially now that the Orange County aspirations were becoming so blatantly out-of-synch with her new ambitions as an actress. "I was driving to L.A. to be a Catalina swimsuit model—which was so embarrassing, because I'd never worn a two-piece suit in my life, but it paid 45 bucks an hour—so that I could drive back into L.A. the next day and have an acting lesson."

By the time she was 20, she had already done 39 national television commercials, including spots for Ivory Snow, Honda and Pepsodent. Then came the assault of the "Maxi Brute," which put her out of commission and onto workmen's compensation for awhile.

Hassett got a little more work in commercials and films, most memorably a bit part in *They Shoot Horses, Don't They?* Then, she recalls, "I became Miss Sterling Electronics, the worst job of my life. They sent me all over the country in this little silver lamé Rudi Gernreich thing with a silver cowboy hat. I looked at myself in the mirror one day in San Jose—I was making \$300 a day, all expenses paid—took off my silver lamé boots and went, 'AAAGGGHHH!!! What am I doing?? I ran up to San Francisco and hid in a little hotel in Sausalito for three weeks.'"

She was under contract to Sterling, and one of her bosses flew in from their Texas home office with promises of a bright, long future with the firm. As he reached the point in the heart-to-heart where he delivered his message—"You're going to have to realize, Marilyn, that success only comes with compromise"—she slammed down her fist and screamed, "I will not compromise!"

Hugh Romney, otherwise known as Wavy Gravy, invited Hassett to join his legendary Sixties commune, the Hog Farm, to jaunt around the world and perform street theater with the collective. They traveled through most of the states in the Union and moved on to France, where she got off the bus, as it were, while her compadres went on to Nepal. "It was not an easy life, living with the Hog Farm," she reflects. Hassett returned to Los Angeles, determined to plunge back into acting with total energy. Rather than tackle an assignment as counter-productive to her goal as "Miss Sterling Electronics," she drove a taxi. She had decided to join her brother in the Rockies and form her own Shakespearean company when a call came from Universal asking her to interview for the part of Jill Kinmont in *The Other Side of the Mountain*. Director Larry Peerce, who discovered Ali MacGraw for *Goodbye Columbus*, picked Hassett from hundreds of actresses auditioning for the role and then fired her the first week of shooting, saying, "It's O.K., kid. We'll pay you off. We got another girl."

"He didn't like the reading I was doing," explains Hassett. "The next day I gave him a lot of schtick, and he went for it." He still seems to be going for it—they now live together. It was Peerce who introduced her to *The Bell Jar* almost three years ago and eventually guided her through the nightmare of Esther's breakdown.

At this moment in her career, Hassett is trying to shake her identification with the Sylvia Plath character. "I'm trying to get on with my own life," she says. "It took me four months to have my own dreams." She's also attempting to revise her screen image as a girl with serious problems, physical, mental or otherwise. "I'm looking for a comedy—I think it's due," she muses. "I believe all comedy comes from pain, and I have a savings account of it. I just want to get it out."

&

WHERE INFINITY ENDS, EVOLUTION BEGINS.

"Infinity," Journey's last album, is a tough act to follow. So, Journey's followed it with "Evolution"—an album that goes beyond anything they've done before. Produced by the masterful Roy Thomas Baker (Queen, The Cars), it features Journey at their forceful best, on some of their strongest songs to date. Like "Just the Same Way"—their hard hitting new single. You see, "Evolution" is more than a very powerful album—it's a force nothing can stop.



"EVOLUTION!" The Ultimate Journey.
On Columbia Records and Tapes.

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Produced by Roy Thomas Baker.

on disc

(Continued from page 21)

Gold chronicles one period of growth in the Starship's career; most groups would be happy to achieve this measure of success during their entire creative lives.

Devin Seay

AL GREEN
Truth 'n' Time (Hi Records)

Though Al Green continues to be the white rock critics' rave, his record sales have slipped drastically. Ever since his gospel background came into the foreground, Green has shifted from crooning love songs to and about women to self-penned songs containing references to God and Jesus. Last year's widely acclaimed *Belle* album was Al's first step out of the formula producer Willie Mitchell had molded for him. Unfortunately, his musical independence hasn't endeared him to his many female fans, who seem to be left cold and confused by Al's pop hymns to the Almighty.

At his best, Al Green has a sexiness totally unique in popular music. By combining the religious release of baptism with the sexual release of orgasm (just listen to his definitive version of "Take Me to the River"), Green transcends the mundane "love, peace, happiness" format that bogs down many similarly influenced groups and singers. His fiery falsetto and the almost tranclike conviction he brings to his vocals might not make the blind see, but they will make the heartless feel.

Green's follow-up to the *Belle* album, *Truth 'n' Time*, continues the lyrical format of religious allusions, but the instrumental backing is the punchy Memphis style of his earlier days. This works to brilliant effect on the country gospel air of "Blow Me Down" and the hard driving "Wait Here," but on Al's covers of "To Sir with Love" and "Say a Little Prayer," the religious twist seems trite. The rest of the album consists of Green originals delivered in a garbled vocal style that may add to the mood, but none stand out as whole statements.

Tom Vickers

RACHEL SWEET
Fool Around (Stiff Import)

Stiff is a small, oddball British label with a taste for eccentric talents and a penchant for sending its artists on shambling package tours of England. Last year's model featured the likes of Elvis Costello, Nick Lowe and Ian Dury; this year it introduced five more obscure sorts, including one Rachel Sweet.

Sweet is a 16-year-old nymphet from Akron who apparently is something of a child star in her hometown. She has a strong voice with one of those nasal, adolescent trills that may strike listeners as charming or drive them up the wall.

Fool Around is an extremely quirky, eclectic LP that finds Sweet backed by an Anglo-American cast including several Blockheads and a stray Rumour. The main force behind the album is the Svengali figure of producer Liam Sternberg, who wrote seven of the eleven songs.

But no one seems to have a clear-cut idea of (ahem) what to do with Rachel or how to do it. Particularly Sternberg—he doesn't know whether to present her as a post-pubescent heartthrob, cute teenager singing novelty songs or an old-beyond-her-years veteran of many heartbreaks. Sweet seems most comfortable on "Pin a Medal on Mary," "Who Does Lisa Like" and the soul sounds of "B-A-B-Y" and "Stay Awhile" simply because

tales of teenage romantic angst are more in character for her.

Fool Around is a perplexing album. Even after repeated listenings, a definite opinion is hard to come by. Maybe that's because the singer and her producer never figured out their artistic intentions. Depending on a listener's mood, *Fool Around* may bring either revulsion or enchantment.

Don Snowden

TRILLION
Trillion (Epic)

Trillion. They named themselves after their expected album sales. More Toto-tripe for your parents to groove on, kinda like Queen with a hormone injection or Boston's third album or any number of Kansas compositions. This is the true music of the Eighties—complex for complexity's sake and all the emotional energy of a hamburger bun. Should go platinum as you read this.

Chris Clark

TAVARES (Capitol)
JACKSONS (Epic)

Vocal groups are in a tenuous position as a result of the disco-funk surge. Disco is, for the most part, a music form for producers and single artists, and as a result, the traditional five-man vocal group is heading for extinction. Two exceptions, the Jacksons and Tavares, continue to thrive.

Of the two, Tavares is more of an old-school act lucky to make the switch through team-ups with various hot producers. Their most explosive record, "It Only Takes a Minute," found them coupled with Lambert and Potter while the follow-up, their rendition of the Bee Gees' "More Than a Woman," followed the exact production of the Bee Gees original. While once-successful groups like the Spinners and Chi-Lites fell by the wayside, Tavares became one of the few to make the transition from chitlin' circuit supper club vocalizin' to get-up-and-boogie discoizin'.

Unfortunately, their new album doesn't contain the proper mesh of material, production, and vocals to keep them in the discos for long. The many mid-tempo ballads on *Madame Butterfly* fall down under Tavares' cloying, melodramatic vocal style. Unlike the Chi-Lites, Tavares never builds enough tension into their ballads. This could be the fault of producer-arranger Bobby Martin, a veteran of the Philly International stable, who recently left the company for independent production.

The Jacksons have avoided the pitfalls that plague Tavares. As a result, this is their strongest LP since leaving Motown with *Get It Together* four years ago. Since their move to the Epic label, the Jacksons have been saddled with the glossy, more traditional sound of Philly International's Gamble and Huff production team. This put a straightjacket on their youthful enthusiasm, leaving the group sounding slick instead of funky.

On *Destiny*, the Jacksons produced, arranged, and wrote almost all the material, and it shines with exuberance. Two hits grace the album, the showy "Blame It on the Boogie," and the Jacksons' funkiest track in years, "Shake Your Body (Down to the Ground)." The rest of the album features slow to mid-tempo ballads sung in Michael Jackson's cool, clean tenor with "Push Me Away," and "That's What You Get (for Being Polite)" shining brightest.

The Jacksons emerge as the clear winner here. Though they share the same mold as Tavares, the Jacksons have brought a freshness to the disco-vocal group format while Tavares seem trapped there.

Tom Vickers

IN BOTH EARS

Metalloy Boosts Cassette Payloads

Stereo cassettes have been with us for only about a dozen years. Self-contained, petite, they were infinitely handier than open reels and cartridges. But, limited to 1-7/8 inch-per-second tape speed, with high harmonic distortion, limited band width and an upper limit of 10 kHz, they were splendid for dictation and lousy for music.

DuPont introduced the chromium dioxide cassette in 1970. About the same time, Dolby Laboratories revealed their Type B noise reduction system. The combination pushed frequency response up to 15 kHz, with a corresponding improvement in dynamic range. Further improvements included adding ferric oxide, which boosted midrange performance. Cobalt additives laced into the ferrichrome alloys increased cassette responsiveness even more—harmonic distortion was halved and the tapes had a flat frequency response from 35 kHz to more than 20 kHz.

In the past year, though, a new tape has been introduced. Known as metal alloy tape, or metalloy, it's coated with metal alloy instead of the oxides currently in use. Sixty percent of an oxide tape's coating is oxygen, which doesn't carry signals. Fully 100 percent of the metalloy surface is usable for holding sound, which means a better payload for

the once-lowly cassette, greater frequency in low, mid and high ranges plus higher sensitivity.

But there's always a price to pay. With more signal on the tape, metalloy cassettes are also harder to erase. Right now, consumers can only use metalloy tapes for playback, not for recording. Manufacturers are readying metalloy systems to be introduced in the near future.

Ferri-chrome tapes probably won't become obsolete. But, for those willing to spend more for a step closer to perfection, there will be an option that promises to go beyond the limits of current tapes almost as much as they exceed the first cassettes on the market.

Martin Clifford

Dull Diamonds Vex Vinyl

The disc method of sound reproduction, despite experiments with lasers, still depends on needle quality. Each playing of a typical album puts a mile on your stereo's needle. Intricate sound patterns inside the grooves do a sort of electronic tango with the tip—battering it around up to 15,000 times a second.

When the tip wears down as little as a thousandth of an inch, it begins to chisel away portions of the groove's vinyl walls.

High quality needles should be microscope checked after a year or so of normal use. Cheaper needles should probably be replaced after six months. Many stereo dealers have special microscopes and can tell in a few minutes' time if your needle is in prime shape or has become a groove-gouger. A Washington, D.C. firm that specializes in needles will do the job for free, by mail. Write to: Needle in a Haystack, P.O. Box 17436, Washington, D.C. 20041.

Byron Laursen

On Screen

(Continued from page 13)

the end, but it's not enough to shore up this aging giant. Finally, in spite of all the dancing and singing (is there singing; every two seconds a new tune), I was left with a heavy heart. Perhaps because of the irony of hearing "Peace will guide our planet and love will rule the stars" in an era of inflation, repression and general disenchantment.

Judith Sims

THE CHINA SYNDROME, starring Jane Fonda, Jack Lemmon & Michael Douglas; written by Mike Gray, T.S. Cook & James Bridges; directed by Bridges.

The China Syndrome, according to a nuclear scientist in this film, is what happens when a nuclear power plant runs amok; the intense heat generated by the atomic reactor would supposedly burn straight through the earth to China... except that it doesn't burn down, it explodes, rendering an area "about the size of Pennsylvania" permanently uninhabitable.

This flick is about just such a nuclear power plant running amok, and the efforts of a TV news team (Fonda as the reporter yearning for hard news assignments instead of fluff pieces on a tiger's birthday; Douglas as her impatient, passionate, freelance cameraman) to report the accident—a ter-

rifying, shuddering malfunction—which they witness in the course of a simple story on nuclear energy. Naturally, the TV station quells the report, the energy company whitewashes the incident, and Jack Lemmon, supervisor of the power plant's computerized control room, goes slowly berserk in the face of imminent disaster.

It's a nice, edge-of-the-seat thriller, so the few lapses in credibility are glaring in contrast to the slickness of the whole: not for one minute did I believe the huge machine on screen was a real atomic reactor (which did not prevent a bad case of nerves anyway). Director Bridges (whose only other directorial effort was *September 30, 1935*, but whose writing credits include an Oscar nomination for *The Paper Chase*) and editor David Rawlins keep things zipping along, while Jack Lemmon does not, even once, fall back on Jack Lemmon schtick. His performance elevates what is basically *Nuclear Disaster 79* to its scary level of credibility. Fonda's role could have been assumed by anyone; she brings nothing to it except sincere professionalism. She also wears the oddest clothes: an ambitious modern network anchorwoman in hippie bangles and platform shoes?

The most refreshing—and frightening—aspect of this movie is the distinct lack of lip-service cop-outs like "this is just a story and couldn't really happen." No disclaimers. This is blatant propaganda, and proponents of nuclear energy aren't going to like it one bit.

Judith Sims

Waveform fidelity. You'll find it in our amps, our tuners, our receivers and our speakers. It's the ability to produce music that's virtually a mirror image of the original. It sounds better than good. It sounds live.

Now Technics gives you our first headphones with waveform fidelity. Technics Linear-Drive headphones.

How did we do it? It wasn't easy. Because our engineers know you don't hear music through headphones the same way you hear a sound source through the air. That's why Technics Linear-Drive headphones were designed to match the acoustic characteristics of the human ear.

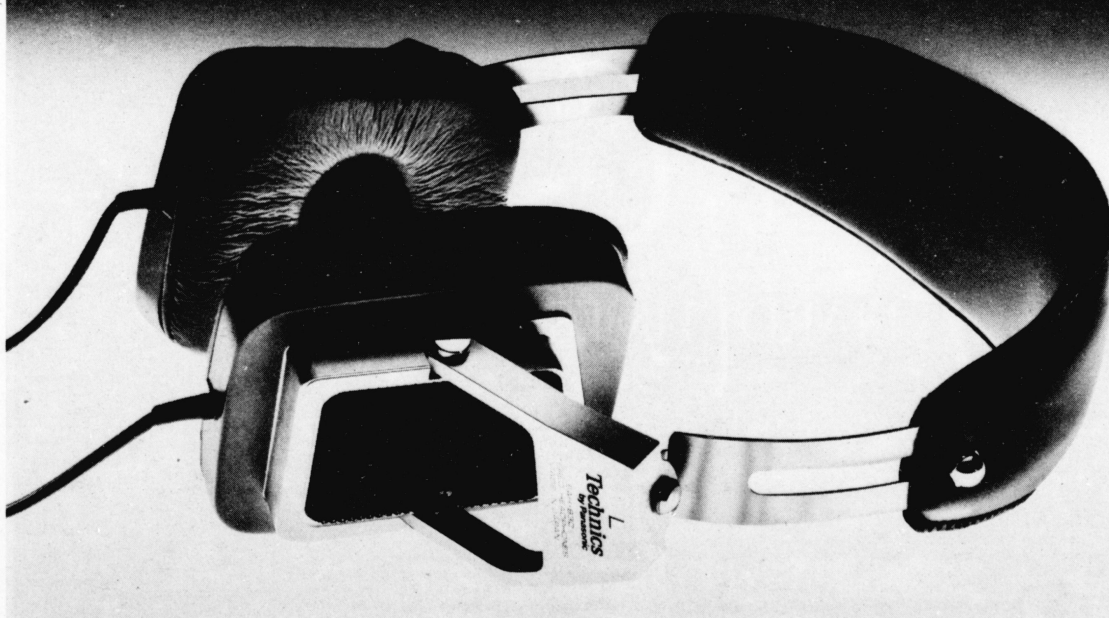
As sound travels through the air, the contours of the head and the canals of the ear create two frequency peaks which cause certain musical tones to sound louder than others. When headphones are worn, however, one of those two frequency peaks disappears. But by recreating that missing peak, Technics Linear-Drive headphones have just the right tonal balance between lows, midrange and highs.

But that wasn't all we had to do to give Technics Linear-Drive headphones waveform fidelity. The headphone driver units had to be designed with a lightweight vibration system capable of producing high-frequency extension and phase linearity.

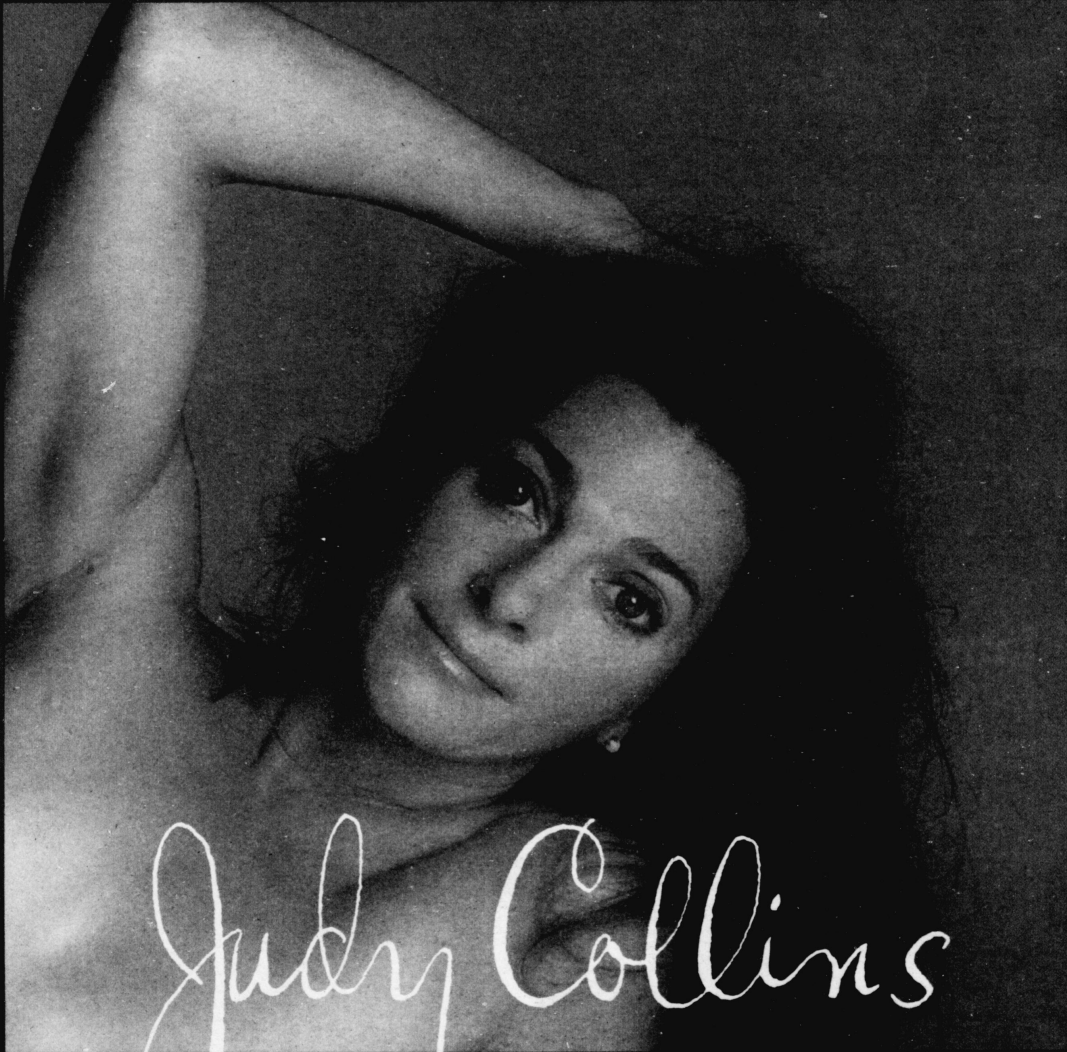
Technics Linear-Drive headphones: the EAH-830 (shown below), EAH-820 and EAH-810. They're our biggest achievement in headphones because they give you our biggest achievement in sound: Waveform fidelity.

Technics

**Introducing Technics biggest achievement
in headphones: Waveform fidelity.**



Songs for all the times of your life.



Judy Collins
HARD TIMES FOR LOVERS

A new album and a new single on Elektra.

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